

THE

ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ART

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART INDUSTRY MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES ORNAMENTAL WORKS,

ETC. ETC.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

JOHN CASSELL, TA. BELLE SAUVAGE, WARD, LUDGATE HILL.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN LITERATURE A

TAKING a comparative glance at the leading families of the human species, it is interesting to notice the many different aspects under which some dominant quality, peculiar to each race, is shadowed forth. In its language and literature, its

the Celt? Seek him where we will whether in the Basque provinces of Spain, or amidst the bogs of Ireland; whether in the Scotch highlands, or the mountain tracts of Wales in temperament he is the same, and this temperament is reflected



THE MOTHER AND CHILD. ILLUSTRATION OF A POEM BY UELAND

architecture and fine arts, in the daily routine of peaceful life and the exceptional condition of war, the careful observer will find the characteristics of a race displayed.

Who can be more individualised by his peculiarities than

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in every phase of his existence. His mental organisation, delicately attuned, is responsive to every external impression. His impulses are generous, his soul is poetic; but the balance of his mental faculties is unstable. He originates ideas with-

out combining them. His mental creations want body, weight, and form. Like spirits, they are invoked; like spirits, they flit away.

Then what a speaking commentary on the Celtic temperament—what an epitome of its fervour, its poesy, its instability, are the small remaining fragments of that people's literature. Fragments we say, for surely one is not called on to acknowledge a few Welsh ballads, and the apocryphal version of Ossian, as the full literary representative of Celtic genius. Not that we undervalue the poems of Ossian, by the way, or deem them altogether spurious. That the materials of these poems existed orally, traditionally, we entertain no doubt.

Scarcely less expressive of the Celt's temperament than his literature is the phase under which we view him in war. Cholerick of disposition, quick to take offence, the Celt has from all time been prone to appeal to the sword's arbitrament. None more daring in the field than he—none more personally brave—more dashing and impetuous; yet for want of a prolonged concentration of energy to one object—a want so characteristic of his race—he has never yet excelled in the larger strategy of war. He is a creature of raids, forays, and skirmishes—brilliant onslaughts and fierce attacks. But he is no general—he cannot *handle* large bodies of men. The battle-field is no chess-board for him; he must rush to the fray.

We might easily extend the number of our instances, and demonstrate the outshining of Celtic genius under many other phases, though still essentially the same; time and space, however, admonish us to pass on and scrutinise another dominant race, which more particularly concerns us now; that race the Celt's antipodes—we mean the *Teutonic*, of course. And here one preliminary word; it is this: we beg to eschew all that delicate etymological investigation which affects to settle relationship between Teuton and Goth. By Teutonic we mean the German race, and by the German race we mean all those who speak the German tongue. The demarcation suffices; nay, it is even more correct than it seems. None but a mind of true Teutonic mould can think with fluency in the German language.

Who can doubt the expressiveness of that language and its literature? Nay, who can misinterpret the expression of the German alphabet itself? Why, it is the very epitome of the Gothic style of architecture, and both are the representatives of the German mind—massive, yet detailed; fanciful, yet rigid—ponderous, sombre, and deeply toned. What more simple than the first idea of a Gothic architectural structure? What more elaborately made out than the ornamentation of its details? Starting with the one simple idea of an arch, the builder at length overlays his structure with the most florid accessories. So wayward, so fanciful, so rambling are these, that the mind of an observer is for a time lost in following them through their maze. Yet when the labyrinth has been threaded—when the fret-work has been seen in its minutia—all is found to bear the impress of proportion and form defined. Fanciful and wayward though the architect has been, he has never once lost sight of the leading Teutonic idea—of uniting the ideal to the material, fixing it, rendering it visible and tangible, by endowing it with form. Even a German ghost is more bodily than any other ghost; half endowed with substance and proportions. Once caught, the spectre comes from the German's hands half a thing of earth.

There is a charm about German literature and painting which, if we mistake not, is explicable on the principles announced as constituting the peculiarity of the Teutonic mind—that is to say, is attributable to a contrast between the simplicity of a first idea and the elaborate form-wrought accessories wherewith it is subsequently invested. This we believe to be a peculiarity of the Teutonic genius—a peculiarity manifested under thousands of phases, and not least of all in the literature of Germany. So essentially Teutonic, so Germanesque is this literary exponent of a principle, that it admits of no translation. An integral portion of that language, it can wedded to no other; and as some tender plants assume growths and ungainly when taken from their soil and planted elsewhere—so it is with many exqui-

site scions of German poetry and prose. Integral parts of their own language, they flourish in no other. They may not die, but their elegance departs. Thousands of little tales and poems, which breathe the most exquisite sentiment in German, become, when rendered in a foreign tongue, only little better than a sort of nursery literature of the higher class. The wood-cut (p. 257) to which our remarks apply illustrates, and was suggested by, a stanza of this kind.

The mother, fondly caressing her little child, is asked by the latter where her brother has gone. The mother tells the little child her brother has died. But the little child knows not of death. "The angels have taken him away," continues the mother, "because he was always so good to me, and never gave me trouble." The little child then says, "Pray teach me how I may *not* be good, and how I may torment you, lest the angels also take me." This is the sentiment—this the inspiring theme of some exquisite stanzas by Johann Ludwig Uhland, a celebrated living poet of Germany, and whose beautiful lyrics are not half so well known as they deserve to be. Uhland may be characterised as a German Beranger, purified from all that levity of things sacred which too often sullies the French bard's effusions. Every thought, every aspiration of Uhland, is suggestive of that better existence to which the minds of rational beings should be directed. No poet has realised a more exalted conception of the nobleness of his mission than Uhland. Few authors of poetry worth reading have written so sparingly; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing the peculiar circumstances under which he has been placed—the troublous mould in which his destinies have been cast.

Born in 1787, at Tübingen, the son of the university secretary, Uhland early manifested his love for literary pursuits, although he trained himself for the law. Blessed with a competent fortune, our author would have devoted himself entirely to literature and the muses. But fate willed it otherwise. The great French Revolution broke forth, and involved Württemberg in its ramifications. The organic laws and constitution of this little country were totally remodelled at the will of Napoleon. Uhland did not behold this change quietly complacently. They *robbed* his spirit, and inspired some of his happiest effusions. Nevertheless, the poems of Uhland are well esteemed in France: not so much in consequence of their poetic merit, it may be (for our Gallic friends are often unjust to the Teutonic muse), as from the circumstance of the author having lived several years in Paris, where he devoted himself with the zeal of a true enthusiast to the study of medieval literature, in which department the libraries of Paris are peculiarly rich.

Much of Uhland's poetry could never be adequately rendered into English. The task has been essayed by an Englishman whom we forbear to name, and the result is not felicitous. Yet we do not censure the translator: he had to deal with a poet who availed himself to the fullest extent of the power existing in the German language of endowing common subjects with a poetic garb. What shall we say, for example, of the poet who was so recklessly daring, that he wrote some stanzas—beautiful stanzas, too, on—what does the reader think?—*Pork soup*! Yet so it is.

We congratulate the French artist, whose painting we illustrate, on having so thoroughly caught the inspiration of Teutonic art. The figures are well composed—their modelling is round—the expression of the mother and child tells the sentiment of the poem. The leaves in the back ground, too, are thoroughly Germanesque. Not a leaf is left undefined, out of deference to that quality of Teutonic genius which insists on extreme regard to form. Nor need we marvel that the genius of a people who invest spirits with bodies half mortal, causing them to marry, and to be given in marriage, to become almost like ourselves, will insist on making figures more distinct of outline than nature herself makes them under the conditions of position and distance, as represented in our wood-cut. The painting is thoroughly Germanesque, an expression of ours, which we intend as a compliment to the French artist.

AIR-BALLOONS.

THE accompanying engraving is a specimen of the numerous caricatures which were brought forth by the invention of air balloons, like so many insects fluttering in a sunbeam.

The satirical drawing of the *Volmanist* was most probably aimed at Faujas de Saint-Fond, a young geologist, the friend and protégé of Buffon, whose gigantic theories, his observations on the formation of the earth, and his researches respecting extinct volcanoes, he supported. When an official report, signed by the deputies of the state of Vivarais, together with various private letters, arrived to inform the Parisians and the members of the Academy, for the most part men who did not easily imbibe new ideas, that two young manufacturers had launched into the air, at Annonay, a globe of considerable size, which sustained itself and sailed through space, there was a general burst of enthusiasm before envious feelings had had time to display themselves. M. Faujas was among the most ardent admirers of the new discovery; and in order that the experiment might be repeated at Paris, instituted a national subscription, to which the people entered their names at the Café du Caveau, now the Rotonde.

Etienne Mongolfier gave an account of his ascent at Annonay, which was expressed with a moderation seldom met with in that age of exaggeration and hyperbole. The scrupulous exactness of the details which it contained enabled M. Charles, professor of experimental philosophy, and the Messrs. Robert, skilful machine-makers, to satisfy, in the space of a month, the expectations of the subscribers, and to dispense with the presence of the inventors whilst making use of their discovery. However, one of the Messrs. Mongolier arrived in Paris in time to see that he had enabled his fellow-town-people to make the experiment without his help.

The words in which he describes his ascent, and the means which he employed to effect it, are very striking, from their extreme simplicity and clearness. He says:—

"The aerostatic machine (p. 261)* with which the experiment was made before the gentlemen of the state of Vivarais, on Thursday, 5th June, 1783, was made of linen, lined with paper, sewn to a network of twine. Its form was nearly spherical, and its circumference measured 110 feet; a wooden frame, 16 feet square, held it fast at the bottom. Its capacity was about 22,000 cubic feet, so that it displaced, supposing the weight of air to be an 800th part of that of water, a mass of air weighing 1,980lbs.

"The weight of the gas was half that of air, for it weighed 990lbs., and the machine, with the frame, weighed 500lbs. Therefore, it was still 490lbs. lighter than common air, which has been proved by the experiment. The different pieces of the machine were fastened together by means of simple buttons and button-holes. Two men were sufficient to set it off, and to fill it with the gas; but eight persons were required for the purpose of holding it down, who did not release their hold until the signal was given. It rose with great velocity, its motion becoming less rapid towards the end of the ascent, to about the height of 6,300 feet. A breeze, scarcely perceptible upon the surface of the earth, carried it a distance of 76,000 feet from the place from which it had started. It remained ten minutes in the air; the loss of gas through the button and the holes made by the needle, and other imperfections in the machine, causing it to descend sooner than it would otherwise have done. The wind, at the time of the experiment, was in the south, and it rained. The machine descended so lightly, that it broke neither the stem nor the props of the vine upon which it alighted."

* This account is quoted in the work of M. Faujas, upon the

experiment of the Champs de Mars, where a globe, twelve feet in diameter, made of taffeta coated with india-rubber, was inflated and launched into the air, on the 27th of August, 1783, by means of the constant labour of many workmen for the space of four days, and by employing 1,000lbs. of steel filings, and 498lbs. of sulphuric acid. M. Charles, and the Messrs. Robert, who worked under the direction of the above experimental philosopher, filled their balloon with hydrogen gas, the use of which the brothers Mongolier had abandoned since their first experiment, because they found the expense of it too great.

Admission to the Champs de Mars, where the public were diverting themselves with his discovery, was refused to Etienne Mongolier; he gave his name, and being repulsed, quietly retired. Faujas considered himself personally insulted by this conduct towards one of the inventors, whose genius he so much admired, and in honour of whom he had set the subscription on foot; displeased, moreover, with the Roberts, who had filled the balloon in such a manner as to cause it to explode, he complained loudly, and a virulent paper warfare was soon declared between the subscribers—M. Faujas at the head—and the philosophers and machine-makers employed by them. The caricature of the *Volmanist* was doubtless connected with this contest. Grimm, who relates in detail the literary and scientific events of the time, mentions this conflict more than once in his correspondence.

"We have had the honour of giving you an account," writes he, "of the pretensions of M. Charles, the experimental philosopher, to the discovery of M. Mongolier. Whilst the latter was occupied in perfecting his machine, ascending to the height of more than 300 feet in the air, M. Charles sought out pamphleteers, and, in his circumstances, could only find the Chevalier de Rivarol. This writer interested himself less in maintaining the pretensions of his client than in seeking to lessen, as much as possible, the fame of M. Mongolier, and to bring into ridicule M. Faujas de Saint-Fond, who was zealously engaged in forwarding the principles and repeating the experiments of the Messrs. Mongolier, by raising a subscription, and having a medal struck in their honour."

Now the question was, who should derive profit or glory from the discovery made by the two quiet, retiring philosophers. What then took place recalls the allegory of the East, where a young prince, by dint of labour, perseverance, courage, and intelligence, succeeds in reaching the precious nut which grows on the highest branch of the tree of science. He opens it: all sorts of wonders burst from it; but those who, not daring or not being able to climb, have stopped at the foot of the tree, dart in crowds upon this booty, possess themselves of it, and the two empty shells of the mysterious and fruitful nut are all that remain in the hands of the true and courageous victor.

From that time innumerable pamphlets announced experiments which had only been projected. Tradesmen enriched themselves by selling little balloons, made of gold-beaters' skin, or varnished taffeta. Some printed their hypotheses, and pretended means of guidance; others, like Blanchard, had engravings executed of balloons, which were not always even constructed.

Thus the balloon of Dr. Jonathan, with the explanations which accompany it, probably only existed upon paper. The cannon represented in front of the gondola was never discharged, either to announce the arrival or the departure of an aeronaut, and never accelerated the course of a balloon, for none was ever made fit to cleave the air. The only trace which we find of the experiment of Dr. Jonathan is the notice of the ascent of a simple fire-balloon on the 21st of December, 1783, which quickly disappeared.

The aerostatic fish*, represented in our engraving (p. 261),

* The aerostatic fish was set off at Plazentia, a town of Spain, surrounded by mountains. It was guided by Don Joseph Patinaha as far as the town of Coria, on the banks of the river Aragon, at twelve miles' distance from Plazentia, March 10th, 1784.

* The first experiment of the aerostatic machine, with the means of directing it at will, by Dr. Jonathan, took place at the village of Desossobrugue, in France, whence this machine ascended, December 22nd, 1783, at nine o'clock in the morning. It descended at the place whence it had risen, after having traversed ten miles. This machine was constructed of very fine brass wire, covered with a sheet of cotton, coated with cement. The rudder was of the same material, and the sail of common canvas.

appears to be a burlesque on the balloon, in the shape of a fish, which ascended on the 19th of September, 1784, in Spain, guided, it is said, by Don Joseph Patinha, and which was impelled by a favourable breeze.

Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive any form for balloons which the first inventors had not taken into consideration. That of a fish, among others, was foremost in the minds of the two elder brothers, who were the most highly endowed of a family generally remarkable for intelligence. We will quote, on this subject, some passages from a letter of the canon Mongolfier, the old president of the college of

supply the place of sinews, to move this immense helm, which should be filled with inflammable air. The wings, or rather the fins of the fish, of the same material, should be of taffeta, but as long as possible, and always filled with gas, in order to be lighter than the same volume of atmospheric air—in fact, any alterations which you may consider advisable. But as the Author of Nature has given to each individual that which is best adapted to fulfil his destiny, follow the models which he places before you; and since your object is to sail through a fluid, imitate the animal which traverses a fluid with the greatest ease. You will say, perhaps, 'Why not imitate the



THE VOLOMANIST.—A CARICATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

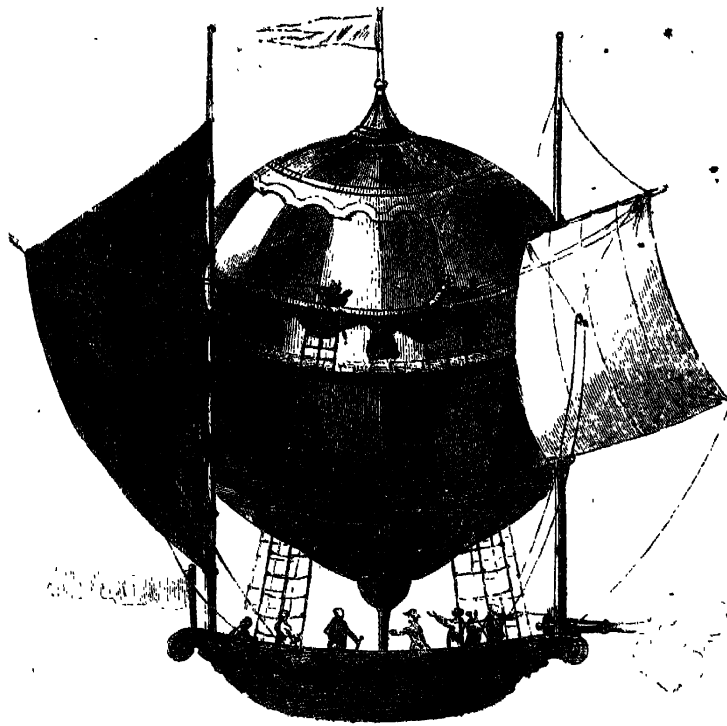
Autun, dated Annonay, 1st of December, 1783, and addressed to his brother, Etienne:—

"You know that Joseph is having a large machine, from eighty to a hundred feet in diameter, made at Lyons. I joked him about it the other day in a letter which I wrote; nevertheless, this idea runs in my head, and though I am not much of a philosopher, I think I may be allowed to consider myself at least equal to Joseph, since he has written me that I have given him a new idea. Now, having sung my own praises, *reconnais à nos moutons.*

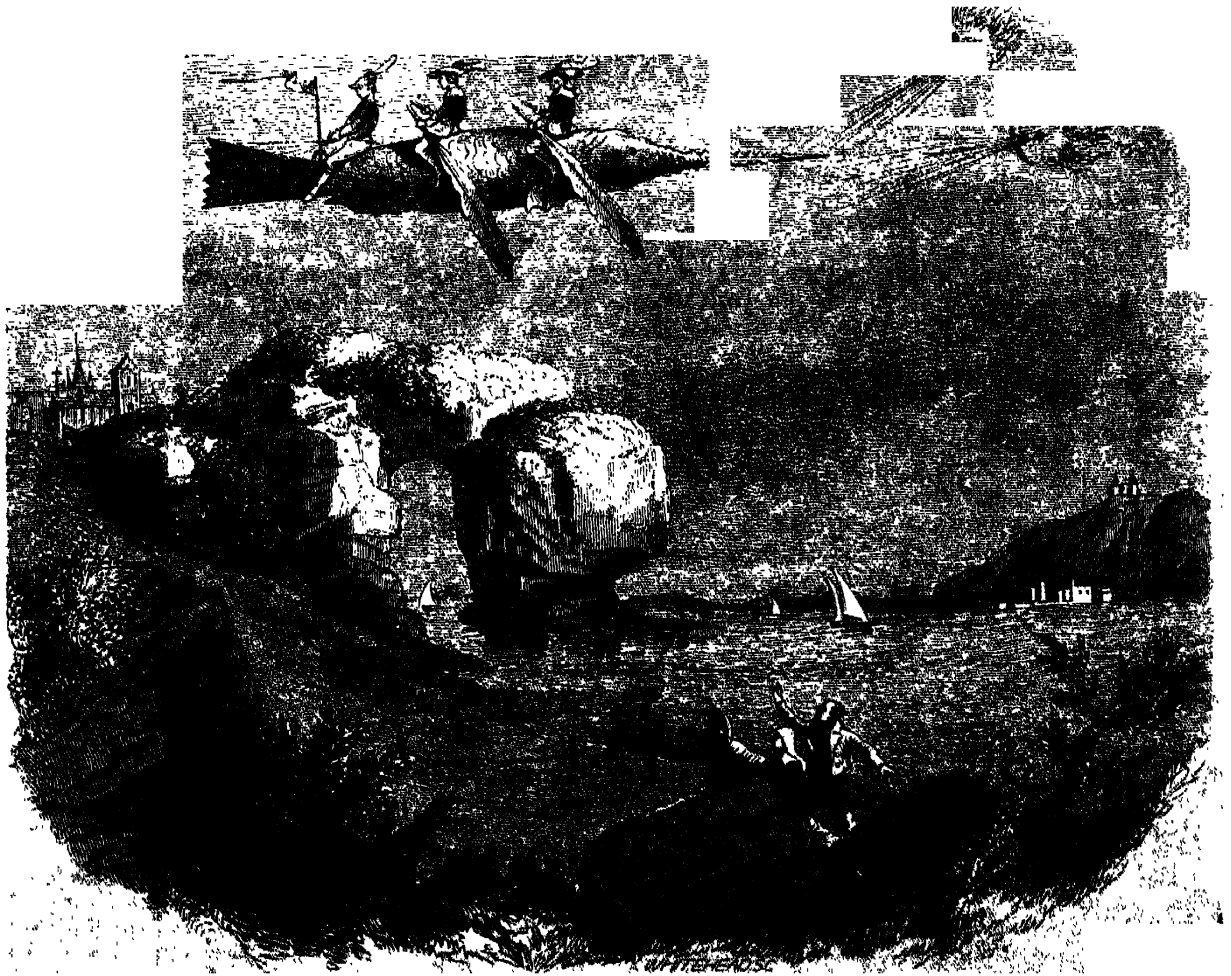
"It is not exactly the form of a sheep which I should give to your machine, nor should I, like your pamphlet, advocate that of the horse, Pegasus; but it is that of a fish, with a broad, but not thick, covered with whalebone or cane to

bird?' But it is specifically heavier than the air. Your machine, being lighter, bears more resemblance to the fish, which is lighter, or at least as light as the same volume of water. The bird's excess of weight is counteracted by the great extent of its wings, compared with the size of its body, and the multiplicity and vigour of its movements. The fins of the fish would be much more economical, much easier to put in motion, and would suffice for your experiment.

"However, as we must give justice to whom it is due, the first idea was Jean Pierre's; the arguments are mine. You will tell me, perhaps, that neither the one nor the other is common sense; as I know the difficulty of a lawsuit, I will submit to the sentence, though I could dispute it, considering that to judge is not to prove," etc.



AEROSTATIC MACHINE.



AEROSTATIC FIRE.

BELLS AND BELL-FOUNDING.

HISTORY OF BELLS.

It may be as well to state at once, that for much of what follows we are indebted to an amusing and well-written little book, by the Rev. Alfred Gatty, vicar of Ecclesfield, entitled, "The Bell, its Origin, History, and Uses." The author of this work has, with much patient ingenuity, traced the history of

"The crazy old church clock
And the bewildering chimes;"

and shown in what numerous ways the bell is mixed up with our social life.

The music of bells is of a very venerable and old-fashioned character, and from the earliest ages of the world has been used in various religious and other ceremonials. It is a matter of doubt when bells were first introduced, but it is unquestionable that they are very ancient. Their origin must be sought for in the records of Egypt, the mother of nations. Recent discoveries have made it apparent that the bell was known to the inhabitants of Assyria, Etruria, and China; and Thompson, in his "Etymons of English Words," says, under the article "Bells," that, long before they were known in Europe, they were in use in Hindoo temples to frighten away evil spirits. Be this, as it may, we have certain record that bells—that is, small hand and ornamental bells—were in use among the Israelites. In the writings of Moses, we have mention of the "bells of gold" with which the dress of the high priest was adorned—"a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about;" that when Aaron disappeared from the sight of the worshippers within the veil of the temple, the ringing of the bells upon his robe might be an intimation to them that he was still living in the Divine presence. Again, in Zechariah xiv. 20, there is mention of bells as forming part of the harness or decoration of horses; and it is suggested by Mr. Gatty, that even Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," might have scooped the sounding metal into some species of bells.

These small bells were, it appears, attached to the garments of Hebrew women, virgins, and boys, as well as to the pontifical robes. It seems, indeed, that small toy-like bells have been used in the service of religion from the earliest times; and prefixed to an old MS. edition of the Psalms of David, believed to be of the fourteenth century, is an illuminated representation of the "sweet singer of Israel," sitting before a small wooden frame, playing upon a row of bells with little hammers. This representation must, however, be considered rather as an illustration of the illuminator's own time, than as any authority for believing that hand-bells such as those represented were ever in use among the Hebrews.

The Greeks and Romans probably derived their knowledge of bells from the Egyptians, the first colonisers of Europe. The royal costumes of the shahs of Persia were also decorated with golden bells; and there is reason to believe, that in the decoration of mules and horses, as well as on the garments of the nobility of various nations, small bells were used long before the Christian era.

But not only in religious ceremonies was the bell anciently employed. *Æschylus* and *Euripides* inform us that the Greek warriors had small bells concealed within the hollows of their shields; and that when the captains went their rounds at the camp at night, each soldier was required to ring his bell, in order to show that he was awake and watchful at his post.

Bells were both Bacchic and mystic, as may be seen by reference to the ancient marbles in the British Museum; and it was from their use in the celebration of the mysteries that *Plutarch* endeavoured to show that the Jews worshipped *Bacchus*. In the triumphal entries of conquerors bells have also played important parts. They were hung as emblems and ornaments on the cat of the warrior—as on that which

conveyed the body of Alexander from Babylon to Egypt, as described by *Diodorus Siculus*; they were in use in the islands of the Archipelago to announce the opening of the markets, even as now; they were employed, as we learn from *Plutarch*, to detect and prevent the escape of the unhappy *Xanthians*. When the city of *Xanthus* was besieged, some of the inhabitants tried to escape by swimming and diving through the river, but nets with small bells attached were spread across the stream under the water, and by the ringing of the bells each capture was announced.

In later times we find that the garments of the chief men and civil officers among the Germans were decorated with bells. They came, too, in time, to be regarded as the messengers of sorrow as well as of joy and triumph. The criminal had a bell suspended from his neck as he was led away to execution, and its sound announced his speedy death as he walked sadly in his own funeral procession.

The period when large bells first began to be used in churches is uncertain, but by the seventh century they were in pretty general use. At the end of that century, the venerable *Bede* mentions their existence in English churches. Their introduction has been variously assigned to *Paulinus*, bishop of *Nola*, a town of *Campania*, in Italy, in the year of our Lord, 400; to *Pope Sabinianus* (A.D. 604), to whom the honour of introducing bells into churches is given; and to various other persons.

Bells have been known under the various names of *Tintinnabulum*, a little bell so called from its tinkling sound; *Petasis*, a larger sized bell, so named from its resemblance in shape to a broad-brimmed hat—by this latter instrument it was that the Greeks opened their fish-market, and the Romans invited the public to the bath; the *Codon*, from the Greek term, signifying the open mouth of a trumpet; *Nola*, a bell of similar size to the last, and named after the town of its inventor; *Squill*, a little bell used by the Italians; *Dodonai lobetes*, the cauldrons of *Dodona*; and *Campana*, the true turret bell, so called from the town of its birth—whence *Campanolo*, a bell-tower. It is probable that all, except the last, were made of forged metal, and were struck on the outside by a wooden or iron hammer, and that they all, more or less, resembled flat dish-like disks. Indeed, the very word Bell is said to come from the Latin *pelvis*, a basin or foot-bath; and if this be so, the configuration of ancient bells is at once determined.

In the history of the church of the middle ages the bell had much to do. First, it was christened with all ceremony; then it was employed in the various services of the day, convoking congregations, excommunicating the disobedient and the infidel, and, finally, being tolled at the moment when the spirit passed from out the earthly body. The ceremony of Christian baptism was certainly one of the most curious observances connected with the bell's history. The fused metal was blessed by the priests; and then when the bell was turned out perfect from the mould, it was regularly passed through the ceremonies of baptism. Its sponsors were persons of rank, and the most considerable priest, or even a bishop or archbishop, officiated—with all the accompaniments of naming, anointing, sprinkling, robing, &c.

Excommunication by "bell, book, and candle," was long practised. The bell was rung to summon the congregation to this ceremony; the priest read the service from a balcony; and when the anathema was pronounced, the candles were put out as an emblem of an extinction of hope in the sinner's soul.

The *Gosplein* bell it was which summoned the people to the last religious service of the day. The *Sanctus* bell was formerly hung in a small turret outside the church, as may still be seen in some of our old churches; it is now merely a small hand-bell, which is rung during the service of the mass, to call the attention of the congregation to its more solemn

parts. The Passing bell was so named because it used to be tolled as the spirit passed out of the body.

"Prayers recend

"To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell," says Donne, in allusion to the fact, that at the sound of the passing bell, all who heard it were enjoined to pray for the soul of the dying. From this custom is derived that of tolling the church bell at a funeral.

Everybody has heard of the *Couvre feu*, or Curfew Bell, which was introduced into this country from France by William the Conqueror. At eight o'clock in the evening it rang out its evening peal, and at the last stroke of the hammer on the metal, all lights and fires were ordered to be put out. We will now enter

THE FOUNDRY,

And describe the modern process of bell-casting. For illustration we will take the establishment of Messrs. Mears, Whitechapel, the oldest, largest, and best known of the kind in London or England. Before we describe the process of casting a bell, it will be as well to inform the reader that bell-

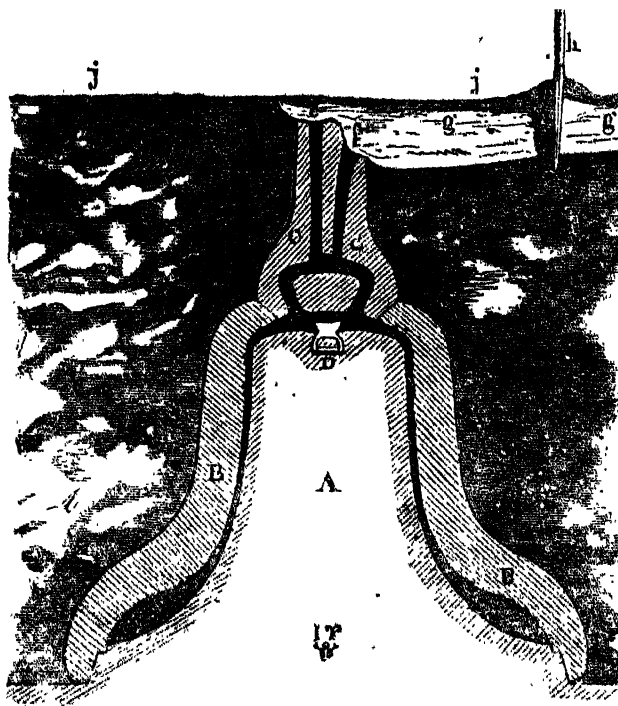
There are, of course, various trade secrets as to the exact proportions of the different metals necessary to constitute a first-rate amalgam.

There is no great mystery in the bell-founder's art; but extreme care is necessary, in order to produce a good-toned bell, that all the preliminary operations should be conducted with the greatest exactness. With the aid of our artist, then, we will endeavour to explain the *modes operandi* observed in founding or casting a bell.

Passing through various yards, in which are stored quantities of old timber, old bell-metal, and a multitude of odds and ends, in the shape of old cannons and great masses of old copper, destined one day for the furnace, we arrive at the

MOULDING-ROOM.

Here a sight presents itself which is at once peculiar and striking. All along the floor are ranged the moulds of future bells. In describing the casting of a bell, it will be necessary to observe, that it is nothing more than a layer of metal which has been run into the space between the mould and its outer



SECTION OF A LARGE BELL, WITH THE MOULD AND CORE, AS IT LIES IN THE PIT.*

metal consists of an amalgam of copper and tin in the proportion of about three parts of copper to one of tin. Mention has been made of the old custom of adding a few gold or silver coins to the metal when in a state of fusion, but it is quite a popular error to suppose that the metal of old bells is of greater value from such a circumstance. The actual value of bell-metal, when formed into bells, is about £6 a cwt., including the cost of production; and when old bells are received in exchange, it is usual for the founder to allow about £4 per cwt. for the metal inclusive of the silver it may or may not contain.

* A is the inner mould or core; B is the outer mould or cope; C is the crown or head, which is made independently of the other moulds, and is fitted on accurately just before the pouring in of the fused metal represented by E, which is running from the furnace in a glowing mass; F is the hole left for the escape of the air between the two moulds; G shows the method employed in getting the supply of fused metal, so that the stream may be led into a new channel; H shows the earth surrounding the sand moulds; I is the metal ring to which the clapper is afterwards to be hung, and which is affixed when the casting of the bell is completed; the configuration of which is shown by the black line between the inner and outer moulds.

covering, and allowed to cool. A glance at the accompanying diagram will explain this very readily. Here we have a section of a bell as it lies in the pit during the process of casting. If the reader keep this diagram in his mind's eye, he will have no difficulty in comprehending all that we may have to say on the subject. The various parts of a bell may be described as the body or barrel; the clapper or striker, hanging in the inside; and the ear or cannon on its top or crown, by which it is hung in its chosen position in the tower. The following description, therefore, applies to all bells, large and small, the various modifications in the shape, &c., not interfering with the principles on which it is manufactured.

The first principle to be observed is the construction of the shape or form of the future bell, so as to insure that due harmony in all its parts which shall give to it the proper degree of tone and vibration. Various theories have obtained in different countries, and among the several founders of our own country, as to the best proportions for bells; but the following seems to have been proposed, and generally followed as coming nearest to perfection. "Taking the thickness of the sound-bow or trim—that is, the part where the clapper strikes—the bell should measure, in diameter at the mouth, fifteen

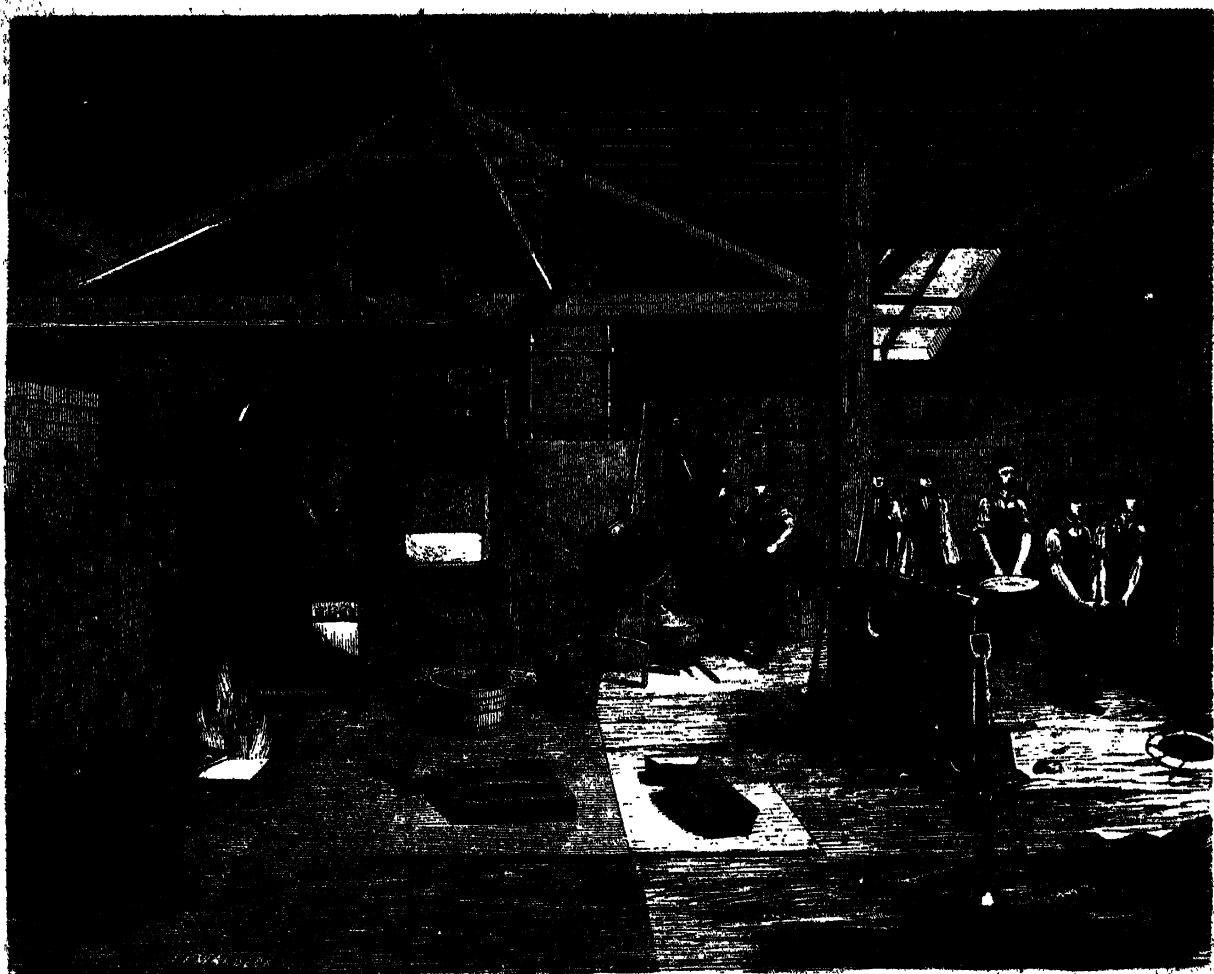


FIG. 1.—THE FOUNDRY.



FIG. 2.—WINNING THE COPE.



FIG 3.—FINISHING THE CORE--THE CROOK.



brims; in height to the shoulder, twelve brims; and in width at the shoulders, seven and a-half brims, or half the width at the mouth." These proportions, however, are very variable, and depend greatly on the taste, experience, and skill of the founder, an approximation merely being arrived at in these figures.

The size and proportions, then, of the future bell being ascertained, the making of the mould is proceeded with. The outer form of the mould—by which the inner shape of the bell is determined—is made by means of a *crook* which is made to revolve on the clay, &c., of which the mould is composed. This *crook* is a kind of double compass formed of wood, one leg of which is cut or curved to the shape of the inner sides of the intended bell. A glance at the engraving (fig. 3) will render this plain to the reader. This *crook* or compass is made to move on a pivot affixed to a beam above, and its lower end driven into the ground. In the case of very large bells, the mould is perfected in the pit in which they are to be cast. The *crook* is driven by the hand of the moulder; and the mould being composed of plastic clay, &c., the form of the inner side of the bell is defined by a few revolutions of this simple machine. Thus is formed the *core*, or inner mould. The *cope*, or outer mould, is formed in much the same way, except that its inner surface is smoothed to form the outer side of the bell.

The *core* is first roughly built up of brickwork with a hollow

in the centre. It is then plastered over with soft clay, &c., and moulded as described by the action of the *crook*; and is afterwards dried by means of a fire in the hollow mentioned. When baked sufficiently hard it is covered all over with a composition of tan and grease. On this composition the outer leg of the *crook* is made again to rotate, and the exact shape of the bell is thus determined. When the whole has been sufficiently dried by the action of the fire in the *core*, the crown or head—which contains the parts necessary to hold the clapper by which the bell is to be rung—are then fitted on, and the model of the inside of the bell may then be said to be complete. Any device or inscription necessary is then moulded and fixed upon it. Upon this mould the *cope*, or outer mould, is formed. Having been made of destructible materials, the *fac-simile* of the bell is easily destroyed, and the space between the *core* and the *cope* is, of course, the exact shape of the future bell. The inner and outer moulds being examined, retouched, and otherwise finished off, the *cope* is fitted over the *core* (as represented in figure 4) like an extinguisher over a candle, with a vacuum left between them to receive the fused metal. One indispensable precaution is necessary, however, in making the mould, that is, to leave a hole for the escape of the air when the metal is poured in, the failure of which would cause the destruction of the bell in the process of casting. This hole is left in the cap of the mould.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XVI., PART II.

"Tie your baldric over his mouth and gag him, Hodge," said Cheke—and the archer in a moment executed the command. And now the outer door was assailed with thundering strokes of lances and axes—the sentinel, after an ineffectual resistance, retreated into the inner apartment. Zeno and his little band stood cool and collected, awaiting with drawn swords the entrance of Recanat's lancers—for they indeed it was who had, upon the expiration of the appointed time, rushed down to the general's quarters, which they reached just at the moment when their captain had called upon them to rescue him. More and more furious came the thundering blows on the door, mingled with the cries and imprecations of the assailants. At length the massive oak gave way, and with a loud crash was burst inwards. A rush of feet succeeded, and the small outer apartment was rapidly filling with the excited soldiery.

"Now, brave knights and worthy companions, stand together," said Sir William Cheke, springing to the front. "Form with me, and stand firm. Let us fight for God and the republic."

With a cheer the captains answered his call, and the small but brave band stood calmly awaiting the charge of the lancers. The first that entered was cleft down by the strong arm of Cheke. Another and another succeeded to the place of the fallen man, and shared the same fate. Then two rushed forward and forced an entrance, and the fight became more deadly. Others pressed from behind, and the room was speedily filling, the contest becoming fearful in the flickering light of the room. At this moment loud shouts rent the air.

"Mantalone! Viva San Marco! Saint George for merry England! Zeno to the rescue!"

At these sounds the combatants within paused as by a common impulse, and took breath. Then the rush of a multitude, tramping heavily, came nearer and nearer. There was a clashing of weapons without: those who were furthest from the door wavered to and fro; then they turned to meet the English archers and the troops of the republic that came furiously down upon them; then they rushed forth, pell-mell, into the dark night, leaving those within unsupported. At

this moment Zeno and his band charged them with fresh ardour, and drove them backwards, slaying them as they retreated through the door and the outer apartment. Then they drove them into the open air after their companions, where they were met in the rear by the archers, and hewed down unsparingly. At length the lancers of Recanat broke into confusion and fled, leaving a considerable number dead and dying, and Zeno and his faithful allies remained alone in the darkness, after a fearful struggle with those who were the paid soldiers of the republic. Meantime, the tumult of the fight, and the cries of the combatants, had aroused the whole camp. From every quarter men, hastily dressed and but half armed, flocked down to the scene of combat, supposing that the Genoese had sallied upon them in the night. Several of the senators, too, now appeared, and joined Zeno. When tranquillity was restored, the general and his friends returned to the inner apartment, accompanied by the senators. There they found Roger Harrington with his brawny arms encircling Recanat, who writhed in his giant clutch as a lamb would quiver beneath the talons of an eagle. He had endeavoured to stab the yeoman with his poignard, which the latter wrenched from his hand, and then hugged him so tightly that his victim was gradually growing livid in the face. He was now released from the human vice which had so remorselessly tightened upon him, bound and seated. A court-martial was hastily formed, the proofs were briefly detailed to the senators, his person was searched, and the document given him by Hodge was found on him, and it was decided that Recanat should be handed over to the civil power of the state. Without a moment's delay, he was hurried out through a postern door, and conveyed on board the doge's galley. When this was effected, Zeno, accompanied by the senators, again issued forth, amongst the troops, who in turn awaited some explanation of the strange events of the night. In the name of the state he proclaimed the fact, that a horrible plot had been discovered for the destruction of the republic; that the traitor had been tried, condemned, and already removed, and the safety of the republic was now assured. By degrees the soldiers retired, breaking up in

groups, and discussing the exciting intelligence; and peace and silence once more reigned throughout the camp at Palestrina.

While these events were taking place, the Genoese at Chioggia in vain awaited the signal-light. At length the sound of the tumult and the cries of the men in the distance were borne to their ears through the night. Conjecturing that the concerted rising of the conspirators had begun, and that by some casualty the signal had either not been made or had escaped observation, the whole of the besieged threw open the gates and sallied from the town in arms. But on a nearer approach they soon discovered the true posture of affairs, and after pausing to listen, they were convinced, by the triumphant cries of "Viva la Venetia! Viva Zeno!" that the plot had failed. They turned and fled back in dismay, and shut themselves up once more within the walls. That night a council of war was hastily summoned. The deliberation was short, for little choice was left to the besieged. To resist further insured a lingering death by starvation; to surrender left some chance of life. Accordingly, it was determined to submit to the cruel necessity; and at the first light upon the following morning envoys were dispatched to Palestrina with unconditional offers of surrender. These were of course accepted, and upon the 24th of June, Carlo Zeno had the satisfaction of finding his own policy triumphantly justified by the event. The gates of Chioggia were thrown open to the troops in the service of Venice; the town was given up to unrestrained plunder; and the besieged, consisting of Genoese and Paduans, were led as prisoners on board the Venetian galleys; while the Genoese fleet, under the command of their admiral, Muraffo, weighed anchor, and sailed away to Fossonc.

Meantime Recanatì had been sent to Venice the day after his arrest. He was immediately brought before that terrible and secret tribunal from which even the innocent did not always escape—the guilty had but little to hope. At first the stubborn condottieri refused to answer any interrogatories put to him by his judges, maintaining a haughty and dogged silence. Then he was "put to the question," and the tortures of the rack broke down his resolution. He confessed all, was formally adjudged guilty of treason against the state of Venice, and was condemned to death. His judges determined that his punishment should be as exemplary as his offence was aggravated. He was crucified between the porphyry columns in the Piazza di San Marco.

The war of the Chioggia was now virtually at an end. The mercenary troops in the pay of Venice were no longer needed by the state, and having received their full pay and helped themselves to such treasures as they were able, began to seek for employment and adventure elsewhere. The last of these bands to leave Palestrina was that of Sir William Cheke; and on the morning of his departure Zeno and he stood in the quarters of the latter, and conversed long and confidentially together. The intercourse of many months had exhibited to each the character of the other, and had inspired mutual esteem and admiration, and it was not without a lively sorrow that these two valiant soldiers were now about to separate.

"Be it so, my dear friend," said Zeno, continuing something that he had been saying in a low but earnest voice; "be it then as you wish. I shall urge you no more on that point. But forget not that while Carlo Zeno lives thou hast ever a true and loving brother; and the state of Venice esteems thy services highly. May she ever remember them gratefully."

And Zeno sighed, for he knew but too well how that fickle republic had often requited the services of her bravest and her best.

"But whither now, Sir William," he continued cheerily, as he watched the English archers busily employed making preparations for their march; "whither mean you to lead these merry fellows of yours?"

"A good faith," said Cheke, with a careless laugh, "I cannot know as yet. But there will be no lack of work for every soldier, and I can choose where I shall pitch my tent."

At the present, I am minded to join Albarric, the lord of Barbiano. He is the most accomplished soldier of the age."

"His fame as a general has spread over all Europe," said Zeno, "and thou wilt find many a brave knight amongst the 'company of St. George!'"

"Aye, 'tis a school that has reared the best generals of Italy. Then, there is my own countryman, Sir John Harlestone, a valiant captain who now holds Cherbourg for our young King Richard against Charles of France. There will I meet with some of my old comrades in arms, Sir John Aubourne and Sir Otho de Granston. Besides, I think my merry archers would wish once more to fight beside their own countrymen."

"Well, well; good Sir William, thou canst not fail to gain honour wherever thou goest. But who is that yonder who sings so cheerily as he ties up his bow in its sheath? Unless my eyes deceive me, it is my trusty Hodge."

"It is no other, signore, he hath ever the quickest hand and the blitheest voice in the company."

"I would see him, Sir William. We have some accounts to settle. Call him hither."

Hodge was soon standing drawn up to his full height before Zeno, and with a military salute awaited his pleasure.

"Good fellow, I owe thee somewhat, and would fain pay thee at once."

Hodge looked inquiringly, and then said, "I have had my full pay, general, and managed to pick up somewhat for myself to boot when we searched Chioggia."

"Honest and faithful ever!" said the general, musingly—"honest and faithful, like all his race,"—then a sudden thought struck him, and he addressed Hodge again.

"What say you, Hodge, to a change of masters supposing that Sir William here consents—wilt thou enter into my service?"

Hodge looked from one to the other, and then replied—

"Noble general, I shall never serve under any other captain than Sir William Cheke. When I leave him I shall make my way back to England."

"What, you have not yet forgotten home? Is't so, Hodge?"

"Forgotten! forgotten my home—merry England and her forests and her greenwoods—and my father's cottage by the pleasant Trent—and—and—" The poor fellow stopped short, a tear was glistening in his blue eye, and something like a sigh half escaped from his bosom.

"And what, Hodge?" asked Zeno, then finishing the sentence for him at hazard—"and some fair maiden that thou wottest of, who dwells not far from that same cottage. Eh, good fellow, have I guessed truly?"

"In faith, signore," said Hodge, who had quickly recovered his lightheartedness, "your excellency is not far astray; there is such a one in the valley of the Trent—or there *was*, when last I trod the greenwood by the river's bank, and we plighted our troth for ever. And so, noble sir, I long to return and see if Marian be still true and living, and I count the months and days till I shall have saved enough in the wars to return to Nottingham, and have wherewithal to keep a wife in smocks and the pot boiling."

"Then thou shalt long no more, my worthy fellow. Here, this purse is thine; take it, man; I tell thee thou hast earned every golden florin in it. I brought it hither for thee expressly, to-day. Thou'lt find it enough for all thy simple wants when thou reachest thy English forest."

The archer took the heavy purse, frankly and gratefully.

"I thank you, signore; it is enough, and more than enough. It will often furnish me with a jug of brown ale to drink to your health in."

"Aye," added Zeno, slyly, who knew England well, "and it may be, now and then, a steak of juicy venison, if fat bucks be as plenty in England as they were in my time."

Hodge smiled, and then making his military salute, was about to retire, but Zeno reached out his hand cordially to him.

"Nay, we part no comrade, without one friendly grasp; the hand of an English soldier may clasp that of the noblest in Europe."

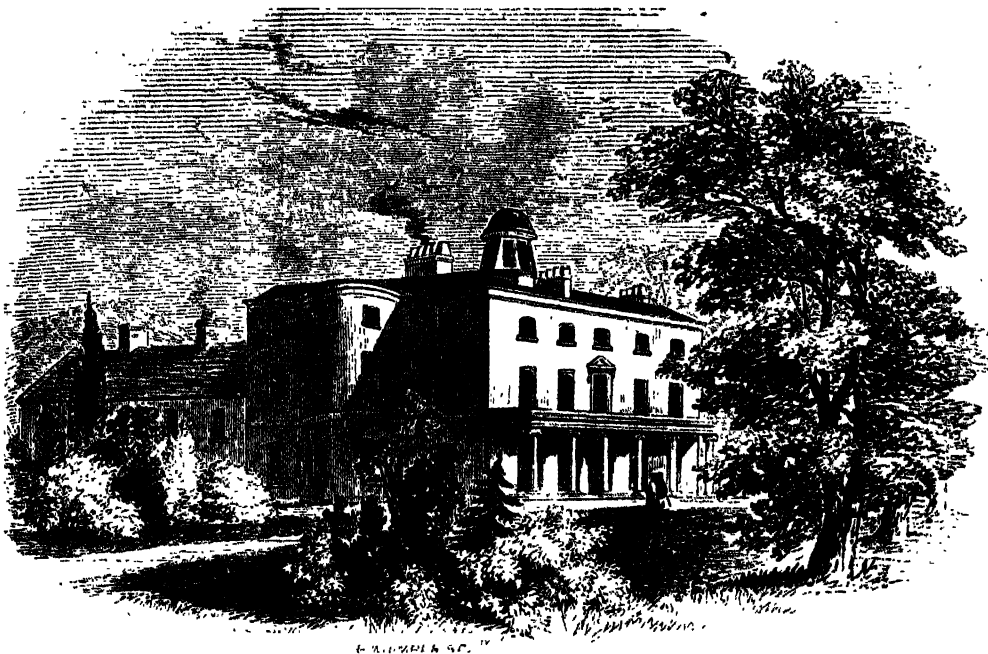
IDIOTS AND IMBECILES.

These terms are not synonymous, although it is often difficult to distinguish between the Idiot and Imbecile, and both require similar treatment. The congenital idiot usually possesses a retreating forehead, whilst the imbecile may have a well-formed head. In the former there may be a deficiency of brain; in the latter, there is weakness of brain. To develop the one and strengthen the other are the objects aimed at in their tuition. Too frequently classed with the lunatic, as though *deficiency* or *weakness* of brain were the same as *perversion* of brain, the idiot's special condition has been much overlooked.

Various have been the opinions formed, in different ages, of this afflicted portion of our fellow-creatures, and equally diverse their modes of treatment. By Hindoos, they have been regarded as objects of superstitious veneration; by some Europeans, as human beings without souls. It is even related of Luther that, when asked by a father what should be done with his idiot boy, he replied, that the child might be drowned, as he possessed no soul. Striking instances are

important testimony was borne to the success of the operations. At the Abendberg in Switzerland, an establishment was opened for the cure of Cretins, about the year 1840, by a benevolent physician named Dr. Guggenbühl. Cretinism is a species of idiocy, and mainly caused by the unhealthy dampness of the Swiss valleys; the goitre, or swollen neck, is very common in such cases, and removal to the lofty mountain tends much to promote recovery. None are admitted above the age of seven years, and the judicious treatment, combined with kind instruction, has been productive of most beneficial results. There are about twenty-five cases now in the establishment. In Berlin, Württemberg, and Bavaria, efforts have been made on behalf of cretins and idiots.

Directly after the subject had been taken up in England, it received some attention in America, and two very interesting reports, in successive years, were published by Dr. Howe, of Boston. Being appointed by the local government as a commissioner, with two other individuals, to collect facts relative to idiots in the State of Massachusetts, he obtained some



PARK HOUSE, HIGHGATE.—ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

related by Dr. Howe, of America, of ignorant treatment practised by poor parents whose children were idiots. By some, tan poultices were applied to soften the brain; by others, tar was put on to harden the brain, considering softness or hardness to be the cause of idiocy. In our own country, the poor idiot has been the frequent butt of ridicule and scorn. Proud human nature despises inferiority in a fellow-creature; hence, the taunts and jeers so familiar to the crippled, the blind, the idiotic, and imbecile. Happily, however, for the latter, various establishments have been opened within the last twenty years for their especial benefit. Foreign countries led the way in this benevolent enterprise; but England, as usual, has outstripped them all in the magnitude of its operations and the amount of public interest that has been excited.

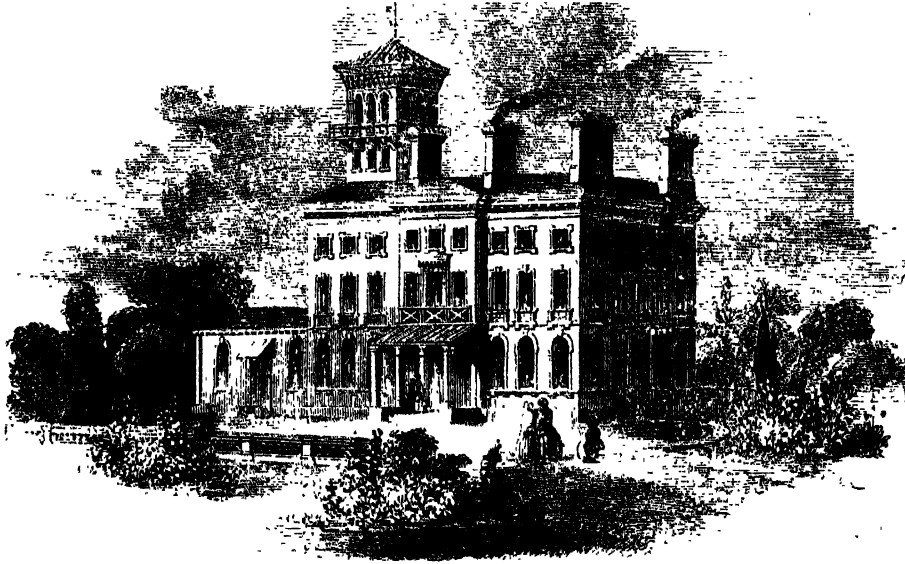
At the Bicêtre in Paris, a scientific gentleman was among the first to give particular attention to the training and education of idiots and imbeciles. Much skill and perseverance, for some time, marked his efforts, and striking improvement was manifested in his pupils. He wrote a valuable work upon the subject, and, after a visit of inspection, Dr. Comolli's

highly interesting information with regard to the causes of idiocy, as well as the prevalence of the malady. At the conclusion of the inquiry, which extended to between five and six hundred cases, a portion of the building devoted to the instruction of the blind was set apart as a school for idiots, under the supervision of Dr. Howe. The expenses were borne by the government, but the number of pupils for the first three years was limited to ten or twelve. At New York, a somewhat similar course has been adopted, and a school was commenced about two years since. The report for 1863 is highly encouraging, and a new building is proposed, whereby the number of pupils may be increased from thirty-five to one hundred or one hundred and fifty.

In England, various independent efforts have been put forth at Bath, Brighton, and Lancaster. But the institution which claims attention beyond all others, is the Asylum for Idiots, to which the accompanying engravings refer. This is a national charity which is open for cases from all parts of the kingdom. The gratuitous admissions are regulated by the votes of subscribers at half-yearly elections, and the successful candidates

are admitted, free of all charge, for five years' training and instruction. Cases are also admitted at the rate of twenty-five guineas per annum, when the friends are unable, from limited means, to meet the higher grades of payment. It is the largest institution in the world, as far as at present known,

been referred to, and upon his return, in the autumn of the year 1847, decisive steps were taken. The institutory meeting was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, October 27th, 1847, under the auspices of Sir George Carroll, Lord Mayor of London, who took the chair upon that occasion,



ESSEX HALL, COLCHESTER.—ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

for the education of idiots and imbeciles, and the efforts sustained by Christian benevolence have proved far more effective than those dependent upon state support. Ushered into existence by a few individuals, in the time of monetary panic,

and has since presided at several elections. Including 100 guineas sent by the late Sir Charles Forbes, the subscription list only amounted to about £350. An election of ten pupils took place in January, 1848, and six more were elected in the follow-



EARLSWOOD, NEAR REIGATE.—NEW ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

this asylum has made a rapid progress, almost unparalleled in the annals of Christian philanthropy. One of the present honorary secretaries, Dr. Andrew Reed (to whose untiring exertions and remarkable tact its success is mainly owing), visited some of the establishments on the Continent which have

ing April. A large building at Highgate, called Park House, of which an engraving is given on the opposite page, was opened for the reception of pupils, April 27th, 1848. In less than two years this became full, and a very liberal offer, made by S. M. P. [unclear], M.P., with reference to Essex Hall, Colchester (of

which an illustration is also supplied (p. 269), was gladly accepted by the committee. Again has the accommodation proved inadequate, and the temporary occupation of a third house, situated near to Essex Hall, has been obtained. There are about two hundred and fifty pupils in the asylum, and nearly two hundred applicants for admission. Meanwhile some special efforts have been made with reference to a new building which is intended to accommodate four hundred pupils, and to be a model asylum for the training and education of idiots and imbeciles. We present our readers with a sketch of the proposed building (p. 269). Highly interesting was the ceremony which took place on the 16th of June last, when the first stone was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert; and after a public dinner, at the London Tavern, in the evening, the proceeds of that auspicious day amounted to nearly £10,000. Favoured with the immediate patronage of her Majesty the Queen, who has purchased a life-presentation for the Prince of Wales, and sanctioned by leading physicians, such as Sir James Clark, Sir John Forbes, Dr. Conolly, Dr. Sutherland, and others, this institution has called forth a large amount of Christian sympathy and received a corresponding share of public support. Notwithstanding the half-yearly increase of numbers, and the unusual expenses connected with this peculiar family, the committee have thus far been enabled to keep the annual expenditure within the income, and more than half the amount required for the new building has been already contributed. The Rev. Edwin Sidney, M.A., rector of Cornard Parva, Suffolk, has proved a very valuable friend to the charity by many acts of kindness, and by attending no fewer than ten public meetings in different parts of England, as a deputation from the Board of Directors. The following interesting statement relative to the occupations of the pupils is extracted from the Report of the asylum, which was read at the last April election:—

"Ninety-eight pupils are daily engaged in reading and spelling.

Eighty-six in writing.

Twenty-five in drawing.

Twenty in gardening.

Twenty-eight in sewing, knitting, &c.

Sixteen boys in willow-plaiting

Five boys in each class are respectively—basket-makers, shoemakers, and tailors.

Six are occupied as carpenters.

Sixteen are engaged in domestic work.

Twenty take lessons in dancing.

Seventy have object-lessons.

Eighteen write from dictation, and learn geography and arithmetic.

A hundred and one are drilled and take gymnastic exercises.

Thirty-nine have speaking lessons.

A hundred and forty-nine attend domestic worship.

A hundred and four attend public worship.

The greater part of the family are practised in singing, and some are taught on the harmonicon."

The numbers have been considerably increased since April. Mat-making has been introduced with considerable success at Essex Hall, and the following particulars, lately published, will be read with interest,--

"Forty-two boys were dumb, and forty-eight had very imperfect speech on admission; twenty-four have so much improved as to be able to articulate plainly. Ten girls were dumb when admitted, and sixteen had imperfect speech: eight have greatly improved in this respect."

Stimulated by the excellent example thus set, a few local institutions, on similar principles, are contemplated in distant parts of the country; particular attention has been given to idiots and imbeciles in several union-houses and county lunatic asylums, and their general susceptibility of improvement has been clearly established. By parliamentary returns, made up to the 1st of January, 1847, it appeared that there were 7,836 pauper idiots in England and Wales. Although idiosyncrasy seems to prevail chiefly in the lower orders of society, yet, being found to a considerable extent amongst all classes,

it is probable that there are not fewer than 50,000 idiots and imbeciles in Great Britain and Ireland.

The causes of idiocy and imbecility are various. The treatment requires to be specially adapted to the particular cases, and to be marked by much tact and kindness, combined with firmness, patience, and perseverance. Drilling, gymnastics, and other exercises in the open air, such as gardening, &c., are particularly important, from their tendency to strengthen the muscular system and improve the circulation of blood through the brain; while the military movements also train to habits of order and obedience. The religious affections and kindly feelings are remarkably susceptible of development under proper culture. Love of music is a general characteristic; taste for dress is often prevalent, and the senses predominate over the intellectual faculties. By judicious treatment, most can be rescued from their natural helplessness; many may be trained to mechanical pursuits, rendered useful in the subordinate offices of civilised life, instructed in the rudiments of knowledge, and prepared at last for a glorious immortality.

The following beautiful lines on "The Teaching of the Idiot-born," well deserve to be quoted and taken to heart.

THE IDIOT-BORN.

"Out! thou silly moon-struck elf;
Back! poor fool, and hide thyself!"
This is what the wise ones say,
Should the Idiot cross their way:
But if we would closely mark,
We should see him not all dark;
We should find we must not scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!

He will screen the newt and frog;
He will cheer the famish'd dog;
He will seek to share his bread
With the orphan, parish fed;
He will offer up his seat
To the wearied stranger's feet.
Selfish tyrants, do not scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!

Use him fairly, he will prove
How the simple breast can love;
He will spring with infant glee
To the form he likes to see;
Gentle speech or kindness done
Truly binds the witless one.
Heartless traitor, do not scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!

Art thou great as man can be?
The same Hand moulded him and thee
Hast thou talent?—taunt and jeer
Must not fall upon his ear:
Spurn him not; the blemished part
Had better be the head than heart.
Thou wilt be the fool to scorn
The teaching of the Idiot-born!"

In conclusion, it may be desirable to refer to the buildings delineated in the accompanying engravings. Park House, Highgate (the premises first occupied), was formerly a nobleman's residence. It is fitted up with a large green-house, and surrounded with spacious garden-grounds. The situation is elevated, and the scenery picturesque in the directions of Finchley, Barnet, and Hornsey. It contains about seventy-five pupils, for whom baths, gymnastic apparatus, and other advantages have been provided. The establishment has been honoured with a visit from his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and was twice visited by the late Duke of Cambridge.

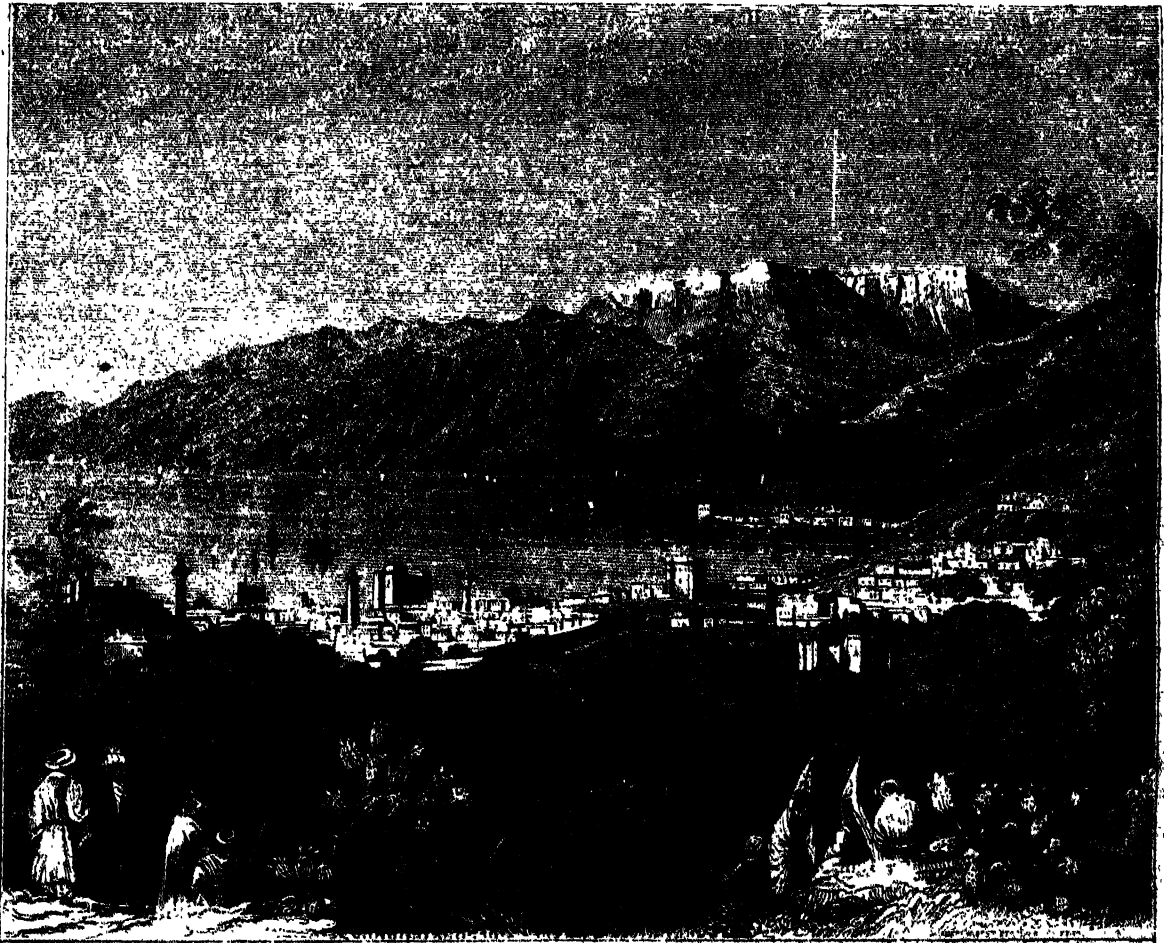
Essex Hall, Colchester, is situated close to the Eastern Counties Railway station, and was erected, at great cost, as a large railway hotel. It is in the Italian style; the rooms are lofty and numerous, so that the whole premises accommodate about 170 individuals. There are baths and gymnastic

BEYROUT.

BEYROUT, called by some travellers Beyrouth, Bairout, or Bayruth, is a city of Turkey in Asia, in Syria, in the pachalic of Acre, within twenty-five leagues of that place, and distant twenty leagues from Damascus. Beyrout is the ancient Berytus, the beginning of which history has almost lost in the night of time. So long ago was this old city built, that its origin is enveloped in fable, and the mythologists declare Saturn to have been its founder, and to be the first who made it a place of habitation. Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, and others of the ancient writers, record the wonders of Berytus.

The name is supposed to be derived, by some, from the Phœnician idol Baal-Berith, a temple in whose honour was erected on this spot. Others, on the contrary, suppose the

of the Christian era. In Berytus, it is said, the invention of glass was first made, a fact which gives additional interest to the spot. The Emperor Augustus in later days made it a Roman colony, and called it Julia Felix—the name Julia in honour of his daughter, and the epithet *Felix* (happy) to express his admiration of the fertility of the neighbourhood, the incomparable climate, and the magnificence of the situation. Medals were afterwards struck in honour of the Roman emperors bearing the legend, "Colonia Felix Berytus." Herod the Great held at Berytus a solemn court of judicature, at which he condemned to death his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, on a charge of treason. At Berytus, also, Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, built a theatre,



BEYROUT, AND THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON.

word to have originated in the salubrity of the locality, owing to the abundant supply of water which is there to be found. In the Phœnician language it signifies a well.

The old town was destroyed by Diodotus Tryphon, but after the conquest of Syria by the Romans it was rebuilt near the site of the ancient city.

Historians who eschew the mythological origin tell us that Berytus was a colony of Sidon (the modern Saïda), and the fatherland of that celebrated historian of Phœnicia, Sanchoniathon, who lived, according to some writers, among which Porphyry is numbered, in the days of Semiramis, and according to others, in the times of Gideon, the judge of Israel, twelve hundred and forty-five years before the commencement

an amphitheatre, and baths, and instituted a variety of games, which made the place notorious. When Jerusalem had fallen before the Roman soldiers, Titus celebrated, at Berytus, the birthday of his father, Vespasian. But the place was famous for other things besides its stately theatre, or the grand revels which were held there: it was famous for the study of the law. Alexander Severus had founded a celebrated school there. Justinian called it the "nurse of the law" and would permit no other professors to expound Roman justice but such as had been educated at Rome, Constantinople, or Berytus. Berytus was one of the fairest cities of Phœnicia, celebrated all over the East for its civil government, and counted as a very school and pattern for other cities. There happened at

Beyrout, in the year of grace 556, a terrible earthquake; in 1100, the city sustained a memorable siege against Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, who took the place from the Saracens; and in 1187 was besieged again, this time by the redoubtable Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria. Three-quarters of an hour's ride from Beyrout may still be seen the stately pines, from some of which the Saracens constructed their besieging apparatus, and which proved too strong and powerful for Christian chivalry. Until the time of Saladin, the good knights of Christendom had successfully defied the crescent; but his military skill and daring overcame them at Beyrout, and Moslems rejoiced in the streets of the city. In 1197, the crusaders and the Mahomedans fought a hard fight between Tyre and Sidon; and victory was declared on the side of the cross. When the people of Beyrout heard that the Christians were marching down upon the city, and that Makel Adel and his troops had been defeated, they fled from their homes, and the conquerors found the city well supplied with provisions, arms, and other military stores, and not one follower of the Prophet to dispute the spoil! Thus changing hands between the Turks and Christians, Beyrout was the scene of many a defeat and many a victory in crusading times. It is the scene of the fabled encounter between St. George and the dragon, and the glorious triumph of the saint over the beast. The last struggle came; the glory of the crusaders was over; and the Christian lords of Beyrout had to submit to their destiny.

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Christian rule in Beyrout ended in the year 1291; after that period the city was under the domination of the Emirs. One of the most celebrated of these was the Emir Fakhr-Eddin, who made it the capital of his dominions and his own favourite residence. This prince undertook a journey to Italy, and continued for nine years at the court of the Medici at Florence, studying the fine arts, particularly architecture. When he returned to his own country, he built a splendid palace at Beyrout, the remains of which are still to be seen; but alas! his cultivated taste brought swift destruction on him. The sultan, jealous of his power and renown, commissioned another petty prince to dispossess the Emir of his dominions, and to bring him prisoner to Stamboul. It was a hard struggle for the unfortunate Emir to obtain even the privilege of being allowed to live; and when, a short time afterwards, his grandchildren raised a revolt, even this favour was taken away, and the poor Emir lost his head, which was exposed to the public gaze, and left to rot and blacken in the sun, with this inscription under it, "The head of the rebel, Fakhr-Eddin." The dominions once belonging to the unfortunate Emir were now made over to another lord, of a noble Arabian family, dwelling at Mecca, in which family the authority has continued to be invested to the present time; and the family tree taking deep root in Beyrout, numbers no less than two hundred and fifty Emirs.

In 1783, Djezzar Pacha, the same who, a few years later, defended with great tact and success Saint Jean d'Acre against the French army, returned to Beyrout, and made that place a Turkish garrison. When Ibrahim Pacha, at the end of 1831, invaded Syria, Emir Beschir did not attempt to resist him. Beyrout, Jaffa, Acre, Tripoli, were abandoned; but the Arabs relate a curious incident which occurred as Ibrahim was about to enter Beyrout. At a short distance from the gate, as the Pacha was traversing a cross-road, an enormous serpent coiled itself directly in his path, and as his horse approached, prepared for the fatal dart. The attendants shrieked and retreated in alarm, the horse reared frightfully, the only man unconcerned was the Pacha, who, drawing his sabre from its sheath, struck at the reptile, and, with one well-aimed blow, cut off its head! Then, without a word, he continued his route and rode into the streets of the old city.

Beyrout possesses, from its commercial character, an air of greater bustle and activity than any other town in Syria. The situation, on the borders of the sea and in close proximity

to Lebanon, renders it exceedingly beautiful. Near the gate there is a small eminence from which a commanding prospect may be obtained; a panorama of unequalled grandeur presents itself to the eye. There, in all their magnificence, rise the hills of Lebanon; to the east there is a low, long promontory, or the end of which are situated the Lazaretto buildings, near which vessels ride at anchor in the roads; and all round the town are richly wooded environs, dotted with villas and the rural residences of merchants. A Genoese wall surrounds the town itself, but this is of no great strength; the harbour is commanded by an old fortress, which is in a ruinous condition. There is a small pier for loading boats. The roads are so exposed that, when it comes on to blow, ships generally make for the mouth of Naler-el-Kelb, or the Dog River, where they are more securely sheltered. There are still remaining some curious old fragments of the ancient city; a half-circular ruin, supposed to be the amphitheatre of Agrippa, part of an aqueduct, and traces of the Roman baths, are the principal.

The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Arab Mussulmen, numbering in all about 10,000 souls. There are several British and Continental mercantile houses. Near the bay is the residence of the British Consul, and not far distant is the house of the American Consul. The Mahomedans have lost much of their fanaticism, and are more disposed to be tolerant than they were in days gone by—perhaps it may be that Christians have likewise grown more tolerant; but, however this may be, men of all faiths are allowed to worship without danger in the city of Beyrout. There are representatives of the Greek church, and the Maronite church, the Protestant congregation, a Jewish assembly, and a host of Druses and Mussulmen. The Christians have four churches, and the Mahomedans three beautiful mosques, with minarets, courts, and fountains. In the very centre of the city is the Grand Mosque, and, hard by, an ancient church, dedicated to St. John, and ornamented with a Gothic colonnade. The French have a small chapel and convent of Capuchins, in the garden of which six Englishmen lie buried. They died of wounds received in the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1799; so, to the English traveller, this Capuchin garden becomes a place of pilgrimage.

Several American missionaries have taken up their residence in the environs of Beyrout, and by their unpretending labours are accomplishing great good, distributing, by means of schools and a printing-press of their own, a great deal of religious and general information. Every Sunday, divine service is conducted in the Presbyterian form at the American Consulate.

The usual characteristics of eastern cities are to be found in Beyrout, such as narrow streets rendered almost impassable by camels, asses, mules, and crowds of busy and idle people—the same sort of shops, and stores, and way of doing business; but the whole neighbourhood is remarkable for its beauty and fertility. The entire country is richly wooded, the mountains being covered with vines and olives in terraces, and watered by small canals or streamlets. Dehr el Kamer, where the Emir dwells, occupies the side of a hill, and the palace is a very splendid building.

The Druses, who form a large majority not only of the population of Beyrout but of the surrounding country, are a wild, ungovernable race of people. They are equally opposed to Turk and Christian; they stand alone in the world. There is a strange mystery hanging over their domestic life, internal government, and especially over their faith. From some of their books it appears that they worship Flakem Bamti, the fifth of the Fatimite Caliphs. One peculiar portion of the people is set apart for the ministration of religious rites, as the tribe of Levi is distinguished among the Jews. They are initiated into the mysteries of the faith; but respecting these mysteries the great mass of the people remain in entire ignorance. The Druses are a race quite distinct from the other Arabian tribes; some, indeed, suppose them to be the descendants of those armies of vast European hordes which assailed the Great Christian Crusade.

RATISBON.

RATISBON (in German, *Regensburg*), in the kingdom of Bavaria, is situated at the confluence of the Regen and the Danube, in the midst of a very picturesque and fertile country. It is now the chief town of the circle of the Regen. It is one of the most ancient cities of the Upper Danube. Under the Romans bore the name of *Reginum*, or *Castra Regina*; the emperor *Vespasian* stationed his fourth legion there, whence it took the name of *Tiberia Quadrata*; in the Latin of the middle ages it was called by a sort of surname, *Ratisbona* (good raft or vessel?). We shall not stop to devote much attention to the tradition which carries back its foundation to the arrival of a certain *lavan* from Armenia, who established a colony here, and whose descendants were conquered by *Norix*, son of *Hercules*. These are fables with which credible history has little or nothing to do. The inhabitants were converted to Christianity about the year A.D. 185; but the first bishop was established there in the eighth century by St. Boniface. In later times, Ratisbon became a free city (*Freistadt*), and made great advances. The conflagration which took place there in 1616, and almost entirely consumed it, only checked its commercial activity for a brief season. In fact, this city was, during the middle ages, one of the most important commercial towns in Germany. It corresponded with Venice, which sent commodities from the East, and received furs in exchange. It is even said to have had commercial transactions with *Kiew* in Russia. Thus it was the rival of the neighbouring industrial city, *Nuremberg*. The crusaders, in order to reach Asia, had recourse to the boatmen of Ratisbon, who maintained a high reputation for several centuries, till the discovery of a new route to the East Indies, and of a continent in the west, previously unknown, gave commerce a new direction.

Ratisbon never recovered from the blow then inflicted upon its prosperity, though the diet of the empire has long held its sittings within its walls and given it a sort of *éclat*. It is still a busy city, without doubt, but is no longer the flourishing Ratisbon of former days. The present population is 25,000. The town, surrounded by the remains of ancient fortifications and a wide and deep ditch, has irregular, narrow, dark, and unpaved streets. The houses with which they are lined give evidence of a remote antiquity. From time to time you perceive near the dwellings of the citizens massive Gothic towers, the last vestiges of a period in which the citizens of Ratisbon withdrew behind thick walls to defend themselves against enemies as well as their fellow-citizens. Among these monuments of a barbarous civilisation may be discerned the olden Tower (*der Goldene Thurm*) and the Goliath, a kind of fortress, on the front of which is represented the combat of David and the giant Goliath. But the principal edifice in Ratisbon is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of German architecture.

After the disastrous conflagration to which we have already alluded, a new church was built, the first stone of which was laid by the bishop *Leo Thundorfer*, patrician of Ratisbon. In the seventeenth century, the works were not yet finished, and even now two towers remain incomplete. In a chronicle of *Nuremberg*, dated 1493, these towers of the cathedral are presented as surmounted by a crane, like that of *Cologne* at the present time.

The present cathedral, which, as we have observed, is the chief object of interest in Ratisbon, is as remarkable for the good taste of its internal ornamentation as for the imposing majesty of its exterior. Altogether it is considered one of the best Gothic churches of which Germany can boast, whence the reader may infer that it possesses no ordinary attractions as a specimen of mediæval architecture. It was commenced in the year 1273, and it continued building down to the early part of the sixteenth century, or about two centuries and a quarter. But it is still in an unfinished state. The original architect was *Andrew Egl*. Having been so long in course of construction, it is not surprising that it exhibits a want of perfect unity in the style of its construction. Hence, in the west

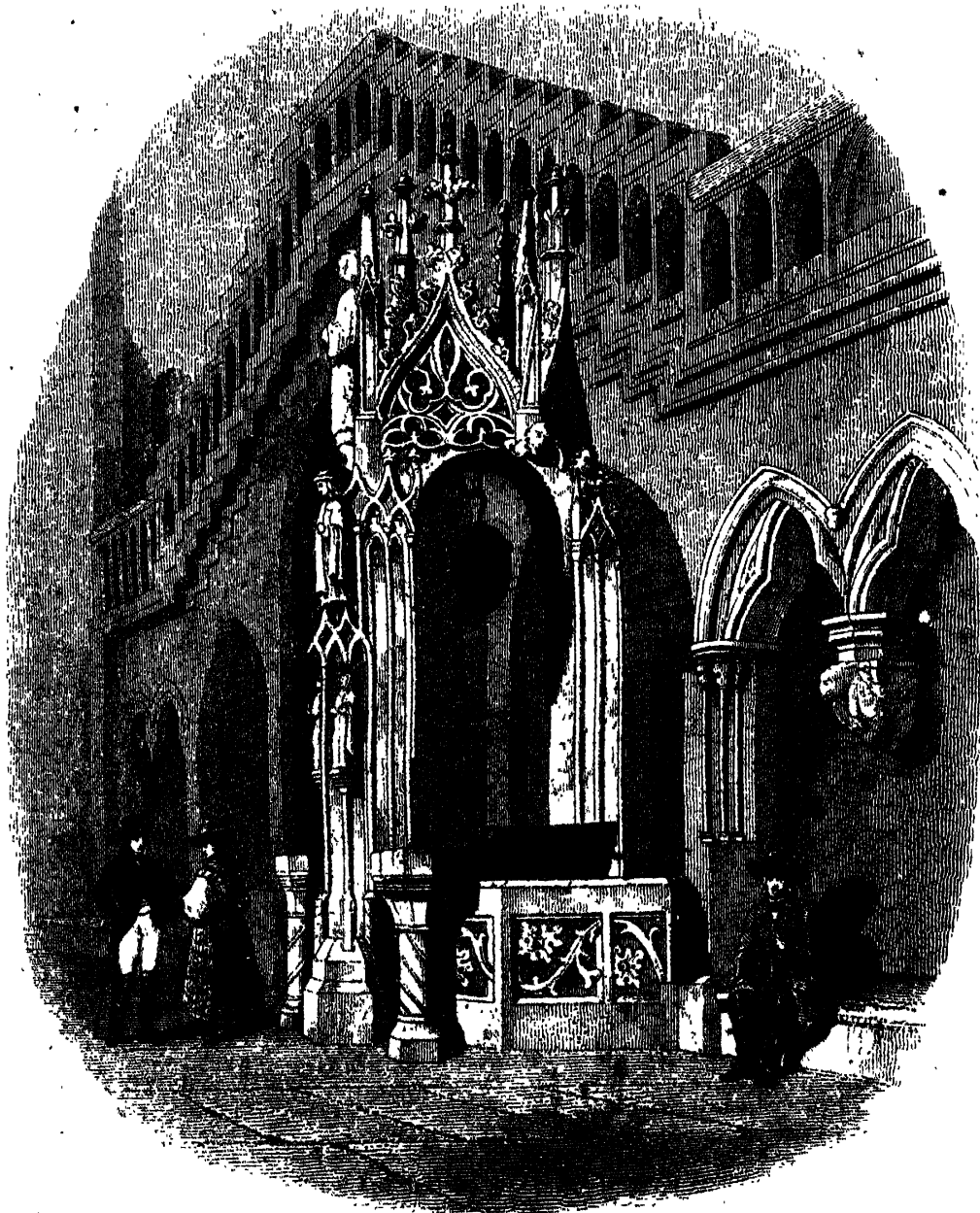
front we recognise the decorated style of the fifteenth century, while part of the east reminds one of the early English style. The towers of the west front are not completed, but even in its present state this part of the building commands great attention. It exhibits noble proportions, and ornaments are lavished upon it without overburdening it. The large entrance door, represented in our illustration (p. 277), is built on a different plan from those of most other cathedrals. It projects out in the shape of a triangle, and forms a sort of balcony or canopy, in which the art of the sculptor is displayed in all its magnificence. It is flanked by two accessory doors, not less artistically decorated. On the two sides of the building is a perfect forest of pillars, pyramids, and turrets, above which runs an open balustrade, whence a magnificent view of the city and environs may be obtained. On the north of the cathedral there is a small tower, *Eselsturm*, so called because, during the construction of the edifice, the asses laden with the materials went up there. There is some peculiarity in the plan of the building, which is built after the model of an ancient basilica, the transepts not extending in length beyond the breadth of the nave and aisles. There are transepts, however, in the upper story. On entering the building, the eye is struck with the magnitude of the pointed arch supported on each side by pillars, and richly adorned with windows of stained glass, which soften the light as it streams through. These windows were painted by the first artists of *Munich*, by order of *Louis* of Bavaria. The cathedral of St. Peter owes much to that monarch. He had it completely restored and stripped of all the ornaments, altars, statues, and tombs, which were out of taste and marred the general harmony. The chief altar, which was all glittering with silver, did not accord well with the decoration of the church, on account of its modern form; hence he had it adorned with a covering in the Gothic style. This altar, which is of beautifully chased silver throughout, and at the back of which is a well-sculptured crucifix, stands in the middle of the choir, which is a hundred feet long. The nave measures three hundred feet in length, and a hundred and twenty in height. The altars in the aisles have not been neglected, but exhibit sculptures of exquisite workmanship. Thus a most beautiful statue of the Virgin—a work of art distinguished by singular merit—stands in the north aisle not far from the west end. It is thought to have been executed some time in the fourteenth century. One of the most original and curious objects in the cathedral is the Gothic well in the south transept, from which the water necessary for sacred purposes is obtained, and of which we furnish an engraving (p. 276).

Several tombs may be observed in the cathedral at Ratisbon; among others, those of Count *Herberstein* and Prince *Charles Dalberg*. This last, which is very near the statue of the Virgin just mentioned, is of white marble, and was designed by the eminent sculptor, *Canova*. The monument to Count *Herberstein* has a marble bas-relief representing Christ feeding the multitude, which, though wanting in freedom and ease, is a very elaborate piece of minute workmanship. Formerly that of *Albert the Great*, *Albertus Magnus*,—a famous doctor of the thirteenth century, too much of a philosopher not to be accused of sorcery—was also to be seen there. It was pretended that he had the gift of omnipresence, and that at the same moment in which he was instructing his pupils in theology from his chair, now preserved in the chapel of the Dominican convent, he was seen sitting in his study at *Donaustauf*, a small town situated about twelve miles from Ratisbon. Hence his tomb has been removed to the Dominican chapel. Another sorcerer (according to the superstition of the common people), the celebrated astronomer, *John Kepler*, has been buried at Ratisbon, where he died on the 15th of November, 1630. A monument, adorned with his bust and a magnificent bas-relief, executed by *Dannacker*, is erected to his memory in the public promenade which bears the simple title of *The Walk*. The traditional story of *Kepler's* having

died of hunger is not strictly correct: he sank under the vexation and opposition which harassed him during the latter part of his life.

Near the cathedral is the cloister which forms part of it, and in which there is a crowd of monuments, sarcophagi, busts, and statues, belonging to the Roman and middle ages. A door in this cloister leads to what is called the old cathedral (*der alte Dom*), in which stands a pagan altar, in stone, which was probably used for the delivery of oracles.

stables, a riding-school, a Gothic chapel with a figure of Christ, by Dannecker, and a family vault in the Byzantine style. Not far hence may be discerned, mouldering with age, the walls of the Hotel de Ville, which was the seat of the Diet of the German empire from the year 1663 to the commencement of the present century. The representatives of the different states assembled for deliberation in a large hall, where the imperial chair is still preserved. The vaults of this building are curious to traverse; they were formerly prisons and places



GOTHIC WELL IN RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

St. Peter's is not the only building at Ratisbon which is worth visiting. The old parish church of St. Ulrich, the Benedictine convent of St. James, the church of St. Emmeran, and the palace of the princes of Tour and Taxis on the site of an ancient abbey, are all objects deserving of attention. The princely family last mentioned has for a long time held the postage of the whole of Germany on lease, which has contributed largely to its wealth. The palace is adorned with great luxury; above the entrance door Schwanthaler has sculptured some magisterial figures; inside there are some excellent

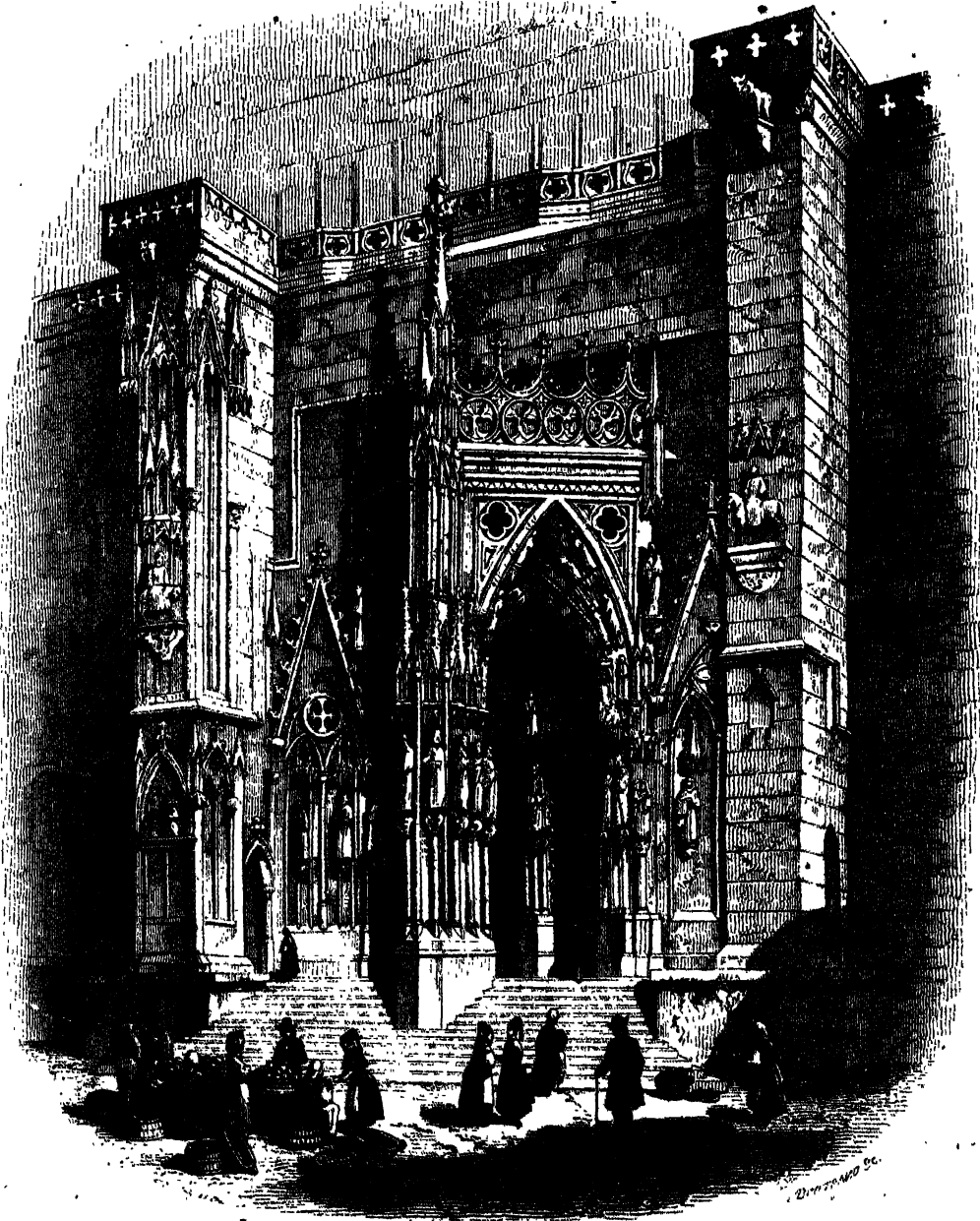
of torture; the instruments of torture employed by the barbarous legislation of the middle ages hang all along the walls. A projecting house, opposite the Hotel de Ville, attracts attention on account of two paintings on the walls, representing the struggle of a warrior of Ratisbon with the giant Krako, in the reign of Henry the Birdcatcher. The defeat of the monster gave birth to a simple song, the family of the victor, Dollinger, was ennobled, and the spot on which the combat occurred received the name of the Heathen Place (*Heideplatz*).

The stone bridge over the Danube, built in the twelfth

century, was a marvel of the age in which it was constructed; but its arches are not wide enough for the boats that now navigate the river, and the consequence is, that accidents not unfrequently occur. But this ought not to excite any astonishment; for his Satanic majesty, we are told, has passed by there. The architect of the bridge, who had invoked his aid by promising him the soul of the first crosser, played him

a well-known scurvy trick. He made a dog cross the bridge, and the evil one, in his rage, cut off the poor creature's head. Hence the figure of a dog without a head, which is to be seen on the balustrade.

Another circumstance which gives an interest to Ratisbon is the fact that near it was fought the celebrated battle of Eckmühl, in which the French conquered the Austrian forces.



DOORWAY OF RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1853.

THIS winter we have travelled up to the new diggings. Great was their fame when we were in Melbourne. Wonderful were the accounts of large nuggets, and large fortunes being found. We have arrived, and again find it all moonshine. A rush of diggers from Bendigo, of upwards of a thousand per day, was the consequence of these grand rumours; three miles of ground have been turned up to find next to nothing. The

Bendigo men have hastened back again, and troops of others are from day to day following them. This is the constant experience; such are the diggings. But to give some idea of what getting to these diggings is, it is only necessary to state, that this distance of seventy-five miles has cost us *six weeks* to accomplish! or about two miles a day on the average, bringing up a load of little more than a ton. The roads we found still more frightful than those to the Ovens. They are such, that the ton axle of our cart has been broken *four times*, and has cost us \$15 in repairing it. Nor have we been singular in this respect. All along the road has been

the spectacle of carts and bullock-drays bogged or broken down by the way-side. These bullock-drays are drawn by twelve, sixteen, and twenty bullocks each, yet they are constantly sticking fast or breaking down, and occasion delays of a week and a fortnight at a time. The whole road was again strewn with dead horses and oxen. In fact, no one who has not seen it can conceive anything of the enormous labour and waste of animal life and property in getting up to the diggings. In coming down from the Owens last autumn, we counted between thirty and forty bullocks and horses lying by the way.

Then as to the weather, we are told by all the accounts that I have seen, of the paradoxical nature of this climate, of the winter without ice and snow. My brother Richard, in his account of the colony,* by far the most faithful account of it that I have ever seen, was vehemently accused by the colonial papers with having stated that there was such a thing as ice there in the winter, and he so far qualified his statement as to say that there was none on pools or creeks (brooks). Now on this journey I have seen more snow than I have seen in England for the last three years. One day, near Kilmore, it snowed as heavily as I ever remember it to have snowed in England, from eight o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. It was then three inches deep, and the settlers said, that in the gullies of the neighbouring mountains it was in many places three feet deep. The snow lay so heavily on the trees, which are all evergreens, that it broke them down like carrots. As for ice, we have had severe frosts for a week together, the ice in the morning being upwards of a quarter of an inch thick on the pools and the still places of the creeks. In our buckets it was often half an inch thick, in our washhand-basin the ice was frequently a solid mass of more than an inch thick from one night's frost. It is true that the sun in this latitude has so much power that the frost has never, in our experience, lasted through the day; on the contrary, the days are warm and fine, often for a week together. To-day, as I write, the thermometer stands at 70° in our tent. Indeed, we like the winter season much the best. Though there is often very severe cold at night, that we can keep out by a good tent, and plenty of blankets and rugs. And though we have a rapid alternation frequently of roaring winds, fogs, and drenching rains, yet we are at this season free from the fierce heats and the myriads of tormenting insects of summer.

As to heat, I have not yet seen a single thermometrical table of this country which has not been most grossly inaccurate. Refer to the work of Mr. Westgarth, one of the most careful statisticians of the colony, and you find the highest degree of summer heat, as quoted from the government observations at Melbourne, at 73.48, in January, about the hottest month of the year, corresponding with our July. That is quoted as the hottest day of the year, the observation being taken at 2.30, P.M. While in June, the mid-winter here, the lowest degree was 46.96. The intermediate months range, according to that table, at about from 55 to 68 degrees.

Now from this you would conclude that Port Philip was one of the mildest climates in the world. It could not even be so hot as in England, where I have known the thermometer stand at 110° in summer; and it could never possibly freeze, for the thermometer, according to this table, never descends to 42°. Nay, Mr. Westgarth, speaking of the hot winds which visit this country in summer, actually shrivelling up the corn into tinder, says, "At Melbourne they commonly last for two or three days at a time, with a temperature of from 80° to 90° in the shade, ascending sometimes, though rarely, as high as 100°. In the Sydney district they blow with greater severity, and are more apt to injure or destroy the crop."—p. 27. Mr. Westgarth again gives a table of the government observations taken at Adelaide, which states the heat occurring on a summer day, at noon, to be lowest in June, as 47°. So that nobody in

Adelaide, if the government can be relied on, need suffer any excess of heat in summer, nor fear such a thing as frost in winter. But here, as at home, the weather is neither regulated by act of government, nor act of parliament, but by the act of God; and people are therefore much surprised, in this country, to find themselves in summer broiling under a sun shedding a heat of 139° and more in the sun; and freezing them in winter at about 26° or 28°. Last summer, amongst the hills in the Owens district, not far from the Snowy Mountains—therefore notoriously a much cooler region than the plains and lower country—we had the heat very commonly in our tent 120° at noon. On one occasion it stood at 139° in the sun, and 120° in the shade, and the following night sank to 40°; having thus varied nearly 100° in the twenty-four hours. This summer, the inhabitants tell us, is the coolest summer they have experienced for many years. If you refer to the works of Count Strzelecki and Montgomery Martin, they give you the same statements as Mr. Westgarth, and drawn, probably, from the same sources. As I have said, in winter the thermometer has frequently sunk considerably below the freezing point. On Wednesday last it stood at 31° at sunrise. Perhaps the inaccuracy of the government observations may, in a great measure, be explained by their being taken in close-built rooms, and not, as they should be, in the open air. They ought also in the morning to have been taken at sunrise; between that and eight o'clock the rise of the mercury is wonderful.

Now these accounts are as unwise as they are false. If the writers in this colony would not try to give us "better bread than can be made of wheat," if they would leave the country as God and nature have made it, those who come hither would find it a good and pleasant country, instead of feeling, as they almost to a man do, imposed upon, and therefore indignant and full of denunciation. The drawbacks and the climate ought to be stated fully and fairly, as well as the attractions, e.g., the hot, suffocating dust-winds of summer; the countless swarms of insects and reptiles, mosquitoes, flies, ants—many of them an inch long and stinging as badly as wasps—by millions; scorpions, centipedes, poisonous spiders, and venomous serpents. The latter of these vermin, however, are of small consideration in comparison with the "little Black Devil of Australia"—the small black fly, which is legion. This most pestilent insect is as numerous as it was in Egypt during the plagues there. It gives you no rest for about five months of the year, and is, in truth, the greatest curse of the country. Mosquitoes, however bad, do not deserve a mention beside them. You are obliged to envelop your head and face in a veil, or you would be driven almost mad, and be in danger of being blinded by the venomous ophthalmia which they occasion.

Those who describe the climate should tell us, too, of the rains, the frosts, the violent winds of winter; and then poor wretches would not attempt to walk up to the diggings with only a single blanket or rug to wrap themselves in on the ground at night, and to walk as in noonday for two or three days at a time. Still, as I have said, we like the winter best. The air is then, at considerable intervals, mild and temperate; there are fresh breezes blowing about you. The feeling is more that of the climate of England. You have plenty of good water running in the creeks, and are exempt from the intolerable plague of flies, and the broiling oppression of a perfectly tropical heat.

Let me now say something of the modes of getting up to the diggings. These are chiefly three. The first is to engage a bullock-dray for a whole party, to carry up your tent and effects. Bullock-drays are the most certain, and in many cases the only vehicles that can make their way through the bogs and deep miry roads. With twelve or sixteen bullocks, they seem to stick at nothing, but go on steadily but surely through places that are impassable to horses. Yet even these are not proof against the difficulties of the journey. They are seen, ere and anon, sticking fast up to the axles; their wheels and poles, though matted, smashed to atoms; their ponderous iron axles snapped like glass; and their cattle with their

necks broken, or drowned in the creeks. For these wagons the rate of carriage to the diggings is enormous. Last year it was £150 a ton to the Ovens; at present it is £80 a ton hither, or more than £1 per mile. The disadvantages of going by these drays are, that you not only walk the whole way, but have to sleep under them, or in the open air, whatever be the weather. The tents are most commonly packed so that you cannot have them on the road. You are, of course, liable to be delayed by the accidents I have mentioned. The expense is severe if you have much baggage, especially stores for the season. It cost a friend of ours £50 to go thus to the Ovens, though he had but a moderate quantity of effects. Next, on arriving at the diggings, you are set down at the first place that the drivers can get rid of you, and as it is a matter of no small difficulty to decide where it is best to locate yourself, so as to combine all the requisites of being on the best part of the diggings, of wood and water, you have probably to hire another cart or dray to remove your effects to the spot fixed on as a digging, and that at a most extravagant price. At every bush you find yourself pinned, as it were, to the ground, having no conveyance of your own, and are in danger of coming in too late. At every move, whether to different parts of the diggings or to different diggings, you must still hire, hire, hire, at a heavy rate. You must also pay for the carting of your washing-stuff to the nearest creek or water-hole, at an average, about £1 per load. Therefore, the second plan is the most independent.

This is to purchase a cart of your own, with two or three horses, and convey your own effects. These will cost you, in Melbourne—that is, a cart with two good horses, capable of carrying the tent, tools, and some stores for a party of four, with harness and oats—about £200. With these you can make the journey at your pleasure, as far as the roads will let you; have your tent every night, if you will, and on the diggings be able to move and remove as you please; provided—that your horses are not stolen! This, however, is a most common occurrence, and horses are, therefore, a perpetual care and anxiety. Every day there is an immense inquiry after stolen or strayed horses. For one of the things that people coming to this country should most carefully bear in mind is, that it is notoriously a land of thieves. Though not a convict colony itself, the gold diggings have drawn into it swarms of transported felons, housebreakers, pickpockets, and the like vermin from Sydney and Van Diemen's Land; and not the less so, adroit scoundrels, in my opinion the worst of all, direct from the lowest purlieus of London. From the moment you put your goods into the lighter from the ship you are in the midst of these gentry. They are about the lighters as porters, on the wharves as the same; and if you do not miss a good quantity of your most valuable effects before getting into Melbourne itself, you may deem yourself lucky. Again, these fellows swarm on the roads to the diggings as bushrangers, and at the diggings as thieves. There have been hundreds of them collected on these new diggings; people have been plundered on the way, their tents ransacked; on the diggings, their horses carried off—nine, ten, or a dozen in a single night; and one man was actually robbed the other day at noon in the very midst of the diggings. As I write, the police are carting down a dozen thieves to the prison at Melbourne. You may chance, therefore, on the road to find your horses missing some morning, and may stay there till you can walk down to Melbourne to purchase others. We have known various cases of this kind. The same thing may any day occur at the diggings. Otherwise, this is by far the most independent plan.

The third plan is, to walk up merely with what is called your swag—that is, a rug or blanket rolled up, containing a change of linen, some tea, sugar, and flour. This, with a quart tin pot to boil your tea in, and a pint tin panikin to drink it out of, is all your baggage. You live on tea and damper, a heavy cake baked in the ashes of your fire; and at night cut down a quantity of leaves for a bed, and roll yourselves in your blanket. The advantage of this plan is expedition. You can walk up to the diggings in a few days. You have no pulling, dragging, and struggling with bullocks

or horses and heavy loads through the terrible roads of the country. But, on the other hand, you are exposed to the weather and great hardships, especially in winter and rainy weather. I have seen scores and hundreds—I may say thousands—of young men, new-chums, that is, fresh to the colony, thus wending their way up the country. A great number of these young men have been accustomed to all the comforts of life at home; most of them to comfortable homes, however, in many instances, humble. To see these young men thus wading along the deep miry roads, often up to their knees, picking their way, often in utter despair, drenched with whole days and nights of rain, foot-sore and jaded, having to live on the hardest fare, and always the same—tea and damper, morning, noon, and night, for they cannot carry meat and frying-pans with them—has often made my heart ache.

Many of these adventurers, after coming from good beds, daily change of linen, and plentiful tables, often do not pull off their clothes or change their shirts for a month together. Their hair and beards become bushy, and wild as the wilderness they live in. On arriving at the diggings they have no tents, no tools, no cooking apparatus, except such as they must buy at most fabulous prices. They often raise huts of boughs or bark to shelter them, lie on leaves, and fare hardly, only adding mutton-chops to their tea and damper. All the articles of food which they have to purchase are so costly, that it requires good success to be able to get them. Tea and meat are the cheapest. Tea is only about 3s. 6d. per pound, and meat 6d. Flour is here now £10 per bag of 200lbs., or 1s. per lb.; bread, 4s. the quartern loaf; sugar, 1s. 4d. per lb.; butter, 5s. per lb.; cheese, 2s. 6d. to 3s. per lb.; onions, 1s. 6d. per lb. Shovels are £1 6s. each; cradles, good for anything, from £3 to £6; picks, 12s.; second-hand, 8s.; tubs for puddling the washing-stuff in—indispensable articles—£2 each. These are the halves of beer casks, cut in two, which I suppose you would get in England, just as they are, for 2s. 6d. the whole cask. Tents, unless you can buy them of parties going away, five times the price that they are in London. This may give you some idea of what getting up to the diggings is, and the cost of it. The outfits, necessary tools, cart, horses, expenses of travelling and living, have not cost my party of four much less than £1,000. I have already said what is the amount of success generally achieved; but I must add, that the holes sunk for gold at the diggings, far from being only four or five feet deep, are often fifty, seventy, and a hundred feet deep, and through such hard strata, that one foot per day at Balaarat has often been considered good progress.

The long and short of the story, therefore, is, that gold digging is not only one of the most arduous, anxious, and laborious undertakings on the face of the earth—an undertaking in which you must make up your mind to abandon all the amenities and most of the comforts of life, must live a rude, restless, unshaven, and, as is too commonly the case, unwashed life—in ragged and mud-stained garments, to hazard health and life, but it is by no means remunerative. It is, in fact, a life only fitted for hard, rough men, such as navvies, labourers, porters, carters, and the like. It is, indeed, rapidly resolving itself into this, and will continue to do so. It is becoming a regular employment for the hardiest and rudest of the working classes; men used to the pick and spade, miners, quarrymen, agricultural labourers, porters, gardeners, and the like. You find fewer and fewer gentlemen amongst these diggers; and these few soon draw out into more lucrative and congenial pursuits.

The delusion in England arises from contemplating the gold produced here in the aggregate, and not calculating the numbers now engaged in obtaining it. The repeated arrivals of tons and tons of gold in London, and of occasional large nuggets, has a dazzling and overwhelming effect. But if it were taken into account that perhaps 200,000 people are now engaged in the gold fields, the individual gains would soon present themselves under no very encouraging aspect. From all the calculations that we have been able to make, we cannot estimate the average gain of each individual digger—were it the luck of all to get some, which is by no means the case—at more than

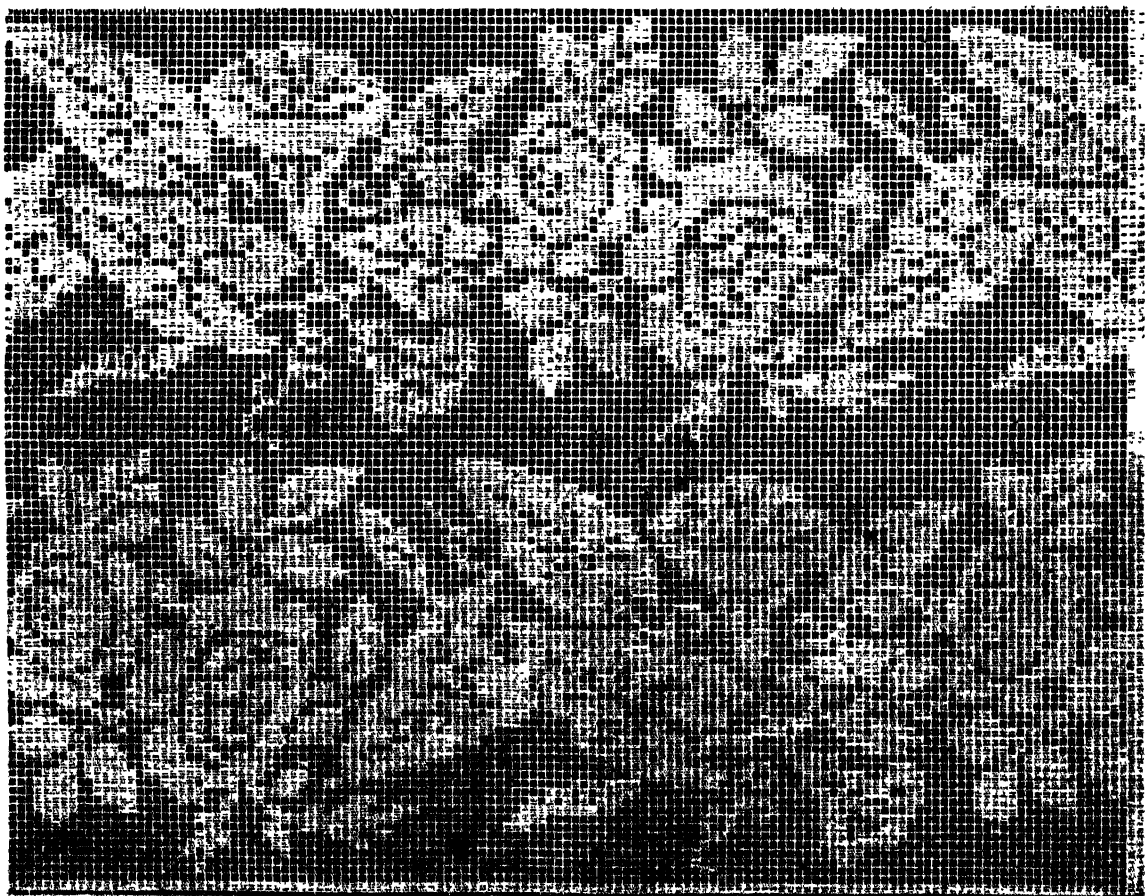
one ounce per week, that is, on the diggings, about £3 12s. I do not know precisely what is the total average weekly amount of gold sent down to Melbourne just now, because we have no very recent papers; but from this place the amount last week was 8,000 ounces, while there were last month 9,000 licenses issued: that itself would not give an ounce per man. But it is notorious that seldom more than two-thirds of the diggers take out licenses, which reduces this amount seriously. There are calculated, indeed, to be 20,000 people, men, women, and children, in these diggings.

At the Ovens, last summer, the highest amount sent down thence, for a fortnight, was 15,000 ounces, while the licenses were 10,000: that does not give half an ounce per man, per week, on an average. The most favourable accounts do not give much more than an ounce a week for each man.

If we then take into account the expenses of outfit, voyage, means of getting up the country, and cost of living at the diggings, the prospect is not very cheering. If hardy, labouring men, by perseverance and care, can save a few hundred pounds in a few years, enduring all the inconveniences attendant for that object, that may be to them something desirable; but a mere attainment of £150 or £200 per annum, with the living, travelling, and other costs deducted, cannot be any remuneration to gentlemen, or to such as leave any tolerable situations in England. Even such hardy workmen can do far better at other occupations in the colony. And here I come to the real inducements for people to emigrate to this colony. There are few active and careful people, excepting shopmen and clerks, of whom there is a glut—situations of course being limited—who may not do exceedingly well in Victoria. It is, in fact, the paradise of labour. The enormous and still con-

tinued influx of population has created an equivalent demand for horses, furniture, food, clothing, and everything necessary for civilised life. While this remains—and remain it will so long as gold flows down from the diggings—every species of labour is in the highest request. There is no mechanic or artisan, who has a trade in his fingers, who cannot make from his £1 to £1 10s. per day. Joiners, carpenters, bricklayers, slaters, brickmakers, quarrymen, woodmen, smiths, tailors, shoemakers, hatters, saddlers and harness-makers, wheelwrights, gardeners, agricultural labourers, etc., with women for servants, find themselves exactly in the place where they are wanted. The commonest porters get their 10s. per day. The government pay for working on the roads is £3 per week, and they cannot procure half the men they want. I have seen gentlemen's sons very contentedly working on the roads at these wages of 10s. a day, with a tent for each party and a cook. Even carters up in the bush get £2 per week, a hut, and their rations. Shepherds—and any sort of a man, men getting into years and fit for nothing else, do for shepherds—get their £70 a year and rations. Men who can get a cart and horse, and cart goods up from the wharf into the town, or water or wood into it, can make their £3 and £4 a day. In fact, the opportunities for most lucrative occupation are endless. I have seen parties of gentlemen of high family taking goods on bullock-drays up to the diggings—a most profitable occupation at per £60 to £100 a ton. Those men who have been getting as agricultural labourers in England their 6s. or 12s. a week, and mechanics who there get their £1 or £2 a week, find it here, even when the high price of everything is taken into account, a most advantageous change for them to £3, £6, and £9 a week. Bullock drivers get £1 per day with rations.

CROCHET WINDOW CURTAIN.



MAY be worked from the engraving in any thickness of cotton, amounting to the size of curtain required; the larger

the curtain the thicker the cotton should be. It likewise, in thick cotton, looks remarkably well for bed curtains.



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE L'ÉPINE, DEPARTMENT OF MARNE, FRANCE.

NOTRE DAME DE L'EPINE, CHALONS, FRANCE.

THE beautiful edifice which bears the title of *Our Lady of the Thorn*, is situated at about five miles distance from Chalon-sur-Marne, and its strange old architecture forms a strikingly picturesque object in the scene, more like some luxuriant tropical plant than a mass of stone. The legend connected with its origin is quickly told. In 1419 there stood upon that very spot a little chapel, surrounded by trees, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. One night, as the story goes, when the shepherds were returning with their flocks from the neighbouring pastures, a bright light shone upon them; the sheep were terrified, and shrank away, but the lambs made straight for the holy place. It was the Feast of the Assumption. The shepherds, in surprise, followed the lambs, and lo, in the centre of the bright glory, they beheld an image of the Virgin holding the infant JESUS in her arms. As the night went on, the light grew brighter, and for miles and miles away was noticed with amazement.

So the priests of Meletto and the Bishop of Chalons, as soon as they heard of the occurrence, hastened to the spot, and among the thorn bushes outside the chapel of the Baptist, they discovered a small stone image of the Virgin; this they conducted with great pomp into the sacred building; and from that time the chapel became a place of great resort; there the richest offerings were presented, and at length Charles VI., of France, granted his royal letters patent for the erection of a church—a building, say the chroniclers, in every way befitting the miraculous appearance it was designed to commemorate.

At that period, a great part of France was under English

rule. It was not then an idle boast when British sovereigns quartered with their arms the lily of St. Louis. The period was not far removed from the days of Joan of Arc. An English architect, whose name was Patrick, was employed to erect the new church, and under his direction the work proceeded with great rapidity. The façade, the nave, and the chief tower were soon completed, but the fortune of war gave that part of the country into the hands of the French, and the English being compelled to retreat, the architect took flight, and, alas! for the beautiful structure, carried off with him the funds intended for its completion.

Antoine Guichard proceeded, after some delay, with the work, and under his direction the church was rendered still more beautiful than any one had anticipated. They had resigned the work into Guichard's hands, rather than employed him to carry out the design of his predecessor; but the new architect modified the old plans, and by those modifications considerably improved them. In 1529 the church was finished. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people; the altar was crowded with costly gifts, the people of Verdun and Chalons gave a splendid window of stained glass—a window, by the way, which the fortune of war completely shattered a short time afterwards.

In the Revolution of 1789, five of the bells were melted down and converted into money, and one of the stately towers deprived of its spire, and turned to new account by being made the station of the telegraph. In 1825 it sustained some accidental damage, but this was speedily repaired.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALL the world knows, that during the summer months of the year, an Italian city presents at the hour of noon an appearance of repose and desertion that, but for the bright sunshine and the open doors of shops, might make one almost fancy that it was night. The *jalousies* of all the windows are closed; no bright eye looks from the casements; no light foot trips from the threshold; no fair form glides along the strada or piazza; nobody—except, indeed, those insignificant bodies that society always most properly considers as *gobodies*—we mean mechanics and labourers, or such like folk—is to be seen abroad; and even they look drowsy and dreamy, as if they would be much better employed in doing nothing, like their betters. And what are their betters doing at this hour? Why they are sleeping—aye, sleeping, while the sun's rays are at the hottest, and the day is in its meridian glory. Strange as this sight may appear to a denizen of our more northern latitudes, when first he enters a town of southern Italy, yet he very soon learns not only to cease to wonder at it, but often to shut his eyes upon it altogether—that is, he too finds it a very pleasant thing to go to sleep just like his neighbours. And, indeed, it must be admitted that the southerners earn the right to this short repose by the habit of rising in the morning with the sun—under the delusion, it may be, that the night is then over—and being astir hours before the fashionables of Britain have awakened from their first sleep, and turned themselves upon the other side for their second slumber. If this be the custom in Italy, in our own days, so was it five hundred years ago, and especially in the fair city of Venice, than which— notwithstanding that she reclines, as it were, floating on the waters—a hotter spot cannot be found on a summer noontide between the Alps and the Apennines.

And so it was that, on the first day of July, in the year of grace 1390, the city of Saint Mark lay in the repose of its mid-day slumber. And yet to any eye that was waking and exercising its function of vision, it must have been manifest that during the morning an unwonted amount of bustle and preparation for some approaching event had prevailed.

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Workmen might be seen occupied in erecting scaffolding in the principal piazzas and thoroughfares of the city, upon which benches were placed for spectators. Flags and draperies of cloth and silk, of the most brilliant hues and costliest texture, hung out of balconies; the canals were thronged with barges and gondolas, decked with streamers and ribbons and boughs of laurel, while the gondoliers lay sleeping upon the benches. Altogether, the scene was one that presented strikingly to the mind the contrast between excitement and repose—between life and death. You felt as if the Angel of Sleep had suddenly waved his dusky, leaden wings over the city in the midst of her activity, and lulled her into temporary forgetfulness. Amongst the fair lids upon which the balms of the angel had descended, was a very pretty pair which we have already attempted to describe. Their mistress was just at this hour tranquilly reposing in one of the apartments of the Palazzo Polani, whither she and her good old nurse had come from the Villa Morosini, at the summons of her guardian, who had notified his desire that she should be in readiness in the city, with the other daughters and dames of Venice, to receive the triumphant armament upon its return, and grace by their presence the festivities which had been ordered by the state. What the dreams of the young girl were, as she lay in partial *desolitude* upon the couch in that darkened room, where the cool exhalations from a large vase of perfumed water tempered the noontide heat, we shall not take upon us to say: certain, they seemed to be pleasurable, for a smile played upon the slightly parted lips, and a flush spread faintly over the cheek, and now and then a name was breathed in murmuring indistinctness upon the silent air of the chamber. Well, we shall not try to discover whose was that name. But her sleep on Life is not so full of unalloyed happiness, that we should be awakened from sleep too soon!

The repose of Bianca was, however, invaded somewhat earlier than was necessary by good Giuletta, who hurried up to her young lady's couch with maternal animation.

"Up, dearest signora, up," cried the old woman; "this is no day to lie a-dreaming. Here has been my young lord's serving man Tomaso an hour since. He has come all the way from Chioggia this morning, and brings such news."

The maiden arose from her midday rest, and as she disposed herself for the toilette the old woman continued her narration.

"By my faith, dear child, the wars have not done much to improve that same saucy valet, as he calls himself. Heaven knows he was forward enough when he came from his travels; but now he swaggers and ruffles about just as if he was ready to cut any one's throat that would look askant at him. The Virgin grant that the camp has not done as much for the young count Giulio."

Bianca smiled.

"We must hope, Giudetta, that the head of the master may not be so easily turned as that of the man; but thy news, good nurse."

"Oh, aye, signora; what a head I have to be sure. Well, Tomaso says, that his serene highness the doge, with all the captains and great warriors, were to leave Chioggia at day-break, and go in their galleys as far as Malmocco. It seems that a vessel has been sent thither by the state to receive him and his suite, and in this they are all to proceed in great pomp as far as San Chimento. And then, my dearest lady, the grandest part of the day is to commence, for the state has ordered the Bucentoro to be refitted and turned out in great splendour; and it is to be rowed down to San Chimento; and they say that half Venice are preparing to go forth to meet his highness, and to conduct him back again to the city with all sorts of triumphs and rejoicings, and I know not what. Santissima Madre! but it will be a great day in Venice, I trow."

A great day for Venice, assuredly was this first of July. How changed were her fortunes since, just six months before, her nobles and citizens had last assembled in her piazza, going forth to do battle for their very existence then, now returning victorious, the Gonfalon of St. Mark still flying proudly, holding the unvanquished supremacy of the sea. All was bustle, excitement, and preparation throughout the city, the work proceeded vigorously through the day, and ere four o'clock everything was completed for the triumphal entry of the doge and the Venetian troops. And now the crowds grew denser in the great square and the piazzetta, every calce seemed to send forth a stream of life into the great thoroughfares; every house poured out its inhabitants, and the throng was so great that Sanuto assures us one could scarcely pass through the piazza. The windows and balconies of all the palazzi and buildings which grace the grand canal or the squares of Saint Marco, were filled with fair and richly attired women, and were hung with gorgeous draperies of cloth of every hue and texture, the effect of which was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme. At length, any one who looked along the sea of heads might perceive a simultaneous movement to and fro, while every countenance was intently turned in the direction of the water; then was heard a suppressed yet excited murmur of voices as, at last, the flotilla of the republic hove in sight. Strains of martial music came borne along the quiet air, and the sunshine fell upon the pennons and streamers of the galleys, and glistened off the gilded sides of the state vessel and the bright armour and weapons of the troops. And now they came on slowly and majestically through the water, making for the stairs at the foot of the red columns. First came the world-famed galley of the state, "il nobilissimo e gran vascello Bucentoro," as it was magnificently designated; and a very grand and noble galley it was indeed, if elaborate workmanship and costly decoration, rather than utility, constitute grandeur. A British traveller, who saw it in the days of its glory, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, declares that "it is a thing of marvellous worth, the richest piece of all the world; for it cost one hundred thousand pounds, which is thirty thousand pounds sterling. A work so exceeding glorious, that I never heard or read of the like in any place of the world, these only excepted, viz. that of Cleopatra, when she so exceedingly sumptuously adorned with vessels of silks and other precious materials."

those that the Emperor Caligula built with timber of cedar and pines and sterns of ivory; and, lastly," he adds, "we suspect with more loyalty than truth," that most incomparable and peerless ship of our Gracious Prince, called the Prince Royall, which was launched at Wollige about Michaelmas last, which indeed doth by many degrees surpass this Bucentoro of Venice; and any ship else, I believe, in Christendome." The size of the Bucentaur was, however, not such as will be very imposing to us of an age when Leviathan steam-vessels cross from the New to the Old World in a week; truth obliges us to disclose the fact that its length was but one hundred feet, and its breadth twenty-one; it was driven through the water by forty-two oars, each worked by four men, who sat in the lower deck; above this was the upper deck, covered all over by an arched awning of crimson velvet; the quarter deck was slightly elevated, and near the stern was placed a gilded throne for the doge, while along the length of the vessel ran four rows of benches for the senators and other great personages, who usually accompanied his highness. But how shall we describe the ornaments which crowded this lumbering aquatic-royal-coach with the most lavish prodigality? Near to the doge was a colossal statue of Justice, covered all over with gold, and holding the scales in one hand and the sword in the other. Along the sides were twenty more gilt statues, some of emperors and generals, others allegorical. Then there were marine deities, winged lions, medallions, cornucopias, fruits, flowers, all elaborately carved and richly gilded. The prow was fashioned into a mighty winged lion, which proudly divided the subject waters, while from the mast-head floated the same monster wrought upon the gonfalon of the state. Dear reader, smile not as you read at all this old-world pageantry: if you live in an utilitarian age be thankful; but do not forget that, with all our enlightenment, we have not yet got rid of the puerilities of lord mayors' glass-boaches, and the mummeries of hideous bear-skin hats and civic robes.

On the day of which we write, however, there was no sense of disparagement to qualify the admiration with which a thousand wondering eyes beheld the imperial galley urging her course slowly onward. There sat the noble-hearted old doge, Andrea Contarini, in his golden chair of state, the horned bonnet on his brow, and his venerable white beard flowing down upon his gold-embroidered vesture. At his side were the Bishop di Castello, and the Canonici di San Marco, and le Croci; beyond these were such members of the Council of Ten as had accompanied him to the siege of Chioggia; then came the principal officers of the state, and the senators who had gone to meet the armament as far as San Chimento. On either side of the Bucentoro, and following in her wake, brigantines and skiffs of every shape and description were to be seen; some with the prows shaped in the forms of sea-horses, and other marine monsters; others with the sterns elongated into vast tails, but whether of fish or fowl, he would indeed be a bold zoologist who would take upon him to pronounce. But one huge galley engrossed special attention, and even divided the popular admiration with the Bucentaur herself. This vessel was nearly as wide across the beam as she was long from stem to stern, reminding one somewhat of an overgrown punt. The rotundity of its appearance was, however, relieved by two enormous dolphins, which were projected from the prow, and, being made of a shell-work of light wood covered with linen, floated high out of the water, showing their backs covered with golden scales, and being harnessed to the poop, they presented the appearance of drawing the galley through the water. From the deck of this craft rose a superstructure of a very novel character, to be seen floating on the water—nothing less than a lofty circular temple, of Greek architecture, surrounded by four-and-twenty pillars which supported a hemispherical dome; a pennon floated from the summit, and within sat a number of persons, of both sexes, arrayed in gay and fantastic dresses, and wearing masks.

And now the Bucentaur had reached the stairs at the foot of the piazzetta di San Marco. A British of marine power

"*Viva San Marco!*" rent the air, while shouts and hurrahs were waved from balconies and windows, and banners were raised aloft in joyous acclamation. Then the doge rose from his chair of state, and with the Bishop of Castello on his right, and the principal of the "Neri" on his left, and preceded by the gonfalon, stepped from the Bucintoro, and once more placed his feet within the city of Saint Mark. It was a proud moment for the old warrior. He paused for an instant on the lower step, and raising his sword-belt with both his hands, he bent down his head till his tips touched the cross formed by the guard; then looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, amidst the profound silence of the multitude,

"Dear witness, O blessed Saint Mark, and ye holy apostles of God, I have kept my vow, and now return in triumph to Venice!"

Then the silence into which the crowd had, as if by magic, been lulled, was broken by a simultaneous cheer, as if from every throat in the concourse,

"*Viva il Contarini! Viva lo doge! Viva l'eccellentissimo senato!*"

And now the crowd of spectators were pressed back on either side by a company of Venetian halberdiers, who, passing down the centre of the piazzetta, made a clear space for the procession of the various trades of the city, who formed in the prescribed order to meet the doge, and conduct him to the Church of Saint Mark. First came, marching two abreast, the worshipful company of the barber-surgeons, marshalled by their gonfaloniere, bearing the standard of the guild, upon which was displayed the winged lion of Saint Mark, with the motto, *Quid non speremus*—a boastful one truly; but in all ages the professors of the healing art have understood the value of confidence in themselves in order to inspire confidence in others. Next in order followed the guild of goldsmiths; their banner was, as might be expected, extremely rich; it was made of red and blue cloth of silk, embroidered profusely with gold and silver, having the motto wrought in thread of gold, *Nostris non aspernare labores*. Then came the tailors, with their banner of white silk wrought over with leaves of green velvet, with the legend, *Decorum et honestum*. After these was a beautiful flag of azure silk, representing the sky at midnight, studded profusely with stars of silver; the armorial bearings were a virgin holding the shield of Saint Mark in front of the temple of Janus, which was closed, as appeared by the motto, *Clauduntur belli porte*, intimating that the fine arts flourish best in time of peace: this was the standard of the painters. And so each of the other companies followed in their prescribed order, the merchants bearing on their standard an image of the Virgin, with the legend, *Sub tuum præsidium confugimus*. Then the shoemakers, the glass-blowers, the mirror-makers, the farriers, the swordblade-makers, who bore on their banner a wheel, with the motto, *Es bello pax*. Then followed the dyers, the silk-mercers, or *toscolini*, as they were then called; the carpenters, smiths, masons, and stone-cutters; the bakers, whose flag displayed Ceres crowned with a wreath of corn-blades, and the legend, *Hiarius flavescent*. But as we do not aspire to the office of the herald, we shall omit the rest of the trades, which were, indeed, very numerous in a city where all the arts and manufactures flourished in an extraordinary degree. Let our readers suppose them all to have passed by him in their procession up the piazzetta, and attend to that portion of the pageant which next solicits his admiration. First come the eight standards which were presented to the state; they are of rich cloth of silk, embroidered with gold; two are of white, two of red, two of blue, and two of purple. Then come six trumpeters blowing the six state trumpets made of pure silver; after these followed the *scudieri*, or equires of the doge, bearing his armour; then one carried the great torch called the *cero*, being made of white wax. Next in procession come the councillors of state, the senators of the Pregadi, arrayed in their gowns of crimson silk with long white sleeves, the two ducal chancellors, the secretaries of the various tribunals, the treasurer, the procurator of St. Mark's and the other officers of the state. Next in order came the *corno*, or cushion, on the one side,

and another on the other, of ducal chair borne on the shoulders of two men, and resembling in form the curule seats of the Romans. Last of all comes the doge himself, preceded by the captain-general, the illustrious Zeno, and the grand chancellor, who though always selected from amongst the citizens took rank above the nobles. Old Andrew Contarini, with his weight of eighty years, bore himself erect and proudly that day, beneath the great state *ombrello*, having on either side of him the Bishop of Castello and the chief of the Council of Three, while after came the sword-bearer with the *stocco*, or sword of state, the procession being closed with a company of ducal guards. In this order the cortege proceeded, amidst the acclamations of the people and the sound of martial music, along the piazzetta towards the church of St. Mark. When they had reached the area in front of the cathedral, the members of the various trades separated on either side, leaving a clear space in the middle, and thereupon the canons issued forth from the principal entrance, clothed in their vestments and bearing the *corno*, while they chanted the "*Te Deum Laudamus*." As soon as they met the doge they turned and conducted him, still chanting the hymn, up the nave of the church and so on to the high altar, where grand mass was performed, and thanksgiving offered up for the successful issue of the war. When the mass was over the procession formed again, and conducted the doge to the ducal palace. The evening was closed with a magnificent illumination. The principal buildings were lighted up brilliantly; the galleys were moored in the canals of the Giudecca and San Marco, and lamps of various-coloured glass were hung along the rigging and the masts, while the Bucintoro was one blaze of splendour, to the great delight of the worthy citizens who paced the southern banks of the city, and filled the air with *viras* and rejoicings. Neither should we omit to make mention of the piazza and piazzetta of St. Mark. It was a sight of which they alone who have seen a Venetian carnival can form any just notion; light streamed through every window of the princely palaces that lined these squares, which were traversed by hundreds in their gayest attire. The sounds of lutes, and the songs of minstrels resounded on every side, broken upon from time to time by plaudits and shouts of laughter. Upon the next day there were boat racing, and those fights, *dei bastoni* and *dei pignoni*, in which the Venetians delighted, wherein two contending parties endeavoured to maintain one of the principal bridges over the canals, fighting, in the former case, with staffs; in the latter, with their hands alone. In the struggling, numbers of the combatants were sure to be tossed over the low battlements into the water, to the infinite delight of the populace, who crowded the banks at either side, or sat in gondolas in the canal ready to receive the involuntary divers and pick them up when they had got a sufficient ducking. The mountebanks, too, plied their vocation in the squares, amongst whom was pre-eminent our old acquaintance Bartolomeo Venturini, the prince of *Claratani*, who gashed his flesh, played with snakes, ate fire, vomited smoke and flame from his mouth, ears, and nostrils, told fortunes, sold drugs, potions, elixirs, and charms, and befooled, bewildered, and picked the pockets of the *cittadini* and their wives to a surprising extent.

Such were the triumphant celebrations in Venice of the great victory achieved over the Genoese by the recapture of Chioggia. One looks back upon them with mingled feelings of wonder and sadness, for he remembers that all her great spirits are fled for ever; her doges no more rule the Adriatic, her navies no longer sweep the seas, her nobles are wanderers or beggars, her citizens serve the strangers who visit her, her palaces are the hired houses of the wealthy of other lands or locands and hotels for the man of pleasure and the tourist. Naught remains but the fair body of the beautiful dead, whose soul is departed; there she lies corpse-like in her lifeless loveliness, decked out and placid in the robes of death, with the same glorious skies above her, the same waters kissing her fair feet, the same sun gliding her church domes and palace roofs. A city of harmonies that are as immortal as they are sad.

PALM TREES, AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

When the painter wishes to represent a tropical land, he depicts a landscape with palm trees, and the characteristic physiognomy of the picture is half accomplished. In truth, these graceful denizens of the forest are essentially tropical; only two species, tiny little shrub-like things, scarcely bigger than a lady's fan, being indigenous to any temperate climate. One is called the *chamærops humilis*, and is a native of Spain, Italy, and Greece. The other, *chamærops palmæta*, and is a native of North America. In Spain, the leaves of the former are employed as materials for the manufacture of sweeping-brooms.

With the solitary exception of this dwarf species, of all the species of palms which botanists are acquainted with, no less than 176 are trees—sometimes gigantic trees, and always graceful.

But it is not for the sake of their beauty alone that palms are worthy to be noticed. They are not mere elegant sultanas of the forest, spending a luxurious idle life—rearing their proud heads aloft, and waving their delicate plumes to the breeze; far from it—palm trees, though they are very beautiful, are still more useful; no vegetable genus yielding such a variety of products.



FIG. 1.—THE SAGO PALM (*Sagus Rumphii*).

Now, just let us take a glance at these products, and try to enumerate some of the chief amongst them; one may be well pardoned for skipping over some, so varied and so numerous are they.

Let us see then:—There is the cocoa-nut to begin with—this is the product of a palm. And here it is necessary for us to be precise, and to state that by the term cocoa-nut, we mean the large bullet-like thing with a thick shell, and a central cavity filled with a liquid which people are agreed to term *milk*,—not, however, that it resembles the animal fluid very much, even in appearance. This explanation is necessary, inasmuch as some people confound the palm cocoa-nut with that which, being ground in a mill, furnishes the cocoa of the shops—the two have not the slightest alliance, botanical or otherwise; neither does the cocoa-making cocoa-nut grow on a palm. The date, again, is the produce of a palm tree; and whilst on this topic, the reader's attention may be drawn to a somewhat curious fact. The hard stone which lies in the centre of a date, and which can scarcely be cut by hammer and chisel, so tough and hard is it—this date-stone is the part which corresponds with the edible portion of a cocoa-nut—and conversely, the shell of a cocoa-nut is the corresponding

part to the edible and fleshy portion of the date. Coconuts and dates having suggested their respective trees, the sight of a composite candle reminds us of the oil-palm, that valuable tree which supplies the negroes with a substitute for butter, and helps to form our soap, candles, and lubricating fat for railway axles. Sago, again, is the produce of a palm; and also the valuable astringent, *catechu*, so useful in medicine, and the manufacture of leather. Various in their properties as are the bodies already mentioned, as being the produce of the palm tribe, they are only a few instances chosen almost at random, and give but a faint notion of the rich treasures derived from the tribe of palms.

We have hitherto considered each species as affording us only one single product; but this is hardly doing justice to our friends the palms. For instance, take the cocoa-nut palm. In the first place, it yields us its fruit, the nuts; but these are not a tenth of its products. Those graceful leaves,



FIG. 2.—THE GUINEA OIL-PALM (*Elaeis Guineensis*).

which wave like an enormous plume of ostrich-feathers in the breeze, were once enveloped in a sheath, forming a sort of gigantic, unexpanded bud. In this state it resembles a cabbage in appearance; and if cut just at this period, it is delicious to eat after boiling, forming a very good substitute for the cabbage, to which, indeed, it is preferred by many. Then, again, the juice of the cocoa-nut palm, and indeed of many others, is valuable. If collected and allowed to ferment, it yields a very agreeable wine; but if evaporated whilst fresh, it yields sugar precisely similar to that of the cane. Although the juice of the cocoa-nut palm is saccharine, yet that of the date-palm is more saccharine still. A great many specimens of those finely-crystallised sugars now brought from the East Indies were never extracted from the cane, but were obtained from the juice of various species of palm-trees, more especially the date-palm. Returning to the cocoa-palm (fig. 3), and scrutinising its productions more narrowly, we shall find that others yet remain to be adverted to. Who does not know that the external husk of the cocoa-nut yields, when properly manipulated, a valuable textile fibre? In regions where the

cocoa-palm grows, this property of the fibre of its husk has been known to the natives from time immemorial; but amongst ourselves the discovery of this property is altogether modern, and resulted, like many other good things, in accident, as follows.

The oil which cocoa-nuts yield, when expressed, was found, about the year 1840, to be a valuable material. At least the oil was in that year applied to the manufacture of candles, being mixed with palm-oil, and treated by a chemical process, concerning which we shall have a little to say hereafter. Well, the process of subjecting ground cocoa-nuts to pressure, in order to extract their oil, requires the use of bags

of their products, and indicated the purposes to which they are applied—we will now go a little more minutely into the natural history and botany of palms, diverging occasionally for the purpose of taking a glance at the arts and sciences involved in the utilisation of their products. Palms, although usually very large trees, are very nearly allied, botanically speaking, to the lilies and hyacinths, which latter, in general terms, may be said to be their representatives in the temperate zone.

Palms belong to that great division of the vegetable kingdom which botanists term *endogenous*, inasmuch as their stems grow by the central deposition of woody fibre; the word



FIG. 3.—THE COCOA-NUT PALM (*Cocos Nucifera*)

of some coarse fabric. When first the manufactory was established in Ceylon, these fabrics were conveyed there from England; until at last W. Wilson discovered that the husk fibres for the construction of pressure-bags was that obtained from the husk of the cocoa-nut itself. Then arose the introduction of cocoa-nut fibre to commerce for many purposes. Beds are now stuffed with it, mats formed of it, and so forth. Search rugs, brushes, and, in short, to so many different purposes is it applied, that we are enabled to furnish the task of enumerating them.

Endogenous signifying, growing internally or within. It is in tropical lands that the endogenous form of vegetable structure assumes its greatest development, not only constituting certain gigantic trees of which palms are one species, but presenting itself in the shape of bamboo, cane, and grass, with which we, inhabitants of a temperate zone, can only become acquainted by description, or by the standard picture of all those which sometimes vegetate (thence one cannot say) in our conservatories and hot-houses.

All the above forms of vegetation, although of an endogenous nature, are very often increased in size by annual deposits of matter from without, or next to the bark,

whence arises the denomination *exogenous*, which signifies, growing without or externally, just as *endogenous* signifies growing internally or within. The largest endogenous plants which temperate climates produce are the tall grasses, such as wheat, barley, oats, &c.

The determination whether a vegetable belongs to the endogenous or exogenous class is easily arrived at by several modes of investigation, the simplest of which, in cases where it can be applied, consists in the examination of a section of the vegetable trunk. If any of our native trees be cut across, and the plane of section polished, a prime indication of exogenous development will be seen. The trunk will be observed to consist of numerous concentric rings, each corresponding to the growth of one season, and therefore from an examination of them the age of the tree may be predicted. Moreover, the distinction between pith, wood, and bark will be complete; each of these several portions of the vegetable trunk being well marked.

On cutting across an endogenous trunk—the larger the better, hence the trunk of a palm tree is best, although the section of a rattan cane affords satisfactory indications—a great difference of structure between this and the structure of the exogenous vegetable will be manifest. In the first place, there is no longer recognisable any well-marked distinction between pith, wood, and bark; all three of which are confused and in a manner blended together. Secondly, the concentric rings, so evident in the other case, and so distinctive, are here altogether wanting. The vegetable tissue appears thrown confusedly together, an appearance which results from the peculiar manner in which the trunk is formed—namely, by the internal deposition of woody fibre,—hence the term *endogenous*.

Perhaps the section of the trunk cannot be obtained. In this case the determination may readily be made by an examination of a leaf. The leaf-veins of exogenous plants are reticulated, whereas those of endogenous plants are parallel. A third method of distinguishing endogenous from exogenous plants is afforded, at least in the majority of instances, by the seed, which in endogenous plants only consists of one lobe, or cotyledon, whereas the seeds of exogenous plants consist of two. Hence arise the botanical terms *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous*, which are respectively employed to indicate endogenous and exogenous plants. This botanical digression (necessary, however, to the satisfactory comprehension of our subject) has led us away from the consideration of palms, but we will now resume their description.

We have already stated that palm-trees may be regarded as botanically allied to the lilies and bulrushes of temperate regions. Let not the non-botanical reader think the comparison strange; he will find, when he comes to be acquainted with the principles of botanical science, that the mere size of vegetables has little or nothing to do with their alliances. The nature of the organs of fructification is a far surer sign; guided by these and some other appearances, the botanist refers the various members of the vegetable world to their proper natural families. In this way it is found that rose-bushes and apple-trees are very nearly allied; as in like manner are nettles, elm, and fig-trees. It is not our object to explain fully the nature of such botanical alliances, these forming the proper subjects of a treatise on botany rather than an occasional article. We will, however, direct the reader's attention to one little peculiarity of inflorescence, that is to say, the nature and arrangement of flowers; from a consideration of which he will at once recognise a similarity or alliance in this respect between bulrushes and palms. The flowers of both consist of what botanists term a *spadix*, enveloped by a *spathe*.

A *spadix* consists of a long projection, that imaginative botanists liken to a sword, which, being denominated *stada* in Latin, this form of inflorescence is termed a *spadix*. Arranged upon this *spadix*, and growing out of it, are seen flowers and young fruit, and enveloping the *spadix* with its appendages is seen a leaf-like sheath, this latter is termed a *spathe*. A good example of a *spadix* enclosed in a *spathe* is furnished by the *Arum maculatum* of botanists, which is found in hedgerows. The common bulrush, with which our country readers must

be familiar, supplies an instance of the *spadix* without a *spathe*.

Viewed with regard to their woody fibre, palm-trees exhibit great similarities to the stem of ferns. The likeness may be observed even on examining one of our own English ferns; but the resemblance is still greater when the section of one of the tropical tree-ferns is the subject of comparison. Like these tree ferns, too, palm-trees must have been created very early in the history of the world. Evidence to this effect is furnished to us by the existing coal-fields of many regions. For the most part, these coal regions consist of fossilised ferns; but the remains of palm-trees are also found; this is our proof.

Palm trees are now found growing native in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia; but with the exception of two dwarf species, the *chamærops humilis*, in Europe, and the *chamærops palmetto*, in North America, they are all denizens of tropical lands, and their region may be considered as bounded by the thirty-fifth degree of northern, and the fortieth of southern latitude. Nevertheless, one species at least, the date-palm, has been so far naturalised in certain localities of Southern Europe, especially Andalusia and Valencia, that it grows to maturity and produces fruit—though far inferior to the dates of Africa. The greatest authority on palm trees is Herr Von Martius, a German botanist, who, with a view of studying their characteristics, devoted three years to a travelling excursion in Brazil—a region more rich in palms than any on the face of the globe. This botanist considers that there are existing at this time upwards of a thousand species of palms. If the opinion be correct, future botanical explorers have a rich field of investigation yet untrodden, inasmuch as no more than 175 species have yet been individualised and described: of these, 119 belong to South America, 42 to India, and 14 to Africa. Cosmopolitan denizens of the vegetable world, as we have seen that palm trees are, different species affect different localities. Some love to wave on mountain crests, others delight to fringe the sea-coast, and others will only arrive at perfection on the banks of rivers and streams; moreover, with few exceptions, a few species refuse to flourish if taken from their own native land, and conveyed to another of seemingly identical climate. Amongst the few exceptions to this rule, the cocoa-nut palm and the date-palm deserve special mention; provided the climate be hot enough, and that the sea be near enough, they flourish and bring forth fruit. It is a very curious fact, not satisfactorily accounted for, that the cocoa-nut palm will not flourish at any great distance from the sea: hence, islands are best adapted to their culture, and in Central Africa there are none. Botanists are inclined to refer this predilection for the sea-shore to the tendency which these trees have to take up salt; and the idea is partly confirmed by the known fact of their partiality, if the term may be allowed, for alkaline food. In Ceylon, which may be regarded as the head-quarters of cocoa-nut palms, the natives have a proverb, that the tree likes conversation. The houses of Cingalese villages are built amidst groves of cocoa-nut palms, under which condition the trees thrive best. This fact is usually attributed, and it would seem justly, to the fact, that the natives treat their conversation-loving friends to a frequent dressing of their own ashes. So great an amount of alkali do the ashes of these trees contain, that the Cingalese washerwomen rarely employ any soap; but steeping the ashes in water to extract the alkali, they employ the resulting fluid.

At the very commencement of our present remarks we stated a few of the purposes to which the various portions of cocoa-nut palm (fig. 3) might be rendered subservient. We mentioned that in addition to the nut, employed as food, the external husk yielded material for ropes and cordage; we mentioned that sugar might be obtained from the juice. In addition to these products, the spirit, known as *arrack*, is distilled from this same juice when fermented; then the midrib or central vein of the leaf, when properly trimmed, is employed as an oar for rowing; the lower part of the stem yields a wood exceedingly hard, and susceptible of taking as hard a polish

that in this condition it might be almost mistaken for agate. In addition to these various applications, houses—good, strong, and substantial—are frequently constructed of the cocoa-palm trunks, and the roofs thatched with cocoa-palm leaves. These same leaves, when cut into strips of suitable length, serve as tablets for writing purposes. Their surface being covered with a finity coat, the latter is susceptible of removal by the point of a metallic style; and in this way the Cingalese write, or rather engrave, on the leaf with remarkable facility, occasionally rendering the writing more legible by filling the graven indentation with a black pigment. It must here be remarked, however, that although the cocoa-nut leaf answers this purpose very well, there is another palm—the *Talipot*, which answers still better, inasmuch as the breadth capable of being written upon is wider than is the same part in the leaf of the cocoa-nut palm.

We have now, the reader will admit, given a tolerably long list of applications to which these Jack-of-all-trades of the forest are applied; but our list is not yet complete; and, indeed, to complete it would be difficult; therefore we shall rest content with stating, that the cocoa-nut palm not merely gives us a material out of which cordage can be made—and therefore, as a matter of course, cloth if we wish—but also actually furnishes cloth ready made to our hands. Each leaf grows out of a sort of sack, which, being stripped off, is so good a substitute for cloth, that it is employed in Ceylon as a strainer for the cocoa-nut juice, out of which sugar or arrack, according to circumstances, is destined to be extracted. Before finally taking leave of the cocoa-nut palm, it may be as well to state, that it grows to an elevation of from sixty to ninety feet—sometimes more—and its diameter is from one to two feet.

The juice, of which we have spoken, is extracted by puncturing the spathe, consequently it only admits of collection by climbing the tree. The Cingalese perform this feat in a very remarkable manner. They first surround the tree to be ascended with a hoop formed out of a length of one of the climbing plants with which the country abounds, and then the native inserts his legs between the hoop and

the tree; and by a sort of wriggling motion, very similar to that by which a chimney-sweep ascends a chimney, he at length arrives at the top, fills his earthen jar with the juice, and comes down again. This is the plan followed, provided the tree stands alone; more usually, however, they grow in groups, and as the act of wriggling up the stem is not particularly agreeable, the dusky operator has recourse to the following ingenious contrivance. He commences work by ascending one tree, carrying with him a rope, by means of which he binds all the tree tops together; then, spider-like, he crawls across his meshes, collects his juice, lowers the pot by a cord, and recommences operations as before.

From the cocoa-nut palm, we now proceed to the sago palm (fig. 1), or more strictly speaking, sago palms, inasmuch as various species yield this nutritive material. Of these, however, the *Sagus farinifera* and the *Phoenix farinifera* are the chief. Sago is neither more nor less than a very delicate, agreeable-tasting starch, constituting the pith, to use a comprehensive term, or, more strictly speaking, the central portion of the stem. Nothing can be more easy than the process of sago extraction. The palm being cut down and split open, or divided into short transverse sections, and the central portion scooped out and washed, the sago is deposited. The only hard and woody portion of the stem of this species of palm is its outside; and of this the natives of Siam and the Malayan Archipelago, where it grows, make the bodies of their drums.

Although Africa is not very rich in species of palms, those which it does produce of this family are exceedingly valuable. Nowhere does the date-palm arrive at greater perfection than in the North of Africa; and the oil-palm of Guinea, concerning which we shall have to say more hereafter, is of the highest importance, as furnishing an excellent raw material applicable to the manufacture of candles, soap, and many other purposes. Appended (fig. 2), the reader will see a representation of this species. He is a very shaggy looking individual, certainly less beautiful than many others we could mention, but perhaps inferior to none in utility.

VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

THE Valley of Lauterbrunnen is the favourite resort of summer tourists in Switzerland. Its length is about fifteen miles; its breadth seldom exceeds half a mile. It has been likened to a deep chasm formed in a mass of mountains, and straitened between the vertical walls of the cliff. There is scarcely any country in the world which contains so many cascades in so small a space as this valley. A recent writer says, "In the way of valley there is nothing like it; the crag, the torrent, the lonely chalet, the rock of the hunter, the eternal Alps, and all the delicious fillings up of turf and tree are here strewn about by a mighty hand." On the western side, the enormous chain of rocks is more lofty and craggy than on the opposite side, and from this abrupt declivity the streams rush down to swell the waters of the Lütschine. About a mile and a half up the valley is the Scheinige Platte, with its red and rounded summit, from which it is said the genius of the mountain once flung a chamois hunter.

A strange old story is this Lauterbrunnen legend, and a fitting locality is that which has been selected as the site of the event. Once upon a time a hunter, bold as a lion, and an ardent lover of the chase, pursued a doe heavy with young, from rock to rock, from crag to crag. At length the poor animal was completely exhausted, and on reaching the edge of a steep precipice her strength failed, and she sank down to die. This stag, when sorely pressed, when no hope of escape remains, when the bay of the hound draws near—weeps—so wept the doe; but the hunter's heart was steeled, and preparing his cross-bow, he took a deadly aim. Suddenly his hand shook, his limbs trembled, his eyes were fastened on the figure of an

aged man, who, seated on the rock, stretched out his hand, which the chamois licked with affection. "Man of the valley," the stranger said, "to whom God has given all the riches of the plain, why dost thou pollute this mountain with thine unhallowed footsteps? I do not come down and take your chickens from the coop, your oxen from the stall; why then do you come up to me, to slay the chamois of the rock, the eagle of the clouds?" The man replied, though trembling and afraid, that he was poor, that he could not obtain food in the valley, and so had been driven to seek it on the mountain. At this the ghostly man, the apparition of the Lauterbrunnen, appeared to reflect, and after a little began to milk the doe, and the milk changed immediately into cheese. "Here," said he, "is something to satisfy your hunger. It will last for ever, provided you leave unmolested the chamois and the eagle." And so the man took the cheese and departed; and sure enough, the story goes, his cupboard from that day was always found well supplied with this dainty and miraculous cheese; it bulked out an endless feast, and the chamois gained confidence in man and came down into the valley. One day the old love of sport came strongly on the man, and as he watched the chamois play before his chalet, he lifted his cross-bow, took aim, and killed it. Like the albatross, shot by the ancient mariner, it proved a bitter curse to him. The cheese lasted no longer. The man hunted as heretofore up among the craggy tops and mountain heights, until at last came the end; a chamois, shot by him, fell over a precipice; he watched its terrible descent, striking now upon this outstretched branch, now on yon craggy point; but, lo, at the bottom there

were two eyes, fiery eyes, eyes of the old man of the mountain, from whose steady glance he could not conceal himself, could not draw back, but turning dizzy, trembling like a leaf, fell over and was seen no more. Such is the legend of the Scheinige Platte.

The village, which takes its name from the valley, is simple and unpretending, and consists of a church, a parsonage, an inn, and a few cottages. The Staubbach—"fall of dust"—is the grand feature of the district, and just before the traveller

demns it as "a poor thing," which, she remarks, is high treason in the valley, but true nevertheless. Wordsworth calls it "a sky-born waterfall." Says he:—

"Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind,
Mid fields familiarised to human speech?—
No mermaids warble, to allay the wind;
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—



THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN, AND THE CASCADE OF THE STAUBBACH.

enters the village, a fine view of this cascade may be obtained. The water falls nine hundred feet perpendicularly—

And flings its lines of foaming light along
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestride by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.

The Staubbach is remarkable not so much for the volume of its waters as for the height from which it falls. To be seen to the best advantage the cascade should be viewed when illuminated by the rays of the sun. Perhaps no object in Switzerland has excited so much observation, and so many contrary opinions. One calls it "a river rising in the air," another, "a wave impetuously rushing from the empyrean," another says, "it wants sublimity," and a fourth, a lady, con-

More thrilling melodies; witch answering witch,

To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical;
Alas! that from the lips of abject want,
Or idleness in tatters mendicant,

The strain should flow—free fancy to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt

This bold, this bright, this sky-born WATERFALL!

The valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for the luxuriance of its vegetation. M. Raemonid examined very carefully the formation of the valley, and was led to consider it as an accidental crevice formed by some revolution of nature, by which the rivers were broken in their course, and left to pour their waters into the gulf that opened before them.

OMAR PASHA.

THE rise of statesmen and generals in England has not in all cases been creditable or satisfactory. Even in this country intrigue has been known to outstrip merit, and connexion every day proves more powerful than service. Yet our greatest civil functionaries, and pre-eminently, our first

slow steps, that his chief officers commonly attain their eminence. Certainly, men who were yesterday in a very low, if not the lowest, station, may find themselves to-day at the head of an army, or councillors in the imperial divan. Sudden and extraordinary has been the rise of Omar Pasha. His



OMAR PASHA.

military officers, owe their advancement and their position to a long series of meritorious deeds, and to achievements, for the accomplishment of which the experience was necessary which ensues from a patient apprenticeship and a gradual elevation.

In the Ottoman Empire distinguished eminence seems rather given by fate than earned by desert. We do not mean, that without merit subjects of the sultan can vault into power; but we do mean, that it is by a leap or two, rather than by

proper name is Lattas. His family are immigrants in Croatia; consequently, by birth, Omar Pasha is an Austrian subject. His father held a military post in the Austrian service. He had an uncle, who was a Greek priest, of more than ordinary merit. A son of that priest is also an officer in the Austrian army. Omar Pasha himself is said to have been born in the year 1811 (another account gives 1801), at Plaski, in the district of Opuzen, in Austrian Croatia. Frequenting the

military normal high school in that city, he acquired the knowledge and mental discipline whence have flowed his power and distinction. Among acquisitions of a much higher kind, he formed a beautiful hand, which proved of no small service in the commencement of his career. Afterwards he became a pupil in the mathematical school at Thurn, near Carlsstadt. On completing his studies in that institution, he was incorporated in the Ogulin regiment in the capacity of cadet. Then he accepted a civil office, in which his calligraphy was his chief recommendation. Major Cajetan Kreezig, his employer, is said to have taken special pains to improve and guide the young man, who, however, seems to have neglected his duties, and in consequence found it convenient to relinquish his post. Hastening into Bosnia, he entered the service of a Turkish merchant. There his higher qualifications became known, and received recognition. Having renounced Christianity, and given his allegiance to the prophet of Mecca, Omar Pasha was made domestic tutor by his employer, whose children he accompanied to Constantinople. In that city he became writing-master in a military school. In that office, Lattas, now Omar Pasha, acquitted himself so well, that he was appointed by the now deceased sultan, Mahmud, writing-master to prince Abdul Medshid, at present the reigning sovereign. At the same time he was incorporated in the Turkish army as an officer. When, not long afterwards, his pupil came to supreme power, Omar was advanced to higher military posts. He proved very serviceable in the reform of the training system of the Turkish artillery, which has now so high a character. In consequence of his services in this and in other measures of improvement, Omar Pasha rose rapidly in the confidence and favour of the sultan, received the high appointment of Mushir, or Field-marshal, and was employed in several very difficult tasks, as the suppression of the rising of the Druses in the Lebanon.

In two recent events of great importance to Turkey, Omar Pasha has played the leading part: we allude to the pacification of Bosnia and to the Montenegrin war. It is well known that the sultan has for years past been endeavouring to reinvigorate his disjointed empire by the introduction of a system of civil reforms. The work has everywhere been one of great difficulty. It was so in Bosnia, where, instead of one head, there were a multitude of feudatories, small and great, each of whom exercised considerable power within his own district. Those vassals, descended from the old Bosnian nobility, established there in the time of the Hungarian domination, were Mohammedans, but in their relations with the Porte the diversity of races was not effaced under the power of a common religion. Yet those Bosnian feudatories, though of Slavonic blood, as are the Christians who dwell near and among them, were far from making common cause with those interesting populations. Here the sentiment of a unity of race disappeared before the diversity of religion. Thus the great proprietors of Bosnia were at once suspected by the Turks, whose dominion they disliked, and hateful to the Christians, whom they pitilessly oppressed.

These beys, or local princes, had always resisted the introduction of the Tanzimat, or system of reform; and when, in 1849, the Porte attempted to impose it on that province, it encountered a well-concerted conspiracy. The prevalent representation on which it had been raised was, that the sultan aimed thereby to substitute for the local authorities his sovereign power, and, as a consequence, to exact heavy tribute from the feudal lords. The insurrection was at first feebly opposed. It soon became necessary to send into the province a complete army; the command naturally devolved on the first general of the Kalifat, Omar Pasha. He entered on the duty of suppressing the insurrection with zeal and prudence; but it was only after a long and costly expedition that, in 1851, he succeeded in gaining the mastery over those sanguinary agitations. The conduct which the commander-in-chief observed toward the Bosnian Christians in the settlement partook no little of the spirit of a Moslem conqueror; yet it is true, that from the reforms which he succeeded in enforcing they derived no mean advantages. Nevertheless, their con-

dition remained sufficiently unsatisfactory to give some colour to those claims of Russia which have led to the Russian invasion of the sultan's dominions.

That invasion was the less hesitatingly made, from the result of the Montenegrin war, which seemed but too clearly to show the weakness of the Ottoman empire. Montenegro (Black Mountain) is a small province lying south of Bosnia, in the extreme west of the sultan's territories on the Adriatic, and in the immediate vicinity of the lands belonging to the Emperor of Austria. Of old, the Montenegrins were Ottoman subjects. But near the close of the last century they vindicated for themselves some sort of independence. This they were enabled to effect in consequence of the mountainous character of their country. The death of the vladika, or prince, Peter Petrowitch Niegosh, led to the transformation of a theocracy into a purely civil government, in the hands of an hereditary monarch, Daniel Petrowitch Niegosh, a creature of the emperor Nicholas, which seemed an open renunciation of the rights of the sultan, as undoubtedly it was a diminution of his power, if not an encroachment on his dominions. The revolution was joyously welcomed by the Montenegrin people. Omar Pasha, whose experience in the Bosnian war, had taught him the political and military importance of Montenegro, did all he could to impress upon his government the danger to which Turkey would be exposed, should these events become ratified, and lead to their natural consequences. While war from the sultan was debated in the Divan at Constantinople, the Montenegrins took the initiative, and commenced hostilities. Turkey was not slow to give a corresponding reply. Omar Pasha invaded Montenegro, and in spite of the bravery of its people, gained some advantages. Then Austria appeared on the stage. Retaining a grudge against the Porte for its liberal conduct in regard to Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees, and being dissatisfied with measures taken by Omar Pasha in his military administration of Bosnia, and no little annoyed that in the Turkish army were many Polish exiles, Austria was but too glad of a pretext for interfering between the sultan and his dependants, and sent to Constantinople Count Leiningen (*Linange*, in French), to put forth complaints, and compel redress by supporting the Montenegrins. Meanwhile the Ottoman arms obtained but partial success. The natural strongholds of the land, defended by native valour, proved impregnable. Even the ability and prowess of Omar Pasha could do little more than maintain a doubtful position in the country. At length Austrian diplomacy prevailed, and the sultan drew out of the contest with a loss of territory, and a loss of credit. Omar Pasha had again proved himself a brave soldier and a great general, but he had failed to ward off from his sovereign a heavy blow.

With a zeal peculiar to renegades and recent converts, Omar Pasha has manifested active hostility against Christianity and Christians, and finds in that hostility a ground of confidence on the part of the Mohammedan Turks, who regard him as the hero of their cause.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Digging, Victoria, July 1, 1853.

TRADE is as lucrative as labour, and numerous and enormous fortunes have been made since the discovery of the gold, and are still making in Melbourne and other parts of Victoria, by trade, and by watching the land market. But, then, our countrymen at home consider the contents of my communication well, and they will be at no loss to see where the true advantage lies in this colony. Let them come as fast as they will, they cannot do wrong. There is labour enough, trade enough, room enough, and profit enough, for all. Let them only come directed of the empty delusion of making fortunes by gold-digging; the digging, planting, and selling of cabbage is a shilling a piece is far preferable. Let them only come disabused of the idea that this country is a perfect paradise, and its climate that of the seventh heaven, and they will find a

good country and a fine climate. Let them expect swinging heat and a host of pestilent flies in summer; a good share of rain, snow, and ice, as well as warm sunshine, in winter; plenty of stinging ants and other insects in the bush; and knowing the drawbacks, they will in a while learn to think little of them. Let them remember that it is *unavoidably* a country of thieves, and they will be on their guard; that thousands are rushing hither with the sole object of making fortunes as rapidly as they can, and that consequently this colony is the very hot-bed of speculation and of exorbitant charges, and they will come properly prepared with money to meet the inevitable demands upon them. They will then not expect too much *conscience* or too little grasping in those with whom they will have to deal. Let them tread under their feet the *fable*, that this country is so free from diseases and disordered health, that doctors are unnecessary, and they will endure with more patience the attacks that they are pretty sure to pass through before they are acclimated. In Melbourne alone there are already about a hundred and fifty doctors, who seem well employed, and at the diggings especially the doctors flourish. Fever, dysentery, and influenza are the prevalent and fatal disorders. But perhaps the hard, monotonous diet in the bush and at the diggings—tea, mutton, and heavy damper—heavy damper, mutton, and tea—with the vile trash they sell for spirits, have more to do with these illnesses, in connexion with the exposures to rapidly alternative heat, cold, and wet, than simply the climate itself. But if people only weigh these things in the scale with the allurements held out to them by interested parties, who draw Arabian Nights' pictures of Australian felicity for them, they have little to fear and much to hope here.

It is true, that the continued influx of population will gradually reduce the price of labour, and divide and diminish the individual profits from trade; but, after all, there will be room enough and scope enough on this great island-continent. United Australia, such is its extent, the amount of its fertile as well as of its sterile land, its various advantages of sea-coast, of timber, of minerals, of climate for the growth of the products of the tropical or the more temperate latitudes, must assuredly become a mighty and magnificent empire. England is reproducing herself here on a larger scale; and the science, the industry, and the indomitable energies of her children will gradually diminish the drawbacks, while they increase the amenities, of the country and climate. When towns and villages are sprinkled over the country; when the land is opened up by cultivation, and water is carefully reservoired where it so extensively may; when ants, flies, scorpions, and centipedes are rooted out by the axe, the spade, and the plough, and are succeeded by cattle, corn-fields, and cocks and hens, this country will wear a far more smiling and inviting aspect. Instead of millions on millions of square miles of wild forest encumbered with dead timber, swarming with almost every species of insect, there will be the cheerful home-stead, the finest fields, the bright verdure of vineyards and of gardens of European fruit-trees, and all the animating sights and sounds of civilised life. Those who come now are the pioneers of this pleasant futurity, and they must be content to do the work of pioneers, sure at the same time to be well rewarded for their toils.

I have thus written a brief statement, the result of my own experience, of what people ought and ought not to expect here. The details of our adventures up and down in these colonies, the scenes in the bush and at the diggings, which by-and-bye will appear, will, I think, form as curious, amusing, and I trust as important a narrative as has for a good while been produced.

Bendigo, July 26th, 1853.

Since I began these remarks, I have laid my hand upon the *Report of the Produce of the Gold Fields of Victoria, for 1853*, published by Mr. Khali, the bullion-broker, of Melbourne, which being drawn chiefly from official sources, may be considered substantially correct. By this report, it appears that the total amount of gold, during last year, produced from the diggings of Victoria, was 4,175,247 ounces. Now this

divided by 200,000, the number of diggers estimated to be now engaged on the gold fields of this colony, gives less than £21, per man for the whole year, or much less than *half* an ounce per week per man! This is a far less amount than I had calculated on above (p. 230); and that 200,000 cannot be an over-estimate of the diggers, is shown by the same report which makes, from government returns, the number of persons arriving in the colony in 1852, no less than 104,883; being, in the words of the report, "an increase of 100 per cent. over the census of 1851." The amount, moreover, of arrivals this year has been far greater, as stated above.

But if we were to estimate the diggers at only half the number I have stated, or 100,000—an estimate far under the fact, for there are calculated to be 40,000 on this field of Bendigo—that will not give an ounce per man weekly. If, again, it be asserted that all who come out hither do not dig. I ask why? It is notorious that nine-tenths of those who come hither come expressly with the intention of digging, and thus of reaping a share of that amazing harvest of gold which interested parties, amongst whom ship-owners and ship-brokers are not the least, have led them to expect. If they do not, then, dig on their arrival, it must proceed from substantial reasons. Either they are disabused on their arrival in Melbourne, by plain facts, of the delusive ideas with which they set out, or they go up the country, do dig, and are cured of the gold-digging mania by their own sharp experience. In any case, there are the facts before you, and every one not determined to shut his eyes to the simple truth, can form his own conclusions.

This field of Bendigo covers an area of eight square miles. In one direction it extends about twenty miles in length, and the expanse of surface perforated and turned upside down is perfectly astonishing. I find many of the sinkings are from fifty to seventy feet deep—I have already been down such—and present all the aspect of a regular mining country. Whole hills are undermined, so that you may go all the way under them through the tunnels driven by the diggers. Yet even here, in the very metropolis of the diggings, and where the produce is confessedly more steady than anywhere else, I find the diggers complaining that they cannot, many of them, procure gold enough to purchase the necessary food and pay the monthly license. There is, therefore, a great and zealous agitation going on to compel government to reduce the monthly license from 30s. to 10s.; whether they will succeed remains to be seen. There is a general expectation that this coming month a large body of diggers will make a determined stand, refusing to take licenses.* Meantime, the number of fellows taking to the roads as bush-rangers is rapidly on the increase. We had two visits from them on the road from the M'ivor, and it was only by a determined show of resistance that we got rid of them. But on the very same spot where they a second time made their appearance, they committed a daring robbery on three ladies the very next day, and I saw one of the scoundrels soon after brought into the government camp. Since then, twelve of them have attacked and robbed the private escort, four of the escort being severely wounded, and six of the bush-rangers being already taken; or, rather, six men are taken on suspicion of being part of them. Two of the wounded escort-guards are not expected to live. Out of eight persons, the number of the escort, two only escaped unhurt, and one of these, the officer, had fourteen shots fired at him. The rogues carried off 2,200 ounces of gold. The officer galloped off, having fired his last round of ammunition, to the government camp at M'ivor, and in forty-five minutes after he announced the robbery there was a strong force of commissioners and troopers on the ground at fourteen miles' distance; but the scoundrels were off with their booty, leaving the poor men wounded on the ground. I hear from the commissioners here that three hundred diggers are scouring the country in pursuit of the bush-rangers, and vow that they will Lynch them if they catch them.

* This has been done successfully, the license system being discontinued by government.—Ed.

BELLS. AND BELL-FOUNDING.

We will suppose all the preliminaries successfully accomplished, and the various moulds ready to receive the melted

dozens of bells cast on the same day. We step into another large room, and here we witness the actual

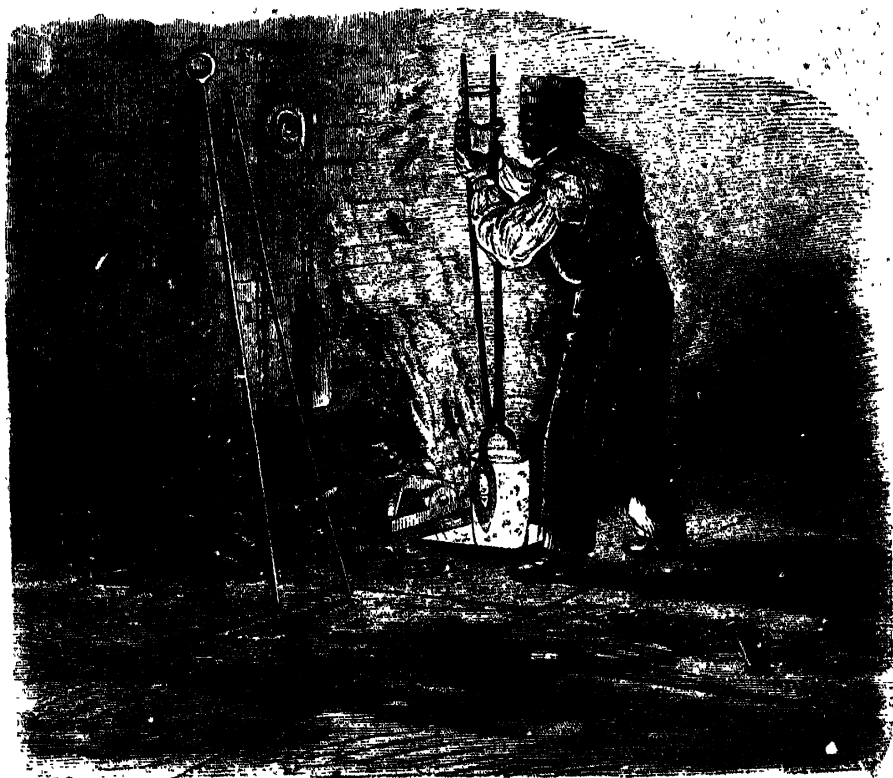


FIG. 5.—DRAWING THE CRUCIBLE.



FIG. 6.—CASTING BELL-MOULDING.

metal, and although we have described the working and preparing of only one set of moulds, there are generally some

dozens of bells cast on the same day. The various moulds having been brought into this part



FIG. 7.—POURING THE METAL IN THE MOULD.



FIG. 8.—CASTING LARGE BELLS.

the factory, they are firmly embedded in the earth, and nothing of them is visible but the holes in their caps. On the occasion of the casting of a peal of large bells, the fused metal is carried at once from the furnace to the pit by means of a series of gutters, and when one bell is completed the fiery wave is stopped off and directed to the mouth of another mould. Our artist has very graphically described this scene (fig. 8). The bell-metal being tested and found to be of the right temperature, the furnace doors are opened, and out rushes the liquid fire, bubbling and boiling in a white heat too fierce to look upon. "Is the bell," says Schiller, in his famous Song of the Bell—

"Is the bell in the ground well-bedded?
Is the mould well set and steadied?
Skill and diligence to pay,
Will it issue fair to-day?
Should the cast not hit,
Should the coping split;
Ah! perhaps while hopes elate us
Now, e'en now, mishaps await us!"

Mishaps, however, seldom happen at Messrs. Mears' foundry, where everything is conducted on sound and scientific principles. As many as a dozen large and many small bells are cast at one melting, and as much as twenty tons of metal consumed. In the Montreal Foundry, so called from the fact that the great bell mentioned below was cast in it, a pit is especially prepared close to the furnace door to prevent the waste or cooling of the metal, on the occasion of any "great cast;" on ordinary occasions, however, the metal is melted in crucibles (as shown in figure 5), and being carried from place to place is poured into moulds just as the poet describes the process:—

"In the furnace the dry branches crackle; the crucible shines as with gold
As they carry the hot flaming metal in haste from the fire to the mould;
Loud roar the bellows, and louder, the flames as they shrieking escape,
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast-filling shape.
To and fro in the red glaring chamber the proud master anxiously moves,
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the sluggish reproves;
And the heart in his bosom expandeth as the thick bubbling metal upswells,
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells!"

In our day no song of the bell greets the final accomplishment of the successful day's work; but what is much better, the workmen are well paid, intelligent, and contented. Some of the persons in Messrs. Mears' employment have worked in the foundry for more than thirty years.

In the casting of small bells, such as hand and house tintinnalulums, precisely the same process as above described takes place, with only such modifications as their size renders necessary. An ordinary sized bell takes about twenty-four hours to cool; but a bell like that cast for the Montreal church would not be touchable to the hardest of fingers under about four days. When they are cool they are dug out of their pits, the moulds being destroyed in the process, when they are taken at once to

THE TUNING ROOM.

On the occasion of our visit there were in the tuning room a peal of eight bells, which had just then been cast for a church in Port Phillip, ready tune, and only waiting to be shipped. Standing on their crowns, the tuner very dextrously struck out such a "change" as made us almost exclaim with the Frenchman—

"Disturbers of the human race
Whose chimes are always ringing,
I wish the ropes were round your necks,
And you about them swinging."

but, then, it must be stated, that the sound of such a powerful peal as this is not often heard in a room less than twenty feet square.

The process of tuning a bell is a very simple one. Sometimes a peal of bells is cast in harmony, in which case it is called a maiden peal, and no tuning is required. Such peals we were assured are by no means common, and are nearly always imperfect. Separate bells do not require tuning. The action of the wheel and cutters of the machine employed in the process of tuning is very simple, and will be readily understood by any one acquainted with machinery. This instrument is driven by a small steam-engine, which also does a great deal of work in the different parts of the factory, in the way of lifting, carrying, &c. When the tone of the bell is too sharp, it is turned thinner; and if it be too flat, the diameter is lessened in proportion to its substance. But such is the general correctness of the scientific principles in use in this foundry, that very little tuning is requisite. If the quantity of metal in a bell is too small in proportion to its calibre, as is sometimes the case, the power and quality of its tone is altogether lost, and only a panny, harsh, iron-like sound is produced from it. In such a case it is invariably re-cast.

There is really very little to be said of the manufacture of bells. Much may, however, be written of their associations. Who has not listened, "delighted, yet sad," to the chimes as they float across the water at night? Who amongst us cannot sympathise with the American poet, when, in full harmonious swell, he breaks out into a strain like this?—

"Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight;
From the molten—golden notes
All in tune.
What a liquid ditty floats
To the dove, that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells:
How it swells,
How it dwells
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the BELLS!"

Our changes are almost rung out, but we may yet indulge for a little space to notice the origin of

CHIMES, CARILLONS, AND PEAL-RINGING.

And here again we must acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Gatty's charming little volume. Ours has been called "the ringing island." In other countries, the music of bells is obtained, by striking them from the outside, as in Russia; or by means of chimes regulated by pegged barrels moved by clockwork, as in France; or by means of carillon pedals, played with keys like an organ, as in the Netherlands. All these methods of bell-playing have also been adopted occasionally in our own country, but notwithstanding that chimes have been often fitted to our cathedral bells, the old national plan of ringing by ropes and manual labour is at once the most popular and most musical. "Carillons," says Dr. Burney, "are played with some difficulty, as the keys require to be struck with considerable force before the bells will give forth their true full sound; and in consequence of the player possessing no power to stop the vibrations of each bell, the notes of one passage perpetually run into another, and become so inarticulate and confused as to occasion a very disagreeable jargon."

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

In fact, no plan of ringing bells can be considered so entirely appropriate to their peculiar kind of harmony as the old English plan of peal-ringing and musical changes.

The antiquity of the custom of bell-ringing, by means of a rope, is undoubted; for in this way the single bells in our old churches were rung; but the date of the introduction of peal-ringing—that system of ringing by peals or numbers, which, while it brings out the true tone of the bells in a succession of musical notes, is managed with mechanical precision—is unknown. The first peal of bells, of which we have any reliable account, is that peal of five bells which was presented to King's College, Cambridge, by Pope Calixt III., in 1456. From that period, the placing of several bells in the towers of churches became more common; but it was not till the middle of the sixteenth century that peal-ringing became reduced to an art. Parnell gives the following account of the probable invention of these changes:—"The earliest artist and promoter of change-ringing of whom we have any account, was Mr. Fabian Stedman, born in the town of Cambridge, 1631. He introduced various peals on five and six bells, and printed them on slips of paper—being by profession a printer. These being distributed about the country, were soon brought to London, but what progress the art has made in the metropolis at this time* does not appear. The society of College youths,† in the summer of 1657, on a visit to Cambridge, were presented by Mr. Stedman with his peculiar production on five bells, since called Stedman's principle, which was rung for the first time at St. Benet's, Cambridge; and afterwards at a church on College Hill, Doctor's Commons, London, where the society at that time usually practised, and from meeting at which place they obtained that name. It appears from this account that change-ringing must have been earlier than 1657; as, before those curious and cross-change peals were discovered, single changes were universally practised; i.e. only changing two bells at one time; whereas, the improved plan of double and treble changes, &c.,—namely, every bell to change at one time—appears to have taken place long before 1657, by Mr. Stedman having produced such a complex method of ringing as his principle. In 1668, he published a book entitled 'Campanologia, or the Art of Ringing;' which, before 1680, had gone through three editions."

This work is still considered the standard authority on the subject; and, if we come to consider for a moment, we shall soon discover what an infinite variety of sounds may be produced by the judicious changes which may be rung upon an octave or diatonic peal of eight bells. If we take three bells merely we shall perceive by the following arrangement that six changes can be rung upon them:—

1	2	3
1	3	2
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	2	1
3	1	2

Four bells can in the same manner be shown to ring four times as many changes as three, viz. twenty-four; five bells, five times as many as four, viz. a hundred and twenty; six bells, six times as many as five, viz. seven hundred and twenty;

* Thomas Parnell was a poet and writer in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was the associate of Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, and contributed several amusing papers to the *Speculator*, *Guardian*, &c.

† This appears to be the most ancient society of ringers. They are said to have been established in the sixteenth century, and a book containing the memorials of that society in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, after escaping the ravages of the fire of London, has been unaccountably lost. It is not improbable, however, that several copies exist among the waste of the public libraries; and whenever that waste comes to be fully examined, we may naturally expect many prizes to turn up.

seven bells, seven times as many as six, viz. five thousand and forty; and so on. And in this way it has been calculated that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second; and to ring the full changes upon a peal of twenty-four bells, would occupy, at the above rate, the trifling period of a hundred and seventeen thousand billions of years!

Although peals of ten and twelve bells are often hung, those of five and eight are much more common. We have mentioned that the business of bell-founding has existed in the Mears family for more than half a century; during this time they have cast—besides the great bell already mentioned, and a set of hour and quarter bells for the Queen at Osborne-house—no fewer than—

	CWTS.
10 Peals of 12 bells each, weighing in the aggregate	350
28 Peals of 10 bells each	900
175 Peals of 8 bells each	2500
260 Peals of 6 bells each	2750
80 Peals of 5 bells each	400

But, in addition to the above, there have been cast at this establishment, up to the present time, including bells of four hundred weight and upwards, with chimés added, no fewer than two hundred thousand single bells—an amount of work of this kind unprecedented, perhaps, by any other founders in the world. In the above enumeration, moreover, no account has been taken of the almost innumerable number of hemispherical and conical bells, clock-spring gongs, musical hand-bells, railway, postman's, dustman's, house, sheep, dinner, and latten bells, constantly in course of manufacture; carillons, and various other descriptions of harmonious combinations of this ancient and beautiful kind of music. Who that possesses, as Cowper has it, a

"Soul in sympathy with sweet sounds,"
can listen unmoved to

"— The music of the village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet,—now dying all away;
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

"Bell," goes the old German song, "thou soundest merrily when the bridal party to the church doth hie; thou soundest solemnly when, on Sabbath morn, the fields deserted lie; thou soundest merrily at evening, when bed-time draweth nigh; thou soundest mournfully, telling of the bitter parting that hath gone by! Say, how canst thou mourn or rejoice that art but metal dull? And yet all our sorrows and all our rejoicings thou art made to express!" In the words of the motto affixed to many old bells, they "rejoice with the joyful, and grieve with the sorrowful;" or, in the original Latin,

"*Gaudemus gaudentibus,
Dolemus dolentibus.*"

An old monkish couplet, quoted by Henry Spelman in his glossary, makes the bell thus describe its uses:—

"*Laudo Deum rerum, plebem voco, congreo clerum;
Defuncto pluro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.*"

"I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy;
I mourn for the dead, drive away pestilence, and grace festivals."

We will conclude with some account of

A FEW CELEBRATED BELLS.

China has been celebrated for its bells; but the Chinese bells have all the old saucer form. In the sixteenth century four great bells were cast and erected at Nankin, the largest of which weighed, it is said, not less than 50,000 lbs., and was twelve feet in diameter at its base. The weight of the bells brought down the tower in which they were hung. At Pekin there were seven bells of enormous dimensions. One of these is described by Magallanes as weighing no less than 120,000 lbs.

and has a height of $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet, a diameter of $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and a circumference of 42 feet. They are used for denoting the five watches of the night; but we learn from the author of "China, and the Chinese," that they are now out of repair.

Russia, among the countries of Europe, is the one most celebrated as possessing enormous bells; at Moscow, in particular, there are bells of most enormous size. The largest of them has been described by Dr. Clarke as a mountain of metal, and is termed by the Russians the "Tsar Kolokol," or King of Bells; and from the metal of which it is composed, it is said that thirty-six bells as large as the great one in St. Paul's could be cast. In the tower of St. Ivan's church, Moscow—says Mr. Gatty—there is a bell weighing 127,836 English pounds. The largest bell in Russia, however, is that described as the King of Bells. It is the largest in the world, and is said to weigh 443,772 lbs. The height of this bell is 21

The following are the reported weights of some of the most celebrated bells in the world:—

	TONS.	CWT.	QRS.	LIBS.
The great bell at Moscow	198	2	1	0
The bell in the tower of St. Ivan's Church, Moscow	57	1	1	16
Another bell in the same church	17	16	0	0
Another, cast in 1819	80	0	0	0
The great bell at Peking	53	11	1	20
One at Nankin	22	6	1	20
One at Olmütz	17	18	0	0
One at Vienna, dated 1711	17	14	0	0
One at Paris, placed in the cathedral in 1680, twenty-five feet in circumference	17	0	0	0
One at Erfurt, in Germany, and considered to be of the finest bell metal extant	13	15	0	0

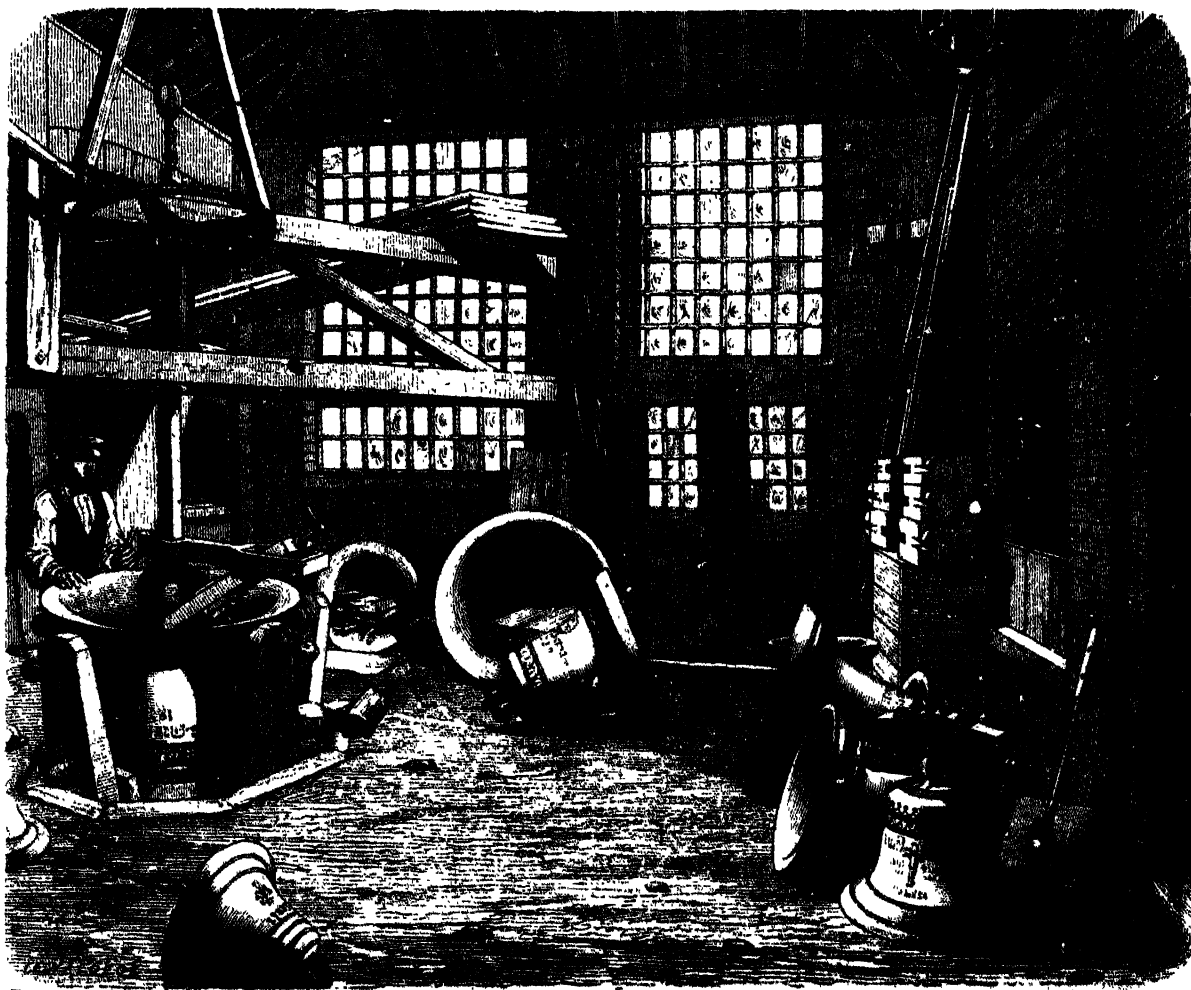


FIG. 9.—THE TUNING ROOM AND TUNING MACHINE.

feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; its circumference, ten feet above the extremity of the lip, is 67 feet 4 inches; its diameter is 22 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its greatest thickness 22 inches. It is said to have been given to the Russians by the Empress Anne, and its value in money, merely as old metal, is estimated at £66,565—an immense sum to lie uncirculated and waste, for the bell has never yet struck a note. This monstrous mass of metal was for nearly two centuries allowed to be partially buried in the sand of the pit in which it was moulded—an object of wonder to the traveller and of deepest reverence to the natives, who visited it with pride at their festivals, and were extremely jealous of its being touched or measured by strangers.

The tones of the bells of Russia are said to be very fine. That one already spoken of as being hung in the tower of St. Ivan's church, is said to produce, when sounded, a tremulous effect which is felt all over the city.

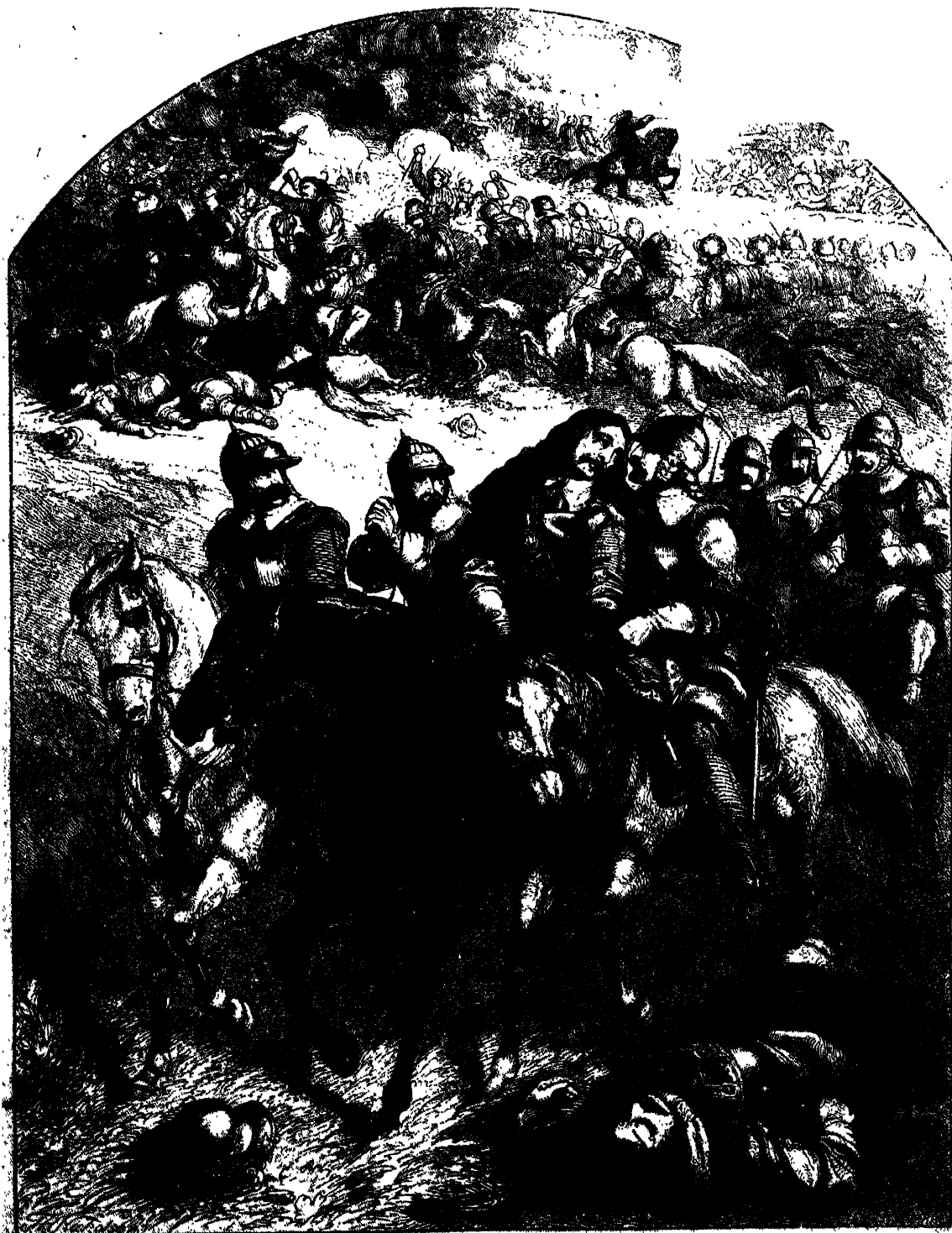
"Great Peter," at York Minster, which cost £2,000, and was erected in 1845	10	15	0	0
Great bell of St. Paul's, which originally weighed 3 tons 13 cwt. 3 qrs. 1 lb. ...	5	2	1	22
"Great Tom," at Oxford	7	11	3	4
"Great Tom," at Lincoln	5	8	0	0
"Dunstan," at Canterbury	3	10	0	0
The great bell at Montreal	13	10	0	0
Another at Montreal	7	6	0	0

The latter two large bells were cast by the Messrs. Meers, who also recast the Great Peter of York, the Great Tom of Lincoln, the Dunstan at Canterbury, and the peal of bells in the tower of the Royal Exchange. These last bells have lately been recast in consequence of the works of the clock, built by Mr. Dent, not being sufficiently powerful to move the chiming apparatus in a proper manner.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

There are some men's memories which become sweeter every age. In their own times they were not done full justice to, they were by many misunderstood, unjustly censured and maligned. But as time passes away they become better under-

stood in stirring times—in times when men fought for freedom—when it was as dear to them as a cash-box is to us—in times, when it seemed as if liberty were to be for ever exiled from our land. The limit between the power of the people and



HAMPDEN MORTALLY WOUNDED ON CHALGROVE FIELD, JUNE 18, 1648.

stood. The world sees their real worth. Men praise what nature was blessed. Our fathers stoned the prophets, and we build their sepulchres.

Hampden is to some extent an illustration of this. He lived

the crown had not been fairly defined, and the sceptre had passed into the hands of a man who did not, or could not, see that the people had become surlier and stronger than they were, and that it was in vain he attempted to use the

arbitrary power which had been permitted to Elizabeth or her imperious sire. The consequence was a struggle—a civil war, followed by his untimely end. But the time was favourable for the development of heroic character. Especially was this the case on the part of the parliament. Some of these leaders bear the brightest names in English story. This is emphatically true of Hampden; yet, after all, we know but little of him.

Hampden was born in London in 1597. He came of an old and honoured family. Far back in the time of the Black Prince we have a rude tradition to the effect, that

"Graig, Wuig, and Ivanhoe
In striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."

He was educated by Richard Bouchier, master of the Free Grammar-school of Thame. He then became a commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford, and shortly after we find him at the Inner Temple, where, according to Clarendon, whose character of Hampden is to be taken with some suspicion, he did as many cavaliers had done before him, in leading a life "of great pleasure and license." If this is the case, we have plenty of evidence to show that Hampden was all the while a diligent student, and at no time could he have become so absorbed in dissipation as to be alienated from domestic scenes; for in 1619 we read of his marrying, at the church of Pyston, Oxfordshire, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Symon, Esq., lord of the manor of that estate. We have evidence to show that he was warmly attached to his wife, by whom he had a large family; still, that attachment by no means unfitted him for public life, as we find him returned to parliament, for the borough of Grampound, shortly after. Some enter on public life for selfish purposes; many of Hampden's contemporaries thought it no disgrace to trade. Even Hampden's mother would have had her son thus distinguish himself. In a letter of hers, published by Lord Nugent, she says, "If ever my sonn will see for his honor telle him now to come; for here is multitudes of lords a making—Viscount Mandeville, Jo. Thresorer, Viscount Dunbar, which was Sr. Harry Constable; Viscount Falkland, which was Sr. Harry Carew; these two last of Scotland; of Ireland divers—the deputy a viscount, and one Mr. Fitz-William a baron of England, Mr. Villiers a viscount, and Sr. Will. Fielding a baron. I am ambitious of my son's honour, which I wish were now conferred upon him, that he might not come after so many new creations." Hampden could forego such poor and paltry honours. No king could have conferred on him a name greater than that he won for himself. To have been a lord would have been no addition to Hampden's real glory. Fortunately he resisted the voice of the charmer, and instead of having a coronet upon his brow, fame has placed there a wreath of evergreen. He stands like a star apart, the purest patriot of that stormy time; and yet great men lived then. Sir Edward Coke, the great oracle of English law; Selden, the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries; Pym, the bold and eloquent leader of the House of Commons, were his friends and fellow-workers; while Strafford was being hunted to his tragic fate. Oliver Cromwell was something more than a friend. He and Hampden were cousins. Had Hampden lived, Cromwell never could have prospered in his ambitious designs. The office of the Lord Protector would have been needless. At any rate, the republic would have had a better chance.

In the first parliament of Charles, Hampden was the originator of what was called Grandville's committee—a committee appointed by the house to decide as to the right of the boroughs of Marlow, Wendover, and Amersham to return burgesses to parliament, and at the same time to inquire into the powers of the house to legislate on such matters. Hampden succeeded in establishing the rights of the boroughs, and the independence of the house. His next public act was equally creditable. Charles was needy and wanted money; the house kept him poor, for if he had been rich, he would have trampled the nation's liberties under foot; consequently,

Charles had recourse to loans. One of the parties applied to was Hampden. His answer was, "That he would be content to lend as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a-year, against those who impugn it." The answer was displeasing to the king, and the result was, that Hampden was committed to the Gate-house for a time. Of course, this only strengthened Hampden's attachment to the popular party, and when Charles's third parliament met, he took a leading part on all questions relating to privilege, religion, or the supplies—the question for which men then were ready to lay down their lives on the scaffold, or at the stake—and took part in the preparation of the Bill of Rights. Darker and stormier times came. Sir John Eliot was sent to the Tower, there to linger out the last few years of a noble life, and Hampden undertook the care of his compatriot's sons. At this time we hear but little of him. He was taken up with private duties, and with studies worthy of a statesman. Danilas' "History of the Civil Wars of France" was constantly in his hands. In the language of Sir Philip Warwick, it was his *cade mecum*. Hampden had a larger vision than most men. He saw clearer than others the inevitable struggle and the necessity of the appeal to arms. He would have averted that struggle if he could, but failing to do so, his only care was, as to how he should shape his course, so as to preserve the nation's liberties unhurt. The time now came for him to put himself in action. In the autumn of 1635, a demand was made upon Hampden for ship-money, he refused to pay it. That refusal occasioned him considerable inconvenience and immense expense. He had to put himself in collision with the crown, with unscrupulous lawyers, with judges but too ready to convict. Hampden, however, was not to be daunted. He entered on the contest with a spirit that no obstacle could overcome. He retained counsel of no ordinary ability, and he kept the case constantly before the public eye. The result was, that when the sentence in form was delivered in favour of ship-money, by the timid and time-serving judges, the sentence against it was emphatically denounced by a great majority of the people of the realm from one end to the other. The commons voted the demand illegal, and five of the judges were impeached. Hampden alone triumphed in this affair. The great historian of the other party, the courtly Clarendon, was obliged to confess, that the judgment that was "given against him infinitely more advanced him than it did the service for which it was given. He was rather of reputation in his own county, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst at his own charge support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court."

Hampden, as member for his own county, Buckinghamshire, assumed a more energetic part. Charles had madly invaded the House of Commons, and demanded that five members, of whom Hampden was one, should be given up. Hampden now felt they could no longer trust the king. "His nature and carriage seemed," says Clarendon, "much fiercer and haughtier than before." He became a root-and-branch man; he drew his sword, and threw away the scabbard. Charles left his capital, never to return to it as a king. The parliament raised an army. The earl of Essex was appointed its commander. Hampden became a colonel, raised a regiment of infantry, and subscribed two thousand pounds for the expenses of the war. Every regiment had an appropriate motto. That for Hampden's green-coated Germans showed the determined spirit of the man. It was short, but plain:—"Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Alas! of that appeal to arms, Hampden witnessed but little. The Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, allowed the first campaign to terminate without gaining any decisive advantage. Essex was not the man qualified to take the lead in perilous times. The idea was entertained at one time of putting Hampden in his place. Had that idea been carried out, Hampden might have been saved the

untimely fate. And yet he could not have had a more glorious death. He died a patriot—died a martyr for the truth of God and the freedom of man.

In the month of June, 1643, Hampden set out with a party of volunteers in pursuit of Prince Rupert, who had attacked a portion of the parliamentary army in the neighbourhood of Wycombe. We cannot describe the melancholy scene which followed, and which is so effectively depicted in our engraving, in more appropriate language than that employed by Macaulay, the brilliant historian, in one of those Critical and Biographical Essays which are the theme of universal admiration.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But 'he was,' says Lord Clarendon, 'second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men.' On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head dropping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurgeon, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

Some few things he said have been preserved. We repeat them here. "Though he could not away with the governance of the Church by bishops, and did utterly abominate the scandalous life of some of its clergymen, he thought its doctrines, in the greater part, primitive, and conformable to God's word as Holy Scripture revealed." As his life grew shorter, his conversation became more devout. His last moments were spent in fervent prayer. "Oh, Lord

God of Hosts, great is thy mercy. Great and holy are thy dealings with us sinful men. Save me, oh Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death! Pardon my manifold transgressions, and, Lord, save my bleeding country. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the heart of his wicked councillors from the malice and wretchedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul! Oh Lord, save my country! Oh Lord, be merciful to—" The sentence was never finished. The next moment Hampden was no more. Far and near men wept as they heard the melancholy news. Never was a great leader cut off more inopportunist. Clarendon tells us his death "occasioned as great a consternation to his friends as if their whole army had been defeated and cut off." They buried him by the side of his heir, where the bones of his loved ones lay. They gave him a soldier's funeral. With arms reversed and muffled drums the troops followed his body to the grave. As they went, they sang how God had been his dwelling-place in all generations. As they returned, they sang the forty-third Psalm.

Hampden died, but the cause to which he had devoted his life lived. He left behind men of the same true spirit and glorious aim. His name is a watchword still. When the men of England have to be invoked—when "the good old cause," as Sidney, who died for it on the scaffold, termed it, is in danger, they are told

"Yours are HAMPDEN'S, Russell's glory—
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts."

We conclude with a summary of Hampden's character. Sir Philip Warwick testifies to his great knowledge both of scholarship and law. If we turn to the pages of Clarendon, and make allowances for the partisanship of the writer, we shall see Hampden was one of the noblest spirits of the age. He possessed great judgment, knowledge, and discretion. He was modest, cheerful, courteous, free from the least taint of overbearing and arrogance. He commonly spoke last, and what he said left nothing to be said further. He was not merely a man of thought, but of action as well. He shone as much in the field of battle as in the council-chamber. He was as full of courage in the midst of his foes as he was when surrounded by his friends. In everything we find him sagacious, of consummate address, of noble bearing, of persuasive manner, everywhere versatile and finished—a gentleman, a scholar, a soldier, and a saint. Men felt the cause which enlisted Hampden on its side could be no unworthy one, that it must have truth and justice. "His affections," says Clarendon, "seemed to be so publicly guided, that no corrupt and private ends could bias them." . . . "He was," as the same writer observes, "possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity and the most absolute faculties to govern the people of any man I ever knew." All men looked to him as a beacon in those days of darkness and trouble. The eyes of all were fixed on him—we repeat Clarendon again—"as their patrie pater," as "the pilot which must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it."

PALACES OF THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

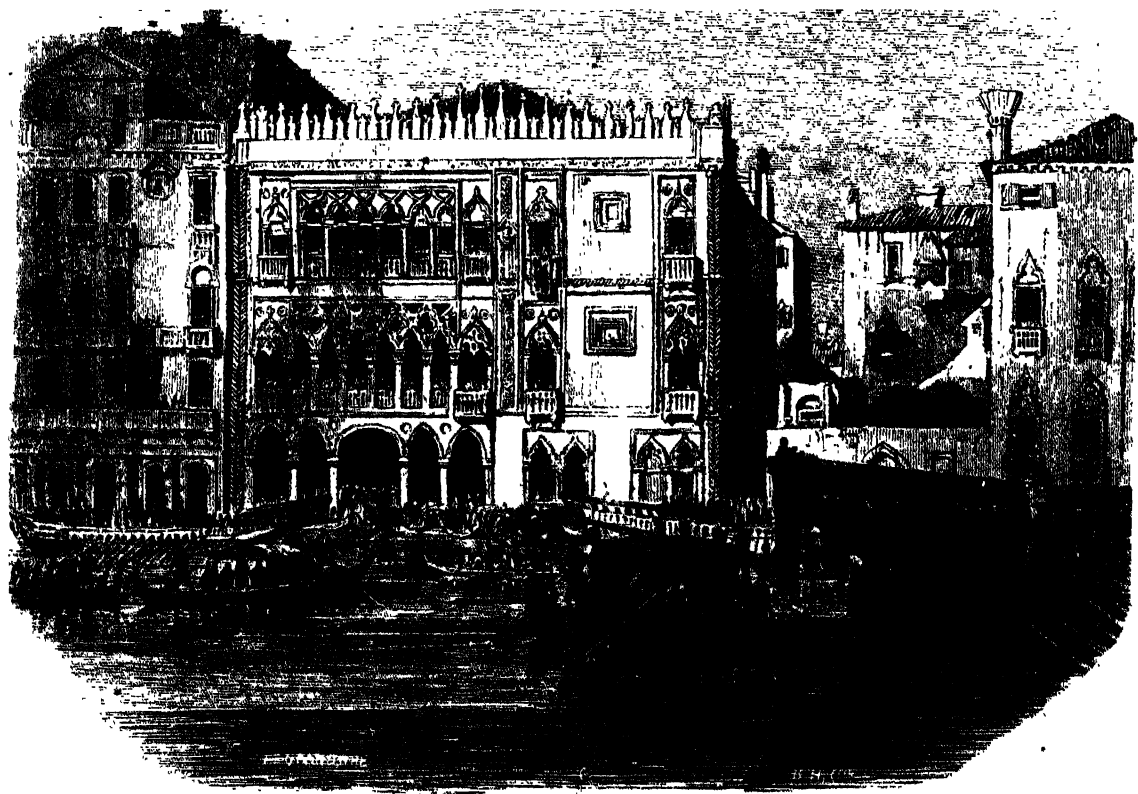
When a traveller arrives at Venice and has only two hours to spend there, the best plan for him to adopt is to devote the first to the Grand Square of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace; and the second, to the Grand Canal and its palaces. One hundred and twenty minutes is but a short visit to the City of the Sea, but it is sufficient to crowd the mind with the marvellous and the poetical, and to give one something to think about for a lifetime. To descend the sea-washed steps of a stately palace, to enter a sombre-looking gondola, to dart through the single arch of the Rialto, to look upon the church of the Santa Maria della Salute, to gaze right and left on the

long array of noble edifices—every mansion fit for a king—to do all this, though it be but for an hour, awakens old memories that have long lain asleep, and imparts thoughts, and feelings, and associations which were never ours before. Floating down the Grand Canal, one cannot help noticing the endless variety of architecture on either side. Old Arab art contrasts with that of the Renaissance—Gothic windows, marble steps, projecting figures, rows of colossal masks, chimneys of all shapes and sizes, balcony above balcony, cupolas without number—all mingled together in a thousand varied forms, presenting such a picture as Venice only can present.

The engravings which we give represent the old style of Venetian architecture—the Arabic or Saracenic. These palaces have excited the interest and curiosity of every European traveller. The palace Pisani was built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, close by the palace Barbarigo. Within it is preserved the picture, by Paul Veronese, representing "The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander." The Ca' Dora is a specimen of Grecian and Arabian architecture. The name signifies not Golden House, as some authors assert, but House or Palace of Dora, from Dora, a juriconsul of the twelfth century.

Now, there are two ways of regarding these palaces, and all the palaces and sights of Venice. They may be looked upon in a very practical light; and then the city is little better than a dead swamp, out of which towers, and domes, and houses have sprung; a city of raised quays, dirty boats, dirty crews, and dirty water of a yellow-brownish hue. And there is the

thing seen elsewhere. You enter the Rialto, and expect to meet Antonio and Shylock, to see the lordling spit on the Jewish gabardine, to have re-enacted the old story of the pound of flesh; or, walking through the silent streets, or floating over the silent canals, you look for Priuli's palace—your mind is filled with thoughts of the gentle Desdemona—and you look for the place where Othello addressed the senate. Or the glory of Venice comes back—her merchant-princes once more to stir within her streets—the doge enters the magnificent Bucentaur, covered with gold from prow to stern, and sails out into the Adriatic to wed the sea, to throw the mystical golden ring into the waters, and to say, "We marry thee, O Sea, in token of that true and perpetual dominion which the republic has over thee!" Or some of its darker legends are awakened. Palaces of more than eastern splendour, and prisons of unutterable woe. Maskings and feasts of wondrous hilarity, and deeds of darkness and terror enough to make the



THE PALACE PISANI, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

romantic, poetical aspect—the one more universally adopted. Then Venice appears, like the palaces in old Arabian stories, to have been raised by an enchanter's wand. Everything is wonderful and brilliant, there is a charm over the silent city, every mansion is elegant and noble; and the heart is touched by every golden façade, by the variegated colours of the pavements, by the Asiatic carpets, the splendid costumes, the patrician luxury, the songs, the movement, the life of the city. As you walk the grand square of San Marco, a kind of awe comes over you; those long piazzas of gold and opal, so fantastically sculptured with grapes, and birds, and pomegranates, and lilies, and angel forms, cannot be looked upon without emotion; and the glittering pinnacles and the white arches, that rise up in a confusion of delight, exercise a magical influence over you. The cathedral itself, lifting its gigantic form, doves nestling among its marble foliage, is unlike any-

boldest tremble; every dungeon has its story, every deep lagoon its buried secret. The Marani, or murder-hole of the Adriatic, is a forbidden spot to fishermen even to this day.

But in spite of all the poetry and romance which clothe the city, as with a poetic vesture, there are a certain class of tourists to whom it is all barren. They talk about its practical appliances, condemn its houses, quays, and bridges, suggest sanitary reforms, declare that the palace of an admiral, a senator, or a doge is not half so good as a respectable hotel; they express great indignation with poets, painters, and guides; protest that the city is not what they expected; vote Bedford and Byron mere writers for effect, who had no business to go meandering over Venice, sighing over its fallen glory, and picturing it as a very Eden, and making quiet people at home envious of things which had no real existence. For this class of travellers, a Swiss hostler, an English inn, an American

farm-house has a more brilliant appearance, and is liked a great deal better; it is more in harmony with their thoughts and feelings, more consonant to their predilections, being decidedly more comfortable.

These old palaces belong to the past. They are not things to be swept and garnished, and made modern. In their solemnity and silence they are the monuments of the ancient glory of the city, of the art of those who reared their stately piles, of the grandeur of those who dwelt within their walls. Attempts have here and there been made to adapt the antique splendour of the mansions to the usages of modern opulence, and huge has been the failure of the result. Patched, and painted, and "done-up," the grandeur departs for ever, the spell is broken, the charm is gone. Suppose a hardy speculator of that genus, with which our age abounds, promise to restore anew the Ca' Dora, the palaces of the Foscari, Contarini, Pisani, Grimani, Manin, Sagredo, Vendramin, and others less illus-

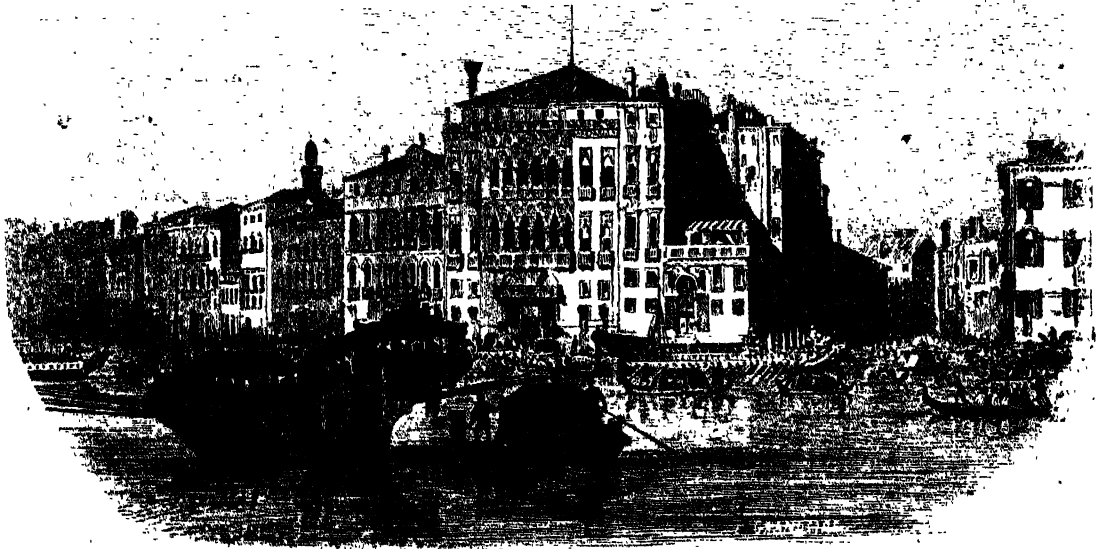
trious; imagine all these monuments of the old time modified and altered, and re-arranged according to modern notions and the conventionalities of life in the nineteenth century,—what would be the result?—a thing of shreds and patches, a hybrid, neither ancient nor modern, as incongruous and out of place as harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus.

Venice derives no interest from classic association. It has an antiquity of its own. Of all modern things it is the oldest—of ancient things the youngest born. He who boasted that the grass grew not where his horse had trod, chased into glory and renown the Venetian people. Driven before Alaric to take shelter in the small islands of the Venetian Gulf, they,

"Like the water fowl,

Built their nests among the ocean wave,"

and Venice became the richest and most magnificent city in Europe. How the city fell, it is unnecessary here to relate.



THE CA' DORA PALACE, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

VARIOUS TRIBES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

WE herewith take occasion to present the reader with a few pictorial representations of men;—men not celebrated as individuals for any peculiar virtue or startling vice, but whose claim to our editorial attention, and to the reader's best consideration, is founded on the truthful representation of the races to which they belong.

Need we stop to indicate the races or nations to which the six interesting individuals represented in our first illustration (p. 304) appertain? Perhaps it is scarcely necessary; yet, for fear of accidents, we will do so, beginning with the most important (looking) personage in the united happy family. There he is in the centre of our picture; standing proudly erect, as a celestial should, looking with great complacency on his own figure—but scorning to deign a glance at those around him. A very fitting exposition of

the idea John Chinaman entertains of himself is given by our picture. He is a man one would object to buy at his own price; and his long flag-ornamented spear looks sufficiently formidable. Nevertheless, John Chinaman is no great soldier—nay, if the truth be told, he is somewhat of a coward; had he read our own "Hudibras" he could not have entertained notions more discreet about "running away, that he may fight another day." Placed in the centre of our group, amidst so many warlike neighbours, the brother of the moon must be ill at his ease. Immediately on the right (*his* right we mean, not the reader's) is his warlike neighbour, the Japanese, whom we might recognise anywhere by his open vest and petticoats, of which latter we may say more hereafter.

Nothing offends a Japanese so much as a comparison between him and the Chinese. "The only time," says Dr.

Ainslie, "I ever saw a Japanese forget his usual politeness was on an occasion of this kind. Inadvertently I happened to draw a comparison between him and a Chinese, when he knit his brows, looked sternly at me, and laid his hand upon his sword." Nor is this superiority assumed without justice. The Japanese have ever known how to protect their hearths and homes against all invaders. The last serious attempt on their liberties was made by the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after a strenuous effort, was utterly defeated.

Squatting at the feet of the Japanese, we have the muck-running Malay. On the extreme left of the picture we have another spear-bearing gentleman, who is an Arab, and behind him a rather spruce-looking Oriental, in high cap and shawl-pattern dressing-gown. This latter individual is the greatest rogue of the party, and having stated thus much, we need scarcely say he is a Persian. Like the other individuals of our group, the Persian is not a certain individual Persian—he is any Persian you like, kind reader—but being the only Persian in our wood-cut, he is the greatest rogue there.

Of the Persians, we shall merely inform the reader that they are a mixed race; that their native country is known to them by the name of Iran; that they are cruel, treacherous, false, possessing a fine language, and tolerably poetical literature; but their historical records are so completely lost, that all knowledge of their former struggles with classic Greece has vanished. The earliest and most authentic account of the manners and customs of the Persians is to be found in Herodotus.*

We must now bid adieu to the native of Japan, and devote a few words to his pictorial—nay, almost his geographical neighbour, the Malay. It is rather a curious circumstance that naturalists are at a loss to account for, or classify, the Malay. If we are to believe in the historical records of that people, the Malays originally came from the district of Palembang, in the interior of Sumatra, and distributed themselves, about the end of the twelfth century, over various littoral regions of neighbouring lands. Connected with this history, it may be mentioned as not a little singular that the centre of Sumatra has a Malay population to this day, and is the only inland spot thus circumstanced. The Malays have always been bold, resolute mariners, and in all their wanderings have never penetrated far inland. They are an impetuous, daring race, prone to anger, sullen and implacable. Their revenge knows no bounds, their dissimulation is equal to their revenge. A Malay, once offended, is implacable. He may appear to forgive, but only awaits a favourable occasion. So soon as this occasion presents itself, he maddens his intellects by a dose of opium, and breaking loose, with creese or crooked dagger in hand, stabs all who oppose his progress—calling out all the time, "*amok, amok*," which means, "kill, kill." In every mental characteristic, the Malay is the very antipodes of the Hindoo. Until 1776, the Malays were pagans, or adopted some form of Hindoo idolatry; they then adopted the tenets of Islam, which is at present the universal faith.

We have little to say about the Chinese beyond what the reader knows of him already. China, indeed, has ceased for some time to be that *terra incognita* it was formerly represented. Various travellers have within the last ten years penetrated into the celestial regions, and made notes of what they saw. Amongst all these recent books of Chinese travels, that of Mr. Fortune, the horticulturist, is one of the most instructive and interesting. We have spoken of the cowardice of the Chinese, a quality which is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Fortune, who very amusingly relates how—though ill of fever at the time—he succeeded in beating off two Chinese pirate ships with a double-barrelled fowling-piece. The movement now going on in China will probably work a mighty change in the destiny of this populous empire.

Last of all comes the noble Arab, remarkable as being of the race whence sprung the soldier prophet Mohammed. The

Arab is amongst the finest specimens of Caucasian man, and the wonderful success of the race under the first Caliphs is unprecedented. To the Saracen Arabs of Spain we are indebted for the introduction of algebra to Europe, for the method of measuring angles by sines instead of the chords of arcs, for the introduction of sugar, and of a fine description of pottery,* with numerous arts and sciences which would occupy whole pages in the mere enumeration. We have neither time nor space for this, but must take leave of our interesting group.

Amongst all the figures represented in our second wood-cut (p. 305), that on the extreme left of the picture claims pre-eminence. Not only on account of actual changes now taking place, and the Eastern political movement, is the Turk interesting to us, but for many other reasons. Viewed without prejudice, he is a very noble fellow, mentally and corporeally. His physiognomy is scarcely inferior in beauty to the Hellenic type, from which, however, it differs in many essential respects. Nevertheless, according to many naturalists, the Turk is not originally sprung from a Caucasian race; and even Cuvier, who concedes to him this privileged honour, ranges the Turks' forefathers amongst the very ugliest of that race the Scythian and Tartar branch. Why, then, it may be inquired, are the modern Turks so handsome as a general rule? The only reason that can or need be assigned, is the intermarriage of their ancestors with a race more favoured by nature than their own. This cause having been in operation for centuries, has no doubt mainly contributed to the improvement of which we speak, and the result is, that the modern Ottoman now possesses more than half the characteristics of the Caucasian race. A still more striking instance of the gradual change in the aspect of a race by intermarriage is recognisable in the isolated valley of Cashmere. The beauty of the inhabitants of this valley is also celebrated. The natives are now very fair, although originally of Hindoo stock. This fair complexion, and, in short, all the difference between a Hindoo of the valleys and a Cashmerian, is attributable to intermarriage with Circassian girls.

The original seat of the Turkish race is the Altai mountains, situated in the very centre of Asia. The race of that people was servile, being amongst the most despised of the slaves of the Khan of the Geougen. Their appointed task was the extraction of metals from their ores and the manufacture of arms—a dangerous profession for slaves to be taught. At length a leader arose amongst the Turks; his name was Bertezena. He led them against the neighbouring tribes and to victory. Having signalled his prowess by feats of arms, Bertezena presumed to ask in marriage the daughter of the Khan, when the father contemptuously rejected him. The Turkish leader thereupon forthwith allied himself with a princess of China, and having almost exterminated the tribes of the Khan of Geougen in battle, established in its place the more powerful empire of the Turks. From this time the conquests of the Turks were rapid and extensive. Pressing on westward, they at length were brought into collision with the Eastern empire of Byzantium, already tottering to its fall. At length, in 1453, the Eastern empire fell, that of the Ottoman taking its place. The event, it will be seen, happened exactly 400 years ago, and the Russians having been long accustomed to predict the downfall of Turkish domination at the expiration of 400 years, a peculiar significance was imparted to the year 1853.

The Turks, from being originally idolaters, espoused, at a very early period of their career, the tenets of Islam, as the head of the orthodox or Sunnite division, of which they are universally recognised. Persia, as most likely the reader is aware, belongs to the opposed or Shi'ite sect of Mohammedans; and for this reason the feeling between Persian and Turk is none of the most friendly. Certain modern journalists affect to marvel at the circumstance that Persia should appear to have thought of taking the field against her co-religionist, forgetting that, in proportion as the distinction between

* For a translation of this part of Herodotus, see the *HISTORICAL EDUCATOR*, Vol. I. No. 11., pp. 161–8.

* The "Majolica ware."

sects is more slight, so frequently, if not invariably, is the mutual antagonism more intense. In addition to mere doctrinal points of difference, the Turk and the Persian are so essentially different in their whole moral constitution, that very little community of feeling could be expected to exist between them. Veracity is no less a characteristic of the Osmanli than falsehood of the Persian. The Turk's plighted word is never broken—that of the Persian is seldom kept. The Turk is thoughtful, impassive, sedate: the Persian is noisy and vivacious. To sum up all, the Turk is a thorough gentleman from toe to turban, and the Persian every inch of him a scamp.

Standing next to the Turk in our illustration is an individual with cloak hanging on one shoulder and peculiar brimless hat. This individual is a Magyar or Hungarian. True to his principles of faithful delineation, our artist has represented the Magyar with the peculiar nose, so characteristic of his race, that it has passed into the proverbial terms of *Hungarian nose*. The peculiarity consists in a sort of aquiline stumpiness not altogether agreeable, especially in the fair sex. The present Magyar or Hungarian race of men has sadly puzzled the ethnologist. What region they came from, or who they were, no person seems to know. Cuvier ranges them under the Scythian or Tartar group of Caucasians, along with Turks, Finns, and Parthians; but this is by no means certain. The Magyars themselves are fond of tracing their origin to the Huns, and are so proud of Attila, their assumed progenitor, that the picture of that arch destroyer is to be seen in the house of almost every Hungarian. Nevertheless, there seems to be no just reason for crediting this parentage. The Magyar language is also involved in great mystery as to its origin and congeners, but no difference of sentiment exists as to its powers or expressiveness. Anterior to the year 1828, all Hungarian legal documents were drawn up in Latin, which also was the language of polite conversation amongst the better classes. Since that period the Magyar or Hungarian language has been introduced into courts of law, and has been cultivated by all classes as the literary exponent of the nation. This sudden development of the native language, under the auspices of Kissfaludy and other Hungarian poets, was but one of many indications betokening reviving nationality. Hungary, although absorbed, so to speak, in the fabric of the vast Austrian empire, had still a government—a constitutional government of her own, the enactments of which were ever clashing with those of the imperial power. The results of this clashing between adverse interests we have already seen in the political commotions of 1848-9. Recently, Hungary has been completely absorbed (at least by decree) into the Austrian empire.

In appearance, the Magyar is still half oriental; in temperament, he offers certain points of comparison with ourselves, being a sort of impetuous, military Anglo-Saxon, fond of constitutional government, prone to litigation, and preferring the rough enjoyment of independence to any reliance on the favours of a government; in which latter respect he presents salient points of contrast to his neighbour the German, who, with all his intellectual pre-eminence, is never happy except he fills some office under a government and enjoys a high-sounding name. Reverting to the subject of the Magyar language, its most striking phonetic quality is the preponderance of the letter K. This quality has been remarked by all strangers who have heard it spoken, and has been rather amusingly commented upon, as the reader will, perhaps, remember, by Miss Pardoe, in her book, entitled "The City of the Magyar."

Brave Magyar, we must bid you now farewell, and direct our attention to your interesting right-hand neighbour, that pretty Greek girl. As we point to the natives of Georgia and Circassia for our beau ideal of corporeal beauty; so, when the extreme of intellectual expression is to be portrayed, do we feign or figure to ourselves the classic models of Greece.

And who were and are those Greeks?—that people who furnished models for the immortal chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles? Whence came they? Were they the prototype of the Greeks of the present day? All these are interesting

questions, which we, in few words, will strive to answer. The most ancient histories and traditions of classic Greece testify to the mixture of races, out of which the Greeks of antiquity were consolidated. Throughout the Grecian continent and archipelago structures are still to be seen, termed "Cyclopean," very different to the beautiful temples hereafter destined to spring up in that land of genius. The Cyclopean structures possess somewhat the characteristics of our own Druidical monuments, being composed of enormous stones rudely aggregated without mortar. By whom—by what race were these structures raised? That is a mystery; but whatever the race, it existed in Greece anterior to the Pelasgic, of which the Celtic and the Latin were also branches. We all know that the Romans traced their origin to the heroes of Troy; so, in like manner, do the Celts also; but more indirectly did the Greeks; for call them Trojans, Pelasgians, Thracians, Phrygians, or any other equivalent name, Greece was colonised, subsequently to the Cyclopean period, by a people which gradually became absorbed into two dominant families—the Achaic and Hellenic.

From whatever elements compounded, no race on the face of the earth ever presented such an union between physical and intellectual beauty as the classic Greeks, and much of this beauty still remains to the present day. The Greek countenance presents a beautiful contour of skull and face, dark flowing hair, white skin, slightly tinged with olive or brown; large eyes, straight nose, falling directly, with only a slight depression between the eyes. Nevertheless, though slight, there is a depression; and in this respect the Grecian differs from the Turkish countenance, which, instead of a depression between nose and forehead, is marked in that spot with a slight elevation. There is something strange in the contemplation of that persistency of form, features, and language, which characterises Greece and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding a certain deterioration of aspect, traceable to the effect of conquest and prolonged slavery, the modern Greeks are still very handsome, and the style of their beauty is as of old—a proposition rendered sufficiently evident by a comparison of living specimens with antique statues. As to the modern Greek language, now called the Romainic, it is not more different from classic Greek than modern English is different from the language of Chaucer. In deference to a certain modern tendency, the nature of which it would be impossible to explain, all the multifarious inflexions of ancient Greek have vanished from the Romainic, and tenses are formed by the help of auxiliaries, instead of by varying terminations; nevertheless, the two languages must be pronounced the same; indeed, the modern literati of Greece affect to write in the classic language, which still being generally taught in the native schools, the process of regeneration proceeds. Such, then, is the persistency of the Greek language; where is the Latin gone? Made of sterner stuff, apparently, than the Greek, it is now everywhere a dead language.

Returning to our little Greek damsel, it is a subject of regret with us that the Hungarian on the one side, and the Tyrolese on the other, do not permit her to come further towards us. Were she more visible, her garb would be seen to be highly picturesque. Every rose, however, the proverb says, has a thorn; and if our little Greek were nearer, we might perhaps discover her to possess larger feet than accord with our notions of feminine beauty. If the truth must be told, Greek ladies have not, and never appear to have had, little feet; nor is a high forehead one of their characteristics. The quality, however, of high forehead in ladies was not approved of by classic nations, and we happen to be acquainted with some moderns who participate in the sentiment. In point of fact, a high forehead is thought to correspond with strong-mindedness, and some people are so perverse that they cannot like "strong-minded women."

Whatever may be our regrets at the retiring shyness of the fair Greek, we tender our best thanks to the Cossack gentleman with long lance for keeping himself in the background. Truly his race is no favourite of ours, neither in appearance nor in manners. Who has not heard of the Cossack? Who has not read of the harassing style of his military attacks—

ever hanging on the rear of a discomfited enemy,* murdering the wounded, and relentlessly picking off stragglers? Who has not been taught to regard this irregular cavalry as an

enemies of Russia, the Tartars, and subsequently they did good duty against Russia under the Poles. The Cossacks are only a small tribe, scarcely numbering 500,000 in all; never-



MALAY, JAPANESE, CHINESE, PERSIANS, ARAB.

integral and very important portion of the Russian army? Yet the Cossacks have not always owed allegiance to that mighty power. Originally they sprang from the greatest

theless, every adult male being a soldier, their military force is great, an army of 100,000 at least being ever at the disposal of Russia. The origin of the Cossacks as a consolidated body

is modern. They appear to have arisen out of some Tartar tribes, who intermarried with native Russians, gipsies, and Kalmucs; and the name Cossack seems to be derived from the

called Tsherkask. Nevertheless, they have little enough of Circassian beauty; their form and countenance, and general aspect, being far more indicative of the Mongol. This people



LAPLANDER, TYROLESE, COSSACK, GREEK GIRL, HUNGARIAN, TURK.

Tartar word *Kasack*, or *Kasak*, meaning "light horseman." For a long time the race was known by the appellation Tsherkaski or Circassians, and even now their chief town is

was not known by the appellation Cossack until about the year 1516, when, for the first time, they made themselves rather conspicuous in Polish affairs. Their first alliance with

Russia was self-sought, and did not take place until the year 1854, at which time their effective military force consisted of about 40,000 men. From this period they remained faithful to Russia until 1708, when, under their hetman, or leader, Bulavine, they went over in a body to the Swedish monarch, Charles XII. This independence of character was necessarily prejudicial to Russia. The existence of a powerful armed body, owning no immediate allegiance to the Muscovite rule, was discovered to be so fatal to the interests of the latter, as to necessitate the disorganisation of the Cossacks as a military body. Accordingly this was effected by Peter the Great, who, however, shortly remodelled them on a new basis. Not pleased with the consequences of this new measure, the Cossacks threw up their semi-allegiance to the Czar, and committed themselves to the protection of the Khan of Crimea Tartars. Difficult to please, the Cossacks soon became disgusted with their new masters, and sued pardon of Russia—a pardon which was granted them by the Empress Anne. Ever since the latter event, the Cossacks have remained faithful to Russia, with which empire they are now so incorporated by social and religious ties, that they may be considered Russians in all respects.

A far better specimen of humanity is the Cossack's pictorial neighbour, the Tyrolese, one of a small but noble-minded race. The Tyrol, as it is now called, forms part of the ancient Rætia, and is not quite double the size of Yorkshire. It is a very mountainous country—considerably more mountainous than Switzerland, although its mountains are not generally

so high. At least three-fourths of Switzerland is sufficiently level to admit of plough cultivation, but scarcely one-tenth of the Tyrol is similarly situated, every portion of the little territory being a succession of mountain peaks, except a few narrow belts scarcely half a mile wide, on the average, which form the river banks. Unlike the Swiss, who are staunch republicans, the Tyrolese entertain a fervent love of imperial rule. They became incorporated with the Austrian empire during the twelfth century, and ever since that period have been sincerely attached to the Hapsburg dynasty. In 1805, Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria—an arrangement which so little pleased the mountaineers, that four years later, on the breaking out of war with France, the inhabitants rose at the instigation of Andreas Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, as he is sometimes called. Hofer's fate is too well known. Fruitless though this insurrection was, in its immediate consequences, politicians were taught that nothing but Austrian rule would ever satisfy the Tyrolese; accordingly, on the final adjustment of territory, in the year 1814, Tyrol was restored to the House of Hapsburg.

The little fellow standing on the extreme left of our woodcut, is a Laplander, whose strident form, the effect of cold, has been faithfully represented by the artist. The denizen of an inhospitable climate, and far removed from the noisy turmoil of European politics, the Laplander engrosses but small attention. All that we can find time to say of him is, that although a denizen of Europe, he is not a Caucasian. The generality of naturalists consider him of the Mongolian stock.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

ONE January evening, 1794, in a pretty apartment of the Rue de Pô, at Turin, there met a party of eight young gentlemen to smoke, and drink, and talk as pleasantly as might be. They were soldiers. Some of them, though still young, had seen much service, and could discourse on marches and counter-marches, and all the manœuvres of war, as well as the best. But something very different from martial glory brought them together that night; they had come to hear and to criticise a new composition by a young aspirant for fame—no other than the now justly-celebrated Xavier de Maistre.

Personally, Xavier de Maistre was unknown to most of them. They had heard of him as a young soldier of promising ability, fond of adventure, and bent on improvement; they had heard that he had made a balloon ascent, and with a provincial Mongolfier had taken a journey into the air. Recently he had made another journey, not so startling, nor so perilous, but one which promised to make him far better known than the first, namely, "A Journey Round my Room." He had written a book—this was the title—and by request the manuscript was to be read that night. Already the critics felt prepossessed in his favour. He was the brother of Joseph de Maistre, senator of Savoy, whose "Eloge de Victor Amedée" had gained him great popularity.

The Count d'Ailly, a brave but impetuous man, had been selected reader; and having chatted for some time on indifferent topics, he received the paper, unrolled it, glanced down the page with the eye of a connoisseur, and began.

Everybody knows the plan and subject of "A Journey Round my Room," that small *chef-d'œuvre* which has found no rival for sixty years. It is a series of impressions and philosophical reflections upon the body and the mind, the self and the other self, the soul and the beast. It was written during captivity, when the author's only companions were a valet and a dog. What bright touches of humour there are scattered throughout the work; how carefully he tells us that his room is in the forty-fifth degree of latitude; how he abjures those people who are so much masters of their movements and ideas as to say: "To-day I will make three visits, write four letters, and finish the work I have begun;" with what quaintness he depicts every part of his little domicile, the dog, and the valet Joannetti; how his reflections seem to

leap up unbidden at the commonest incident—and how deep, and truthful, and clear they are; and how, all through, his double nature seems to haunt him—his body, the *beast*, of the "earth, earthy"—his soul wandering at will whithersoever it listeth, from the lowest pit of hell to the furthest fixed star beyond the milky way, to the confines of the universe, to the gates of chaos!

When the Count d'Ailly had achieved his task, and finished the reading of the manuscript, he was pleased to declare the author a man of talent, a man of first-rate order, and one who was destined for immortality.

Everybody praised the book except a young hussar, who had listened attentively all the time, but expressed no opinion on its merit. From words of civil praise, the company became enthusiastic in their admiration of the young *littérateur*; and, excited by the punch of which he had been drinking pretty freely, and the applause which his reading had obtained, the count began to draw a critical comparison between the compositions of the two brothers—a comparison which in no degree tended to the credit of the elder.

"Messieurs," said he, "it is clear enough to us all that the 'Eloge de Victor Amedée' is nothing more than a wild rhapsody when compared with this 'Journey Round my Room.' One abounds in words, gracefully piled, I grant you, but still little more than phrases; here you have thoughts, great thoughts, powerful thoughts—here the foliage is never cultivated at the expense of the fruit."

"Pardôn me, sir," said the young hussar, "if I venture to differ; it seems to me that you overrate the ability of the writer. Xavier may have talent, but Joseph has something far beyond talent; he possesses genius of no common order."

The company became interested in the discussion; opposition adds to the entertainment of a critical disquisition. A combat of wit is far more agreeable than perfect unanimity.

"Sir," said the count, curling his long moustache on his finger, "you are greatly mistaken. I can detect a splendour in this rising orb which shall banish the pale light shed by the genius of the other."

The young hussar changed colour.

"The pen of Xavier," he remarked, "may amuse an idle hour, but that of Joseph is ever employed in imperishable

work. Posterity will crown him with favour when the "Journey Round my Room" is entirely forgotten."

With this he began to recite some of the most eloquent passages from the "Eloge de Victor Amedée," with a power and beauty not easily described.

"You are remarkably critical, sir," said the count, ironically—the count was evidently piqued; opposition made him obstinate—"doubtless Joseph Xavier would be greatly obliged to you for your good opinion; no doubt he would fully concur in the sentiments which you have expressed; no doubt he is already—"

"What?" cried the young man, advancing three paces, and with a flush on his hitherto pale cheeks, that made them red as crimson.

"Peace! peace!" said the others, "the count meant nothing."

"I demand," cried the young man, "that he state distinctly what he did mean."

"As you will, as you will," returned the count; "I meant to say, and say it now distinctly, that Joseph's proud heart will be filled with envy at his brother's success?"

"It's false!" cried the other, "it's a base calumny!"

"Your words are violent, sir," said the count, and he laid his hand on his sword-hilt; "doubtless a gentleman so ready with warlike words will be as ready to support them in the warlike way."

"I understand you, count," returned the young hussar, "and am ready to support everything I utter. Joseph has too noble a heart to grudge at a brother's fame, if that brother even deserves it; and he that says otherwise lies!"

"Bravely spoken," said the count, as he rapped the lid of his comfit box; "now to business. Your name?"

"Xavier de Maistre!"

The count drew back in mute astonishment—the rest were filled with admiration.

"You see," said the count, "that the duel is now impossible—unnecessary—must not be—the matter is cleared up."

"Not so," returned the young man, "I cannot understand why a brother may not defend a brother's reputation as well as any one less tenderly connected."

"Of course," said the count, "the word calumny, the imputation on my character, is withdrawn, and we have but to pledge each other in a bumper, and be firm friends for ever."

"Stop, sir count, stop—I will never withdraw the word, unless you first withdraw that which called forth that word."

"Impossible!"

"Then the duel must proceed. I am not ashamed to assert my brother's honour, and I am not afraid to defend it with my blood!"

So they agreed that the duel should take place upon the following morning. Xavier went home, and wrote a loving letter to his brother, telling him the whole circumstance of the case, the provocation he had received, the quarrel that had ensued, and the duel which was to decide it at dawn next day.

He sent along with the letter his manuscript, begging his brother to read it and then commit it to the flames. As for himself, he expected to be slain—victory he did not look for; but how could he fall more nobly, so he wrote, than in defence of a man whom all France revered, and who was endeared to him by the still more loving ties of brotherhood? At early dawn he received a note from the count; it was couched in the following terms:—

"Monsieur,—You have prudent friends. The governor of Turin has had me arrested, and I am to be carried beyond the frontiers of Savoy. You must feel that this circumstance must not in honour be allowed to interfere with our meeting. I shall be ready, sir, to attend you at Cambray."

"Cambray," repeated the young man, mechanically—"and why not? should not a man go forty leagues, if necessary, to defend a brother's honour?"

He attached a postscript to his letter, saying that it was not at Turin, but at Cambray, that he should meet his antago-

nist, and then, having despatched the letter and manuscript, prepared to set out for the rendezvous.

But he was arrested—arrested in the full meaning of the term—disarmed in the name of the governor, and lodged as a prisoner in a chamber of the citadel.

Not many days after, Joseph de Maistre arrived at Cambray. There he learnt that no duel had occurred, that the count was boasting of the pusillanimity of the younger brother, and still condemning the envy of the elder. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, Joseph wrote immediately to Turin, and—duels are contagious—professed his willingness to fight on Xavier's behalf. As for the book, that was already, not in the flames, but in the printer's hands—and when the news came that Xavier was in prison, Joseph hastened to him without a moment's delay.

Early one morning the garrison of the citadel were surprised by the sudden arrival of the senator of Savoy. The old walls echoed to the clatter of his horses, and half-a-dozen men were ready enough to answer all the questions the senator could ask. But they had no good news to tell. Xavier had escaped. Under cover of night he had stolen out of the citadel; they had sought for him in vain, and it appeared—they could not say for certain—but it seemed that he had taken the road to Cambray.

Allons! Joseph was on the road again. Never it seemed had horses travelled so fast before: away like the wind, over broad open country parts, down pleasant lanes, through village streets, over rustic bridges—fields and houses, towns and villages, left one after the other far behind—forward to Cambray.

At the hotel Joseph alighted. The servants were ready to render him assistance. What would monsieur please to take? Had monsieur heard the news, there was to be a duel? The Count d'Ally and a young officer were about to fight. What was the young officer like? He was about monsieur's height, but younger, much younger; he was not unlike monsieur. The armourer had provided monsieur with a sword; he had none with him when he came. They would doubtless soon return—the wood was not far distant—a bed had been made ready for the wounded man. But there was a letter for monsieur and a book. A letter—so Joseph found—from the printer of his brother's book, and the book no other than "A Journey Round my Room."

So with this book held fast to his bosom, as if it were a precious relic, or some rare and valuable gem, the brother sought his brother. Several people accompanied him, and at length they came upon the very spot chosen for the encounter. The duel had not begun. And to make, as they say, a long story short, the duel never did begin. The matter was cleared up. The count saw well enough that he had misjudged both brothers, and the affair ended—as such affairs have often ended before—in a breakfast.

As to the work, Joseph pronounced it a *chef-d'œuvre*—he declared his brother to be the Sterne of France—and said so many other things about the good qualities of the book and the talent and genius of Xavier, that the count confessed he had been greatly mistaken in one thing, namely the envy of the elder brother, but that he had been right all along about the merit of the book: had he not said it from the first?—had he not predicted the fame of the author?—and did it not seem something like fame, when in so short a space of time as had intervened since the night of the quarrel, the book had been printed, and ten thousand copies sold?

Tôny Johannot, with inimitable skill, has depicted a scene from this "Journey Round my Room." It is that portion in which Joannetti contemplates the picture, and propounds that query touching the peculiarity of its expression:—

"Here, Joannetti," said I, 'hang up this portrait.'

"He had assisted me to clean it, and yet had no more idea of all that produced the character on the portrait than of what goes on in the moon. He had of his own accord handed me the damp sponge, and by that apparently trifling action had sent my soul flying over a hundred millions of leagues in one

second of time. Instead of replacing the picture, he retained it to wipe it in his turn. A certain inquiring look which overspread his features, and indicated that some difficulty—a doubt he wished to have resolved—occupied his mind, attracted my attention.

"Come," said I, "what fault have you to find with the portrait?"

"None at all, sir. But yet—"

"He placed the picture against one of the shelves of my *ecritoire*, then retiring a few paces, he replied,

"Would you have the kindness, sir, to explain to me why this portrait always looks straight at me, whatever part of the

are a prey to vain regrets, your place with her; it may be, is already filled up; whilst your eyes are fixed upon her portrait, and you fondly imagine that you alone (at least in the picture) monopolise her glances, the perfidious image, faithless as the original, gazes on all who approach, and smiles on every one.

"Joannetti still remained in the same attitude, waiting the explanation he had requested. I raised my head from the folds of my travelling-dress, into which I had sunk it to meditate more at my ease whilst resigning myself to the sad reflections I had been making.—'Do you not perceive, Joannetti,' said I, after a moment's silence, and turning my chair towards him—'do you not perceive that a picture, being



SCENE FROM THE "VOYAGE AUTOUR DE MA CHAMBRE."—FROM A DESIGN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

room I move to? In the morning when I make the bed the face is turned towards me, and if I go to the window, it keeps looking at me all the way."

"In fact, Joannetti," said I, "if the room were full of people, this fair lady would look every way and at every one at the same time?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"She would smile upon all who came and went, as well as upon me."

"Joannetti made no answer. I stretched myself in my easy chair, and letting my head fall on my breast, I resigned myself to very serious meditations. What a light breaks in on me! Poor lover! whilst you, far removed from your mistress,

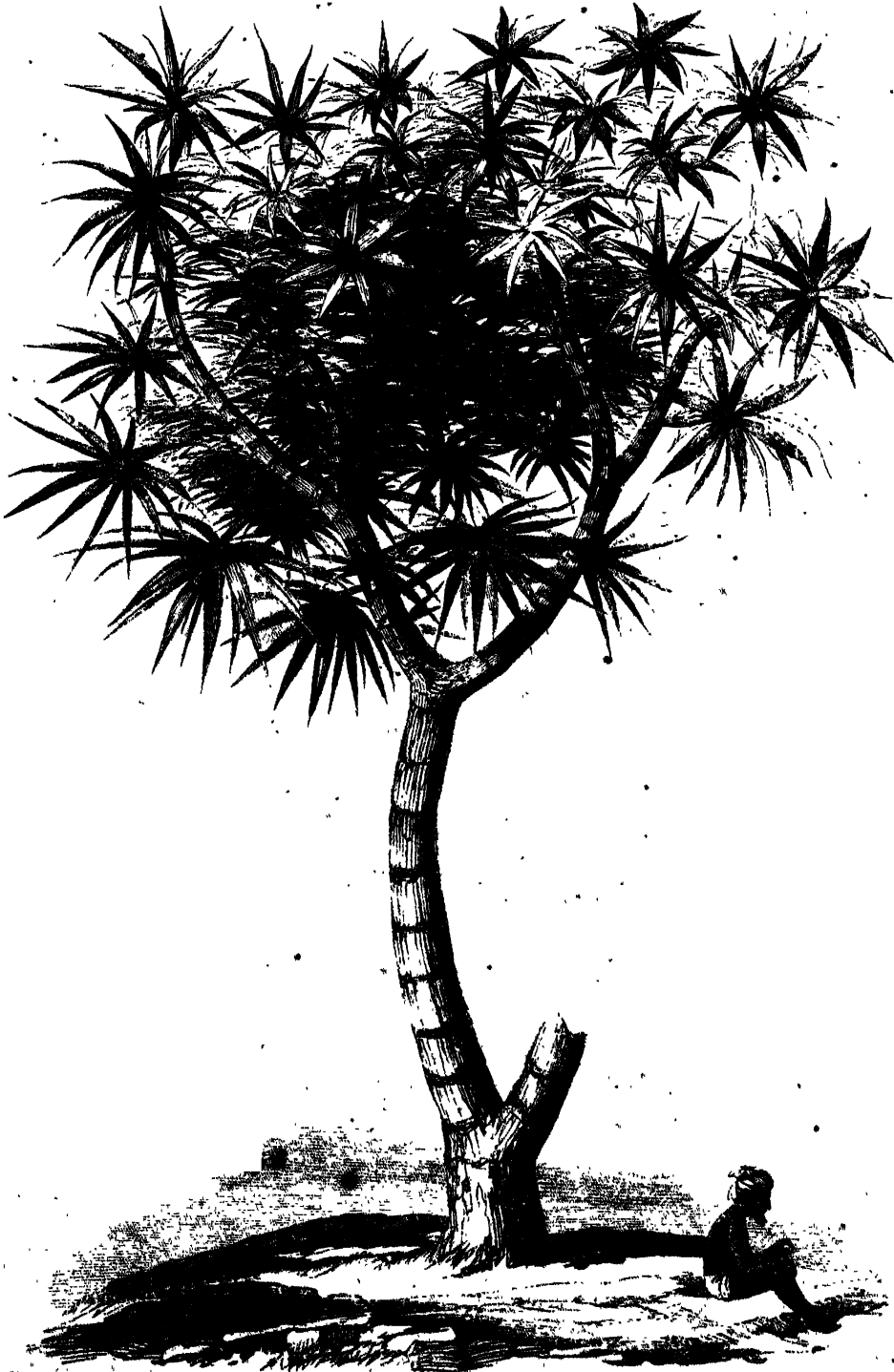
a plane surface, the rays of light passing off from every point of that surface."

"Joannetti, at this explanation, opened his eyes so wide that the whole pupil became visible; he half opened his mouth also;—these two actions indicate in the human face, according to the celebrated Le Brun, the highest degree of astonishment. Without a doubt it was my beast that had entered upon such a dissertation, for my soul knew well enough that Joannetti knew nothing of plane surfaces, and still less of rays of light; the monstrous dilation of his eyelids recalled me to myself. I suffered my head to sink down again within the collar of my travelling-dress, and there so ensconced myself that scarcely any part of it was left visible."

PALM TREES AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

THE DOOM PALM of Upper Egypt, an engraving of which is appended below, instead of shooting up in one stem like other palms, divides like a fork again and again, giving rise to the appearance which botanists term *dichotomous*—i. e., the stem continually divides in a binary sense.

tropical forest," as they have been justly called, by just sketching an outline—our space does not admit of more—of the chemical principles involved in the application of palm-oil to the purposes of the candle and soap manufacture. Well now as to soap—we fancy some reader exclaims—there may be



THE DOOM PALM OF UPPER EGYPT.

Having indicated, in a preceding article on "Palms and their Products," the general characteristics and the botany of this tribe, and briefly directed attention to the extraordinary number and variety of the products which they yield, we now purpose continuing our notice of these "princes of the

something to say; but in respect to candles—with regard to which there surely cannot be anything new to be said—why waste our time by discussing so simple a matter? Candles—we still fancy the impatient reader to exclaim—what can be more simple, more self-evident, than the processes for manu-

facturing candles, which everybody knows are either dips or moulds?—the former being made by dipping a wick of cotton or other similar material into melted tallow, fat, spermaceti, or something of a similar kind; and moulds, by the more refined plan of casting the tallow, wax, and so forth, into metallic shapes. Impatient reader, if your knowledge of the candle-making art in its present development goes no further than this, you have yet something to learn, and may ponder over that which we shall now proceed to write with some advantage. Some twenty years ago, or at most thirty, the process of candle-making was that described above: that is to say, the manufacturer having first selected the material out of which the candle was destined to be made, enveloped a string of cotton or a length of rush with the material, and the process was complete. As regards form or structure, candles might be divided into dips and moulds; as regards composition, they might be divided into tallow, wax, and spermaceti. The ingenuity of man at that time could go no further; and if, by some dispensation of Providence, tallow, wax, and spermaceti had been annihilated, why then, as a matter of course, people must have done without candles. It so happened, however, that in the year 1811, or thereabout, a French philosopher, M. Chevreul, began to devote himself to the study of fatty or oily bodies. He continued these studies almost exclusively for more than twenty years, and ultimately he arrived at certain discoveries which altogether changed the aspect of the soap and candle manufacture. We will not at once state what these discoveries of M. Chevreul were, or what he did; we will pursue the other course of leading the reader to form some conclusions of his own from an observation of certain appearances.

To begin, then; it is not impossible that the reader may have observed, when looking at a flask or bottle full of olive oil, on a cold day, that the oil had then separated into two portions; one very much like spermaceti in appearance, the other thin and liquid. Now, had it been so desired, this solid portion might have been collected, separated from the liquid portion, and the spermaceti-like body, no matter what it is called, might, if it were found to be sufficiently hard, be made into candles. Had the inquirer proceeded in this manner he would have discovered that the spermaceti-looking substance did not possess sufficient hardness to form candles; but that its melting point was so low as to be incompatible with the conditions necessary to the existence of a candle.

However, although disappointed in this one instance, as to the practical result, a thinking mind would have arrived at a very important deduction, and a very pertinent question would have been raised—i.e., whether oily bodies were really as simple as they appeared? Whether certain oils and fats, although soft and unctuous to the touch, might not, in reality, be made up of hard fats and thin oils; and, whether, in certain cases, the two might not be separable from each other? This notion, once begotten, many phenomena would tend to strengthen it: for example:—the beautiful substance spermaceti is obtained, as everybody knows, out of the head of the spermaceti whale; so, in like manner, is the bland liquid, sperm oil, the material so admirable as a lamp oil; but whilst the spermaceti whale is alive, these two bodies, namely, spermaceti and sperm oil, remain combined together just in the same manner as the solid and the liquid portions of olive oil. Many other examples exist, but we need not enumerate them; suffice it to say, that the genius of M. Chevreul, starting from these facts as a basis, turned them to some account. He made the important discovery, that all fixed oils—that is to say, all those oils which leave a permanent greasy mark on paper—are made up of several fatty bodies combined together; that some of these fatty bodies are thick, others thin; and, finally, that by certain chemical processes they admitted of mutual separation. This was a great step, but it was not the only step made by M. Chevreul. He next proved each of these separate fatty matters, of which any given oil or fat was made up, to be still further separable into two other parts: these might be a thick and a thin part, or two thin parts; the former class preponderating. This was the grand discovery. It follows, then, that

by carrying out the discoveries of M. Chevreul, we might manufacture good hard candles out of olive oil. We have already seen that the thick part of this oil, which spontaneously separates during cold weather, is not, in its natural state, thick enough for candle-making purposes; but the amount of thinness which still lingers in it is not inherent—the thinness depends on the combination of a thin body with it; and this thin body being separated by chemical means, we, in the end, arrive, by the aid of chemistry, to a result—hard, pure, white, semi-crystalline, and very combustible, fitted in every respect for the purposes of the candle manufacture. We have cited what could be done with olive oil as an example only. As matters go, this material is too valuable for that application, and other kinds of oil and fat are too common and cheap.

It is time, now, to explain the chemical principles involved in the discoveries of M. Chevreul, and in what manner these principles are applied to the manufacture of candles from oily matters of naturally thin consistency. We shall impart to the reader a first notion of these principles by directing his attention to a collateral fact. We will assume everybody to be conversant with tartaric acid, the substance which constitutes the acid powder entering into an extemporaneous soda-water mixture. Let it be assumed, then, that a quantity of this tartaric acid is thrown into water, is dissolved by the water: the problem is to get it out. Various means are known of accomplishing this. That which will suit our case best consists in the addition of lime, which, if added in due proportion, combines with the whole of the tartaric acid and forms the tartrate of lime, which admits of separation from the liquid by subjecting the solution to proper treatment, which it is unnecessary, in this place, to describe. Suppose, however, the tartrate of lime obtained, and that the further problem is given of getting the tartaric acid from the lime—how can this result be effected? Simply, thus:—Oil of vitriol being added, in due proportion, it combines with lime and sets tartaric acid free.

Now the discovery of M. Chevreul, as regards oils and fats, was this:—he proved that the bodies in question, in the first place, were mixtures of many oils or fats; and, in the second place, he demonstrated that each of these consisted of an acid united with a base, just as tartrate of lime is the result of an acid combining with a base; the acid in the latter case being the tartaric, and the base lime. Now, the oily base is a limpid, thin, not very combustible, liquid, termed glycerine; and the oily acids are some of them thick and others thin, but all eminently combustible. These oily acids differ somewhat in their chemical constitution; but we shall be sufficiently near the truth if we consider all the hard ones as margaric or stearic acid, and all the soft ones as oleic acid. Such are the chemical principles involved; now for the application of these principles. Suppose the fatty body operated upon to be lard; everybody knows that this fatty material is much too soft to yield candles at once. But, applying our chemistry, let us now suppose that a portion of lard is melted with lime—what then should take place? Why, clearly, if what we have already said be true, the lime should combine with such fatty acids as the lard may contain (there happen to be two principal ones, margaric and oleic acid), and should set free the liquid base, glycerine. Well, this would advance the operation one step; a portion of the soft matter of the lard would have been got rid of. If now, proceeding with the application of chemical principles, we add oil of vitriol to the oleate and stearate of lime, it is evident that sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris) would result, and the two fatty acids would be set free. Now, one of these, oleic acid, as we have already intimated, is a thin acid; we don't want it for candle-making, though it is well adapted for the manufacture of soap: we only want for our present purposes the thick or margaric acid. How, then, are we to separate the two? Nothing can be more simple: the mixture having been packed into linen bags, and exposed to pressure at a certain temperature, all the thin acid leaves away, and all the thick acid remains. The latter may be at once applied to the manufacture of candles. Such is a general

outline of one of the processes (for there is a second) by which those beautiful candles, termed composite, are now made. By conducting each step of the process with extreme care, it is possible to produce an article superior to the manufacture from either wax or spermaceti; however, in England prejudice runs strong in favour of the two latter; hence, the manufacturers of composite candles do not find it profitable to produce the most perfect candle which this manufacture is able to yield.

Thus we are no longer restricted to the employment of any one kind of fat, in the manufacture of candles. If we have a hard fat to deal with, why then so much less oleic acid, or liquid portion, has to be removed. If we have a naturally soft fat to deal with, why then the quantity of oleic acid removed is greater. What is done with the oleic acid? the reader will ask. Is it thrown away? Certainly not; it makes admirable soap, and for this purpose it is used, in England *now*, as well as elsewhere. Until the removal of an excise duty on soap, however, the valuable material could not be used for this purpose; but being shipped away to Germany, was there put into requisition by the soap-manufacturer: at present the necessity for this disposal of oleic acid no longer exists.

When first introduced, stearine candles gave the manufacturer great trouble, their material having a considerable tendency to crystallise. The presence in them of a minute amount of arsenic prevents such crystallisation; and, accordingly, this poisonous substance was added until popular feeling pronounced against its use. At present, the crystallising tendency is obviated by simply pouring the stearic acid into the moulds at a certain temperature. No doubt arsenic is an objectionable substance to be employed in this manner; but, nevertheless, the danger of using it was greatly exaggerated. A certain scientific lady arrived at a remarkable conclusion on the subject, which we may as well cite for the purpose of demonstrating the fallacy of a very pretty speculation. "I do not think," said this lady—"I do not think that the arsenical candles evolve any noxious amount of the mineral until they have burnt down rather low; but *then*," continued she, "the odour is very oppressive, because all the arsenic, by virtue of its great weight, sinks to the lower end of the candle in the process of casting." "Madam," interposed a gentleman well conversant with the candle-manufacture, who heard this explanation, "*but candles are cast upside down; therefore the arsenic, according to your view, should be in their tops!*"

One word more about the candle manufacture, and it is this:—although the process we have described for separating stearic from oleic acid is the general one followed, there is another exclusively employed at Messrs. Price's candle-factory. To describe this process now would be far too long an affair; we may perhaps do so on another occasion. *En passant*, however, we may remark, that although the steps of the process are different, the general results are the same.

Some very important social and political considerations arise from a study of the discovery of M. Chevreul. Vegetable oils seem destined in future to supersede tallow as furnishing the raw material for the soap and candle manufacture. Now palm trees are the greatest sources of vegetable oil, and the quantity which may be obtained from these denizens of the vegetable world is in a manner without limit. Africa is the region of these palm trees;—the western coast—slave-trading region of Africa. It follows, then, that as our palm oil trade increases, and native labour becomes valuable; so in that proportion will the slave trade diminish. It follows, moreover, that we cannot be, as we have been, mainly dependent on the supply of animal fat from foreign countries—chiefly Russia. Thus has science been true to her genius; the discoveries of a French philosopher in relation to fats, independently of adding to our comforts and luxuries, are increasing our national independence, developing our commercial resources, breaking down a foul traffic, and ameliorating the social and political relations of the whole world.

AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

THE project of establishing a telegraphic communication all round the globe, is one upon which public attention on both sides of the Atlantic is fixed with growing interest. The remarkable progress of the present age, which has been brought about by the harmonious combination of science, industry, and capital, leaves little room for doubt as to the ultimate accomplishment of the project. It is *only* a question of time. Sooner or later, we may rest assured, the world will be girt round with an electric wire, by means of which all the principal cities and courts, as well as all the chief seats of commerce and homes of science, will be indissolubly united. The success of existing submarine telegraphs has convinced many that one may be laid down across the Atlantic, connecting Halifax in America with the most westerly promontory of Ireland.

But such an undertaking might meet with accidents which would do it great damage. For the line would be exposed to exactly the same mishaps as befel the wire running from Dover to Calais; and if it were broken in one or two places between the two coasts, what power or skill could join it again without bringing the whole to land? This is the real danger which appears to threaten the existence of a submarine telegraph round the world.

Another circumstance also requires to be taken into account in connexion with this subject. A wire laid down across the Atlantic could only serve for the conveyance of communications to and from two points at a distance of 3,000 miles apart. At no intermediate point could messages be received or despatched. Along the whole line no accessory advantages could be reaped. It would be like an extra line of railway from London to Edinburgh without any intermediate station.

There is, however, a course round the globe by which both the danger of interruption from one cause or another, and the useless expense attendant upon a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic, might be avoided. The government or people of the United States will soon extend the main line of their telegraph, *via* California, to Oregon. On the other hand, the telegraphic lines of Europe stretch towards the East nearly as far as the Uralian mountains. The necessity of a speedy communication with her Asiatic provinces will soon induce Russia to extend the line of telegraph in this direction. The whole of the territory between this point and California is in possession of Great Britain, Russia, and the United States. Why, then, should not a combination be entered into for the establishment of a line across Behring's Straits? Behring's Straits are reckoned to be not more than thirty or forty English miles in breadth, with two or three islands between, which might serve as intermediate stations, and would leave no greater width of water than that between Dover and Calais. The Russian government might easily keep up a watch upon the part of the line in its dominions; and the governments of Great Britain and the United States might do the same in their respective territories. Hence this route would always be free from such dangers as would constantly threaten a line connecting Halifax with the Irish coast.

Thus, a telegraph between San Francisco and St. Petersburg would be a main line of communication round the world; for the extension of it from St. Petersburg to London would be an easy matter, and it would, in time, extend its branches over the south of Europe and Asia. With the spread of civilisation one of these branches might at last reach even the inhospitable shores of China. Another route is proposed from Labrador or Davis' Straits to Iceland, thence to Greenland, and thence to the north of Scotland. This, though requiring a greater length of submarine wire, has the advantage of not rendering the concurrence of Russia necessary, and, therefore, not being liable to be interrupted by war. One or the other certainly seems practicable, and if established, a great system of international intercourse, carried on with the rapidity of thought itself, might ultimately pervade the whole earth, banishing discord, and bringing about that happy millennium of peace and prosperity for which humanity is ever sighing.

CASTLE FOLLIT.*

CATALONIA is the most eastern province of the Spanish peninsula, divided from France by the Pyrenees. It has the title of a principality, and its chief wealth is derived from its manufactures and maritime trade. Castle Follit, a gloomy city of this district, distant about eighteen miles south-east of Campredon, acquired a fatal notoriety in 1822. In the war between the Carlists and the Constitutionalists—a war which desolated all Spain, and made the history of that period red

end which is sure to follow so foolish an enterprise as that of lending the ear to the perfidious suggestions of those who would appeal to arms in support of the enemies of the public good. On one of the most conspicuous parts of the ruin is traced this inscription: 'HERE STOOD CASTLE FOLLIT; CITIZES, LEARN BY THIS EXAMPLE THAT THERE IS NO FAVOUR FOR THE ENEMIES OF THE COUNTRY.'"

The ruins of the city are seen on an abrupt elevation



THE ROCKS OF CASTLE FOLLIT.—FROM A DRAWING BY P. BLANCHARD.

with blood—the inhabitants of Castle Follit followed the example of the insurgents at San R' Urgel and Balaguer, and joined the Don Carlos party. Towards the end of the month of October following, the famous constitutional leader, Mina, became master of the city, and terrible was the vengeance which he inflicted. Town and castle were burnt to the ground. Mina himself, in the account which he has given of the event in the published bulletin, says: "The city is now nothing more than a desert. Houses and fortifications, all, dating, disappeared: it now speaks to other cities of the tragical

which, to all appearance, is totally inaccessible, and is supported by basaltic columns resembling, in a very great degree, those of the grand cavern at Staffa. The whole of the surrounding country is volcanic, and geologists consider it to be the principle locality of these volcanic phenomena which have contributed to the formation of the chain of the Pyrenees.

Much controversy has taken place as to the origin of the words "Castle Follit." The general opinion appears to be that its name is derived from *Castellum Follitum*, fortified castle,

JOHN KEPLER.

JOHN KEPLER, the celebrated astronomer, whose labours heralded and partly contributed to the discoveries of our immortal Newton, was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 27th of December, 1571. His father, Henry Kepler, was an officer in the pay of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and distinguished himself in the war in Flanders; his mother's maiden name was Catherine Guldenmann. Having imprudently become security for a person, who absconded, the warrior was compelled to part with all he had in order to discharge the obligations under which he had placed himself, and was fain to content himself with the humble position of a tavern-keeper at Elmendingen. This reverse rendered it necessary to remove young Kepler from school, and employ him at home. Such, however, was the extraordinary precocity of the youth, that when eleven years old he was admitted to the convent-school of Maulbronn, and educated there at the expense of the Duke of Wirtemberg. Here he

number of very ingenious conjectures with reference to the number, distances, and periods of the planetary orbs. Like our own great Adams at Cambridge—though not under the guidance of equally scientific principles—he presumed upon the existence of planets not yet known, and declared that the only reason why they had not been discovered, was the imperfection of the optical instruments employed in making observations. The boldness of his creative genius, as displayed in this work, struck Tycho Brahe with astonishment, and led him to invite Kepler to visit him—an invitation, however, which the latter did not then think proper to accept, because he was aware the illustrious mathematician held a doctrine directly opposed to his own.

About this time Kepler married a lady of noble family, Barbara Muller von Muhleckh, who was now a widow for the second time, though only twenty-four years of age. The union was a source of difficulty and embarrassment, which,



PORTRAIT OF JOHN KEPLER.

pursued his studies with untiring assiduity, in spite of constitutional weakness and domestic troubles, and at the age of twenty took his master's degree, ranking second at the examination. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed astronomical lecturer at Grätz, in Styria, not so much in accordance with any wish of his own—for he had not yet, he tells us, devoted any great attention to the study of astronomy—as out of deference to the authoritative dictates of his tutors.

Theology had occupied most of his thoughts from the time of taking his degree, and some of his compositions on that science attracted a good deal of attention. Now, however, he began to study astronomy with even greater interest and more decided success. The prevalent notions on astronomy were far from satisfying his penetrating mind. With a view to their correction, he published his "*Mysterium Cosmographicum*," in 1596, which was his first work, and formed a worthy prelude to those which followed. In this he put forth a

with the religious dissensions in Styria, led to his removal to Hungary. Here, during an interval of three years, he published several minor works, including a treatise on the magnet. Tycho Brahe, who still watched his progress with deep interest, once more endeavoured to attract him near him. This eminent philosopher had been forced to leave Uranibourg for the asylum which Rodolph the Second, Emperor of Bohemia, offered him in Bohemia, and promised to procure Kepler the post of mathematician to the court, if he would come and reside there. Kepler, having learnt that Tycho Brahe was making astronomical observations of great value at Benach, went to visit him in the year 1600, and was most kindly received; but a serious indisposition, which lasted seven or eight months, prevented him from entering upon the duties of his office, as imperial mathematician, till the following year. The object of his appointment was, that he might assist Tycho Brahe in the formation of new astronomical

tables, to be called the Rudolphine Tables, after the emperor, who promised to bear all the expense, and liberally reward him. Circumstances, however, prevented the fulfilment of this promise. Kepler's salary was not regularly paid, and besides this, the employment was not exactly to his taste. He was involved in pecuniary difficulties, and even driven to eke out a subsistence by casting people's nativities. His impetuous disposition brought him into frequent collision with Tycho Brahe, his great benefactor. He sighed for his liberty. "Rodolph II.," said he to his friend, "is more of an astrologer than an astronomer. To satisfy him, I am obliged to waste my time in making almanacks for him." This was the way in which he spoke of the calendar which he assisted Tycho Brahe in preparing, and which had the misfortune to be burnt by the nobles of Styria, in 1621, because Kepler had given precedence in it to the nobles of Austria. The prefaces to several works which he issued at this period bear evidence of the pecuniary embarrassment which he experienced. Besides having to contend with the irregularity of payment to which we have already alluded, he had a numerous family to support, and, on the death of Tycho Brahe, undertook the charge of his also. In his perplexity, he applied to the landgrave of Hesse, who kindly rendered him valuable pecuniary and other assistance. In a preface addressed to the emperor, in 1618, he acknowledges the receipt of 4,000 pieces of silver; and it is impossible to read his remarks without a painful impression.

Kepler's great work on "The Motion of Mars," which forms a sort of stepping-stone from Copernicus to Newton, was published in the year 1609. After confuting the prevalent notions upon gravity, he distinctly asserts that the attraction of the moon operates upon the earth, and amid a multitude of errors throws out here and there other happy guesses at truth. The three great principles which Kepler is immortalised for having discovered, and which are well known under the name of "Kepler's Laws," are, that the planets move in elliptical orbits, that they describe equal areas in equal times, and that the squares of their periodic times are proportional to their mean distances from the sun. He did not succeed in establishing the last till twelve years after the other two, and then more by lucky conjecture than sound philosophical deduction. The labour he underwent before he could arrive at the first was immense. Starting with the assumption that the planetary orbits were of an oval form, he was disappointed to find that his calculations failed to demonstrate it. "All my theory, therefore," cried he, "has vanished into smoke." He began his work again; the arithmetical operations in which he engaged filled more than twenty-six pages; he failed every time he renewed the attempt. His vexation at this disappointment nearly drove him mad. No less than sixty-nine times did he renew his efforts; but the seventieth time he obtained the desired result. His joy was now unbounded. He surrounded figures of ellipses with symbolical designs. Ordinary language was insufficient to express all he felt; his enthusiasm could only find full scope in mystical symbols. Another discovery of Kepler's was the proper method according to which the glasses of a telescope should be combined and arranged; but he made no practical application of his theory. To enumerate all his published works would exceed our limits and only weary the reader. It is sufficient to say they were very numerous, some voluminous, and all remarkable. Kepler was the precursor, and in some degree the father, of the seventeenth century—that age which was rendered illustrious by the names of Newton, Descartes, Pascal, and others, who brought about a great reformation in science and general knowledge.

Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador, made an attempt, in 1620, to persuade Kepler to visit England, and held a prospect of relief from the pecuniary embarrassment in which he was then involved; but he could not succeed. After appealing for assistance to various governments, Kepler at length completed the Rudolphine Tables in 1627. He was on the point of publishing a translation of a work of Plutarch, when he was compelled to go to Ratisbon for the arrears of

his salary. The fatigue of travelling, together with the annoyance he felt, brought on a fever, of which he died on November 5th, 1630, at the age of fifty-nine. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter's at Ratisbon. A brief inscription, which does not now exist, was placed upon his tombstone; and in 1808 a monument was erected to his memory under the auspices of the prince primate, Charles Theodore of Halberg. It is a temple situated in the Botanical Garden, not many yards from the spot where his remains lie. His bust in marble occupies the middle of the building, and stands on a pedestal, the bas-reliefs of which represent the genius of Kepler drawing aside the veil which conceals Urania. The goddess holds a telescope in one hand, and in the other a roll, on which the eclipse of Mars is delineated.

PEERS AND M.P.'S:

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

LEGISLATION usually commences in the shape of a bill. To the first reading of a bill generally little opposition is made. The member who introduces it makes a long speech in its favour, and little discussion takes place. The real fight is when it is read a second time. There are many ways of throwing out a bill without the discourtesy of a positive rejection. The first of these means consists in giving a preference to "other orders;" the second is "moving the previous question." Another is moving "that the second reading take place this day six months." If the bill get over the second reading, it then goes into committee, when objectionable clauses are struck out and fresh ones added, till the original proposer of the bill can hardly recognise his offspring. The bill is then read a third time, and afterwards sent up to the Lords. Possibly the Lords object to some parts of it; a conference with the Commons is then desired, which accordingly takes place, the deputation of the Commons standing with uncovered heads, while the Lords, with hats on, retain their seats. The matter being amicably arranged, and a disagreeable collision avoided, the bill is passed through the Lords, where it usually creates a far more orderly and less passionate debate than it has done in the Commons. It then receives the royal assent, and becomes law—a fact announced by the words "Je le veux," if the Queen acts in person; or by the phrase, "La Reine le veut," if, as most frequently happens, the royal assent be given by commission. The private bills, which take no small portion of the time of the house, are expensive luxuries. On an average, few cost less than £500 or £600, and frequently the clever parliamentary agents, to whom they are intrusted, manage to run up the expenses to as many thousands. Occasionally a bill is introduced in the form of a motion, at other times as a resolution, but generally the bill is the favourite form. Any bill which the Lords can originate may be introduced and laid on the table by any individual peer, without the previous permission of the house; but in the Commons, no bill can be brought in unless a motion for leave be previously agreed to. Mr. Dod tells us, during the progress of a bill the house may divide on the following questions:—1. Leave to bring it in. 2. When brought in, whether it shall be then read a first time, and if not, when? 3. On the first reading. 4. On the second reading. 5. That it be committed. 6. On the question that the Speaker do leave the chair, for the house to resolve itself into such committee. 7. That the report of the committee be received. 8. That the bill be recommitted. 9. That it be engrossed. 10. That it be read a third time. 11. That it do pass. 12. The title of the bill. These are quite exclusive of any divisions concerning the particular days to be appointed for proceeding with any stage of the measure, or of any proceedings in committee, or any amendments, or any clauses added to or expunged from

* For engravings and an account of St. Peter's cathedral, see pp. 225-7.

the measure in or out of the committee. Such being the case, no one can wonder that a bill is pretty often cut off in its career. The wonder is that any survive so trying a process. In committee the Speaker leaves the chair, and his place is taken by a member elected by the house for this purpose; but he does not sit in the Speaker's chair, but at the table, the seat of the Clerk of the House. For committees of supply, and ways and means, and bills introduced by ministers, there is a chairman, who receives a salary.

A member who wishes to resign, solicits of the crown the stewardship of her Majesty's Chiltern Hundreds, the stewardship of the Manor of Poyning, of East Hendred or Northstead, or the Escheatorship of Munster—sinecures which he holds till some other member accepts a similar appointment. As no office, having emolument attached, can be conferred by the crown on a member of the House of Commons without his thereby vacating his seat, and as it is only by obtaining office that a member can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose, even without his consent, the acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds merely means that a member has resigned his seat.

The orders of the house, besides those to which we have referred, call for no special remark, with one exception, and that is, with reference to amendments. This one seems very much misunderstood. At public meetings, people are always getting into confusion when amendments are put. We may as well, then, briefly state what the practice of the House of Commons is. When, says Mr. Dod, an amendment has been moved, it is usual to take the vote simply for the amendment, and then for the original motion. But in parliament the practice is, that the chairman or speaker should read to the house the original motion, next that he should read the amendment, and then say, "the motion which I am about to put is, that the words proposed to be left out in the amendment stand part of the question." Should the noes prevail, the amendment then becomes a substantive motion, upon which other amendments may be moved and considered in like manner as the first. Thus a number of successive amendments to the original motion may be disposed of, though no amendment can be moved upon an amendment, but all the amendments, as well as the motion itself, may be negatived. Any member is at liberty to interrupt another by rising to order—viz., calling attention to the fact that a breach of order was then being committed. When two or more members rise at once to address the House of Commons, the Speaker or chairman determines who shall have precedence. It is out of order to mention in debate any member by name, or to speak in direct terms of any proceedings of the other house, unless they have been formally made known by message, or recorded in the notices, with an order of the other house. Formerly, independent members had two days in the week for their motions, and government the rest. Last session they suffered a great hardship in this respect, Tuesday only being allowed them; but, as a compensation, the forms of the house allow members to bring forward a question on the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, or that the house at its rising do adjourn till a certain day. This is often done, and leads to an animated debate. Members wear their hats, except when they rise to speak; and during the short interval between the strangers being turned out of the galleries previously to a division, and the division itself, they have the inestimable privilege of being allowed to speak, at the same time retaining their hats and their seats. Occasionally it is difficult to keep order, but this is rarely the case. When a man worth hearing gets up, he is listened to; and if a man be dull, and prosy, and roundabout, it is no great wonder that the house is inattentive, or that it gets very thin, especially if the time be any where between seven and nine or ten—that time sacred to dinner, a meal senators require as much, if not more than other men.

In concluding this section, we will give a little gossip we have collected from various sources. In the case of disorder the Speaker sometimes threatens to name names. "And what will be the consequence?" asked that squinting demo-

crat, Jack Wilkes. "The Lord in heaven only knows!" was the somewhat profane reply. Chairmen and Speakers have at times availed themselves of the power they possessed for party purposes. Clarendon confesses that as chairman of the committee on the bill for turning the bishops out of the Lords, he managed so to muddle matters and confuse the house, that eventually the measure fell to the ground. That haughty Speaker, Sir Edward Seymour, was a sad sinner in this respect. Burnet tell us, when a question was to be put, before the court party were prepared to carry or reject it, as the case might be, he would purposely blunder and put the question wrong, till the court party had mustered in sufficient strength to attain their object. Even the tellers on a division have also played strange tricks. On one occasion, one of the tellers, says Burnet, was in a fit of the vapours, and a very fat lord coming up, his brother teller counted him as two. The absent-minded teller took no notice of the blunder, and thus the bill passed by a majority of one! We don't hear of such tricks now-a-days.

PARLIAMENTARY MORALS AND MANNERS.

We now come to lighter work; for our view of parliamentary morals and manners will be of a somewhat superficial kind. From any more serious inquiry we, in common with the reader, instinctively shrink.

The house at present consists of 654 members, being 467 for England, 63 for Scotland, 29 for Wales, and 105 for Ireland. Arranged according as they represent counties and divisions of counties, or boroughs, they stand thus:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

159 members for counties or divisions of counties
337 members for boroughs

Total 496 members for England and Wales.

SCOTLAND.

30 members for counties or divisions of counties
23 members for boroughs

Total 53 members for Scotland.

IRELAND.

61 members for counties or divisions of counties
41 members for boroughs

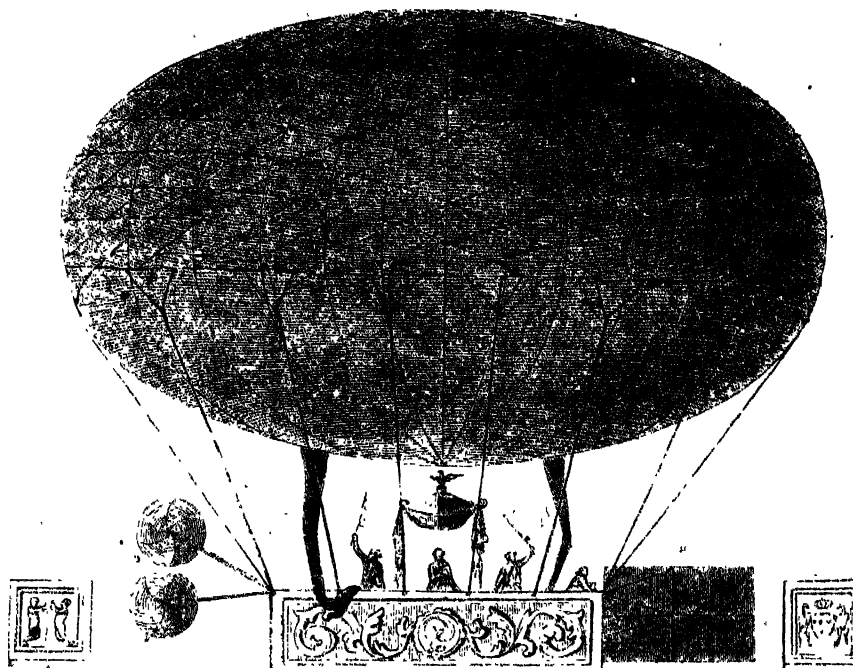
Total 105 members for Ireland.

Sudbury and St. Albans have each been disfranchised, and thus the house has lost four members. It was long before the number was definitely settled. Two hundred citizens and seventy-four knights sat in one of Edward the First's parliaments. Under the Plantagenets the house consisted of three hundred members. In the time of Henry VII. the Principality was allowed to return twelve members. From that date to the accession of Charles I. the house had received an addition, by writs from the crown, of fifty-seven members. As calls upon the purse became more frequent, the number of representatives increased. When Coke presided as Speaker, they were four hundred and ninety-three. The Long Parliament consisted of five hundred and six. The convention which placed William of Orange on the throne consisted of but one hundred and sixty.

To get members to attend seems always to have been a matter of some difficulty. Mary and Elizabeth fined the absentees, and the result was, that under James the attendance became so great that fresh seats were required for their use. In 1640 it was declared to be a constant rule, "that Mr. Speaker is not to go to his chair till there be at least forty in the house." All writers speak of the readiness of M.P.'s to evade their duties. Prynne complained of them in his day as wasting their time "in taverns, play-houses, dining-houses, cock-pits, tennis-courts, bowling-alleys," &c. Writing a century later, Horace Walpole says, "The seventh was appointed for the naturalisation bill, but the house adjourned to attend at Drury-lane." A century later, this very last session, the house was counted out on the night of the day when a review had been held at Chobham. Occasionally members are brought together by a call of the house, but that is a step seldom taken.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

The letters which Etienne Mongolfier received from his brothers, stating their views and giving him their encouragement, found him depressed, fatigued, harassed in every way, tormented at once by his rivals and his admirers. His wife vainly supplicated



ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD, JULY 15, 1784.

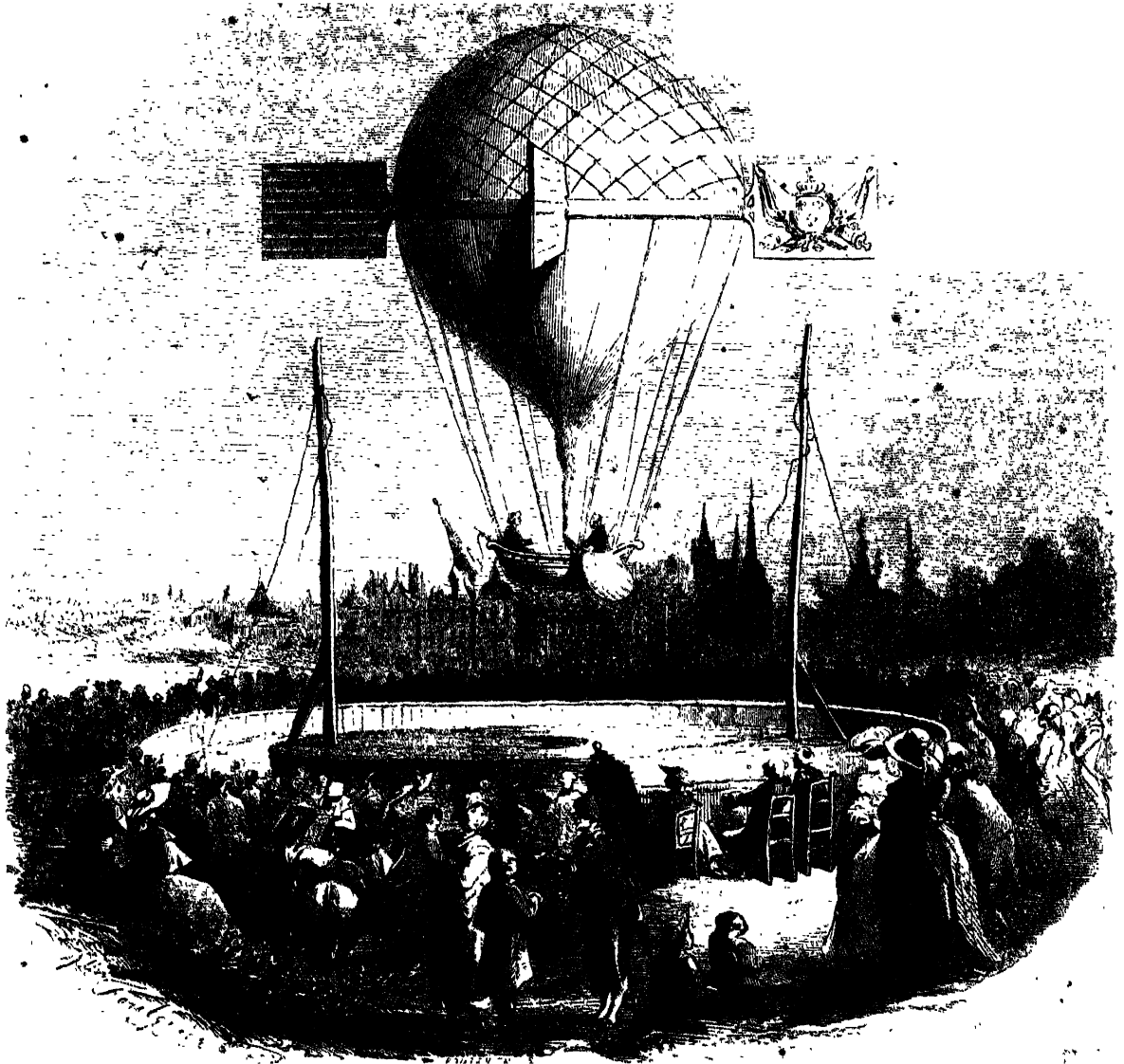


THE ABOVE BALLOON AT A GREATER ELEVATION.

him patiently to endure his celebrity. He desired and asked only one thing, which was to return to his native place, the scene of his cherished dreams, to hear once more the whispers of its poplars and the rippling of its waters; to resume those walks with his brother Joseph, in which their feet only traversed a narrow space, while their thoughts surveyed the world. But as commissioners had been appointed by the Academy to inspect his experiments and to confirm his discovery, honour did not permit him to withdraw; and his balloon having been shattered in its last ascent from Annonay, it was found necessary to construct another; but whilst the

open his vast warehouses to his dear friend Mongolfier, offered him his services, and, with unparalleled generosity, abandoned his beautiful gardens to the curiosity of the crowd, who broke down the railings and scaled the walls, in order to behold the wonderful machine.

The struggle which the inventor had to sustain against those who strove to outdo him, and to turn his glory to their profit, was truly melancholy. It required all the devotion of his friends, Reveillon, Argant, the Marquis d'Arlandes, and others; it required his personal activity, his extraordinary intellect, and the composure which he owed to an unchangeable gen-



ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM DIJON, APRIL 25, 1784.*

workshops were freely opened, and assistance and help of every kind offered, to those who strove to excel the two brothers in the aerial route which they alone had disclosed, Etienne could only look for co-operation and support among his private friends. A rich manufacturer of painted paper, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the excellent M. Reveillon, threw

openness of disposition, to prevent the priority which belonged to him from being snatched away. M. Charles and the Messrs. Robert could only repeat his experiments; they succeeded, however, in gaining the favour of powerful protectors, and, strange to say, the Duc de Chartres entrusted to them the management of the experiment, represented in the first of the annexed engravings (p. 316).†

* This balloon, which went off at five o'clock in the evening, reached Magni-laz-Auxonne at twenty-five minutes past six, having traversed a space of about two miles and a half through the atmosphere. Abbé Berteau and M. Morvaux went up in it.

† This ascent took place under the superintendence of Messrs. Robert, two brothers, who went up in the balloon with M. Colin. A. A., the two ends of the gallery, representing Castor and Pollux and the arms of France; B, the Rudder; C, Oars or Wings.

Couplets full of acrimony, and cutting caricatures, accompanied the prince in his ascent; most of these were without foundation, for they accused the duke of cowardice, when, on the contrary, he had shown presence of mind in giving vent to the gas, and in splitting the balloon, which threatened to burst. In an unpublished letter from Beaumarchais, who was an eye-witness, to Etienne Mongolfier, who was then on his return home, we find the following account of this disastrous journey:—

"Paris, 18 July, 1784.

"You have doubtless heard what has taken place at St. Cloud. Marquis le Duc de Chartres, the two Roberts, and their brother-in-law, ascended, as Charles did at the Tuileries; but, fearing to touch the trees, they suddenly threw out so much ballast that they rose too high, and entered a cloud, which, I know not how, caused the interior balloon, which was filled with atmospheric air, to burst with an explosion. They then endeavoured, as they still continued to rise, to open the valve, in order to descend; but they could neither open it nor the lower appendage; upon which the interior balloon had collapsed. After consulting together, they decided to make holes in the bottom of the balloon, which caused it to descend with such rapidity that they incurred great danger. Nevertheless, they descended safely, no one being hurt. The balloon was mended for a more fortunate experiment, in which the interior bladder was dispensed with. Four days before, at the Luxembourg, the poor Abbé Miolan narrowly escaped being a martyr to your religion."

"Adieu, monsieur; I beg you to give some consideration to the best manner of directing the balloon; for it is necessary for it, as well as everything else, to be guided, and the father of the child at least owes it a leading-string to conduct it where he pleases, &c."

Among the numerous ascents which took place at this time, those of Guyton Morvaux alone, putting those of the two brother inventors out of the question, were made with a serious purpose, and arrived at any result. One of these is represented by our artist (p. 317). The members of the Academy of Dijon sought for a means of guidance which they never found; but the ascents of Guyton, and the exact accounts which he gave of them, tended somewhat to advance the art of aerostation. The following letter from Etienne Mongolfier bears testimony to this fact:—

"Sir,—I have read with the greatest pleasure the particulars of your experiments, which you have had the goodness to send me, and I have joined your fellow-citizens in applauding the zeal and intelligence which have directed all your operations. You have indeed felt all the possible advantages and

all the actual inconveniences of the machine of which you have made use. I cannot but admire your ulterior views, and exhort you to establish their solidity, in the eyes of the incredulous, by the continuation of your experiments.

"The unforeseen danger which prevented you from realising your project of travelling from place to place, should not discourage you from trying again. Above all, I admire the candour with which you state the obstacles that thwarted your experiments, and the means by which you contrived to surmount them. Thus it is, that one should always write upon scientific subjects, sacrificing one's self-love to their advancement, and giving an account even of one's failures, in order that others may avoid them. A memoir such as yours is more useful than twenty of those poetical descriptions, whose authors take a glory in adding a polish to the marvellous, as if nature were not sufficiently grand, without the foreign ornaments which are furnished by their imaginations."

It seems needless to add anything to this simple, noble letter of Etienne Mongolfier, which is so free from all personal prejudice. We may return to the biography of this philosopher, whose soul was even more exalted than his genius, and whose temperate writings, as well as the letters of his contemporaries, which were written in an exaggerated, egotistical style, give some insight into his character.

Our second engraving (p. 316), which has reference to the ascent of Messrs. Robert and M. Colin, is intended to illustrate some French verses written at the time, in which horsemen are represented as racing at full speed after the balloon, in the vain attempt to overtake it, while everybody on earth is amazed at the daring of the adventurous aeronauts; and the inhabitants of the moon—philosophers as well as the uninformed multitude—look upon the balloon as some strange planet that has wandered out of its orbit.

The following account of an ascent of a balloon, which took place June 26, 1794, is given in Carlyle's "French Revolution," and will, we are sure, be read with interest:—

"Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General Jourdan, having now swept the soil of liberty, and advanced thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, hangs there not in the heaven's vault some prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spy-glasses: in the similitude of an enormous wind-bag, with netting and enormous saucer depending from it? A Jove's balance; your poor Austrian scale having kicked itself aloft, out of sight? By heaven, answer the spy-glasses, it is a Mongolfier, a balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon-battery barks at this Mongolfier; harmless as dog at the moon: the Mongolfier makes its signals, detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and descends at its ease. What will not these devils incarnate contrive?"

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANY months had passed since the day when the doge returned in triumph to the city of Venice. Time, as he always does, had wrought his changes in the affairs of the state as well as of individuals. The republic had lost one of her best men and bravest soldiers, Vittorio Pisani, who died a few days after the surrender of Chioggia. Carlo Zeno had taken his place, going out to Zara in the galley that brought to Venice the remains of his friend and companion in arms. The war with the Genoese still lingered on with various success; tempest and famine wrought their work in the fleet; the senate, as usual, visited the consequences of their own imprudence, as well as of the storms and starvation, upon their general; and Zeno was thwarted, reprimanded and threatened with imprisonment; but as yet the popular voice was too loud in his favour to render it safe to carry the threat into execution, and his own manly remonstrances, for a while, over-awed his rulers. Time,

too, as we said, wrought his changes upon individuals, and those with whom our tale has to do were not exempt. Ah, who is there on whom he does not leave the impress of his cold hand as he passes? The child, as he grows to boyhood, puts away childish things and childish thoughts; the boy, as he attains to manhood, exchanges smiles for sorrows, and puts care upon him even as he puts on years; grief and infirmity come to age; and to all come trial and mutation, and at last the grave.

It was once again the spring, that season which everywhere is fraught with the charms of re nascent nature, but which is nowhere more fresh and lovely than in Italy. It was spring, one of the bright, merry days in March, when the wind drives the light clouds athwart the sun, making their shadows sit across the sunlight of streets and squares, and upon the gleaming waters, and the glittering domes and spires of palaces and

churches. It might be about four in the afternoon, when our old acquaintance, the Count Polani, found himself just entering the Corso degli Orifici, at Venice. He paused a moment, as if in doubt whether he should proceed, and took counsel with his own thoughts.

"Diavolo!" said he musingly, "who could have foreseen that things would have turned out so unfortunately? Well, well, something must be done, and at once too; as well to-day as to-morrow, and better, for the time is drawing near. So, in the name of the Virgin, I will go to the old fellow even now; perchance I may move his soul by the prospect of greater gain in the end. Andiamo."

The count drew his black cloak more closely around him, and passing along the shady side of the street—a practice which in all ages gentlemen in monetary difficulties instinctively adopt—he proceeded at a pace so slow, that any one who marked his movements might readily conjecture he was bound upon no agreeable errand. Whether any eyes were upon him we shall not say; but certain it is, that after consuming twice the necessary time in the operation, he did at length arrive at a certain point of the street at which he came to a complete stand-still. The bottega, or booth, at which the count stopped, did not in appearance differ from those which ranged along the street. Beneath a projecting shed of timber that sloped down from the first story stood a table, covered with a carpet or thick woollen cloth, which reached in front down to the pavement. On the table were placed several leathern money-bags of different sizes, a small casket or chest for letters of exchange and bills on foreign goldsmiths, a pair of scales, an account-book, and an inkstand; behind was a bench, upon which sat an elderly man, wrapped up carefully in a fur-trimmed gown, and covered with a bonnet of black felt. He was diligently occupied in the examination of his account-book, in which he was making some entries, when the Count Polani addressed him.

"Buon giorno, good Messer Molo; thou art deep in thy studies, methinks. Thou hast pleasant memorials there of thy friends, doubtless, so that thou shalt not readily forget them. Is it not so?"

The old banker looked up from his book. As he recognised the speaker, his small gray eyes became for a moment fixed intently upon the face of the count, as if he would read his heart, and discover the cause of this unexpected visit; then he replied with his usual placid look:

"A servirla, signore. I rejoice to see your lordship, and in such a pleasant mood too. It is true indeed, as you say, I have abundant memorials of my good friends here," and he touched the book with his finger; "but I know not they are always so pleasant as I could wish. Just now it is somewhat the contrary; I was counting how much the friendship of a certain member of the Pregadi, who did me the honour to take my bills of exchange, shall cost me when I strike my balance. However, the unwonted honour of a visit from your excellency may help to cheer me."

The old man looked again with his sharp eye at the count.

"By my faith, I know not, Ser Molo, how that may be. I have come to talk with thee, however, touching matters that affect us both. Can I crave a moment with thee in some better privacy than the street of the Corso degli Orifici affords?"

"Assuredly, signore," said the banker. "Will your excellency excuse me for a moment?" he continued, rising from the bench and passing through a small door behind him into the ground story of the building. He re-appeared speedily, followed by the youth whom the count met at his first interview with the banker, and then said—"Will your lordship have the goodness to pass round the table? we shall be private in the apartment within."

The count complied, and Molo led him into a chamber in the lower part of the same house, the upper story of which the count had visited from the water-side on the night that he sought the goldsmith. Molo pointed with formal respect his guest to a chair, and seated himself in one opposite. The two sat for a time in silence; there was evidently a trial of

skill between them, each endeavouring to throw the opening of the conference upon the other. The cooler temperament and superior skill of the banker triumphed, and the count at last broke silence.

"Thou dost remember, doubtless, Ser Molo, a certain loan which I had of thee somewhat near a twelvemonth since?"

"Perfectly, sir count; your excellency gave me your bond for the repayment with interest, to which there was added a certain defeasance."

"Precisely."

"Is your lordship disposed to discharge the debt now? The time is not yet expired, nevertheless; should your lordship so wish—"

"Diavolo! did you ever know a man pay beforehand?" said the count, interrupting the goldsmith, somewhat testily.

"As you ask the question, signore, I can't say that in my experience I have ever met such a case."

"And thou never shalt, believe me. But didst thou ever know a debtor not prepared to meet his obligation when the day arrived?"

"Ah! frequently—that is quite in my experience."

"Well, then, worthy Messer Molo, I am come to increase your knowledge in that way. In a word—I have no money."

"Your lordship surprises me; men believe that the spoils of the Chioggia—"

"I care not what men believe or say on that head; but little of the treasure reached my hands, and that little—" and the count waved his hand impatiently.

"Oh! I understand," said the goldsmith; "but, surely, your good friend Ben Aaroni would gladly—"

"The devil take the Jewish dog: where he has once fastened his teeth he will never let go his hold till he takes away the flesh with him. Why, I had to pay him to the last florin, not many days since, to redeem my palazzo, and now I am without a coin in my pouch."

"Ah, that is very sad; but it is fortunate that your excellency can meet your engagement to me without money."

"Pooh! pooh! thou meanest that silly jest which passed between us touching my ward."

"And which," added the goldsmith, "was fairly writ out in the obligation and duly signed and sealed by your lordship. Should you wish to see it?"

"Not I, faith. Thou wouldst of course never think of losing thy money, even if I were to take thee at thy offer; but set thy mind at rest. I shall never hold thee to so foolish a bargain."

"In the first place, signore, the money is not mine but my nephew Girolamo's, as I advertised you on the occasion of lending it. In the next place, he is aware of the arrangement, and will, therefore, require at my hands either his gold or the young lady."

The count sprang from his chair in a fury—

"So help my God and all his saints, thy nephew shall as soon get my ward in marriage as he shall the Adriatic; when he is done he may look for her, not till then."

"Though a citizen of Venice," replied Molo, coolly, "I know not that Girolamo has any desire for so high a station; but he has the rights of a citizen, and will of course know how to enforce them."

"Rights! what speak you of rights? Dost not know that mere citizens, such as thou and thine, are not permitted to aspire to the noble daughters of Saint Mark without the license of the state? Thou wilt but make thyself and thy nephew a jest in the mouth of every patrician."

"Not when I can produce such a document as this with the seal of the grand council attached to it." And the goldsmith drew forth from a drawer a folded parchment.

"These presents testify," he continued as he opened the document, "if your lordship will please to peruse them, that for divers services rendered to the republic of Venice by Pietro and Jacopo Molo, citizens, it hath seemed good to the grand council of the state, upon the prayer of the said Pietro and Jacopo, to grant unto Girolamo Molo, the son of the above-named Jacopo, license and authority to intermarry with any

lady of noble degree, notwithstanding any ordinance to the contrary."

The banker proffered the parchment to Polani, but the latter waved it away with his hand. Molo then quietly folded it up and replaced it in the drawer. The operation gave the count time to recover from his astonishment and to cool down in temper. When they were both seated again he resumed the conversation.

"My good friend Molo, this is folly or madness. An union so ill-assorted, and between persons who are unacquainted with each other, could never be happy. Should I force the lady Bianca to give her hand, I cannot compel her heart to go with it. Will thy nephew take a bride on such conditions?"

"If he refuse to do so, then shall the lady be released and your lordship acquitted of your obligation."

"Meantime, to avoid such an alternative, whereby he may lose both money and bride, I have a proposal to make."

"If it so please your lordship to state it, I shall attend."

"My palazzo is, as I told thee, redeemed from the Jew. I will now pledge it to thee for the repayment of thy loan at such reasonable time as thou shalt name, provided thou wilt deliver me up the bond."

"What interest do you propose to give, should I be minded to let the money stand out, signore? The laws of Florence and of Venice allow us to take as high as twenty-five per cent."

The count groaned.

"Well, I shall not chaffer with thee on that point, if thou wilt give me a year for repayment."

"Count Polani, we Molos have ever made it our rule to lend our moneys at reasonable interest; therefore we never take more than that which thou hast already stipulated to pay."

"Ah! thou art a just man," interrupted the count, brightening up hopefully.

"I do humbly affirm that I am a just man, sir count—one who ever performs his own obligations and expects others to do the same. I have made my contract with your lordship, and

shall abide by it. Were you to offer me cent. per cent. at the end of another year, I would refuse it. We shall wait, my nephew and I, on you at the palazzo, according to the condition of the obligation. You will doubtless be then—and there prepared to fulfil either alternative of the condition."

The count arose once more, but his face was now deadly pale, and his lip quivered with suppressed emotion. At length he spoke slowly and almost calmly:

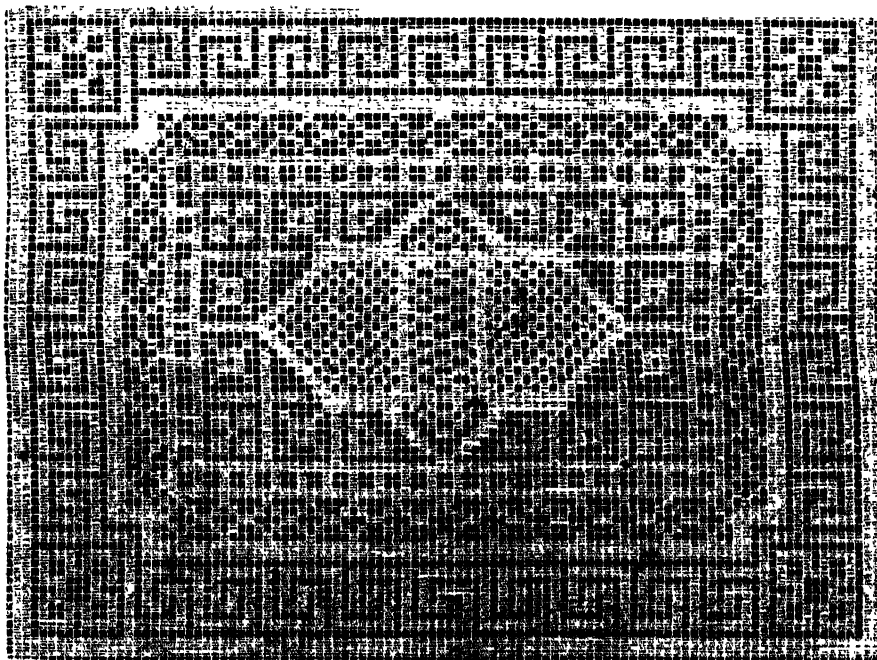
"Thy money thou shalt have upon that day, if by any human means I can procure it—if not, by the blessed Saint Theodore, I swear thy nephew shall not marry the maid without her free consent. Sooner would I see her a corpse at my feet. Now bide thy time, and do thy worst."

The count drew his cloak closely round his breast, and passed with a hurried step out of the room of the goldsmith.

"Ah, che sono collerichi questi nobili!" said old Molo when he found himself alone, "there is no getting them to listen to reason; as to expect them to talk rationally upon money matters, that's quite too much. Yet will I not, for all the threats of this proud noble, forego my cherished hopes for the aggrandisement of our house. Why should not the Moli climb as high as the Medici? If this count shall be able to repay the loan, well—if not, then I am justified in requiring him to fulfil his contract. My brother, Jacobo, is well pleased with the prospect of this alliance; and as to Girolamo, if he be not as blind as an owl at noon-day, and a fool into the bargain, he will account himself the luckiest youth in Italy; besides, he is too well-nurtured a lad to gainsay his father. I wish he were arrived, as the time is drawing nigh; by my advice he should be here before the week is out."

The pale face of his grandson at the door broke upon the old banker's meditations, and summoned him to attend to the duties of his calling outside. In another minute he was engrossed in the agreeable occupation of giving specie for a bill of one of his correspondents, a certain wealthy goldsmith of Madrid, and deducting a very satisfactory discount in the process of transmuting paper into gold.

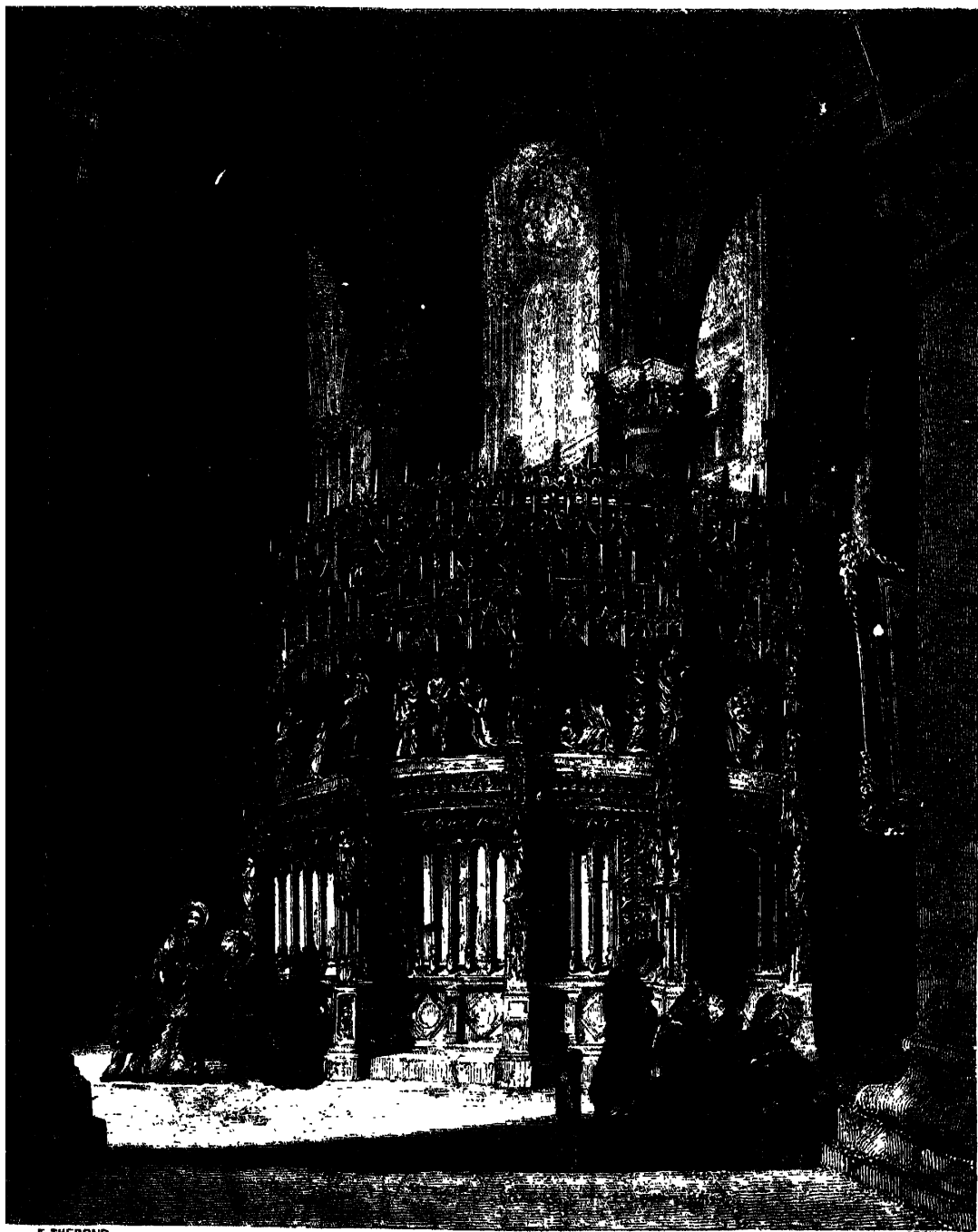
TIDY IN SQUARE CROCHET.



MATERIALS.—Brooks' Exhibition Crochet Cotton, No. 14; Walker's Penelope Crochet-hook, No. 2.

Make a chain of 289 stitches, which will form ninety-nine squares; with this cotton and hook it will measure twenty-

five inches; the pattern must be worked from the engraving, and may be increased in size by using a coarser cotton and thicker hook.



F 14 FROM

BP 57 MAR

CLOISTER OF THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES, IN FRANCE.

THE cathedral of Chartres, as is well known, one of the most magnificent in all Europe, and is rendered conspicuous, both far and near, by its two spires, which, though unequal in height, tower in graceful symmetry high above the hill on which the city of Chartres is built.

There is a great deal of perplexity with respect to the date assigned to the construction of the various parts of this cathedral, for it is evident that it was not all built at the same epoch. The crypt, which runs beneath the entire length of the aisles of the choir, appears, however, to be the only remaining portion of the edifice which was built by Bishop Fulbert, in 1029. Owing to the great reputation this good man had acquired both in France and in the rest of Europe, he was enabled to carry out his design in a manner hitherto unknown in his country. Canute, King of England, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, were among the princes who assisted him with their contributions. It is, therefore, much to be regretted that we have but so small a part of the primitive building left; for, as Cassiodorus says, *more fabrica loquuntur*. Something more was added to it by Thierrî or Theoderic; but the northern part was afterwards erected in 1060, at the expense of Jean Cormier, a native of Chartres, and physician to the king. The cathedral, as it exists at present, was not dedicated till 1260, and the greater part of it may safely be said to have been erected in the thirteenth century. The western front was, however, finished in 1145, with the exception of the elegant spire, erected in 1514, by Louis XII. and Jean Texier, an architect of the Beauce; this spire is 304 feet high, and the workmanship of the upper part of it is most beautifully light and most elegantly executed. In the western façade, which is very simple in its style, there is a triple portal of painted arches, the centre one of which is supported and flanked by statues of royal saints. These figures, which are attenuated and enveloped in formal drapery, are very characteristic of the Byzantine style of sculpture of the twelfth century. Over the door, is the image of Christ, surrounded by the symbols of the four Evangelists, as spoken of in the vision of Ezekiel. Below, are the fourteen prophets in a row, and in the arches above are seen the twenty-four Elders, playing on musical instruments belonging to the middle ages. The sculptures of the portal on the right relate to the life of the Virgin Mary, while those on the left portal represent Christ, surrounded by angels, with the signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the twelve months.

Handsome as these portals are, the two entrances on the northern and southern sides are much finer; they consist of triple projecting Gothic porticoes resting on piers, or bundles of pillars, with side openings between them. The majestic statues which fill the sides and vaults are executed in a superior style of art, and date from a more recent period than those of the western façade.

The interior of the cathedral is very vast, being 422 feet in length, while its height from the ground to the apex of the roof is 112 feet. The style of the whole of the nave and choir is that of vigorous and early Gothic. In the centre of the former, there is a sort of labyrinth of intricate circles marked out in coloured stone on the pavement; its various windings form a length of 1,320 feet, and it was probably used, at one time, for the performance of penitential exercises; those doing penance being compelled to follow its every turn, and to stop to pray at certain stations. The cathedral is very rich in painted glass, and contains more than 130 windows completely filled with it, while there are but very few which are quite destitute of this kind of ornament. Most of these windows date from the thirteenth century, and some of the glass is half an inch thick. The three rose windows at the end of the nave and transepts are noted for their size, being thirty or forty feet in diameter, while their complicated tracery is truly astonishing, though, perhaps, somewhat clumsily executed.

But it yet remains for us to speak of the most remarkable part of this splendid cathedral. We mean the screen of the choir, which forms one of the wonders of French art, and which was begun in 1514, after the designs of Jean Texier. The choir itself has a double aisle, and a semicircular end; in the inside there are eight marble bas-reliefs, representing scriptural subjects, of rather indifferent design and execution; while behind the altar is a large marble piece of sculpture, in the taste of Louis XIII., and which is not at all in keeping with the character of the edifice. The outside of the screen is one entire mass of magnificent sculptures. The groups of figures which form its principal feature were executed for the most part by Michel Boudin, a clever sculptor of Orleans, about the year 1611; they were added to, about 1681, by Dieu and Legros, a sculptor of Chartres; and were completed, from 1700 to 1706, by less celebrated artists.

In his "History of the August and Venerable Church of Chartres," the good and veracious Sablon speaks in the following terms of this *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture and of sculpture:—"The screen of the choir is made up of very white and highly polished sculptured stone, of the most exquisite workmanship and is enriched with images, hieroglyphics, and other rare devices. On this screen are well-executed sculptures, representing the different scenes in the life of our Lady, and the mysteries of our redemption. Around the choir, are twenty-three niches, filled with figures which are nearly as large as life, and which have been executed by the most clever sculptors of past times; but those executed by Boudin far surpass all the others.

"In 1681, Monsieur Dieu placed in one of the thirteen niches which were yet to be completed, four figures of his own execution, and which represented the woman taken in adultery, our Saviour and two Jews, one of whom is looking attentively at what our Saviour is writing, while the other is running away; these figures are very natural and expressive of the subjects they represent. On this day, Saturday, June 5th, which is the eve of Pentecost, 1633, Monsieur Legros, another famous sculptor, has placed in the next niche four fine figures representing the miracle worked by our Saviour on the person of the man who had been blind from his birth; these figures are admirably executed, for it appears as if you really saw done the action which is represented there; the blind man is in a most natural position, and the image of Jesus Christ is executed in a manner well suited to represent the action he is performing; the two other figures are attentively looking on, and their suspense is plainly apparent in their countenances. There are at present but eleven niches, with their ornaments, to finish, and fill with figures representing our most sacred mysteries. The members of the chapter are too zealous in the cause of God, and too desirous to embellish their church, to leave this part of it incomplete, which, when finished, will be a wonder of Christianity, and will instruct the ignorant as much as the most evangelical preachers can."

The wish of the old historian was satisfied. The screen has long been completed, and it has luckily suffered hardly any injuries either from time or man. On it, there are forty-one groups of figures.

The pilasters which separate these groups one from another, as well as the walls which serve as their base, and which form the screen, are ornamented with arabesques, niches, Gothic canopies, sculptured columns, statues, and medallions. The whole is surmounted by a trellis of open pyramids and tracery, of such exquisite and delicate workmanship that it has been compared to goldsmiths' filigree-work, or point-lace in stone. The rare beauty of this piece of art would alone suffice to give celebrity to a cathedral which is also famous for so many other *chef-d'œuvre*.

It was in the choir of this cathedral that Henry IV., of England, was crowned in 1594, Rheims, where coronations generally took place, being then in possession of the League.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

THE oldest parliaments were the shortest. Edward III. summoned three or four in a year. Under William and the first Georges, the houses generally met in October or November, and were prorogued in April. Important debates usually lasted from one or two in the afternoon to six or seven in the evening. The following summary, taken from Mr. Townsend, of what parliament has done in the making of laws, proves that it proceeded with more than geometrical progression. The parliament of King William passed 343 public, and 466 private acts; of Queen Anne, 338 public, and 605 private; of George I., 377 public, and 341 private; of George II., 1,447 public, and 1,244 private; of George III., 9,980 public, and 5,257 private. An appalling array of figures for the nerves of the stoutest sitter. Members' hard work commenced with the American war, and Gibbon gives a glimpse of the fatigue. "I am on the Grenvillian Committee of Downton. We always sit from ten till three, after which I went into the house that day and sat till three in the morning." A reckoning has been made of the work done by a late House of Commons. It appears that in one session the house sat 123 nights, between 2nd February and 17th August; and about 2,000 hours were devoted to public duty. With strict propriety of speech may this amount of labour be termed immense. General Gascoyne, one of the members for Liverpool, in proof of hard service, stated that he had carried two hundred bills connected with that town alone. Another writer remarks: "In the seven sessions between 1822 and 1828 inclusive, 2,100 acts of parliament received the royal assent. The king sends these measures into the world in bevvies of eighty and even a hundred at a time. The number of public petitions printed has averaged 1,400 in the session. There are piles upon piles of reports." Early sittings were the fashion at one time. The Long Parliament resolved, "That whosoever shall not be here at prayers every morning at eight o'clock, shall pay one shilling to the poor." As twelve was the dinner-hour, business was soon concluded. Under the Restoration the hours gradually lengthened. In his usual lively manner, Steele complained of this:—"At present," he writes, "the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The landmarks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed and planted further up into the day; inasmuch that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows." The division on the address in 1783 did not take place till half-past seven, a.m. In the same year, the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair, on Fox's Indian Bill, was put to the vote at half-past four in the morning. During the Westminster scrutiny, the house sometimes sat till six. This bad custom received a check at the passing of the Reform Bill, but it is promising once more to resume its wonted power. This last session has been a great sinner in this respect. The adjournment of the house on Saturday dates from the time of Sir R. Walpole, who generally set apart that day to the sports of the field.

Sir R. H. Inglis calculated the speaking members at four hundred. This calculation is pretty correct. Of the Irish, we may estimate all as speakers. Yet Hamilton made but one speech; and Hare, who was to have surpassed Fox, never spoke at all. "Isaac Hawkins Browne," said Dr. Johnson, "one of the first wits of this country, got into parliament and never opened his mouth." In spite of a resolution to the contrary, the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" did the same. Yet some dull dogs have the capacity of prating for hours.

In past times, one of the greatest of these was a man of the

name of Hartley. It is recorded of this worthy, that Mr. Jenkinson left the house as he rose to speak, rode to Wimbledon, dined, rode back, and found the unconscionable talker still prating on to an "audience fit though few." The provision that members should be of age was much broken through at one time. The property qualification was passed in the reign of Queen Anne; yet from that qualification the sons of peers, members for the universities, and Scottish members, are exempted.

The dress and deportment of members have both gradually improved. Swords are laid aside, and there is no longer any danger, as in Sir Philip Warwick's time, of the house being the scene of murder. Boots, at one time considered not quite the thing, are, however, now admitted with impunity. The first Mr. Pitt was always in full dress. Modern etiquette is less strict and annoying. Still, however, on the first day of the session, the four members for the City of London take their seats on the treasury bench in all the gorgeousness of scarlet robes and chains; and the mover and seconder of the address are still bound to appear in court dress or in uniform. The house no longer hisses, and since the house resolved, in 1693, that no tobacco be taken by any member in the gallery, nor at the table sitting at committees, members may complain of dust, but not of the fumes of meerschaum or cigar. Outside the house, in the lobbies, or the smoking room, members may smoke as they please—and not unfrequently, especially late in the evening, they may be met redolent not merely with the scent of tobacco, but with the fumes of substances still more potent and popular.

The house has not always behaved well to literary M.P.'s. It treated poor Steele very badly: it would not allow him to be heard. "He thinks he can speak because he can write," murmured one country squire to another. "We'll teach him better than that." The house is not guilty of such Bavotian rudeness now. It treats men of literature with deserved respect.

The old formality of dress at times created no small amusement. Wraxall, in his memoirs, tells us, "never was a more total change of costume beheld than the House of Commons presented to the eye when that assembly met after the Easter recess." The treasury bench, as well as the places behind it, had been for so many years occupied by Lord North and his friends, that it became difficult to recognise them again, dispersed over the opposition in great coats, frocks, and boots. Mr. Ellis appeared, for the first time in his life, in an undress. The ministers who succeeded excited still more astonishment, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms, now in full dress, with swords, lace, and hair powder. Even some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis. Just at this time it happened that Lord Nugent's house, in Great George-street, having been broken into, a variety of articles was stolen; amongst others a pair of laced ruffles. He caused full particulars of the effects stolen to be advertised in some of the daily papers. Coming down to the House of Commons immediately after the recess, a gentleman, who sat next his lordship, accidentally asked him if he had made any discovery of the articles recently lost. "I can't say that I have," replied his lordship, "but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my laced ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the treasury bench." This reply, the effect of which was infinitely increased by the presence of Fox and Burke in their court dresses, obtained general circulation and created no little laughter. If manners make the man, dress has something to do with his opinions. In our own time Young England and white waistcoats were synonymous. At one time, to be an M.P. was the sure sign of being the owner of a shocking bad hat. The working men in the house are generally plainly dressed, with the exception of Disraeli, who loves to shine in dress as well as in debate. Some gentlemen are said to attend the house in morning costume and then hastening to a dinner party or a soirée, dress in a cab as they go along. It is said, that on one occasion, a cab containing an M.P. thus engaged was upset before the metamorphosis was completely effected, and the

result was a distressing display, more easily imagined than described.

PARLIAMENTARY SCENES—THE LORDS.

Associations good and bad—tragic or the reverse—of shame or glory—cluster round the senate of our land. For instance, you enter the House of Lords. Everywhere around you are historic names. The only modern thing is yourself and the chamber in which you sit. The men who came over with William—who dictated Magna Charta to the pusillanimous and craven-hearted John—who fought with the Black Prince at Cressy, or with Henry at Agincourt—who shared with the English Bluebeard in the spoils of the Romish Church—are here in the persons of their sons. Others also are here, whose history has less in it of honour, and more of shame. You hear names that take you back to that dark period in our history when Charles II. wielded the English sceptre—when vice was no barrier to the palace—when England's princes stooped to pocket the pay of France, and when England was a scorn and a byword amongst the nations of the earth. The bastards of such kings—these are brought back to your memories as you see their coroneted children taking their place in an assembly that should be an assembly of what is greatest and best in our midst. But the shame has been done, and a race born in dishonour has a career of honour open to it as well as others. Yet the Upper House offers but few incentives to such a course. The business of the nation is done elsewhere. The responsible minister, from the time of Sir Robert Walpole, has sat in another house. With the exception of Shaftesbury, and St. John, and Chatham, no memories of power, and genius, and patriotism speak to us from these walls. Many an illustrious career has been buried in a peerage. Thus was it with Pulteney, with Walpole in the past; and thus is it with Brougham at the present time. Great orators come to the Upper House when their work has been done. They go there for repose, not for action. In the Lords, the barometer points to calm, not storm.

On going back to the infancy of parliament, we find much that seems to us incongruous and out of place now. Under the date of 1377, for instance, we read in the "Parliamentary History" as follows:—"Now that Edward III. being too old and infirm to meet his parliament, a commission was granted to Richard, Prince of Wales, to hold it in his stead. At the day of their meeting in the painted chamber, the young prince, then about ten years of age, sitting in the king's own seat, Dr. Houghton, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of St. David's, made a speech in the nature of a sermon, from the text, 'Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing that you yourselves are wise.' The reverend divine argued that God loved the king and the kingdom: the king, because *quos diligit castigat*, and because the Psalmist said, *Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans in linteribus*; thence he showed no Christian prince could be so happy. That God loved the realm, he proved from the recovery of so renowned a prince; the said recovery happening in the fifteenth year of his reign, the year of jubilee, the year of joy for his said recovery. Then arguing that, though the head be sound, if some particular member be diseased, the benefit that other-

wise would result could not possibly accrue; so he inferred that the king being now the sound head, and willing to show grace and favour to his subjects, they ought to qualify themselves aright by approving their loyalty sound and uncorrupted. Having thus enforced the duty of freely giving, and quoting St. Paul for that purpose, the courtly divine addressed himself more particularly to the Lords. They, he was sure, should rest happy in the belief that the good king loved them dearly, since he had, upon their request, advanced the Lord Richard, there present, to be Prince of Wales. Then he proceeded to show what cause they had to cherish the said prince, by offering unto him, as the wise men did to Christ, all honour, by presenting him gold in token of riches and renown, and myrrh in token of his honourable sceptre, since even the pagans were used to strew abroad money at the approach of their princes. He insisted that 'the said prince should, without all rancour, be embraced with their hands and hearts, even as Simeon had embraced Christ, because their eyes had now seen that which their hearts had much longed for; that they ought to obey him as the vicar and legate of God, that they might see the true peace of Israel.' Of course, the end of all this was a subsidy. Modern readers, however, will think it a roundabout way of getting one.

In the Lords' journals, under the date of June 4, 1610, we have an account of the singular creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, by his father, James I. We read:—"This day the chamber, commonly called Whitehall, or the Court of Request, was very richly hung from the upper end more than half down towards the lower end, where there was set up a strong bar of timber thwart the room. In the highest part of the room was placed for his Majesty a sumptuous cloth of estate, and of either side scaffolds for ambassadors of foreign countries. On each side against the walls were erected seats, one above another, for strangers and noble personages, with the Lord Mayor and his brethren in the midst. Upon forms and woollacks did sit all the lords of the parliament, and the judges in their robes, and likewise the officers and attendants, as in the days of the sitting of parliament. Below the bar was placed the Speaker's chair, forms on the ground, and seats on each side one above another, fit and convenient to receive the whole House of Commons. His Majesty being come, the Prince, his highness, honourably attended by divers noblemen, the Knights of the Bath, Officers-at-arms, and his own servants, entered in at the nether end of the house, and was with great state and solemnity brought up to the foot-path before the king, where kneeling at the first, and then standing, his highness was with all reverence created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, and a patent thereof first read by the Lord Treasurer, principal secretary of his Majesty, and afterwards delivered to him; which done, and all ceremonies finished which thereunto appertain, the prince, his highness, in great state and magnificence, some little time after the king's majesty, departed the court at Whitehall." Alas for human pomp and prince! A few years, and that prince himself departed to another and more solemn court summoned by a terrible and irresistible power.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

The incident depicted in the subjoined engraving is one of the most affecting that occur in life. Hence it is not surprising that Homer has availed himself of it. Every reader of his immortal *Iliad*, which tells "the wondrous tale of Troy divine"—whether in the original Greek or in the English version of Chapman, Pope, or Cowper—must have been struck with the singular beauty of that episode in the sixth book, which describes the parting of Hector from his wife Andromache and his little boy Astyanax, just before his fatal encounter with Achilles. He meets with them at the Trojan gate, and a most touching interview takes place; from Pope's version of which we are tempted to quote a few lines:—

"Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke:
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
'Too daring prince! Ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.'"

To this appeal Hector replies, by pleading the necessity of defending his country and his honour; then, after alluding, with a sigh, to the destined fall of Troy, he exclaims,—

“ And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore:
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!”

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.”

Our own Shakspeare has handled this subject with equal felicity in the scene of the first part of Henry IV., between Percy Hotspur and his wife, on the eve of the battle of Shrewsbury. It is this scene that the painting of which we give an engraving more appropriately illustrates—at least, so far as the armour of the warrior is concerned.



THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

THE KALMUCKS.

THESE people have not a shadow of their original independence; they belong to Russia, are ruled by Russian law, and governed by Russian superintendents. The authority of St. Petersburg is felt in their encampments, and this nomad people, these children of the wilderness, have learned submission to the Czar. Perhaps they have reverence for the Cossack bayonets, which, according to General Weljaminoff, would uphold the heavens if they dared to fall.

The territory of the Kalmucks is not great, and stretches out on the left bank of the Volga. It is bounded on the north and the east by this river, to the west by Egorlick, and to

the south by Kouma. The principal occupation of the people is that of cattle, and Kalmuck horses, camels, bullocks, and sheep, are highly prized in the surrounding districts.

The nation is divided into three classes—nobles, peasants, and priests. The ecclesiastics belong to neither the higher nor the lower order, but are distinguished from both, while revered by all. Their religion is a species of Buddhism. They believe in one great governing principle—a supreme God, ruling over all things, who is too high and great and wonderful to be represented by any tangible object, and of whom, therefore, no image must be made, and in whose honour no

idol must be worshipped. The orders of secondary divinities are generally represented by the figures of females, and are supposed to have parcelled out the universe among themselves and each to rule over his allotted portion. The priests are divided into four classes; the Backhaus, or high priests; the Ghelungs, or ordinary priests; the Guetzuls, or deacons; and the Maudchis, or musicians; the grand Lama of Thibet is the head of their church. When a Kalmuck worships, he sings a species of sacred song, a low monotonous repetition, turning at the same time a kind of drum or cylinder, covered with sayings from their sacred books, and to which cylinder a long cord is attached; this praying and turning, much the same by the way as counting one's beads, is called by travellers *grinding prayers*, and the mechanical contrivance for ascertaining the number of supplications offered, a *prayer-mill*.

The *cuisine* of the Kalmuck is not over delicate, and not remarkable for its power of tempting a listless appetite; it

marriage except among their own people. There is none in which this distinction is so characterised as among the Mongols. If the colour is set aside, the Mongol has as little resemblance to other people as a negro has to an European. This peculiar conformation is distinguished particularly in the shape of the skull of the Kalmucks; but the Mongols and the Bouriets have so great a resemblance to them both in their physiognomy, their manners, and moral economy, that whatever is related of one of these nations will apply as well to the others. The Kalmucks are generally of a moderate height. We find them rather small than large. They are well made, and seldom deformed. They entirely abandon their children to nature: hence they are all healthy, and have their bodies well proportioned. They are generally slender and delicate in their limbs and figure. I never saw a single man amongst them who was very fat."

The characteristic traits in all the countenances of the Kal-



KALMUCKS AT PRAYER.

chiefly consists of roasted horse-flesh, a preparation of thick milk, and tea; not such tea, however, as that to which we are accustomed, being a hasty mixture of salt, milk, chopped tea-leaves, and boiling water; the whole of a reddish-yellow colour, and which commonly closes the repast. Their favourite beverage is brandy and warm milk.

The dwellings of the Kalmucks are the same at the present time as they were in the days of Herodotus. They are round in form, termed by the people *habutkas*, and are surmounted with conical roofs, pierced at the centre for the escape of the smoke. Two camels suffice for the transport of a tent large enough for the accommodation of a whole family, with the whole of the furniture, arms, provisions, kitchen utensils, &c.

The manufacture of felt, gray and white, is the principal industrial occupation of the Kalmuck people.

"It is easy," says Pallas, "to distinguish by the traits of physiognomy the principal Asiatic nations, who rarely contract

mucks are, eyes of which the great angle, placed obliquely and downwards towards the nose, is but little open and fleshy; eyebrows black, scanty, and forming a low arch; a particular conformation of the nose, which is generally short, and flattened towards the forehead; the head and face very round. They have also the transparent cornea of the eye very brown; lips thick and fleshy; the chin short; the teeth very white—they preserve them fine and sound until old age. They have all enormous ears, rather detached from the head.

From the foregoing remarks, it might appear that all the Kalmucks were hideous and deformed. We see, on the contrary, among the men, as well as the women, many round and very pretty faces—faces that would find admirers in any part of Europe.

The number of Kalmuck families in Russia was estimated by Pallas at 8,229; but the nation is more widely dispersed over the globe than any other, even the Arabs not excepted.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF ENGLISH POLITENESS.

THERE is scarcely anything more amusing and instructive than to hear what foreigners have to say of us. Even their most outrageous blunders are well worth reading for the fun they afford, while many a useful lesson may be learnt from their just criticisms. A specimen of this sort has lately appeared in the shape of an article entitled "English Politeness," in a contemporary French publication; and as we think our readers may be glad to know its contents, we will favour them with as faithful a translation as we can.

Our title ("English Politeness"), says the writer, is not a mere epigram, but what it expresses really does exist. English politeness has even genuine and solid qualities, although it operates in a very limited circle, and its outward developments are by no means brilliant. To discover and appreciate it, one must study it closely, and by the domestic hearth, so to speak. Hence we find it is extolled by those who have been admitted into close intimacy with English life, while its very existence is positively denied by foreigners who have only distant and temporary connexions with the English, such as are formed during a journey or a passing visit to the streets and monuments of London.

The politeness of a Frenchman is universal. Everywhere and with everybody it is smiling, active, and eager. A Frenchman is polite even to people whom he does not know; and has never seen—whom he meets quite by accident, and, according to all appearance, will never meet again. He does not wait to be asked one of those small offices of kindness the mutual exchange of which gives such a charm to the relations of social life. He anticipates desires, offers his arm, and gives way to an old man, a woman, or a child. His first impulse is, to place himself at their disposal if he sees them in any difficulty, without stopping to consider what is their rank, fortune, or nation, and without heeding the inconvenience to which he may subject himself. It is a natural benevolence, an instinct, that urges him on. His innate disposition so orders it. He practises without effort, and almost without thinking of it—even in matters apparently the most trivial—the grand and noble maxim of Menander, as expressed by Terence: *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*, "I am a man, and consider nothing that concerns humanity without interest to me."

An Englishman, on the contrary—our remarks are, of course, subject to numerous exceptions in both countries—does not even appear to comprehend this incessant expansion of French politeness. Far from wishing to imitate it, he does not value it. To him it appears thoughtless, exaggerated, indiscreet. He looks upon it as a want of dignity and self-respect, to rush with sudden ardour into the service of everybody without waiting to be asked.

We remember having seen in a caricature, a gentleman cying, with a most impassive air, a poor fellow who is drowning, and excusing himself for not rushing to his assistance by the reflection—"I don't know him; he has never been introduced to me." This is rather too cruel a joke. An Englishman of the better sort will not hesitate to render valuable service in serious difficulties: he will expose his life—and sometimes, even his purse! But in ordinary circumstances, it is vain to expect him to go a single step out of his way, to give up an inch of his seat, to stand on one side, to hold out his hand, or to make the slightest sacrifice of his ease or convenience in behalf of strangers, though they be his own countrymen. "Every man for himself," is his maxim in everything that does not involve greater interests than those connected with common civility, complaisance, and agreeableness; and the custom of his country justifies him in not putting himself to the smallest inconvenience for anybody who has not been introduced to him.

"To be introduced" is consequently an affair of importance in England. It is a formality which gives a claim to regard, as well as to certain services. It is subject to certain rules, which persons who are polite, after the English fashion, are careful not to violate; and it must be admitted, that some of these rules are really reasonable.

For instance, one ought never to introduce a person to another unexpectedly, without being fully assured that the introduction will be agreeable to both parties. We are not so particular about this in France, for the simple reason that with us the ceremony of an introduction involves no obligations. We need hardly take off our hat to a person who has been introduced to us by name during a walk or at a large party, and with whom we have merely exchanged civilities on a single occasion. It is not so in England; but one who has been introduced to you in a regular way would be justified in feeling offended if you afterwards appeared to forget him, or if you denied him one of those small services which are accorded to people of one's acquaintance. But there must have been a regular introduction. A conversation with a stranger in a public place, or even in the house of a common friend, however lengthened, familiar, and cordial it may have been, is never equivalent to a proper introduction. A gentleman whom you should venture to accost simply because he chatted with you for an hour yesterday on board a steamer, or at a restaurant, would look at you with an air of blank astonishment and indifference, and turn his back upon you! He does not know who you are; "you have not been introduced to him."

It is very unusual, too, for an Englishman to speak to a stranger in a coffee-house, at the theatre, in the street, or even in a public vehicle. If you venture to make advances to him, he will in all probability display an offensive mistrust and suspicion.

In France we conduct ourselves in the like circumstances altogether differently. We sincerely believe the majority of our fellow-men to be worthy of our sympathy and esteem. We have confidence in them. It is painful to us to exhibit coldness or suspicion. Dishonesty, want of principle, motives of interest, ill-will, or treachery, never occur to our minds—or, at least, very rarely. Why should we suspect their existence? Why, out of an exaggerated respect for ourselves, or an offensive and unwarrantable distrust, deprive ourselves of that free and agreeable exchange of thoughts and feelings which excites reflection, extends our knowledge, multiplies our points of observation, and establishes a communication between minds which are already too much estranged from each other by insurmountable obstacles?

The foreigner who goes to England with a letter addressed to the head of a family by a person fairly entitled to write it, is sure of a reception as kind and as warm as he would have a right to expect from one of his nearest relations or best friends. He is treated as a welcome guest, and all his wishes are eagerly anticipated. He is waited upon the first thing in the morning to make arrangements for spending the day; he is conducted and accompanied to all the places he wishes to visit, without being allowed to bear any part of the expense; for he is never permitted to open his purse. In vain he entreats, in vain he declines these kind attentions; his entertainers think nothing of them; and it seems as if, during his stay with them, they had desisted from all business or other occupation of their own, in order to lay themselves out entirely for his service. To do him honour, they invite to their house all the persons of distinction with whom they are acquainted, and testify to him, by a thousand attentions, that he is really the hero of these entertainments. In this way the foreigner, whether he will or no, contracts obligations towards his English host which it will be scarcely possible for him ever to discharge. In Paris there is no one—unless he be quite at leisure—who can find time enough to accompany a foreigner for several days, and be his *cicerone* at all times, and in all the public promenades of that capital. We think we have done our duty to him when we have received him at table and accompanied him to the theatre, though we have not repaid him a hundredth part of his attentions to us. These hospitable customs of the English, which have withstood all the changes of civilisation, are really worthy of admiration; it is not a superficial politeness, unaccompanied by genuine feeling; and we must frankly admit that in this respect our neighbours have decidedly the advantage of us.

THE TIGER AND THE BOA CONSTRUCTOR.

Contrasts between animals of different species are characterised at times by very great ferocity, as in general they originate in a desire, on one side at least, to effect the utter destruction of the other, with a view to procuring thus an article of food. When a fight takes place between a boa and a tiger, they are well matched, as they are about the two most ferocious animals in existence. If the lion, by his majesty and port, is entitled to be called the king of animals, the tiger is the type of the blood-thirsty and savage despot, the Nero and Caligula's of the earth!

The animal at one time was little known; but thanks to such institutions as the Zoological Society, it, as well as others less known in the animal creation, has become familiar, while its history has been diffused through many channels.

The habitation of the tiger is Asia. There, in the forests, and hills, and jungles yet unconquered by civilisation, it holds its court, and lords it over the lesser animals. It dwells, too, in the deserts which separate China from Siberia, in China, and says one writer, "it inhabits Mount Ararat, and the Hyrcania of old, famous for its wild beasts; but the greatest numbers, the largest, and the most cruel, are met with in India and its islands. In Sumatra, the natives are so infatuated that they seldom kill them, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors. They are the scourge of the country; they lurk among the bushes on the sides of rivers, and almost depopulate many places. They are insidious, blood-thirsty, and malevolent, and seem to prefer preying on the human race." Marsden, in his valuable work on Sumatra, tells us, that the number of people slain by these rapacious beasts is incredible, and that some persons have been led to try a method of killing them. These traps are very ingeniously contrived. Sometimes they are in the nature of strong cages, with falling doors, into which the beast is enticed by a goat or dog, enclosed as a bait. Sometimes they manage so that a large beam is made to fall into a groove across the tiger's back; at other times it is noosed about the loins with strong ratans, or led to ascend a plank nearly balanced, which turning when it has passed the centre, lets the animal fall upon sharp stakes prepared below. It is our own dominions in India, however, that are the head-quarters of this pestilent animal—there he hides in the jungle, there it is that he comes darting forth upon the unwary traveller, with that wonderful and terrible bound, which is scarcely to be resisted, and deals that gripe which makes the buffalo quail, and even alarms with panic-terror the huge elephant itself. Its swiftness is remarkable. In Singapore, a man is killed by a tiger every day, on an average. Pliny, who in many things was most observing and correct, alludes to this quality, which has been denied. But modern travellers have proved the extreme correctness of Pliny's remark when he says, "animal tremenda velocitatis,"—as they have all agreed to allow its great velocity or speed. It will outstrip the swiftest horse in the chase, and can only be captured by artifice, or by being surrounded.

There has been great question as to whether the tiger is or is not brave, and anecdotes are related on both sides of the question with great zest. The summing up of all evidence seems to convey an impression that, under many circumstances, the tiger is hardly in the extreme, while some creatures of the kind are timid and irresolute. That some of them have dogged courage, there can be no doubt. Father Tochar's description of a combat between a tiger and two elephants, at Siam, is tremendous. He says* that two elephants were introduced, with their heads and trunks defended by a shield. The tiger was let in upon them, tied, however, with cords, and thus held until the elephants had beat the breath out of him with their trunks. Then he was let loose. Up he flew, with his terrible bound, and a still more terrible roar, at the trunk of

the animal which was nearest. The elephant was ready, met him on his tusks, and dashed him back. This could only check the tiger, because it disabled him, and the elephant continued his combat for some time with three fresh tigers.

It is the tigress that is brave indeed when her young are in danger. In India, a captain had two tiger-cubs brought to him, which he put in a stable. They had been stolen in their mother's absence. When night came on, her furious cries were heard without, and so desperate were the efforts of the furious tigress to enter the house, that the alarmed inhabitants gave up the cubs in the utmost terror.

Ten rupees were once the reward for capturing a tiger in the territories of the East India Company, though, so terrible are its depredations, that no mercenary incentive seems wanting to tempt men to its chase and destruction. Animals are not its only prey. man is not safe, and children are but morsels in its devouring maw.

The Bengal tiger is easily distinguished from all other species by his transverse dark stripes. He is thinner and lighter than the lion; the upper part of the body is yellow, the under part white; the whole internal face of the ears, and a spot on the external surface round and over the eyes, the end of the muzzle, cheeks, throat, neck, chest, belly, and internal sides of the limbs, are white; and the tail is annulated with black on a whitish-yellow ground. The pupils of the eye are generally said to be round.

Tigers have been sometimes tamed to a wonderful degree, and in Madras people sometimes take round a tiger for exhibition, which is occasionally supplied with a sheep or other animal to display its strength upon. All its wild ferocity is thus shown, its leaping power, its savage way of eating; and yet to its keeper it is tame and gentle. Still, though in the museum of Paris and elsewhere we have known tigers as tame as dogs, they should never be wholly trusted. The smell and sight of blood will generally arouse all their worst and most terrible instincts.

The very young tiger is about the size of a kitten three months old, which it very much resembles. But it soon grows and becomes as dangerous as the adult is at first harmless and weak.

A tiger hunt is one of the most exciting scenes that can be imagined. Captain Mundy describes one with great effect. He says: "On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high; a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was singing under a bush, when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain. He took to the open country in a style that would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight and not to run; and as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt; and we pursued him at full speed. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankora or goad, which I had refused to allow him to recover, and the elephant being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became consequently unmanageable; he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his trunk to the ground." The sportsmen afterwards killed him.

The tiger, like the lion, belongs to the genus *Felis*, and is called *Felis tigris* in the clear monograph of the genus *Felis* by Temminck.

The *boa*, of which we have already spoken, is very large, but not so large as the ancients would have us believe. Aristotle speaks of African serpents as long as vessels, by which a

* Tochar, *Reise nach Siam*. 1747.

alley with three oars might have been overturned. Pliny talks of Indian serpents capable of swallowing deer. Ælian mentions dragons of eighty to a hundred cubits in length; and Suetonius declares that there was exhibited at Rome, under Augustus Cæsar, a living serpent of fifty cubits in length.

placing themselves in ambuscade on the banks of rivers, where animals come to quench their thirst. Rolled upon themselves in spires, they form a disk of seven feet in diameter, in the centre of which the head is placed. They thus await their prey in a motionless position, only raising the head occasionally some feet above this sort of spiral, to observe if any



TIGER ATTACKED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

They are, really, about thirty or forty feet long, and will, it is said, swallow dogs, deer, and even oxen. The boa belongs to the order *Ophidia*. The *Boa Constrictor* proper is said not to be found where the tiger is common; and recent travellers assert, the huge snake, known in India to attack such animals as the tiger, to be a python. They inhabit aquatic situations,

animal approaches. As soon as they imagine it within reach, they shoot forth like a spring. They twist round its neck for the purpose of strangling it, in which they generally succeed. They have been known to stop a man on horseback by a sudden dart from a tree, to which their tail remained fastened. The above engraving represents a very common occurrence.

REV. WILLIAM JAY.

"Simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture."—*Coeper*.

To have reached the almost patriarchal age of eighty-five years; to have occupied for upwards of sixty of those years the responsible station of teacher of a large and intelligent Christian congregation, occasionally visiting other congregations, and everywhere popular, respected, and beloved; and, at length, to close a long career of usefulness by a calm

tutor, that before he had attained his sixteenth year, he began to exercise his talents as a preacher. A youth of ruddy complexion, with glossy raven locks overhanging his shoulders, and his shirt collar loosely fastened with a black ribbon, he stood before an audience for the first time, in the village of Abington, Wiltshire; and, as he himself has stated in one of



REV. WILLIAM JAY.

and peaceful death, is a rare and distinguished honour. This honour, however, was conferred on the subject of this brief memoir.

WILLIAM JAY was born of humble parents in the village of Tisbury, Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1760. During his boyhood, he assisted in supporting himself by manual labour. But having, when, we believe, about fifteen years old, attracted the attention of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, of Marlborough, a dissenting minister, who was much engaged in preparing young men for the pulpit, William was placed under the care and tuition of that gentleman, with a view to his preparation for the office of the Christian ministry. Such were his natural talents, and so rapid was the proficiency he made in his studies under the careful and affectionate training of his exemplary

his publications, he delivered nearly one thousand sermons before he had reached his twenty-first year. He continued to preach at various places in Wiltshire, and for nearly twelve months at Lady Maxwell's chapel, at the Hot Wells, Clifton; with a view to his settlement over the congregation assembling in that place. During a portion of that period, he officiated at Argyle Chapel, Bath, for the Rev. Mr. Tuppen, who soon afterwards died. Mr. Jay then received a unanimous and pressing invitation to become the stated minister of that place, which invitation he accepted; and on the 30th of January, 1791, being then in his twenty-second year, he was ordained pastor of the church and congregation, according to the form usually observed by Protestant Dissenters.

Mr. Jay's pulpit labours soon became an object of consider-

able attraction. Mr. Dyer, his successor, says: "Strangers and visitors, Episcopalians as well as others, came to hear him. In time, men distinguished not only by station but by fame, as orators and statesmen, divines and poets, were occasionally seen among his auditors. Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Wilberforce, as well as many others of less note, heard the word from his lips. The latter renowned philanthropist was greatly attached to him, heard him on every possible occasion, and corresponded with him on subjects of high importance. Hannah More was one of his regular hearers. Sheridan described him among friends as 'the most perfectly natural orator he ever heard.'"

For nearly half a century, Mr. Jay was accustomed to visit the metropolis annually, for a month or six weeks, confining his preaching chiefly to the congregation of the Rev. Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel. His popularity was established from his first appearance in that place, and it was maintained to the very last. And so generally was he regarded as a model of pulpit excellence, that ministers of all denominations eagerly embraced opportunities of hearing him, especially on week-days, when liberated from their own stated engagements.

In 1841, Mr. Jay completed the fiftieth year of his ministry at Argyle Chapel. This event was celebrated, first in the chapel, and afterwards at a public breakfast, at which upwards of eight hundred persons attended. A testimonial of respect was presented, consisting of a salver with an appropriate inscription, and a purse containing £650. Soon after this period, his natural energy began to abate; but, with the help of an assistant, he continued till August, 1852, to conduct a portion of the services with great regularity and energy. On the eighth day of that month, he preached his last sermon in Argyle Chapel. He then left home for Worthing with some members of his family, and while there he became seriously ill. He rallied sufficiently to return home, but never recovered. In October last, he informed his people of his intention to resign his office on the 30th of January, 1854, that being the anniversary of his ordination. His people had no alternative but to accept his resignation, which they accordingly acknowledged in a resolution couched in terms of deep respect. At the same time, an annuity of £200 was settled upon him. He passed nearly two months in severe and almost constant pain, but his mind remained collected and vigorous. On the even-

ing of Tuesday, December 27, he sank tranquilly into the arms of death, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Mr. Jay is described by those who knew him well, as "a man of catholic mind and heart. Clear in conception, vigorous in utterance, possessing a commanding and impressive elocution; and giving himself heart and soul to his work, especially to the pulpit." As a speaker, his voice was full, deep, and melodious, almost immediately arresting and fixing the attention of the hearer; and his power of modulation was such, that the pronunciation of a single sentence often impressed itself indelibly on the memory. His action and gesture were elegant and forcible.

Mr. Jay's published works are numerous, extending to twelve octavo volumes; consisting of sermons, biographies, a series of family devotions, and an essay on marriage. His volume of sermons, entitled "The Christian Contemplated," may be considered as his most finished performance; and as it did not appear till the year 1824, it contains the results of long study, extensive observation, and deep experience. In an introduction of great length, he criticises, sternly but judiciously, what he conceived to be the defects of much modern preaching, and justified his own style against the remarks of some carping critics. All his writings possess deep interest. His sermons, in addition to their sincere piety, are distinguished by strength of reasoning, depth of thought, familiarity of illustration, and simplicity of language often bordering upon quaintness. His biographical sketches are faithful records of those whose lives are portrayed, interspersed with pithy practical remarks and exhortations. A volume of lectures by him, on the character of some of the females named in Scripture, received the final corrections from his own hand but a few days before his death, and will shortly be published. He had been for some years preparing an autobiography, entitled "Reminiscences of my own Life and Times," which he had brought down to a very recent period. The manuscript, it is said, is confided, for the purpose of publication, to the editorship of the Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham. This work is expected to excite more than usual interest, not only because of the period over which it extends, but from the notices of distinguished individuals it must necessarily include and from Mr. Jay's well-known talent of observation and illustration.

A FEW WORDS ON THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER I.

THE fungus tribe is an important and most remarkable division of the vegetable kingdom, singular in structure, and many of the species exquisite in form and colouring, whilst others are calculated to be extremely valuable as articles of diet or of medicine. The range of growth of the species of this remarkable kind of vegetation is as surprising as the variety in size, form, and colour, which they exhibit. We wander in the dewy meadows in autumn, and we find the grass studded with mushrooms, some eight or ten inches in diameter, others but half developed and looking like little bunches of buttons on the ground; we see broad rings in the grass, of a deeper green and coarser herbage than other parts of the same field display, and we know them to be the "fairy-rings," which were formerly supposed to have been formed by the midnight gambols of the fairies, when, with nimble feet, they tripped in mystic dance beneath the moonbeams; those whom Prospero thus adjoins:—

"You demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites:—and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms."

These dark rings are now known to be caused by the growth of fungi, which, it is supposed, spread outwards from a centre, every year of their growth exhausting the soil of the circle

which they have occupied, and throwing out fresh germs to one beyond, in which they grow the next year, and then again push beyond it, and occupy a wider stretch in each succeeding year. As we pursue our ramble, and penetrate into the woods, we look above us, and see huge fringes of fungus growth hanging out from the trunks of the trees, and on the decayed stumps around we perceive the most exquisitely tinted clothing of what, by the sea-side, we should conceive to be shells clustered in shelves one above the other, and all grouped in the most vigorous and beautiful forms; we touch them, and they are wood-like; we take a chisel and hammer, and such hard work is it to chip them off, that we find it easier to take bark and all than to sever these parasites from the trunk on which they have fixed themselves. These beautiful objects are all fungi. Some of them in form and pencilling much resemble the beautiful sea-weed, *Fadina pavonia*, but their painting is different and consists of broad bands of black, delicately shading into gray or lavender, and alternating into a soft orange colour, the texture of the upper surface being velvety like the wing of a moth, and the lower part of a creamy white, full of minute pores which give it much the appearance of coralline formation.

We have had clusters of them brought us from the woods, so beautiful as to induce us to group them as nearly as possible as they would appear in their native habitat, and arrange them

for a basket for flowers; and when set off by a massive bunch of roses or dahlias, this structure formed an object as beautiful as it was curious, and lasted for very many months perfectly unchanged in form or colour. Besides these, and a thousand other varieties which infest trees, posts, &c., are a multitude of lovely little gems of all hues, which lie scattered about on the bare heath, or spring out of decayed leaves, bits of stick, wood, &c. Some are scarlet, others orange, snow-white, black, brown, purple, rose-coloured, or green—all glittering in the moisture beneath the bright autumnal sunbeams, and looking like so many jewels. Every object is more or less infested by this ubiquitous race; some spread themselves over our fruits; others attack our bread, cheese, pickles, or other manufactured articles of food. "When our beer becomes mothery," says Dr. Badham, "the mother of that mischief is a fungus; if pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy, and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all. Their reign stops not here, they even prey on each other. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants, and suck them dry; some (the architect and ship-builder's bane) pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum. The *Orygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses and the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone. The belly of a tropical fly is liable in autumn to break out into vegetable tufts of fungous growth, and the caterpillar to carry about in his body a *clavarius* bigger than himself." We have ourselves seen several specimens of a curious Australian fungus, consisting of a sort of stem, about an inch and half high, with a bunch of berry-like appearance at its summit. This takes its root in the head of a species of huge caterpillar, which, having burrowed in the earth preparatory to changing to the pupa state, becomes the prey of the fungus; and so firm is its hold, that when the latter is pulled from the ground, the caterpillar on which it has fixed itself comes up with it.

Almost every earthly thing is liable to be infested with some species or other of this tribe; the human teeth produce them, and the wounded flesh of living men. But we must forbear, for we might fill a large volume, were we to attempt to describe all the strange and varied situations which fungi select for their own especial habitations and sustenance.

The structure of the fungus tribe is most peculiar, and differs in toto from that of any other. Their whole substance may be considered as a mass of reproductive matter. Link, a noted writer on this order of *cryptogamic* plants, defines the essence of a fungus to be "sporules disposed in a series in elongated tubular cells, the cells situated in some part of the external surface." The spores of fungi answer to the seeds in other plants; they consist of round, oval, oblong, or occasionally other shaped bodies, so minute as in most cases not to be distinguishable by the naked eye, but displaying, when viewed with a microscope, various colours, pink, purple, yellow, or white; they are sometimes naked, but more frequently closed up in little receptacles, those of regular form being called *thecae*, and those of irregular form *sporangies*. When ripe the spores are either ejected from these little cases with a jerk, caused by the bursting of an elastic ring which encircles them, or else they return to the earth with the dissolving substance of the fungus in which they have existed. In the puff-ball (*Lycoperdon gaeastrum*, &c.) and in some other tribes, the spores are wholly internal, and in such prodigious numbers as quite to fill the cavity of the fungus, and to burst out from its centre, when pressed, like a dense smoke. Of such structure is the *Lycoperdon stellatum*, or Stellated Puff-ball, of which we give a cut (fig. 2); the spores issuing in a column from the chimney-like aperture when the bag below is pressed, so suddenly and so high in proportion to its size, as to be quite startling. It would be occupying too much space were we to attempt to give any detailed account of the mode of development of these spores, or of other parts of the structure of this wonderful tribe; we must, therefore, refer such of our readers as desire deeper information on these points, to more learned and elaborate writers on the subject, and restrict ourselves to the single object of supplying a few such facts

connected with the appearance and habits of some of the genera, as may serve to interest the general reader.

"What geometry shall define their ever-varying shapes? Who but a Venetian painter do justice to their colours?" says Dr. Badham, in his very interesting work "On the Esculent Funguses of England;" and well may he challenge competition with this Protean family. "As to shapes," he adds, "some are simple threads, like the *Hyssus*, and never get beyond this; some shoot out into branches like sea-weed; some puff themselves out into puff-balls; some thrust their heads into mitres; these assume the shape of a cup, and those of a wine-funnel; some, like *Agaricus mammosus*, have a test; others, like *A. clypeolarius*, are umbonated at their centre; these are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand on; some are shell-shaped, some are bell-shaped, and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig. Some assume the form of a horse's hoof; others of a goat's beard; in the *Clathrus cancellatus*, you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis which surrounds it." Besides these marvellously varied kinds, there are others: one formed like a nest, another like an ear. "One," says Dr. Badham, "is so like a tongue in shape and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees you would not have cut it off to pickle or eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come to claim it of you."

The *Clathrus cancellatus*, of which we before spoke, is a most remarkable fungus. Its lower member, as exhibited in the cut (fig. 1), is white, the upper lattice-like part a bright coral hue. It has only been found in two places in England, being an inhabitant of the south of Europe. Those two places are the Isle of Wight and Torquay; in this last-named place it has been found in two localities. Mrs. Griffiths says, in describing those first discovered: "It appeared in Mrs. Travers' garden at Torquay, in rich reddish earth, formerly a plantation. When Mrs. Travers gathered the fungus, it was in a ball, and before she could bring it into the house it had burst up to its height. The scarlet part had a most vivid colour till the darker part decomposed. I was so very much annoyed by the stench, that I could not take more pains with the drawing." Last autumn (1853) other specimens were found of this curious plant in another part of Torquay.

Another of our cuts (fig. 3) represents that most brilliantly beautiful species *Agaricus muscarius*. Few objects can be more splendid than a cluster of these richly-tinted fungi, when they have been allowed to attain any size without being preyed on by slugs or other enemies. The pileus, or cup, is of a vivid orange-red, though sometimes more inclining to a carmine hue, and over it are scattered angular warts of a snowy whiteness. It rises first from the earth in a conical form, then after a time the pure white veil which connects the edge of the cup with the *stipes*, or stem, gives way, and falls back, discovering the pale lemon-tinted gills which lie beneath it. The root is bulb-shaped, and the fungus, when extended fully, often five or six inches in diameter, standing on a velvet-like white stem of several inches in height. It is highly poisonous, and is used by the Russians to make an intoxicating potion, called "*moucha more*," which they use to produce a kind of delirium. The coal-mines of Dresden exhibit the interesting phenomenon of fungi which emit light like pale moon-beams; and Mr. Gardner states, that whilst passing along the streets of a Brazilian town, he "observed some boys amusing themselves with what appeared to be large fire-flies, but which proved, on inspection, to be a fungus belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, which gave out a bright phosphorescent light of a pale green." He next day obtained considerable quantities, and found that a few of them in a dark room were sufficient to read by. Of a few of the varied forms of this singular tribe our cuts and descriptions may have given some little idea; but to supply the least notion of the exquisite and most vivid tinting, the soft pencilling and shading which these singular productions display, would baffle the most skilful painter. Their hues are as varied as they are lovely; in one tribe alone, the *Agaricus*, we find crimson, flecked with white, violet, rich orange, scarlet, yellow of every tint, green,

pure white, brown of all shades, and a thousand other dyes; over the spreading caps of some of the species of this genus are scattered snow-white warts, some are marked with geometrical figures, and many kinds are covered with a glossy varnish which gives to them almost a metallic lustre. In texture they also greatly differ, some species being so leathery and firm, that they can be sewed together; the *Amadou* is of this character, and has been used by a medical practitioner in

be altogether unbearable, whilst others are described as smelling "like the bloom of May." One species smells of onions, another of cinnamon, a third of Tarragon, a fourth of apricots and ratafia. Besides these various olfactory effusions, fungi present us with as illusive and remarkable flavours. To use Dr. Badham's words, "they are sapid, sour, sweet, peppery, rich, acrid, nauseous, bitter, styptic;" a few, and these generally of a dangerous character, have little or no

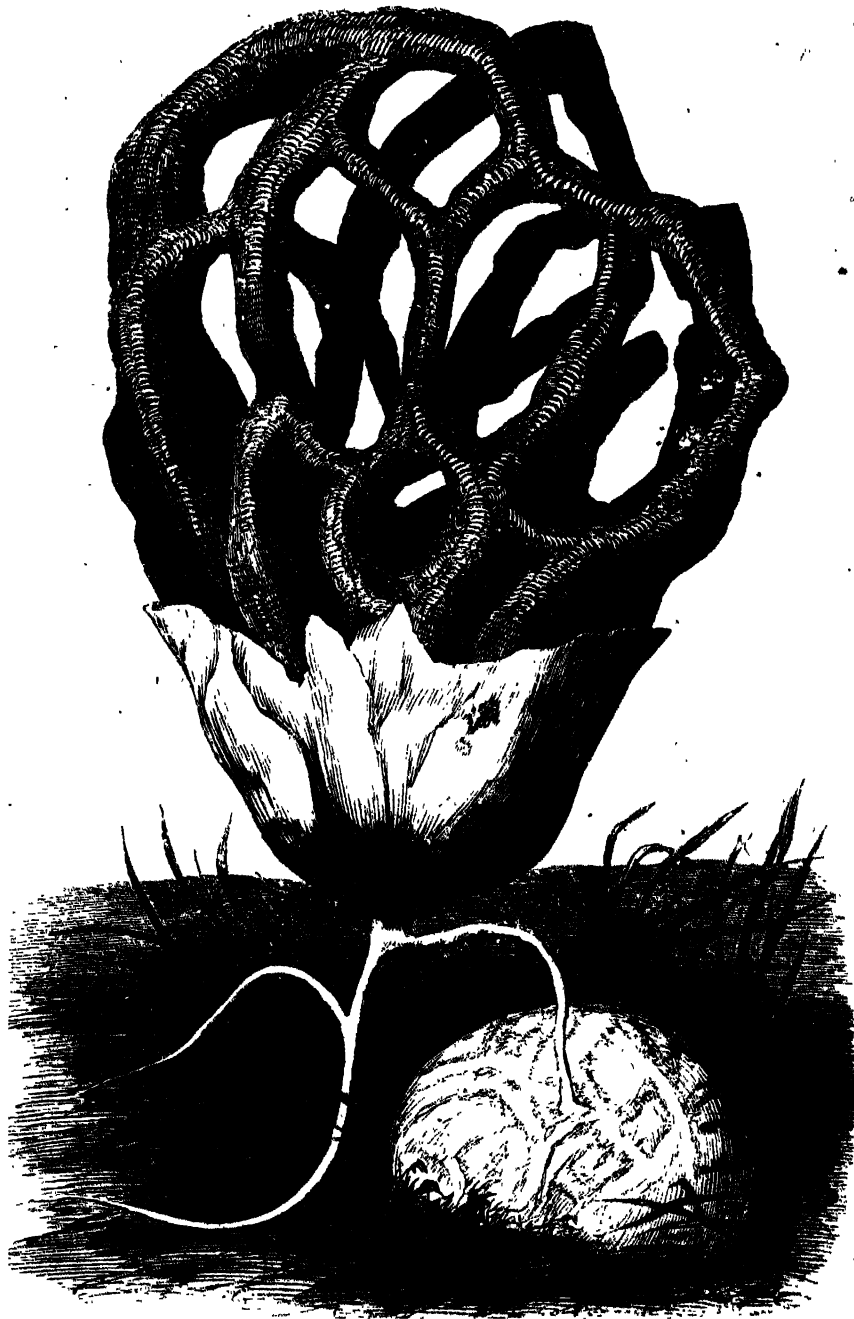


FIG. 1.—CLATHRUS CANCELLATUS.

extensive sheets for spreading under sufferers from excretion, it being softer and more elastic than chamois leather. The poor in Franconia, also, make themselves dresses of this fungus. Some funguses are hard as wood, others so brittle that the touch of a finger will break them; some are solid and firm, and others slimy and disagreeable to the touch.

They also present immense diversity in both odour and flavour, some species emitting so disagreeable a smell as to

taste; and there are others whose flavour is unlike that of any other substance in existence, and quite peculiar to themselves—that, for instance, of the mould on cheese, a taste well known to all, and much admired by some.

The expansive growth of fungi, and their varied habitats must next call for a few remarks. Some of the facts supplied us by authors on the former would be considered as scarcely credible, did they rest on less worthy evidence than

that which attests them. Sowerby states, that he has placed specimens of the *Phallus caninus*, or "stinking morel," on his window over night, in the egg-shape, and found them, next day, fully grown; and another author speaks of his placing *Phallus impudicus* within a glass vessel, and its expanding so rapidly as to shiver the glass to pieces with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Carpenter gives an account of a paving-stone, twenty-one inches square and weighing eighty-five pounds, being raised an inch and a half from its station by a cluster of toadstools springing up under it; and many other facts, which attest as well the explosive power as the rapid growth of funguses, are given by different authors, one having been known to attain the size of seven feet five inches in circumference, and the weight of thirty-four pounds in three weeks, and others the weight of twelve pounds in a few days. But none of these statements, remarkable as they are, are so wonderful as one which is made by Sir Joseph Banks of a circumstance which occurred under his own roof.

cellar was found to be literally full of fungous growth, which had borne the cask aloft to the ceiling, where it stuck, upheld by funguses, the produce of the wine which had all leaked out and formed this monstrous growth!

But although these monstrous and sudden growths call for our wonder and admiration of the power of Him who can thus produce such huge structures from spores which are invisible to the naked eye, and command that which is so minute, to become, in a few hours, an organised structure of such magnitude and such complication of arrangement, we must not let our praise and adoration stop here; for in the minuter growths which we shall soon examine, we shall find as wondrous an exhibition of surpassing skill as in these larger products. The microscopic fungi—those which by fastening on his crops become the bane of the farmer, and are in God's hand a means whereby he can cut off our staple article of food, and "destroy the staff of bread," under the name of "the smut in wheat" (*Puccinia graminis*), or cause our bean or potato crops to



FIG. 2.—LYCOPERDON STELLATUM. THE STELLATED PUFF-BALL.

He states that a friend having sent him a cask of wine, which was too new and sweet for present use, it was locked up in a cellar to mature. At the end of three years, Sir Joseph, supposing that time had now done its work, proceeded to open his cellar and inspect its contents. Little did he think how time had been employed, and little did he conceive what would be the contents of that cellar. The door refused to open, and being invincible by gentle means, he had it fairly cut away; but he was no nearer effecting an entrance than before: the



FIG. 3.—AGARICUS MUSCARIUS. THE FLY-BLOWN AGARIC (SMALL SPECIMEN).

perish—are among the most surprising of vegetable productions, and will hereafter engage our attention. We shall, in our next paper, point out the immense supply for the wants of man which might be found in the esculent fungi that our land so freely produces, both spontaneously, and also when cultivated—a supply of which our continental neighbours so fully avail themselves; whilst, in our own country, they are allowed to rot unnoticed in the place where they have sprung up.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET us go back to two of the personages of our tale in whom we trust our readers are interested.

Giulio Polani had returned with the troops to Venice, and resumed his intercourse with Bianca without any restraint. In truth, there seemed to be no reason why the young people should feel any restraint. It was natural for them to suppose that the Count Polani would not be averse to their union, and he certainly did not seem to trouble himself about the matter. Alas! his thoughts were occupied too much about his pecuniary difficulties to permit him to be very keen-eyed as to how two young members of his family passed their time; and if he thought of Bianca, it was with the determination that, come

what might, he would resist, if possible, the fulfilment of his foolish contract in relation to her.

Upon the day when the count paid the visit to Pietro Molo, Giulio and Bianca sat alone in a *salone* of the Palazzo Polani. The young man looked fondly upon the girl, but his look was full of joy—there was nothing to trouble its happiness, or dim the confiding hope that shone out from his eyes. The girl, with glowing cheek and down-turned eyes, was apparently contemplating, with very profound attention, a fresh rose-bud which she held in her hand, but from which she nevertheless from time to time plucked the young leaves. The case of the young couple was manifest. Even old Ginder's dim-eyed

she was, would at once have pronounced them to be lovers, who had told their love, and had nothing now to do but to tell it over again.

"Dearest Bianca," said Giulio, "when you have quite demolished that pretty rose—which hath done you no wrong that I know of, save that it too is fair—will you do me the favour to let me know whereon your thoughts are so busy for the last minute and a half?"

The girl looked up and smiled, but her smile had somewhat of sadness in it.

"I thought, dear Giulio, how very happy I am; and then came a something over my spirit that made me sad and fearful, lest such happiness was too great to be long-lived: one is sure

And a cloud crossing the heart when it is glad, as the shadow is always the darkest when the sun shines most brightly."

"Nay, nay, dear one, not so shall it be with us: ours shall be the sunshine of the long, long summer day; no cloud save those that will deck heaven in gold and purple—no shadows save those that bring freshness and repose."

"Ah! that it may be so, Giulio; and yet I have some reason to fear——"

"How?—where?—from whom? Tell me at once, Bianca. My father surely will not disapprove——"

"I have no cause to think he will; but—— Come, I will tell thee what has disturbed me. It was but yesterday that, as I sat in the balcony overlooking the canal, watching the gondolas pass by, one with a band of minstrels in it stopped beneath my window, when a girl began to sing to the music of a rebek. After her song was ended, I gave her a guerdon, and she cried to me in a merry voice, 'Thanks, dear lady; mayst thou have a happy bridal and a speedy.' At this moment the man who played upon the rebek looked up, and fixed his glittering black eyes upon me, and then he spoke in a deep, sad voice: 'Sorrow, and trial, and darkness! The bridegroom shall come, but Death shall enter at the door with him. He who comes to wed shall go forth without a bride. Sorrow, and trial, and darkness!' I sank backwards with a scream, and when I recovered my composure sufficiently to look down again, the gondola had disappeared. But the words of that man still ring in my ears, and his black, glittering eyes, and his high forehead with the deep scar across it, haunt me incessantly."

"A deep scar across the forehead, didst thou say Bianca?" asked Giulio, and his heart sank within him as he recognised in the description, the ciarlatano, Bartolomeo.

"Yes, dear Giulio, dost thou know such a one?"

"Nay, nay, I did but seek to know some mark whereby I might find the knave that affrighted thee. But dismiss this silly adventure from thy mind. Come, thou shalt sing for me ere I leave thee."

The girl looked up into his face with a smile of trusting love, and while a sigh fluttered upon her lips she took up her mandolin and said—

"Thou shalt hear the newest canzone in Venice, Giulio—They call it

LA BELLEZZA.

O'er a swift, bright streamlet blowing,
A rose stooped down, one day,
To catch, in the limpid waters flowing,
Her blushing image gay;
But the breeze of morn came freshly by,
And brushed the vain rose impetuously,
Rending each tender leaf away.
The leaves fell down the waves among,
And they bore them, rushing for ever along,
Far, far, to the hungry sea—
Thus rapidly, O Heaven, still flies,
Adown time's checkless river,
The loveliness that most we prize,
From our fond eyes for ever."

"Thanks, dear Bianca, a pretty song in sooth, and hath a good moral withal. Well, as Time's river speeds with us all, shall we not do well to float down the stream as smoothly as we can? And now, must I leave thee for a time. Addio, my love, we shall meet soon again."

And, kissing the hand of his mistress, he departed.

Thus day succeeded day, and March was now drawing to its close; the count Polani sought in vain to extricate himself from the difficulties that surrounded him. He applied in various quarters for a loan on his estates, but he found, what many a man has found since and before, that in proportion to one's necessities for money is the difficulty of obtaining it. A few years since he would have met a hundred goldsmiths ready to lend; now there seemed suddenly to be a dearth in the coffers of every one of those sagacious citizens. Somehow they had all discovered that the count was going down in the world, and they assisted him accordingly to—go down still further. At length, it was within one day of that upon which the bond to Molo would be payable, and the count with all his exertions was able to raise little more than half the amount: to apply again to the banker was, he well knew, useless, and would but subject him to the humiliation of a refusal. One thing, therefore, seemed certain, that upon the morrow, when old Molo should demand his money, that demand could not be complied with; and then what were to be the consequences? Would the old usurer really seek the fulfilment of the other condition of the obligation?—or would he not rather proceed against the property and person of his debtor and get what he could? The laws against debtors were very stringent, and Molo might hope in the long run to extract the last farthing; but, on the other hand, had he not refused all compromise and arrangement, and doggedly announced his determination to abide by the contract, and to enforce it too? and, above all, he had procured the license from the council for the marriage of his nephew. All these things the unhappy count revolved in his mind as he sat by himself that morning in one of the apartments of his palace at length, he started up with the air of a man who has formed some desperate determination.

"I will go to Bianca," he muttered, "I will tell her all; she shall know that it is in her power to save me; that I have sold her, as needy men sell their jewels," he added bitterly; "and then let her decide. After all she may, perhaps, think the hand of a wealthy citizen should not be spurned by a poor noble's daughter. Come, we shall see."

A few moments brought him to the boudoir of the girl.

"A fair morning to you, dear child," said the count, with an unwonted tenderness as he sat down beside her. "I have come to intrude upon your solitude. In truth I begin to think you pass but a lonely life of it here."

"Nay," replied the girl, "it is not so. I am not lonely with so many friends. Have I not yourself at times, and the signora Lucretzia and her daughter Caterina, and my dear old Giudetto? and more, is not there my brother Giulio?" One who was versed in the ways of women might have detected a slight embarrassment in the last words of the young lady; but the Count Polani was not much skilled in such matters; besides his thoughts were otherwise occupied, and so he did not perceive it.

"Ah, yes, no doubt, Bianca; that's all very well in its way. But thou art now of years to think of other companionship. Dost know that I have had a suitor for thy hand? Aye, and a wealthy one, too."

The maiden's heart beat fast, but she did not speak; could Giulio, thought she, have disclosed all to his father? After a moment's pause the count continued—

"Give me now, my dear child, for a little space, thy attention, while I state all to thee. Thou knowest how that in thy early years thou wast committed to my care by thy father, my dear friend—how I have nurtured thee even as I have my own child, and though my habits and sex precluded my attending personally to thee, yet I hope thou hast never stood in need of aught that kindness could supply."

"You have indeed ever been very good, dear signora," replied Bianca, "and I have had much happiness."

"I rejoice to hear thee say so. Well, the time is now come when it imports thee to know that thy father, when consigning thee to my guardianship, enjoined upon thee not only in his testament, but also in a writing addressed to himself, that thou shouldst be solely guided by me in the matter of thy

marriage; that thou shouldst accept no suitor save at my hands, and that thou shouldst yield an entire obedience to my wishes therein, even as thou wouldst to him, if living. Here is the letter, Bianca; thou shalt read it by and by; meantime, let me proceed. Hast thou ever read, my pretty one," continued the count, with an affectation of gaiety that he did not feel, "that, by an ancient law of our republic, he that offered the most money was entitled to the hand of the fairest damsel, and a part of his wealth was assigned by the state as a portion for the maidens who had neither personal charms nor wealth to attract suitors. Well, that old law is abolished, but somewhat of its spirit survives, for the fathers of Venice are wont to think that they best consult the honour and dignity of their houses when they bestow their most beautiful daughters on the wealthiest suitors; and the daughters of Venice are ever obedient to the command of their parents, and recognise the wisdom of the state in making the will of the parent all but paramount."

The count paused a moment. He had, in his own opinion, made a capital opening, and he sought to discover the effect which his words had upon his auditor. In this, however, he was unsuccessful. Bianca listened unmoving, with her eyes turned downwards, and, save from the paleness of her cheek, one could not perceive any symptom of emotion.

"Well, as I said, my dear child, a wealthy suitor seeks thy hand—one whose riches can retrieve the splendour of your ancient, though now impoverished house, and place thee where by thy birth thou shouldst be; for thou knowest how wealth is worshipped in this our state of Venice, and how it can achieve all things. He is young, too, and report speaks well of him as fairly endowed in mind and person. To-morrow this youth—Girolamo Molo, the son of the great banker of Milano, and a citizen of Venice—will seek your hand with my full permission."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the maiden, looking at the count with an expression of surprise and terror—"surely, dear signore, you cannot mean this! Besides, I am indeed contented to live amongst those whom I now know and love, and desire to form no new ties. Ah! in the name of heaven, let not this be. I beseech you, in the name of my dear parent who placed me in your hands, suffer me to remain as I am at present—were he alive, I should not sue to him in vain."

"What folly is this, Bianca? Here art thou a maiden, of years to become a matron; a hand and a fortune are offered thee which few would reject; and yet wouldst thou decline so fair a proposal, and that without having even seen him who makes it. This cannot be."

The poor girl arose, and casting herself at the feet of the count, burst into a passion of tears. Polani was amazed, and not a little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. Heretofore he had ever found the young girl gentle and submissive to all his requests, and scarce gave her credit for great depth or strength of feeling. He raised her gently, and seating her again beside him, sought to soothe her as best he was able.

"How is this, dear child? It may be that I have disclosed the matter to you somewhat too suddenly. Be comforted, Bianca. Thou hast nothing to fear from me. In the name of that father to whose memory thou hast appealed, I, in my turn, beseech you to hear me. Thou shalt know how deeply my own honour and welfare, as well as Giulio's, whom thou dost love as a brother, are involved in this matter. I have solemnly pledged myself to the uncle of this youth, which as thy guardian I might lawfully do, that he should have thy hand in marriage; should I fail in my engagement, I am under the obligation to pay upon the instant a large sum of money as an equivalent. That sum I have not, nor can I by any human means procure it. The consequence of my default, I need not tell thee, will be to me imprisonment, confiscation, ruin—to Giulio, beggary, a blasted name, and expatriation."

"Oh! terrible, terrible!" cried the girl, shuddering. "Is there no other means of saving those I love than by sacrificing myself. Ah, dear signore, I will cheerfully give my own poor inheritance towards discharging this obligation. Take it, take it—only spare me the misery of—"

"My dear Bianca, I might not, even if I were willing, avail myself of thy generosity. Thou art not yet of an age to dispose of thy property, and the state would not suffer any one to plunder thee. And now that thou seest the whole matter, this much do I require of thee at least. Receive the visit of this youth to-morrow. Judge for thyself; remember the duty thou owest to me, as filling the place of thy father; forget not that in Venice the child resists not the will of the parent in such things; forget not how much is at stake; and then—yes, dear Bianca—then, I know well, thou wilt act as I would have thee. And now, dear child, I leave thee for the present; thou wilt receive the youth at the appointed time, and I confidently reckon on thy obedience."

It was long before the bewildered girl could compose her mind sufficiently to think with calmness upon this sudden trial. And, in truth, thought brought her but a little comfort. The entire subjection to parental authority, in which women were educated in Venice, the mode in which marriages were arranged, as a matter of contract and convenience between the fathers without paying the slightest regard to the feelings of the children, made the conduct of the count appear less tyrannical in the eyes of Bianca than it would in those of a daughter of our own happy land; and the habitual deference which she had ever rendered to every command of the count, would, in all probability, have induced her to have yielded an unresisting obedience in this case, had not her affections been already engaged. But now she clung to her love with all the truth and fidelity of woman's nature—she could not resign it. She felt as though it would be easier to resign life itself. And Giulio, how would he endure the trial?—would he relinquish her without an effort? It was plain, as yet, he was in ignorance of this fatal contract—ah, could he have the means of preventing it?—and then the ruin which her refusal would involve him in: him whom she loved well enough to sacrifice everything for. The conflict between love and duty raged in the mind of the unhappy girl with a fierceness and violence all the greater, that it was unwanted, and her heart was well nigh rent in the struggle. Hours thus passed and found her still sitting in the chair where the count had left her, when the door was gently opened and Giulio Polani entered.

"Why, dearest Bianca, I thought thou must have been at thy orisons. Here have I been knocking, I know not how long, at thy chamber door, and having received no answer, I have been forced to act as my own usher. But, Santissima Madre! what is the matter with thee? Thou art ill, surely."

Ill, indeed, she was; ill in mind and ill in body also. Her eyes were swollen and red with weeping; she was pale and languid, and her head throbbled with a dull, heavy aching. The young man sprang to her side and seized her hand.

"Cielo! dearest, how is this?—thy pulse is weak and fluttering, thy hand is cold—speak, in God's name, and tell me, hath aught happened?"

"Much! much!" cried the girl, and bending her head forward, she sobbed hysterically upon the bosom of her lover.

We shall not pursue the scene further. Let such of our readers draw upon his or her experience, if such he or she have; if that happily be wanting, fancy must supply its place. At length, however, Giulio became acquainted with the full extent of the calamity that impended over both. To relinquish the object of his affection was not to be thought of—what young man like him ever did so in the face of difficulty and danger? When he had offered the best comfort in his power, and the girl was somewhat calm, he said:

"Dearest Bianca, I know that thou art true to our love. Wilt thou be faithful to the end, come what may?"

"To the death, dear Giulio," said the girl, with a solemn energy that seemed strange in one of her gentle nature.

"Then are we not without hope, even wert thou at the altar's foot. Meantime, something may yet be done to discharge my father's debt, even at the last moment. See this note, dearest; I came to make thee acquainted with its import, and now it seems as if heaven has sent this opportunity to me. Thou dost remember the young French seigneur, Jacques de

the Mole, whom I brought to see thee near twelve months since? Well, not half an hour ago, this paper was put into my hands by Tommaso, who had it from a gondolier at the door of the palazzo."

The young man then read the note:—

"Fate brings me once again to Venice, and I am reminded of thee, dear Giulio. Come to me this evening after sunset, I entreat thee by our old friendship. Thou wilt find me at the sign of the 'Croce d'Oro' at Mestre. I do not forget that I am thy debtor, and will repay thee with interest."

JACQUES."

"Now, dearest Bianca," continued Giulio, "I will go to my friend and disclose all to him. I know the amount of my father's debt to old Molo, and I doubt not that Jacques will readily place the sum at my service, as I am well aware that he is wealthy enough to do so without inconvenience. If I succeed—and I know his friendship and generosity too well to entertain a doubt—then shall the old usurer's debt be repaid in good time, and we shall be saved; but, if the worst happen, be well assured that thou shalt not, save with thy own consent, be the bride of another, while I have life and a free arm to save thee. Have a brave heart, then, dearest, while I go to meet my friend. I shall see thee again to-night, upon my return: for the present, addio! May the Virgin have thee in her keeping."

The sun had scarce sunk below the horizon, when the gondola of Giulio Polani, having traversed the lagune, reached Mestre, then, as now, one of the principal approaches to Venice from the north. Despite of the confident assurances with which he sought to support Bianca, his heart was full of trouble and doubt; and as he entered the *osteria* of the "Croce d'Oro," he felt somewhat as a gambler may be supposed to feel who has staked his all upon the turn of the dice which he is just about to cast. Passing through the grooms and servitors that crowded the court-yard, he was shown into a private apartment, and in a moment found himself in the arms of his friend.

"Pardieu, mon cher Jules," said Jacques, after they were seated; "I owe you some apology for my discourteous departure last year; but it was expedient for me to act as I did. Had I not left Venice, I might have been involved in serious difficulties—but of that no more at present. I hope at some future period to be more explicit. And now, cher enfant, tell me all about thyself and thine; and first of all, how is my fair enemy, for so I must call her, seeing that she caused me to lose my wager—thy sister; is it not so you call her?" And Jacques smiled significantly; "the signora Bianca I mean."

"Ah! caro mio," replied Giulio with a forced gaiety, "a truce with thy bantering. If thou hast lost thy wager, thou didst find out my secret."

"Aye, Giulio," replied the other, gravely, "and I hold the knowledge cheaply purchased. Ma foi! my own heart would have been lost to the fair one did I not quickly discover that I could not do homage to beauty without being false to friendship. And now, Giulio, having sacrificed so much to my friend, I am entitled to know how fares his love-suit."

"Dear Jacques, my best friend, I acknowledge thy claim. I have come to tell thee all; to consult thee; to tax thy friendship to the utmost."

Giulio then recounted the mutual love of himself and Bianca, how they had bound themselves irrevocably to be faithful to that love, how their happiness was now imperilled by the embarrassments of the count's affairs, and the singular compact which he had entered into with old Pietro Molo. To all this his auditor listened with profound attention, nor did he suffer an expression of any sentiment to escape his lips till Giulio came to an end. Even then he continued silent for some time, and then asked—

"What did you say was the name of the banker? Molo, was it not Molo?"

"Yes, Pietro Molo; every one in Venice knows him. I marvel that you have not heard his name."

"Strange!" pursued the other half musingly, "is he

connected in any way with Jacopo Molo, the great banker of Milan?"

"They are brothers."

"Ah, I see. And the young man is the son of Jacopo, I presume. Do you know his name?"

"Girolamo."

"Girolamo! Girolamo Molo! I had some knowledge of a youth of that name in Damascus. He was connected with the Milanese family, too, if I remember aright. Why it must be the same, Giulio."

"Very possible, my dear Jacques. Pray what sort of a person may he be? Is he a formidable rival, think you?"

"Well, that's not an easy question to answer. And yet there be those who would think he might find favour in the eyes of a fair lady, even of Venice. But corragio, dear Giulio; you have been beforehand with him, and secured the lady's affections. But that unlucky contract that your father has entered into gives him a terrible advantage, supposing that the money shall not be forthcoming."

"Ah, diavolo! Yes, Jacques, there is the difficulty, and in that you must help me."

"As how, Giulio?"

"You have often told me you are wealthy beyond your utmost wants. I know you are generous, and I believe you are my friend. Lend me then, dear Jacques, this sum, and my father and myself shall ensure thee the repayment of it by the pledge of all we possess in the world. I know well how far he would go to avert the degradation of giving the child of a Morosini to a wealthy plebeian."

"Of course he would. I can fully sympathise with his feelings in that respect. Well then, to save him and thee, and above all the fair Bianca, from such a calamity, I shall do my utmost. How much do you want?"

"Five thousand ducats."

"A large sum, by my faith; and upon such short notice. Well, suppose I am unable to arrange the matter for thee by to-morrow, what then?"

"What then?" repeated Giulio fiercely; "why that I will tear her from his arms, even though he and I perish!"

"Ah, Dieu!" cried Jacques, with a shudder, "ça serait grand dommage. Well, sooner than endanger thy life or that of Girolamo, whose plebeian puddle is not worth one drop of thy aristocratic blood, I will give thee the sum thou requirest. Fortunately I have letters of exchange upon this very Molo, nearly to that amount. Thy father can supply what I fall short, so far as a thousand ducats or so. Is it not so?"

"Oh, yes!" said Giulio eagerly.

"Ah, then the matter is settled; thou shalt have the bills just now. Meantime, thou shalt pledge me in the health of the fair Bianca, and success to thy undertaking. Nay, nay, dear friend, no more thanks, pray;" and he restrained the protestations of gratitude which Giulio was pouring forth in a delirium of joy.

The young man continued to converse for some time, but Jacques soon perceived that his companion was too much engrossed by his own affairs to be able to sustain the part of a boon companion. Accordingly, he arose, and taking from his portmanteau, which lay on a chair in the room, a small casket bound with straps of gold, he unlocked it, and drew forth several papers. From these he selected several bills, or letters of exchange, and placing them in the hands of Giulio said,—

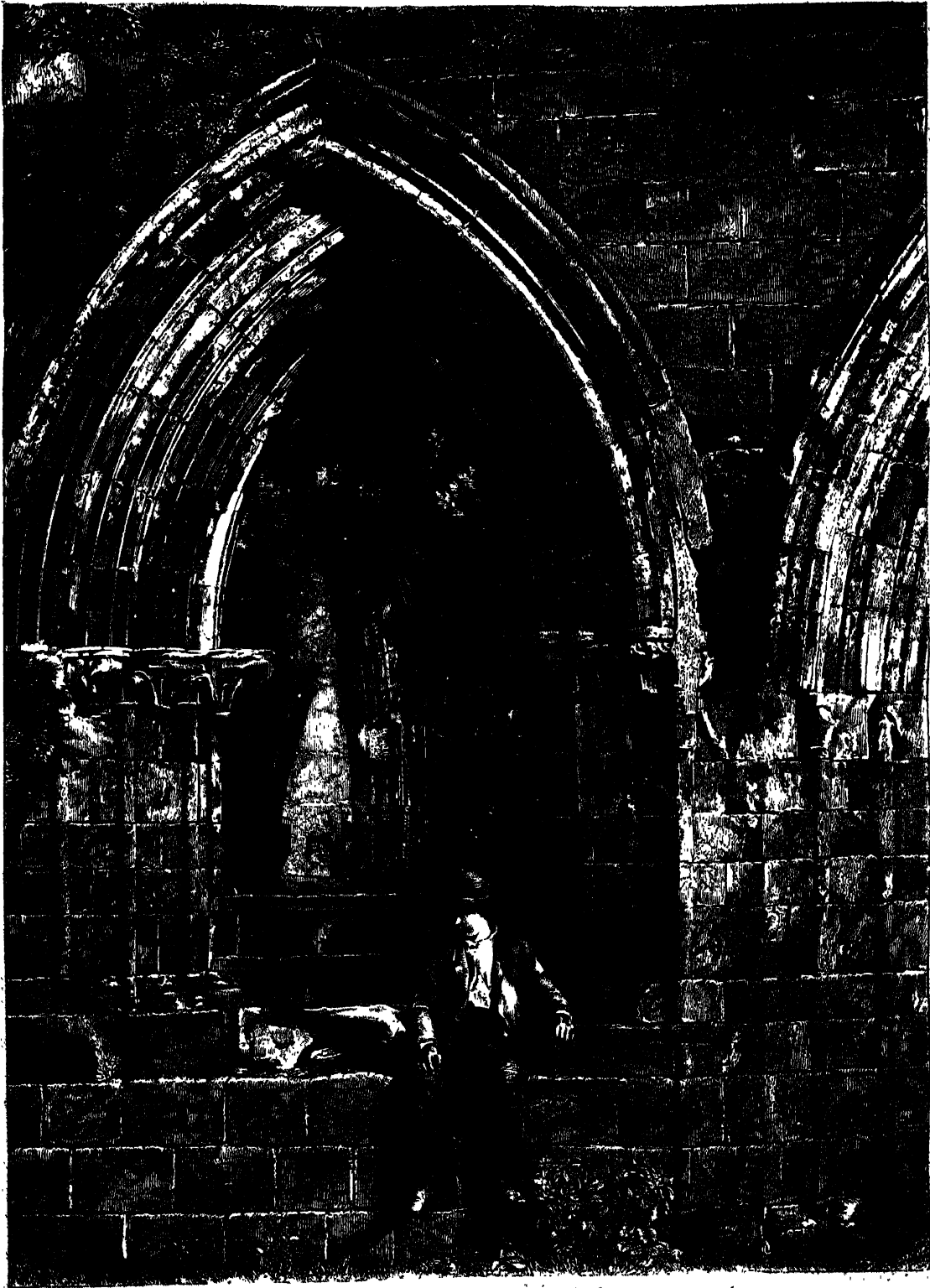
"Here, caro mio, are bills to the amount of four thousand ducats. Your old friend Molo will scarce refuse to honour them. We shall meet again soon in Venice when thou canst give me the security thou proposest. And now thou art anxious to depart, so I will not detain thee. Buona notte."

The friends embraced cordially, and in a few moments more Giulio was crossing the lagunes in his gondola to Venice; the twilight had faded into darkness before he left Mestre, and long ere he reached the city the gloom of night had settled down upon it.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

At a time when a newly awakened feeling for art, and need for true art-culture, has sprung up amongst us, nothing could

since it is deficient in the very pictorial element so much coveted, namely—colour.



THE BOY IN THE ARCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. DELAMOTTE.

have been devised, or come more opportunely, as a means of imparting a sound education of the eye and of refining the taste of the lover of art, than photography; and the more so,

Limited as the powers of photography are, at present, to the representation of form by the agency of light and shade only, photographic pictures possess a severity of truth which

renders them invaluable as a means of accustoming the eye to accuracy of outline and fidelity of light and shade. Colour cheats the eye to a great degree in its perception of form; therefore we hope that the so-much coveted discovery of the means of producing images in their natural colours, may be delayed until the more important result of training the eye to the appreciation of correct form has been accomplished.

The necessity for this education of the eye, both on the part of the artist and the public, must be evident to every one who can skilfully criticise the artistic productions which cover the walls of our exhibitions; it will be seen that amid the crowd of painters the good draughtsman is the exception rather than the rule. And this deficiency arises from the ordinary practice of young artists, who, in their eagerness to make pictures, rush to colour before they can produce a really finished drawing; hence it is that this country cannot show more than three or four eminent lithographers who can compete with the crowds of the same class of artists to be found in France and Germany. And thus the public, so seldom having an opportunity of seeing accurate drawing, accepts the bad with so much favour, because its falsehood is glossed over by meretricious colour: and further, it is incapable of detecting the gross distortions presented to view even in the pictures of many artists of note. A correct eye for the appreciation of form, as well as colour, is seldom found combined in the same individual; the former is capable of great improvement, while the latter, like an ear for music, cannot be acquired, although, when latent, it may be more or less correctly developed.

It will at once be evident that this art must come into antagonism with the pencil of the artist, and great has been the fear and consternation that the draughtsman's and painter's occupation was gone. It is said that photography is hated by artists, but if so, it can only be by those who are unworthy of their calling. An inferior mechanical artist may be jealous of such a rival, since it must compel him to be more faithful in his representations; but the artist with a true genius for his calling welcomes photography as a friend and ally. He will find scope enough beyond the limits of mechanical reproduction for the full play of his genius. Photography takes no liberties with nature, it never sacrifices truth to tricky effect. The light and shade in a photograph are not the less effective for being nature's own, and in nothing is this fact more evident, or striking than in architectural views, when compared with an ordinary artist's sketch of the same structure. In the latter it is frequently difficult or impossible to make out the details of the ornamentation, in consequence of the conventional manner in which the artist delineates them; while, in the former, every variation of surface, the most delicate chiselling, and even the qualities of texture, are given with wonderful truth, which an examination by the microscope even confirms.

We are led to these remarks by an examination of the interesting collection of photographs now exhibiting at the Photographic Institution in New Bond-street. Here we have collected into a focus, as it were, the choicest productions of this wonderful art, contributed by practitioners of other countries besides our own, and which fully represent the great state of perfection at which photography has arrived. Every department of art and nature is laid under contribution, and each adequately represented. Nature, animate and inanimate (the animals "taken unawares"); the leafless tree with its perplexing anatomy of branches and twigs, or crowned with its luxuriant foliage; the corn-field, the rural lane, the copse and dell, the lofty battlemented castle or lowly cottage, the bridge, the stream, are mirrored before us with picturesque effect and microscopic fidelity. But the happiest sphere of its operations appears to us to be architecture. How striking the countless details of the Gothic cathedral, or the crumbling ruin, or distant city with its spires, turrets, and domes, or the nearer view with the portraiture of public buildings; some of these views present charming pictures, the effect of which it would be impossible for art to improve. One of these views, simple in its subject ("The Boy in the Arch," photographed

by Mr. Delamotte), but most brilliant in effect, from its pleasing variety of light and shade, has so much merit that, by permission of the photographer, we have had it engraved for this Magazine, for which purpose it is extremely well suited; for while lacking those minute details which give so much value to certain representations, yet are so difficult to render by the artist's pencil, it has a sufficient breadth of *chiaro oscuro* to form a good picture. The boy, too, with his natural easy attitude, immediately attracts the eye, and imparts life to a scene which, without him, would lose much of its interest.

Among other architectural portraits in this exhibition, there are two, at least, which we cannot pass by without special mention: a view of "The Cathedral of Notre Dame," at Paris, and "The Hotel de Ville," in the same city. There are, doubtless, others of equal merit, but in them we recognise all the conditions we require to be fulfilled in admitting photographic pictures to the rank of works of art; for, be it observed, there are two classes of photographers, the *mechanical* and the *artistic*; and the same object taken by two individuals will be insipid or interesting according to the amount of artistic feeling employed in taking the view. Now we have seen many photographic views of the Notre Dame; but none that evince so fine an artistic perception as the one under consideration, taken by M. Balduc, as is evidenced in his selection of the point of view, and the time at which the picture was taken. During almost every hour in the day the pictorial aspect of a building varies, owing to the state of the atmosphere, and to the play of the sun's rays upon its principal or lateral façades. The artistic photographer will select the hour for taking his view when the building is most picturesque; the mechanical photographer will take his view at any hour indifferently; but the resulting photograph will loudly proclaim by which of the two it was taken. It is just the same in the art of painting; the majority of pictures exhibit merely mechanical or technical skill; all the higher qualities demanded in a truly artistic production are to be found only in the works of the few; hence the majority of pictures pass through three periods or stages of existence—production, exhibition, oblivion; or, as has been quaintly remarked, through hell, purgatory, and paradise: the latter consisting in the happiness we feel in forgetting them as soon as seen; for it must not be overlooked, that some three thousand new pictures are annually exhibited in London; but of that number how few are remembered for even a year after they are first seen.

But to return to photography; beside its suitability for representing objects of the kind already named, there are also its applications to the delineation of sculptured works and portraits from life, and a wide field of usefulness in its power of reproducing *fac simile* copies of rare etchings and engravings, drawings, manuscripts, &c. In portraiture it has many advantages over the daguerreotype, and has nearly superseded it. In the multiplication of *fac simile* copies of etchings, we have some very choice specimens, in a portfolio of examples obtained from Rembrandt's works: indeed, almost every day yields its surprise in new applications of this magical art.

Although photography dates its existence but fourteen years back, its progress has been wonderfully rapid, considering upon how delicate and refined a series of observations its development is based. Continental photographers were far outstripping those of the land of its birth: within a few months its progress has been incredibly rapid; and this progress dates from the abandonment of Mr. Talbot's patent rights. English photographers can now boldly challenge those of any nation.

The proceedings of the Photographic Society, which was established about two years ago, are calculated to have a most beneficial influence upon the progress of this rising branch of art. Its second exhibition was opened a short time since, and was honoured by a visit from her Majesty and Prince Albert, who are well known to be no mean proficient in photography, as in other elegant pursuits.

THE COVENANTERS.

IN "Old Mortality" Scott has represented or *mis*-represented the Covenanters. In other productions of his fertile genius he has alluded to them, and given, here and there, a sketchy indication of those terrible covenanting days, and of those who had imbibed the spirit of the times. Wandering Willie tells us, in a weird and fearful fashion, of the persecutors in hell; and in the "Bride of Lammermoor" we are introduced to Mr. Bide-the-Bent, who had been "out in the persecution." But in "Old Mortality"—the Marmion of his novels—the subject is brought more fully and broadly before us.

The covenant which the sixth James signed, while he was yet a boy—a saucy blockhead, as his tutor called him—included an abjuration of the Roman Catholic faith and an obligation to support the Protestant religion. Later in his life this same sagacious and pedantic king renewed the covenant at Edinburgh, giving thereby fresh impulse to the Presbyterian cause; but the old quarrel between the prince and the priests soon broke out again, and while matters were in the most unsatisfactory state imaginable, James quitted Scotland as England's king. The religion of Scotland had become the great question of the day. James attempted to reduce its institutions to uniformity with those of England, and the quarrel, bad enough before, now grew worse. Of all causes of quarrel under the sun none have been so prolific as religion. When James claimed the right to rule in matters ecclesiastical, and instituted penalties to compel obedience, every Scottish pulpit rang with invectives. When bishops came to rule the church, and had their way prepared by church officers, whom the sapient king called superintendents, the innovation was most loudly and positively denounced, and there were not wanting "Mucklewratls" to launch their thunders at the prelacy. "Dress them as bonnily as ye can," cried one, "bring them in as fairly as ye will, we see the horns of the mitre weel enough." All this squabbling rent unhappy Scotland till the wisest fool in Christendom slept his last sleep.

Scotland under Charles I. was even worse than Scotland under James VI. The devastation of the civil war was keenly felt there; the sword of persecution and the sword of rebellion were out of their scabbards. The Scots were not men to be trifled with. More than once they had lifted their swords against a crowned head. Like the Henrys of France, the Stuarts seemed a doomed family. James I. had been murdered in his bed-chamber; the nation had arrayed itself against James II.; the lifeless body of James III. had been left on the battle-field; the heart of James V. was broken; and Mary Stuart was imprisoned and deposed. What they had done before they could do again. But Charles pursued his own course of policy. The church quarrel was to be summarily ended; a liturgy—not that of the English prayer-book, but another—was to be read evermore. But at the first reading in St. Giles, Edinburgh, the wooden stool of Jenny Geddes hurled at the reader's head, betokened how the people liked it. The Edinburgh mob were fierce and cruel, and women in all directions headed risings against the liturgy, and in great crowds and with great enthusiasm the people met and signed the National Covenant. The parchment was spread on a flat tombstone in the Gray Friar's church. So many signed, that in many instances there was room only for initials, and these were here and there written in blood. This was in 1638.

The Covenanters were denounced and condemned, but they remonstrated and appealed; and then Charles and they marshalled their armies, and the fray began—a "bishop's war," they sometimes called it—a war of "liturgies and leaden bullets." The blue flag with its inscription in gold, "For Christ's crown and Covenant," floated over many a bloody field. The religious question was soon merged in that of politics—politics as plain as reform in parliament or an extension of the suffrage. Men sometimes do strange things in the name of religion. After the beheading of the

first Charles, his son found a refuge with the Scots. They proclaimed him king, and the merry monarch became a Covenanter. At Dumferling, he appended his signature to a new declaration, renouncing "popery and prelacy," and asserting that he had no other enemies than those of the Covenant. Then came the reverse of fortune. The Presbyterians of Scotland and the Puritans of England at warfare, moistened the earth with blood, and did it in the name of God: while the shout on the one side was "the Covenant! the Covenant!" Cromwell and his hosts replied, with deafening cries, "the Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!" The Scots were subdued, Charles had to seek a foreign home, and Cromwell declared in the spirit of the times—that it "was the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take in their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd, to wit, meddling with worldly politics and mixtures of earthly powers to set up that which they call the kingdom of Christ."

The restoration of Charles II. was the beginning of sorrow for Scotland. "The Covenant might now be said to have completed its history. Once towering triumphant over three conquered lands, it was about to go down in an ocean of blood; its name had become a jest, and its partizans were objects at once of bitterest scorn and anon of fiercest obloquy. Their evil day had fully come, and although better times were yet to arrive, the full power and glory of their banner was never to return.

That well-liked, honest, upright minister of Crail—though withal given rather to sermon stealing—was their first messenger to the court, and as a simple presbyterian parson he came, but as a mitred prelate returned—the Rev. James Sharp became bishop of St. Andrew's, and with high triumph rode into Edinburgh. The burning of the Covenant by the hands of the hangman followed, then the old covenanting ministers were turned adrift. The depth of winter saw them homeless; for their old attachments were strong, and they refused to acknowledge the authority of newly-invested prelates. Four hundred congregations were thus deprived, but the deprivation was supposed to be made up by new teachers sent expressly to fill up vacant places. Then came those days of empty kirks and crowded hill-sides; the days when the episcopal teachers had none to listen, and the old pastors, in the green meadows and by the side of the still waters, preached to eager multitudes. To preach without a licence was sedition; pains and penalties fell on those who absented themselves from the parish church, but the preachers still preached and the people still listened. Quietly at first they met, and in quietness separated; but the dragoons were soon called out to prevent the gatherings and compel obedience to the law. Heavy fines were exacted, severe punishments inflicted, fines to the amount of fifty thousand pounds were paid in Ayrshire, women were publicly whipped, boys were scourged and branded, and, by shiploads, Scottish slaves arrived at Barbadoes. To give a drink of water or a piece of bannock to an ejected minister was a capital offence.

Oppressed on every hand, the Scots turned on their oppressors. They met to hear the word of God, but had their swords by their sides in case of conflict. Encounters occurred. They fought, and fought boldly, singing old saintly psalms in the rugged metre of the Scottish psalter, and struggled like men who had ventured all and had no mercy to expect.

General Dalziel, fresh from butchering Turks and Tartars, who had learnt the art of war in Russia, was sent to hunt out contumacious Covenanters; and James Graham, of Claverhouse, came with his wild dragoons; and that brow-beating lawyer, the "bluidye Mackenzie."

The story of that dreadful persecution is too well known to need a recital here. John Brown the carrier, shot at his own door, in presence of his wife and little ones, by the hand of Claverhouse himself; the five wanderers, shot at Glencairn as they lay hid in a cavern; the countryman, shot because he

knew nothing; and another, hanged because he knew and would not tell where his father lie concealed;—these, and a hundred other cases still more dark and terrible, are familiar to us, and their harrowing details are not to be forgotten. The severity of the persecution drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth—haunted dens, by the report of the neighbourhood, and believed to be so by the Covenanters themselves. "A very romantic scene," says Sir Walter Scott, "of rocks, thickets, and cascades, called Creehope Linn, on the estate of Mr. Menteth, of Closeburn, is said to have been the retreat of some of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the apparitions by which the place was thought to be haunted, than to expose themselves to the rage of their mortal enemies."

The persecution was not of short duration; it lasted eight-and-twenty years, mystically indicated—so said the Scottish seers—by the eight-and-twenty gaps, or broken pieces, in the

of the Puritans: he escaped, on the journey to London, and vowed revenge. The news came that his wife was dead—dead of a broken heart, and the oath of vengeance was renewed. Charles II. was restored; persecution began in Scotland; and among those who persecuted most bitterly was a pale-faced, noble-looking soldier—the widowed man who had sworn revenge. While staying with his troop at a Scottish hamlet, at the base of one of the loftiest hills of Scotland, a highland woman brought news of a covenanting gathering; she betrayed it all for a Scotch pound and a glass or two of whiskey. There was to be a gathering, and a young girl was to be married to her plighted one, in simple presbyterian fashion, and in the open air. The troop was soon in motion, the spot soon gained; they halted for a moment, and looked down through the brushwood at the gathering in the valley below. It was a calm, beautiful picture. The pastor grave and solemn as one of Israel's leaders; the happy look of the young man as he



A COVENANTERS' WEDDING.

sword of Captain Paton, a stern Cameronian, and a man of great personal prowess, who had sealed his attachment to the Covenant by his death.

An incident which occurred during the persecution is represented in our engraving. And the story is this. A highland laird, in the days when the Puritans ruled, had sought the hand of a lady of good birth, and whose father had great influence with the presbyterian party. They loved each other; they were of the same age, the same rank in life; everything tending to promise a happy future—everything but one—they differed in their faith. The young man was a good Catholic and a true loyalist; the girl a Presbyterian—her family of the strictest sort. The consent of the girl's father was refused; but love was stronger than aught else; the girl was secretly married to her lover, and a month passed away. When the secret was discovered, the rage of the old man was terrible; he said little, but he acted promptly. Ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, the young man was betrayed into the hands

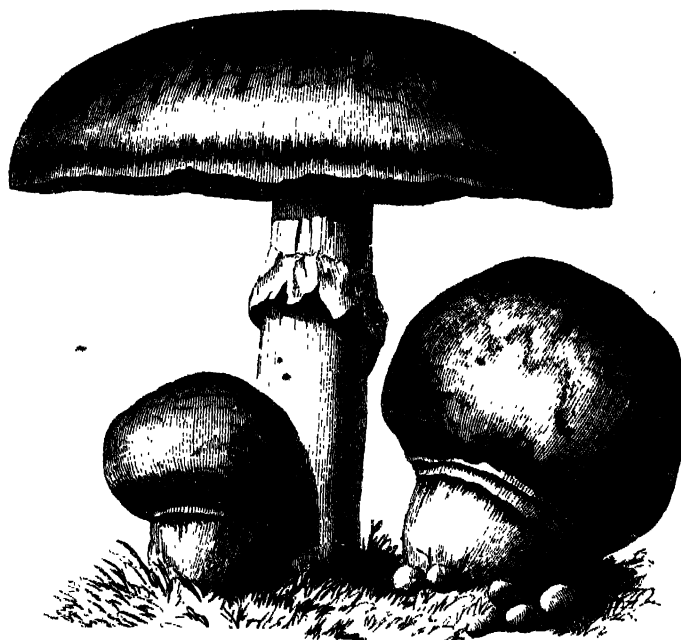
took the trembling hand of his betrothed, and the group gathered around; the old men and the little children—all seemed so calm and still, as if they felt the peace of God within their hearts as God's sunshine fell upon them. A moment, and the soldiers galloped forward—a shout from the hill—the discharge of a rifle—the shrieks of the women—the volley of fire-arms, and soldiers and Puritans were mixed up together. Most of the group had fled; those who remained were prisoners. Two were slain, and those two the newly-wedded pair; hand clasped in hand, they lay upon the grass—dead! And the end of the story is this:—that beautiful girl, whose eyes were closed in death, who had been hunted out of life by that vow of vengeance, was none other than the soldier's daughter—the child of his melancholy union, of whom, till that day, he had never heard. It is a melancholy episode in a terrible history, and gives to the wild beauty of the spot where it is said to have occurred an additional and pathetic interest.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER II.

In our last paper we observed that the treasures of food which it has pleased God to provide for us in the fungus-tribe are, if not wholly disregarded, at least by no means duly appreciated by the English. There is, perhaps, no country richer than our own in the esculent species of fungi; they

Throughout the continent of Europe, on the contrary, plants of this tribe are eagerly sought after by all classes of men, and form the chief, if not the sole, diet of thousands, who would otherwise be but scantily provided with aliment. But fungi are not only the tolerated food of the poorer

FIG. 1.—*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS* (THE MEADOW MUSHROOM).

abound in our woods and pastures, they grow from the ground and under the ground; they spring abundantly out of the substance of dead trees, and are often found on waste lands and heaps of rubbish, from which no other edible produce can be procured; yet, though this is the case, and more than

classes, they are also most highly prized by the rich man and the epicure; and afford, when daintily cooked, many a delicate dish and many a highly flavoured sauce at the most elaborately served and highly expensive tables. In Germany and Italy, immense numbers of the various species of this

FIG. 2.—*AGARICUS DELICIOSUS* (ORANGE MILK AGARIC).FIG. 3.—*CANTHARELLUS CITRARIUS*.

thirty species of esculent fungi are spontaneously brought forth in England, there are only three or four of these species that are eaten by its inhabitants; all the rest of this abundant supply being allowed to rot under the trees, or to become the prey of field-mice, toads, slugs, and other creatures, to which they afford many a delightful repast.

tribe are sold in the markets, and produce an amount of income which would seem to us almost incredible. In Rome so important are the fungi as an article of commerce, that there is a public officer appointed for the express purpose of testing the species exposed for sale, and superintending that branch of the revenue; for in that market a tax is

quantities of fungi presented for sale exceeding ten pounds in weight. All fungi brought into Rome are supervised by this officer, weighed, sealed up, and all destined for that day's consumption sent to a central depot. If, among the contents of the baskets offered, any stale, maggot-eaten, or dangerous specimens are found, they are sent under escort, and thrown into the Tiber; and another very remarkable circumstance is the law, that if any specimen of the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) is found, it also is to be thrown into the river. So says an unpublished letter of Professor Sanguinetti, "Ispetto dei Funghi," at Rome. It is certainly singular that the only fungus which is freely accepted in all English kitchens, and considered as the sole common kind that is honest and trustworthy, and possessed of no murderous properties, should be the one thus protested against, "whether in a state good or bad!" "For forty days during the autumn, and for about half that period every spring, large quantities of funguses, picked in the immediate vicinity of Rome, from Frascati Rocca di Papa, Albano, beyond Monte Mario, towards Ostia and the neighbourhood of the sites of Veii and Gabii," are brought to Rome. "The returns of taxed mushrooms alone," says Dr. Badham, "during the last ten years, give a yearly average of between sixty and eighty thousand pounds weight; and if we double this amount, which we may safely do in order to include such smaller untaxed supplies as are disposed of in bribes, fees, and presents, and reckon the whole at the rate of six baiocchi, or threepence a pound (a fair average), this will make the commercial value of fresh funguses very apparent, showing it here to be little less than £2,000 a year." Besides this, we must consider the dried, pickled, and preserved supplies, which sell at a much higher price than the fresh, from one shilling to one shilling and threepence per pound, and also recollect that this calculation includes only the Roman market, and that every other market-place in the Italian states has its proportionate sale of this wide-spreading branch of the vegetable produce of the land.

With the above statements fully in our mind, and after having been habitually in communication with many of the families from amongst our peasantry who were but scantily provided with daily food, we found ourselves one day, during the last autumn, in an extensive pine-wood near Budleigh Salterton, in South Devon, and saw the ground, which was densely carpeted with the accumulated dead leaves that had fallen from the trees, and lain undisturbed for many years, studded in every direction with fungi, of every colour and of every shape, in such quantities as that cart-loads might have been gathered there. Huge purple, white, brown, and tawny *Agarics* were there; the deep orange of the *Boletus edulis* was interspersed with the snowy balls of the *Lycoperdon*, and the delicate apricot tint of the pretty and singular *Cantharellus cibarius*, with many other beautiful and edible species, were scattered in profusion around me. How could we, under these circumstances, do otherwise than regret that ignorance of the differences of species, combined with the strong prejudice which prevails in England against using any of this tribe (save the two or three favoured individuals), should shut out our poor from the possibility of availing themselves of this rich supply of wholesome aliment, which the bounty of God had provided for them, if they would but be persuaded to use it? It is true, that amongst this extensive collection of fungi there were some species which would have proved poisonous, and others which would have been but disagreeable food; yet the greater number of them were such as, if properly cooked, would have furnished, not only wholesome, but also savoury and pleasant food; and it seemed to us a great pity that they should be so wholly neglected, and left for a prey to reptiles and field-mice.

The chemical structure of fungi is said to be the most highly animalised, or, in other words, to partake more of the nature of animal composition than that of any other vegetable. Besides the intimations of this circumstance that are afforded by the smell of some of the species in decay, which partakes much of the character of that of putrid meat, and the strong meat-like

following fact stated—that, "like animals, they absorb a large quantity of oxygen, and disengage in return from their surface a large quantity of carbonic acid; all, however, do not exhale carbonic acid, but in lieu of it some give out hydrogen, and others azotic gas. They yield, moreover, to chemical analysis the several components of which animal structures are made up; many of them, in addition to sugar, gum, resin, a peculiar acid called fungic acid, and a variety of salts, furnish considerable quantities of albumen, adipocine, and osmazome, which last is that principle that gives its peculiar flavour to meat gravy."

Fungi are considered to be highly nutritious, and are said by many of the faculty to be easy of digestion. This latter opinion, though strongly supported by many foreign medical men, is certainly quite in opposition to the generally received opinion on that subject in England, and also to the ideas of ancient writers. Gerard, the quaint old herbalist, says: "Some mushrooms grow forth of the earth: others upon the bodies of old trees, which differ altogether in kinds. Many wantons that dwell near the sea, and have fish at will, are verie desirous, for change of diet, to feed upon the birds of the mountains; and such as dwell upon the hill or champion grounds do long after sea fish; many that have plentie of both do hunger after the earthie excrescences called mushrooms; whereof some are very venomous and full of poison, others not so noisome, and rather of them very wholesome meat." And again—Galen affirms that they are all very cold and moist, and therefore do approach unto a venomous and murdering facultie, and ingender a clammy, pituitous, and cold nutriment if they be eaten. To conclude; few of them are good to be eaten, and most of them do suffocate and strangle the eater. Therefore I give my advice to those that love such strange and new-fangled meates, to beware of licking honey among thornes, lest the sweetness of the one do not countervail the sharpnesse and pricking of the other."

Fungi are classed under two primary divisions—*Hymenomyces* and *Gasteromyces*: the seed lying externally in the former, and internally in the latter. These divisions are subdivided into four tribes—1st, *Pileati*; 2nd, *Clavati*; 3rd, *Mitrati*; and 4th, *Cupulati*. In each of these tribes we find esculent species, although most of that description are found in the first tribe, the *Pileati*, and of that tribe the genus *Agaricus* supplies the largest number of any of the genera.

All *Agarics* are furnished with a fleshy pileus or cap, a stipes or stem, and gills placed at right angles with their stem. The species of this genus differ widely in size, shape, and colour; but all agree in the possession of the parts which we have named.

Our own favourite meadow-mushroom (fig. 1) is the first we will describe, of which old Gerard says:—

"The meadow mushroom is in kinde the best;
It is ill trusting any of the rest."

Every one considers himself a complete judge of this species, and few hesitate to present at their tables a dish of these agreeable fungi, without taking any other means of proving their trustworthiness, than that most fallacious mode of directing their cook to stir them whilst dressing with a silver spoon; in full belief that if their juices do not tarnish the silver, there can be no injurious specimen amongst them.

But although this kind is in such general use in England, yet it is by no means more easy to discriminate it from other species, than it is to discriminate most other kinds. "No fungus," says Dr. Badham, "presents itself under such a variety of forms or such singular diversities of aspect. The inference is plain; less discrimination than that employed to distinguish this, would enable any who should take the trouble to recognise at a glance many of those esculent species which every spring and autumn fill our plantations and pastures with plenteousness." The cap of this mushroom is in some individuals snowy white and smooth; in others, brown and scaly; in some instances the gills are of a delicate pink; in others of a deep, rusty black; some grow broad and flat, others in the form of buttons, looking almost like a puff-ball.

TIGER HUNTING.

HUNTING is one of the strongest passions of man. This is easily explained. In the early stages of the history of the world, the human race had little to depend on for food, save the produce of their skill and ingenuity in the chase. It is probable that the inventive genius, which enabled man to provide arms and weapons for this purpose, drew his first attention to the horrid thought of war, by which, probably, on a small scale, he was able to provide himself with victuals by pilfering the successful hunter. Those must have been strange times, when man in his primeval simplicity, with untutored hand, and the most inartificial weapon, wandered through the vast plains of the early world, hid himself in the forest or the brake, concealed himself in trees and waylaid the new and strange beasts that came in his way, and having satisfied hunger, and drunk from the clear stream, laid himself down to sleep beneath the shade of some rude bower, fashioned by the ingenuity of his equally wild and primitive mate.

In those days, the wild beasts—the lion, the tiger, the panther, and the bear—were the terror of the human race, as they remained until men began to overcome them by ingenuity and the sheer strength of numbers. A hundred arrows and a hundred lances did that which a single bow and spear could not have done, until the day and hour came when the strange invention of gunpowder placed us on a level, or even above the brute creation, in single-handed contests.

But even now, with the rifle and the fowling-piece, there are animals whom it is dangerous to encounter, though under every advantage of time and place, and against whom it is needful to employ all that activity and ingenuity which characterise the great fictitious creation of the American novelist, honest Hawkeye, and the real and extraordinary Gerard, Cumming, and Sir W. C. Harris, whose lion hunts are so wondrous, that we should hesitate to credit them did we not personally know the veracity of Gerard, and lament the high soul and honourable character of our departed friend Harris, whose travels in Shoa, and whose wild sports in Africa, will not easily be forgotten.

The tiger is even more dangerous than the lion, from the simple fact of its stealthy and crawling character. It roars not like the king of beasts, and creeps about, seeking whom it may devour, with a cautious step, which scarcely any other animal possesses, save and except, perhaps, the panthers and bears that frequent Dismal Swamp, and that creep round the bayous of the Mississippi.

In the early history of India, we find that the ravages of lions and tigers were carried to such a frightful extent, that whole hamlets of the weak and pusillanimous natives were destroyed by them; and that whenever an attempt was made to face them, it was by regular armies congregated for that purpose. Even these collected forces were often routed by the wild animals of the woods. But, subsequently, British officers found their way into these savage fastnesses, with their cool courage and their superior fire-arms; and yet even they had to record fearful stories of the furious beasts, and had to tell the tale of the death of many a brave comrade in the strange and novel contest. The tiger had not yet learned to dread the crack of the rifle, nor before severe lessons to become more cautious and circumspect. In the time of Le Vaillant, lions would enter an encampment and coolly carry off the fattest sleeper, generally some unfortunate Hottentot woman.

Even when elephants were used in the tiger hunt, it was difficult to find animals of that species ready to charge the jungle when the trail of the tiger left a marked scent; or when such animals were known, they commanded a very high price. But now there has come a great change in the disposition of the wild beasts of the Indian and African wilderness, and the tiger commits its depredations only where the persevering and indomitable valour of the English sportsman is unknown, or where his rifle with its heavy and deadly ball is new. The meekest and mildest of the servants of the East

India Company will now sally forth on their elephants, seated in their howdah, with their guide, to hunt the tiger to its very lair; this animal now having to be driven forth often from jungle and cave by the rocket and other projectiles.

We have already in a previous article (p. 327) made some allusion to the subject in hand, but it is a matter of inexhaustible interest, and a volume might easily be written on the hunts which have been undertaken against this ferocious beast of prey.

A letter to Sir William Jones, dated Chinsura, describes a very animated hunt. On the eve of the chase, all the necessary tents to form a camp were sent to within a mile and a half of the jungle, a district covered by thick reeds about fifteen feet high. Early in the morning thirty elephants were sent forward, and at two the hunters started, and having reached the rendezvous, mounted their elephants and entered the jungle. At daybreak they had formed an extensive line, and had penetrated in a detached jungle. They found in the tiger's lair, half an ox, two human skulls, and a pile of bones; some whitened by long exposure, others still red with blood. But the animal had departed.

Leaving this scene of carnage, the hunters advanced, and soon heard the cry of *banu*, which is the local name for the tiger. They accordingly again formed their line and entered the great jungle. Scarcely had they done so, when five royal tigers, of the largest size, darted forward from the same spot and dispersed, flying, however, but slowly, and soon halting. The line of hunters was in the form of a crescent, which embraced both ends of the jungle; in the centre were elephants, on which were men armed with guns. One approached the retreat of the first tiger: he moved not until the riflemen were near, then he roared like thunder and bounded towards them. The elephants turned and fled, but after rushing along about fifty yards, they stopped, and once more faced the jungle. The tiger made a second rush, bounded on an elephant mounted by three Indians, and struck one off. The tiger, however, perceiving the strength of his enemies, sheered off to his lair, where he was shot. Three others were killed, but the fifth, a cunning old tiger, escaped. The attack on the fourth lasted a long time, as the animal defended itself with great courage, and was only killed by a general discharge.

In a curious book called "*Cynegetica*,"* there is a division headed "*Asoph Ul Doulah's Hunting Excursions*;" and from this, as not being a book to which every one can refer, we make some extracts. He says: "The vizier always sets out upon his annual hunting party as soon as the cold season is well set in, taking with him his household, his zenana, his court, and a great part of the inhabitants of his capital.† He takes with him five hundred elephants, &c. &c. . . . When intelligence is brought of a tiger it is matter of great joy, as that is considered as the principal sport, and all the rest only occasional to fill up the time. Preparations are instantly made for pursuing him, which is done by assembling all the elephants, with as many people as can conveniently go upon their backs, and leaving all the rest behind, whether on foot or on horseback. The elephants are then formed in a line, and proceed forward regularly, the nabob and all his attendants having their fire-arms ready. The cover in which the tiger is most frequently found is long grass, or reeds so high as often to reach above the elephants; and it is very difficult to find him in such a place, as he either endeavours to steal off, or lies so close that he cannot be roused till the elephants are almost upon him. He then roars and skulks away, but is shot at as soon as he can be seen; and it is generally contrived, in compliment to the nabob, that he shall have the first shot at him. If he is not disabled, he continues skulking away, the line of elephants following him, and the nabob and others shooting at him, as often as he can be seen, till he falls. Sometimes, when he can be traced to a particular

* "*Blang's Cynegetica*." London, John Stockdale, 1788.

† He was vizier of the Mogul Empire, and Nabob of Oude.

spot where he couches, the elephants are formed into a circle round him, and in that case, when he is roused, he generally attacks the elephant that is nearest to him, by springing upon him with a dreadful roar, and biting at or tearing him with his claws; but in this case, from his being obliged to show himself, he is soon despatched by the number of shots aimed at him; for the greatest difficulty is to rouse him, and get a fair view of him. The elephants all this time are dreadfully frightened, shrieking and roaring in a manner particularly expressive of their fear; and this they begin as soon as they smell

But there is as much difference between the chase of the tiger by British sportsmen and those of the nabob, as between the hunters of the early ages and those of a few generations back. The time is changed, indeed, from the hour

"When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stained the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpolished was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,



A TIGER HUNT.

him, or hear him growl, and generally endeavour to turn back from the place where the tiger is; some of them, however, but very few, are bold enough to be driven up to attack him, which they do by curling the trunk close up under the mouth, and then charging the tiger with their tusks; or they endeavour to press him to death by falling on him with their knees, or treading him under their feet. If one tiger is killed in a day, it is considered as a good day's sport; but sometimes two or three are killed in one day, and even more, if they catch a female and cub."

He armed his savage bands, a multitude
Untrained; of twining osiers formed, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below."

The same poet has given a picturesque description of the scene sketched by Blane:—

"Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze; the flocks of sheep they fly

Before the flaming brand : fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves ; a dreadful crew.
Of grim, bloodthirsty foes ; growling, along
They stalk indignant ; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing in their rear."

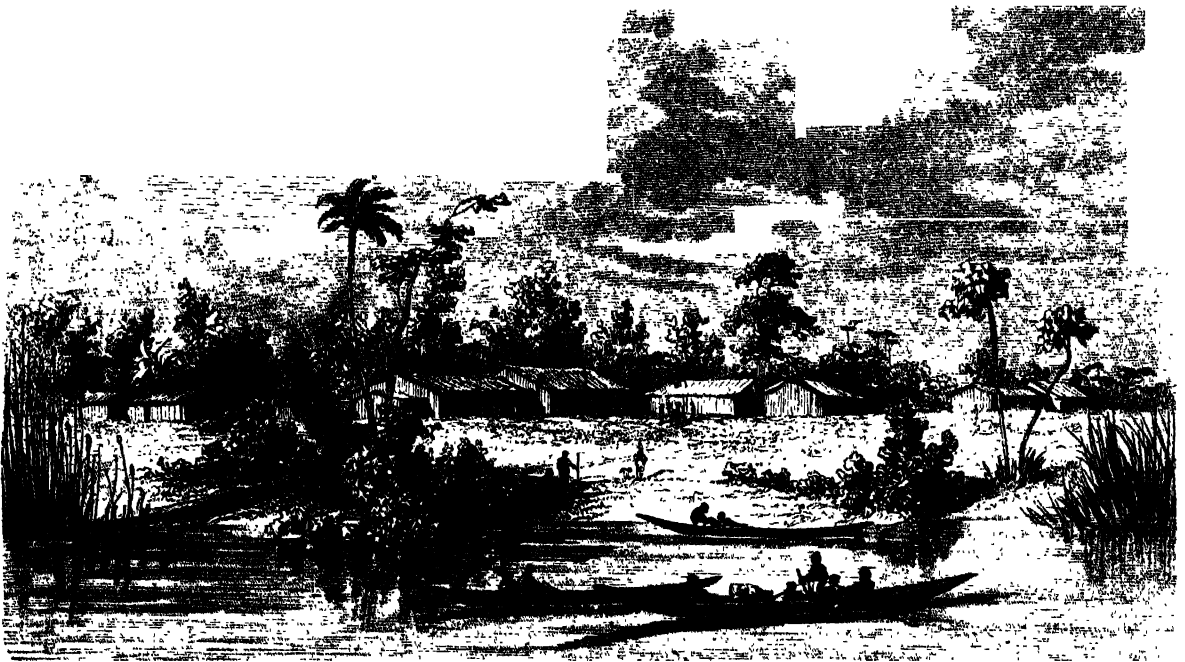
Bishop Heber,* in his valuable work on India, has given much information on the tiger and tiger hunting, and specially mentions a very curious circumstance. "In passing through the city, I saw two very fine hunting tigers in silver chains." This contradicts the general idea that nothing can be done with this animal. He relates, also, an anecdote which shows the power of the beast. A Bheel was guiding some soldiers. "The officer followed at the head of his men, and had moved slowly half asleep on his saddle for about five miles, when he

* "Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Bombay, &c."—London : Murray, 1844.

heard a hideous roar, and saw a very large tiger spring past him so close that he almost brushed his horse. The poor Bheel lifted up his sword and shield, but was down in an instant under the animal's paws, who turned round with him in his mouth, growling like a cat over a mouse, and looked the officer in the face. He did what could be done, and with his men attacked the tiger, whom they wounded so severely that he dropped his prey. But the first blow had done its work effectually, and the poor man's skull was mashed in such a manner as literally to be all in pieces."

The people of Rohilcund go out to fight the tiger with matchlocks, swords, and shields, and generally succeed in killing him, with, however, the loss of one or two lives. The heroic peasants combat hand to hand, as the scimitar-cuts on the hide have often afterwards proved. But now the English officers in India do all this work for the natives.

THE VILLAGE OF DENIS, ON THE RIVER GABON.



THE VILLAGE OF DENIS, ON THE GABON.

THE Gabon, which forms a receptacle for a number of water-courses that have their source in the interior of the continent of Africa, is situated between 10° and 30° north latitude.

It may be considered to be bounded on the right shore by the points Clara and Obendo, upon the left by Pongara and Bekum, and upon the side farthest from the sea by the islands of Konikoy and Perroquets, beyond which extends the river Gabon, which, though of a considerable width near its mouth, narrows rapidly until its breadth is less than a mile. Before the establishment of French settlements upon the coast, Gabon was an important seat of the slave-trade. The wars which the different races inhabiting its banks and the neighbouring regions carried on among themselves, and their distant excursions, continually furnished the slave-ships with a considerable

number of captives. The principal agents in the odious trade were the M'Pongos, whose most important village, situated upon the left bank, is called Denis, in honour of the chief who governs it. The M'Pongos are still almost the only agents of the barter which is carried on in the neighbourhood of the Gabon, and, in order to preserve this monopoly, they take care to maintain a mutual distrust between the Europeans and the tribes of the interior. On the one hand, they represent the Boulous, Pahouins, Bakalais, M'Bichos, &c., to us as nations of cannibals, who are constantly prowling about their villages to make captures, in order that they may have a feast on human flesh ; and they feign the greatest terror at the mere name of their near neighbours the Boulous. On the other hand, they impress these tribes with the idea that we are

rapacious and cruel pirates, when they visit them to procure from them commodities which they afterwards bring to us, such as ivory, wax, and dye-woods. But, in spite of this, the minds of the people of the interior are becoming enlightened as to the truth, and it is probable that, by means of some expeditions despatched to a considerable distance up the principal branch of the river, this trade, which is daily increasing, will soon become direct. Then, perhaps, the Europeans will at length succeed in opening a safe and regular route to the centre of the mysterious African continent, where so many generous missionaries of religion and of science have suffered bondage and death.

The M'Pongos inhabit the banks of the Gabon as far as the islands which surround the basin; their principal villages on the right bank are those of Kringer, Couaben, Louis, and Glass (called by the names of their respective chiefs), each village changing its name, and sometimes its site, with every new governor. Between Louis and Glass rises a wooden block-house, surrounded by palisades, and containing a garrison of Ioloffs, destined to protect the French settlement, built, as is also the Catholic mission, on a table-land overlooking the river. On a second table-land have been constructed magazines and some dwelling-houses; and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when a town will spring up around the settlement. An American missionary resides at the village of Glass.

The left bank is lower, and more swampy and unhealthy; on this side are the villages of Denis and Little-Denis, in the former of which is to be found the original stock of the M'Pongo race; hence, doubtless, the supremacy of King Denis over the other chiefs of the same nation.

The village of Denis, situated on a peninsula, bounded on the south by the Gabon, is divided into several districts, separated by creeks, the approaches to which are swampy, so that people are obliged to make use of *pirogues* (rude boats used by the savages) to pass from one district to another. The principal street of the central district faces the river; it is long, broad, and built with tolerable regularity; the houses, which are constructed of a lattice-work of bamboo, differ little except in size. They are usually divided into two compartments: in one, the sleeping chamber for the whole family, are spread mats which serve as beds; the other contains the furniture, utensils, and provisions, and is used as assembly-room, kitchen, and store-room. Bananas, papaws, shrubs, and flowers, particularly lilies of a brilliant red, ornament and overshadow the entrance of the house, behind which stretches a curtain of bushy and luxuriant vegetation. In this street is situated the residence of King Denis, which is loftier and more spacious than the others; it is distinguished by some rude architectural ornaments, conspicuous among which are four sculptured columns, in the M'Pongo style, supporting a ledge of the roof, and thus forming a kind of peristyle.

The numerous relations of the king, who seem to constitute

an aristocracy, are generally assembled behind the colonnade; and there the chief interests of the village are discussed by those who enjoy the honourable, though costly, privilege of being admitted to the royal presence, for they debate on the affairs of state over the gaming-table. The monarch employs himself almost exclusively in thus gaining the cash and other property of his subjects. No one is, in fact, so clever, or it may be so rash, as to succeed often in defeating the sovereign. The game consists in passing four hard dry berries through each of twelve holes made in a piece of wood, and of which either player has six. It is necessary to play in such a manner, that in taking the berries contained in one of the holes and placing one of them in each of the following, you come to a division in which your enemy has only two berries; that which you place there makes three, and you take; if the hole in which you have previously placed a berry also contained but two, that which has just been placed there making three, you take again; when the divisions of your adversary are thus emptied, the game is ended. The noise which the berries make, quickly handled, resembles that of dice in backgammon.

The people of the village entertain the greatest respect for King Denis; no one dares to pass before his residence when he is engaged in playing, surrounded by company, without making an obeisance. This veneration for the supreme chief has increased since he was made Knight of the Legion of Honour, as a reward for the services which he rendered on several occasions to the French trade. In return for this extraordinary favour, the M'Pongos lavish upon the French all the affection of which they are capable. Upon the huts of all persons of any importance may be seen an inscription dictated by the proprietor, and written by some soldier or marine, worded something in this way:—

"Prince Bamani, good heart for Frenchman,
Cousin of King Denis, a good courtier."

Orthography is rarely regarded in these advertisements, and sometimes the writer mischievously makes some addition of this kind to the dictated encomiums: "Great thief." Far from suspecting any such perfidy, the personage thus designated shows his sign with a certain degree of pride to new arrivals, as a recommendation likely to serve his interests.

The women are also divided into two castes; those of the higher class pass their time in working necklaces, bracelets, and other ornaments, of which they are very fond, with little glass beads. Seated upon low benches before their dwellings, they employ themselves thus from morning to night, only interrupting their labour to fill and re-light their pipes. The women of the lower order are employed in the light labour required for the cultivation of yarns, maize, and tapioca, which are indispensable to subsistence in the village. A certain number among them are, from time to time, put into requisition to remove the grass from before the royal dwelling.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XX.

THE hours of night wore slowly and wearily onward for the principal inmates of the Palazzo Polani. The count paced to and fro in the great *salone*, for he was too agitated to seek the repose of his chamber. He had struggled to the last against the fate that seemed about to bear him down and to crush him; and now he looked up at the portraits of his ancestors that hung from the walls, and felt that the glory was about to depart from his house. True it was, there was no more mode left of averting ruin, but from this he shrunk with the instinct of his aristocratic nature, and even when he had

at times subdued his pride, and schooled himself to look with tolerable tranquillity upon the alliance for his ward, the memory of his dearest and truest friend would cross his spirit, and the features of the dead would appear to his mind's vision, looking with reproachful sadness upon him, and asking him how he could betray a solemn trust, and outrage the feelings of the child committed to his care. Then, too, the horror with which Bianca heard the proposition came upon him, and wrung his heart with a pang of remorse and shame. And so his feelings alternated and swayed him to and fro, till at one

time he determined to save himself at any price, even at that of compelling Bianca to accept her suitor, and at another resolved to hazard all rather than force her to a distasteful, and worse still, a degrading union.

Another chamber was tenanted by one more wretched still—Bianca Morosini. Hour after hour she watched for the return of Giulio. Hour after hour the hope, faint as it was even at first, which sustained her, became less and less. Midnight came, but with it no Giulio. She had long since dismissed her attendant; and even old Giudetta, though she had entreated for permission to spend the night with her mistress, who she saw was seriously indisposed, had unwillingly withdrawn, and so the girl was left to her own wretchedness. How wretched that night was we may not say; how deep its gloom; how full of terror, and agony, and bewildering thoughts, and conflicting feelings, and passionate grief, and then dull, heavy, despairing apathy supervening for a season, and, as it were, swallowing up all emotions. And so morning found the girl sitting in her night-robes, without having sought a respite in sleep even for a moment. The gray of morning brightened into day—a sweet, sunny day; whose light came as if to mock her sorrow—but with it Giulio came not. Old Giudetta stole on tip-toe into her lady's room, and found her even as she had left her the night before.

"Santissima Virgine! my dear child, how is this?" she exclaimed. "You have not lain down during the night. You are ill, very ill, I fear, and something has discomposed you. Come, you must take rest for a while."

But the girl resisted all the entreaties of her nurse, and with a strong effort concealed her feelings. To disclose even to her faithful attendant the position in which she was placed was revolting to her pride.

"I am not quite well, dear nurse, but I doubt not that thou canst find amongst thy potions something that will do me good."

"Ah, yes, that can I," said the old woman; and she hurried away from the room, but speedily returned with glass and bottle.

"Here, my dear lady, take this essence, and then compose yourself for a few minutes."

The girl took the draught, and smiling kindly on the old woman, lay back on the couch on which she had been sitting. Giudetta's potion was a strong narcotic, which, seeing that remonstrance was unavailing, she wisely administered. In a few moments her young mistress sank into a deep sleep. It was long past midday when she awoke. She felt weary and unrefreshed, with a sense of intolerable depression about the region of the heart. She was hot and her skin felt dry, while the light even of the darkened chamber was painful to her languid eyes. Giudetta sat beside her watching her intently. Bianca made a movement as if to rise, but the other gently restrained her.

"You must be quiet, dear child, a little longer. Your pulse is quick and your eye is heavy. Compose yourself again."

"Has the count inquired for me?"

"No, indeed, dear child, so you need not be uneasy."

"Did he not note my absence in the morning?"

"In truth, his lordship has not been in the palace since daybreak."

"And Giulio?"

"Tomaso says he has not been at home since yester-even; belike he has spent the night with some of his friends. But you must not speak more just now."

Bianca felt now that all hope of Giulio's obtaining the money was at an end; then came a vague terror and sense of calamity at his protracted absence, and she fancied a thousand accidents which might have befallen him, for she well knew he would not now be voluntarily absent from her. Her head became confused, and she felt unable to follow continuously the train of sad thought; fantasies, the most incongruous and horrible, were ever mixing themselves up with the realities of her position; thus she lay half waking, half slumbering, while the dry, burning heat of her lips and tongue increased, and

throughout all she had a sense of a pricking pain in her bosom near the shoulder. So the day wore on, till it was within less than an hour of sunset. A low tap was heard at the door of the chamber. Giudetta stepped softly across the room, and then Bianca heard voices whispering earnestly as if in contention.

"Impossible, Giovanna, tell his lordship she is too ill."

"Nay, mistress Giudetta, you had better bear the message to him yourself; I don't much care to meet him in his present mood. He is snapping at every one like a wolf. He has cuffed Antonio for I know not what, and Tomaso says he is worse than the grand Turk."

"Silence thy prating tongue, jade. Well, I will go myself, and do thou sit quietly on yonder stool and watch thy young mistress; but let not a word pass thy lips, chatterbox."

It was not long before Giudetta returned to the chamber; she was pale with anger and shaking with excitement, and quite forgetting the necessity for silence which she had peremptorily enjoined upon Giovanna, she gave utterance to her feelings in no gentle voice.

"Holy Virgin guard us! I believe my lord has lost his senses outright. 'Where is the signora Bianca?' said he when I entered, 'has she received my message?' 'No, eccellenza,' said I. 'No!' cried he, turning short upon me, 'who dared to withhold it?' 'I did, eccellenza: my lady is ill, and unable to rise.' Then the count ground his teeth, and glared upon me like a wild beast. 'Hark ye, Mistress Giudetta,' says he in a hissing voice, 'I am in no mood to be trifled with. Tell your young lady, that if she have life, she must attend me in this room at sunset. If she is ill,' says he with a sigh, 'I am sorry for it; but tell her she may not refuse, even on that score—she shall have time enough to nurse her ailments afterwards. Go now, and see on your peril that I am obeyed.'"

"He shall be obeyed," said Bianca, with sudden energy; for the loud speaking of Giudetta had thoroughly aroused her from her stupor, and the fever in her blood lent her an unnatural strength. "I will rise, my good nurse, thou shalt aid Giovanna at my toilette. Thine arm, Giudetta."

And the girl sat upright while the two women arrayed her; but ever as the old woman stole a frightened glance at her young lady's face, she turned pale with alarm, for her dull eye was fixed, and yet withal there was a strange wildness in it which she had never seen before. All this time the girl spoke not, but at intervals she pressed her hand over her heart and sighed deeply, as one oppressed with pain. At length her toilette was completed, and she stood erect in her ghastly loveliness, leaning on the arms of her attendants; thus supported, she left her chamber and proceeded to the grand salone. With a fixed abstracted gaze and a heavy step, as one who walks in a dream, she moved slowly up the apartment, and sat down upon a couch of crimson velvet. At a sign, the attendants departed, and she was left alone in the vast and silent room.

Meantime, in the ante-chamber beyond, another scene was enacting. Punctual to the appointed hour, Pietro Molo, attended by a young man, entered the hall of the Palazzo Polani, and both were ushered into the presence of the count. The old goldsmith moved up the room with that air of quiet respect and self-possession which were habitual to him: the youth followed behind him.

"I am come, eccellenza," said the senior, declining the seat to which the count silently motioned him, "according to the tenor of our agreement contained in this obligation (and he held forth the bond). If it is your lordship's pleasure to pay me the loan this day due, with the interest thereon, which I have calculated, I shall be happy to receive it, and write you an acquittance."

"Ser Pietro Molo," said the count, measuring his words as he spoke, "I have endeavoured by every means in my power to procure the money to satisfy your claim. I have three thousand ducats, and no more. If you will receive that sum and the ample security I can give you for the residue, I am prepared to pay it."

"Five thousand ducats, principal money, my lord, and five hundred, the interest at ten per centum. These sums I demand—your excellency will excuse me if I decline to take less."

The count made one appeal more.

"This youth is your nephew, I presume, Ser Molo."

"Girolamo, my brother Jacopo's son, so please your lordship," said the banker, motioning the youth to come forward.

The count surveyed him anxiously. He was a good-looking youth, dressed in a simple suit of black cloth, over which he wore his cloak, set on very primly. He had an ingenuous and modest air, but he stooped somewhat in the shoulders, and kept his eyes demurely fixed on the ground.

"As I understood from you originally, that this money belonged to your nephew, I now apply to him to know if he will be content with the terms that I offer."

The young man was about to speak, but the elder Molo thrust him aside with an impatient and peremptory gesture, and took upon himself the response.

"I told you, sir count, that the money was my brother's, sent to me to employ in a speculation for his son's use. For that speculation I alone am answerable. I feel bound to replace it, if there be any loss; and I am, therefore, alone competent to accept or decline your terms. I decline them, my lord, and now I look for the fulfilment of your stipulation. My nephew is here to receive the hand of your ward, which, on his behalf, I claim."

The Count Polani fixed on the old banker a stern and haughty gaze, in which pride and anger seemed struggling with a sense of helplessness. At first he seemed about to give vent to his passion; but there was that in the calm yet respectful bearing with which old Molo met his look, that quickly showed the count the necessity of keeping a guard upon his temper. Mastering his emotion with a strong effort, he replied,

"You shall see the Signora Morosini herself. Follow me."

The count stepped forward to the door which separated the anti-chamber from the *salon*, and throwing it open, he entered the latter followed by his two visitors. Without uttering a word, they walked slowly up the room to where Bianca was sitting in the same state of strange abstraction in which her attendants had left her.

At that moment the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the amber-tinted glass in the western window, and the soft warm light fell upon the massive clusters of her light-brown hair, till they looked like the rippling waters when the sunlight tips their edges with gold. And then the light streamed athwart her pallid cheek, and down her snowy neck, playing upon them as one sees it play upon a marble statue, illuminating without warming the white surface, which looks all the whiter and colder and more lifeless from the contrast. Thus sat the girl, passionless, unmoving, almost serene, in her solemn and sad loveliness—a thing admirable, and yet terrible and painful to look upon.

The count started at the changed appearance of the girl. He expected to see her look ill, but he was not prepared for the sight which he now encountered. It was a moment before he recovered his composure sufficiently to address himself to the task that was before him; but he had already staked too much on the terrible game to withdraw, and so he was forced to play it out. He moved up gently to the maiden, and taking her hand he said kindly:

"Here is one who seeks to make his suit to you, dear signora. You are already advised of his visit, and that he has my permission to address you."

The girl started, as if the words fell upon her ear with a sense of undefined pain, as the voice of the mesmeriser might fall upon one in a magnetic trance. A strange, fitful lustre lit up her dull eye; the look became fixed, dilated, and wild, while the orb was suffused with a red hue that added to the wildness. She half rose from the couch, and her lips moved as if about to speak, when a cold shivering ran over her frame, and shook her as the wind shakes the leaves. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and

uttering a feeble cry of anguish, she sank back upon the seat. In a moment the attendants were summoned to her aid. Giovanna wrung her own hands, and kissed those of her young mistress, whom she really loved; while old Giudetta, with more presence of mind, after gazing into the eyes of the girl, and feeling her fluttering pulse, suddenly tore down her robe from off her neck, and directing her examination to the spot where Bianca's hand was placed, she discovered a small dark pustule raised above the skin, and surrounded with a circle of bright red. Uttering a shriek of horror, she sprang backwards and cried out,

"The plague! the plague!"

The terrible announcement paralysed every one for a moment. The count was the first to recover his presence of mind. He bent down over the girl, and looked at the place to which Giudetta pointed. There was the fatal mark, the ominous crimson carbuncle which no one who has ever seen the plague-spot can mistake.

"Aye, the plague! the plague!" he exclaimed, "as surely as there is a God in heaven!"

Then losing all control of himself, he burst into a passion of grief, such as strong men sometimes give way to. He kissed the lips of the girl now flushed and burning, and then stepping rapidly back to where old Molo and his nephew stood silent and awe-struck, he exclaimed, with a wild and mocking laugh:—

"Look there! look there! Messer Molo. Young man, thou wouldst seek a noble one to mate with? Is she not here, as noble and as fair as thine eyes can desire! Come, why dost thou tarry? I will lead thee to her. Yes, thou mayest take the hand of the dying! A bridal! A DEAD BRIDAL! Wilt thou claim thy bride now?"

As the count spoke thus madly, he made a gesture to Girolamo, as if inviting him to advance. The young man calmly stepped forward, as if about to take the hand of the now unconscious girl, when old Molo sprang after him, and seized him by the arm.

"Forbear, boy! Are you mad? Move not another step, I charge you, as you value your life.—It cannot be, it cannot be, I say.—Do you not see it is the will of Heaven?—Come, let us go hence; what business have we here now?" As he spoke, the old banker forced his nephew backwards out of the house.

The plague was now indeed in the city of Venice—that terrible pestilence, whose ravages, not half a century before, was still in the recollection of many living. We shall not dwell upon the horrifying details of this loathly distemper: they have been delineated by more than one master hand. From the nature and situation of the city, the miasma spread wide and rapidly, notwithstanding all the sanitary precautions of the authorities, and the exertions of the officers of health. There was not a street, scarcely was there a house, in which some inmate did not fall a victim. All day long the city was as a city of the dead. All gaiety had disappeared; the streets and squares were empty; no one went forth save on the most pressing business, or to the churches; and then they passed hastily along in the middle of the street, shunning contact with their fellow-creatures. From morning till night, prayers and supplications were offered up in all the churches; the host was carried about in solemn procession, with chanting and incense, seeking to appease the wrath of God; and at night the dead-boat passed along the canals; and ever and anon it stopped at a slip, or stair-foot, or at a bridge; and the low bell was rung, and the living hurriedly brought forth their dead; themselves pale, and horror-stricken, and ghastly; and, with scant ceremony, and a prayer muttered low and short, they placed the corpse in the dead-boat, and then it passed on, to receive other dead, till it was filled with its festering burthen, and would hold no more. And so the malady raged through the spring, and summer, and autumn, till twenty thousand souls were swept away within the City of the Lagunes.

STORY OF A FALCON.

The extensive plains of Quercy affect those who see them for the first time with a strange sensation. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but a mass of small, hard, grayish stones, which on all sides encumber the surface of the soil. The only traces of animate nature consist in a few stunted oaks, and a narrow field, enclosed by walls, formed of pieces of rock, in which

linen tunic striped with purple, tucked up to the knee; but you see only your shadow in this discouraging solitude, and you hear no other sound than the distant bells of a flock doomed to browse on the scanty blades of grass, which here and there appear between the stones.

In this Sahara, in the midst of one of the few copses which



A HAWKING PARTY.

hills and confined spot may be observed the white flower of the buck-wheat. Here and there, enormous hollow blocks, twenty or thirty feet long, remind you what people formerly inhabited this desert. It seems to you as if the blood of human victims still flows in the recesses of these dismal ruins; the mind, impressed with a sense of involuntary terror, recalls the form of the Devil, with the crown of oak-leaves on his forehead and his

overshadow the hills, washed by the Dordogne, between Eaux-madour and Grama, you would have heard, towards the middle of June in the year 1156, the most joyous flourish which the trumpeter's skill of that period could produce. The Viscountess of Ventadour had come to visit the Lord of Montvalent, her cousin, and was hawking with her numerous train of cavaliers and retainers. Fowling being at that time the favorite amusement of

the nobility, was particularly in favour with the young lords, who were passionately addicted to it; so that the art of hunting was then considered the most agreeable branch of human knowledge. We can now only judge of the importance in which it was then held by the brisk controversies which daily arose upon the choice of falcons. Henry II., King of England, who loved his horses and dogs more than ever other Christian did, had brought into fashion the falcon of Denmark and Norway; but, either to protest against the dominion of England or from national pride, the barons of the south preferred those of the Alps. Indeed, if we are to believe the best authority of the age, Doudes of Prades, the author of "*Les Oiseaux Chasseurs*," the King of England was right. The worthy canon of Maguelonne, in his poem, which was to be found in every castle, speaks thus:—

"Il est trois sortes de faucons,
Les autours, les émerillons,
Puis un petit de bonne race;
Ainsi la nature les classe.
Le danois l'emporte sur tous;
Il est plus gros, plus vif, plus doux;
Les yeux il a clairs et luisants,
Les ongles crochus et tranchants."

Now we cannot inform our readers whether the bird which had just been loosed in the woods, by the edge of the water, on the day of which we are speaking, was from Norway or from the Alps; but it flew so as to deserve the praises of its mistress, the beautiful lady of Ventadour, who, absorbed in the chase, stood upright in her stirrup, looking anxiously towards the sky; whilst two huntmen, leading hounds in leash, kept at some distance behind her; and a little old man, whose game-pouch announced his profession, mounted on a small horse from the moors, prepared a lure in his left hand, whilst to his right the impatient chargers of some barons, whose eyes sparkling with pleasure followed the chase, stood pawing the ground.

The noble bird shot vigorously upwards; for some time it continued to mount with the same rapidity, then it was seen to stop, balance itself, and remain like a motionless point in the air, steadily observing its prey. By degrees, however, he blockaded it, that is to say, he got to windward of it, and, having gained this advantage, he commenced a hot pursuit.

It was a partridge, which, not being a match in swiftness with this cruel adversary, tried to escape him by precipitating herself into a cluster of bushes. But here a new danger awaited her; the hounds, which had been loosed on seeing her fall, plunged after her, and as if it were not enough to frighten her with their sharp and plaintive barks, the old man with the game-pouch hastened to dismount and to beat the bushes noisily with his stick.

In spite of the pleasure which every noble lady took in the chase, the Viscountess of Ventadour did not behold, without a certain emotion, the ever increasing peril of the unfortunate bird, and her desperate position. The dogs uttered yelpings of joy in the thicket, the old falconer plunged his stick into it with a sort of sinister delight; and, as pitiless as his master, the falcon, hovering above, with eager eyes and trembling claws, waited till they had forced his prey to quit its asylum. And the dilemma of the poor bird which, paralysed with terror, did not dare to move, and could only escape from the man and the dogs to find death ten yards higher, under the claws of the hawk, was indeed a piteous sight.

The lady was quite distressed, and, calling to the servant with the green game-pouch:

"Let her escape! I do not wish it to be killed, you know that I do not wish it."

"Madame?" said the falconer, as though he had not heard.

"Leave that partridge and reclaim the falcon!"

The rascal pretended to obey, but he was so long in seeking his lure, that the hounds got at the partridge and dislodged her. Choosing the slowest of two deaths, she darted away like an arrow; unhappily the falcon, warned by the cries of the old falconer, had perceived her. Vain was her rapid flight, the pursuit was still more eager, and after having for some time wheeled about in the air, she fell wounded by the attack of the falcon in a neighbouring glade.

Flushed with emotion, the viscountess urged forward her steed so rapidly, that she was in time to witness a singular scene. Some vassals, seated upon the ground, were partaking of their frugal morning meal, and seemed to be encouraging by their cries a child, about ten years of age, who was seen through the bushes. This child, who was very beautiful, and whose eyes flashed with anger, had picked up the partridge, wounded and half dead, and holding it with one hand against his breast, with the other he repelled the falcon, eager for its prey, which was flying around him, in order to seize it.

At the sight of the viscountess the vassals arose hurriedly; the falconer arrived to recall and hood the hawk; and the cavaliers, appearing from the wood, asked the fair lady what interested her so deeply. For answer, she pointed to the child, who still proudly held the partridge, as though he wished to dispute it with his lord. The first action of the viscount was to call him in his rough and commanding tone, which froze the vassals with fright; but upon a sign from his lady, he courteously gave place to her, and reined in his horse.

Adelaide of Ventadour deserved this deference. Daughter of the rich William VI., Lord of Montpellier, she had brought as a dowry to her husband, Ebles III., a hundred marks of silver, beautiful clothes, a stock of fine linen, two silver cups, weighing six marks, and the Arab palfrey which she rode with so much grace. Indeed, in order to raise her to the seigneurial grandeur of the domain of Ventadour, Ebles had divorced his first wife, Margaret of Turenne, whose distant relationship to him afforded a plea for considering their union illegal, as soon as he became acquainted with Adelaide. Still under the charm of recent marriage, he listened to his lady, as the young clerks of Dalon did to the white-bearded monk who taught them chanting; all her wishes were laws, and her desires were granted almost as soon as expressed. Therefore she interrupted the viscount, whom she thought too severe, and beckoning to the child to approach:

"Wilt thou give me thy partridge for this piece of gold?" said she in a gentle voice.

"No!" replied the child boldly.

"Why?"

"Because you will let the falcon kill it."

"And if I leave it thee, wilt thou come with me?"

"No!"

"Thou wilt not follow me?"

"No: you are wicked—you made my godmother weep."

"Who is thy godmother?"

"Madame Marguerite!"

Here the viscount interrupted, and, urging forward his horse in spite of the entreaties of his lady, he demanded roughly of the vassals, whom he recognised as belonging to him, who had given them permission to leave his domain. They replied with the boldness of people protected by a superior power; for in spite of its iron law, feudalism, the brutal expression of physical force, flinched before the church, the emblem of spiritual power; they replied that they were returning from a pilgrimage to Rocamadour, to thank the saint for having heard their prayers the preceding year. The viscount now only wished to know the name of the father of the child, who had already so far made friends with the lady as to bring her the bleeding bird without being alarmed at the impatient movements of the palfrey. When her husband again came to her side, the first words which she said to him were these:

"Ebles, may I ask a favour of you?"

"Yes, lady, and if it be possible, consider it as granted."

"Do you know to whom that child belongs?"

"To a servant named Bernard, who heats the ovens at this castle."

"Do you know what I wish if he has a large family?—to keep this young boy and bring him up as my son, until God gives me a child of my own."

"Let your wish be mine!" said Ebles, bowing graciously towards the viscountess.

Young Bernard accordingly received, at the Castle of Ventadour, the brilliant education given to the sons of the nobility of the time. An old monk of the Abbey of Dalon taught him to

...speak Latin grammatically, to reason, think, overthrow arguments, to sophisticate adroitly, and discomfit his adversary by eloquence, and to ornament his conversation by rhetoric. He moreover imparted to him the knowledge of the science of numbers, the four major and the four minor tones of music, and rendered him so learned that when he had reached the age of sixteen, with a robe of fine cloth and a purse at his side, he prized the pen a hundred-times more than the purse, and became a troubadour.

From that time, joining to his name that of the estate of the viscount, Bernard lived gaily through the latter half of the twelfth century, honoured by the great, cherished by the towns-people, esteemed by the ladies, and popular from the Loire to the Pyrenees by the charming songs which he composed wherever he went. As in this iron age (and it is worthy of remark) wit and talent excelled, Bernard of Ventadour was celebrated during forty years; his triumphs and his gaiety only ended with the century.

An event as singular as that which began his career marked the close of it.

Forty years later, Bernard, his hair blanched with age, was looking at some tapestry, upon which Alice, Duchess of Normandy, had traced, with great truthfulness and extraordinary

vivacity of colour, the hawking of Rosamadour. On beholding this scene of his native country he breathed these lines:—

“Quai la douss' aura venta
Devès nostrè pais,
Mès veiaire qu'ieu senta
Odoz de paradis. . . .”

“When'er the breeze goes murmuring by,
The breeze that in my country sighs,
I vow it wafteth unto me
The rich perfume of Paradise.”

At this moment an equerry entered the apartment, bringing two letters.

One was for the Duchess Alice, and announced to her that Richard Cœur-de-Lion, to whom she had long been betrothed, was about to marry a Princess of Castile.

The other, sealed with black, informed Bernard of the death of his faithful friend, the valiant Count of Toulouse.

Both were struck with a terrible blow, and took the same resolution; Alice covered that forehead, despoiled of the crown, with the veil of Fontevault; and Bernard, bidding a final adieu to the world, knocked at the door of the Abbey of Balon, the port and refuge of all the vanity and wretchedness of the age.

BAHIA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

THE ancient capital of Brazil, officially called San Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, but more generally known by the simple name of Bahia, possesses a magnificent harbour, of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying engraving (p. 357). This harbour, which gives much commercial importance to the town, has long been the admiration of mariners, and the skilful French hydrographer, whose book is now an authority in part of South America, does not hesitate to place it among the first of the numerous ports of which he gives so clear and exact a description. “All Saint's Bay,” says he, “taking it in its full extent, forms a very deep gulf in the continent; this gulf, which is known by the name of *Reconcavo*, is nearly thirty miles in circuit, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which are considerable.

“The largest fleets would be safe in Bahia, for in many situations vessels would find good anchorage secure from all gales, whilst the fertility of the surrounding country would ensure them all necessary supplies.

“On the eastern side of the principal entrance, where the ground rises in an amphitheatre from the shore, is situated the town of San Salvador, which possesses some fine buildings; it stands on uneven ground intersected by gardens, and is divided into the high and low towns. Next to Rio Janeiro, the town of Bahia is the most important in Brazil, and has a population of 100,000. Several forts, built on the summit as well as at the base of the declivity, command the coast and protect the town; the dockyard is defended by the fort Do Mar, a circular fortification built upon a bank of sand two hundred toises from the shore.”

Not only is Bahia an opulent and singularly picturesque town, it is also a city of old traditions, strange memories, and even poetic legends. Brazil had only been discovered three years when, according to several trustworthy authors, whose chronology, however, is questionable, the entrance of the bay was explored for the first time by Christovam Jaques, who there erected one of those sculptured stone-pillars which were then called *Padriões*, and which marked the progress of the navigators along the uncultivated shores. Seven or eight years later, about 1510 or 1511, the numerous tribes of the Tupinamba-Indians, who wandered on the fertile coasts of Itaparica or Tapagipe, had had time to forget the passing of the European ship, when a vessel trading in dye-woods was stranded upon the shore of the pleasant district which now bears the name of Victoria. It is said that the shipwrecked mariners all perished, devoured by the savages, with the exception of a brave Galician, who maintained so much

sang-froid in the midst of peril, and displayed so much dexterity among the Indians, as to save his life and earn for himself the privileges of a chief. Arriving in the presence of the Tupinambas, who received him clamorously and with menacing gestures, Alvares Correa, seizing a stray arquebuse which the waves had cast up among other remains of the wreck, loaded it, aimed at a bird, which he killed, and the report of firearms resounded for the first time on these shores. Henceforward the young European bore the name of a dreaded animal; he was called *Caramourou*, in memory of the mysterious power of which he had just given proof. The tribe of Indians, struck with terror, surrendered to him; the daughter of a chief, the beautiful Paraguassou, voluntarily united her fate to his: he ruled where he thought to have perished. Tired of a life among the Indians, but faithful to his young companion, Correa left Brazil accompanied by her, and embarked in a Norman ship commanded by Captain Duplessis. But here the legend, decking itself in the most brilliant colours, and warming with the most varied incident, belies all chronology. Welcomed on the banks of the Seine by Catherine de Medici, who had been recently united to Henry II., Paraguassou, so the story runs, received baptism in an old chapel at Paris, and took the name of the young queen who acted as her godmother. Sated with the marvels of Europe, she soon left France with Alvares Correa to return to her country, where she established herself in her native village, bringing with her the fruitful germs of Christianity, and subsequently the conquerors owed to her the legal surrender of the magnificent territory upon which the city now stands.

This legend, which is in the mouth of every Brazilian, and which has even given rise to a national poem, receives no support from chronology; and the Brazilians, who now really make deep researches as to their origin, take good care to defend it, and content themselves with their own explanations. They divide the marvellous events into two parts, and attribute them to two Europeans cast on their shores about the same time; it is thus that they elicit the truth of the story.

They assert that Alvares Correa, united to Paraguassou, was the primitive founder of the city, but do not allow that he went to France; he received the first *donatario*, Pereira Coutinho, and even shared his misfortunes; but later, in 1549, when the noble Thomé de Souza was on the eve of laying the foundations of a regular town in the midst of these warlike tribes, he became the most active agent of colonisation; he acted as *lingua*, that is to say interpreter, charged with direct-

ing the difficult negotiations which must precede the erection of a capital in a wild region, the inhabitants of which are little known. With Thomé de Souza came men acquainted with the difficult art of subduing this proud people and of commanding obedience. Navarro, Anchieta, Nobrega and others, descended the rivers of the south, in order to render their assistance to the new governor; and when, in 1557, Caracourou died in the midst of his children like a patriarch full of days, the towers of the cathedral were already rising on the verdant hill, where the vast college of the Jesuits was in course of construction:

This brief account, although very insufficient, at least serves to show to what epoch the most important edifices of this capital belong, buildings whose erection was actively continued under Duarte da Costa and Mendo de Sa, the illustrious governor, whose death occurred in the year 1577.

diluvial rains, which cause a return of the landlips. On this occasion, he gave the opinion of an experienced French engineer, Colonel de la Beaumelle, who had remarked, while staying at Bahia, the defective system of construction, and proposed to remedy it by the erection of vast buttresses, calculated to sustain the unstable ground. The wise administrator wished to adopt this system, and to undertake these gigantic works without delay. If they be not already commenced, sooner or later it will be necessary, in order to avoid the ruin of the low town, to have recourse to these Cyclopean ramparts, revived from ancient times.

We do not here pretend to name all the edifices hidden by the pleasant hills represented at the entrance of the port; otherwise we should have to describe the old cathedral (La Sé), constructed in the year 1552; the Jesuit College, built entirely of marble, by the side of which is the valuable library, founded, thanks



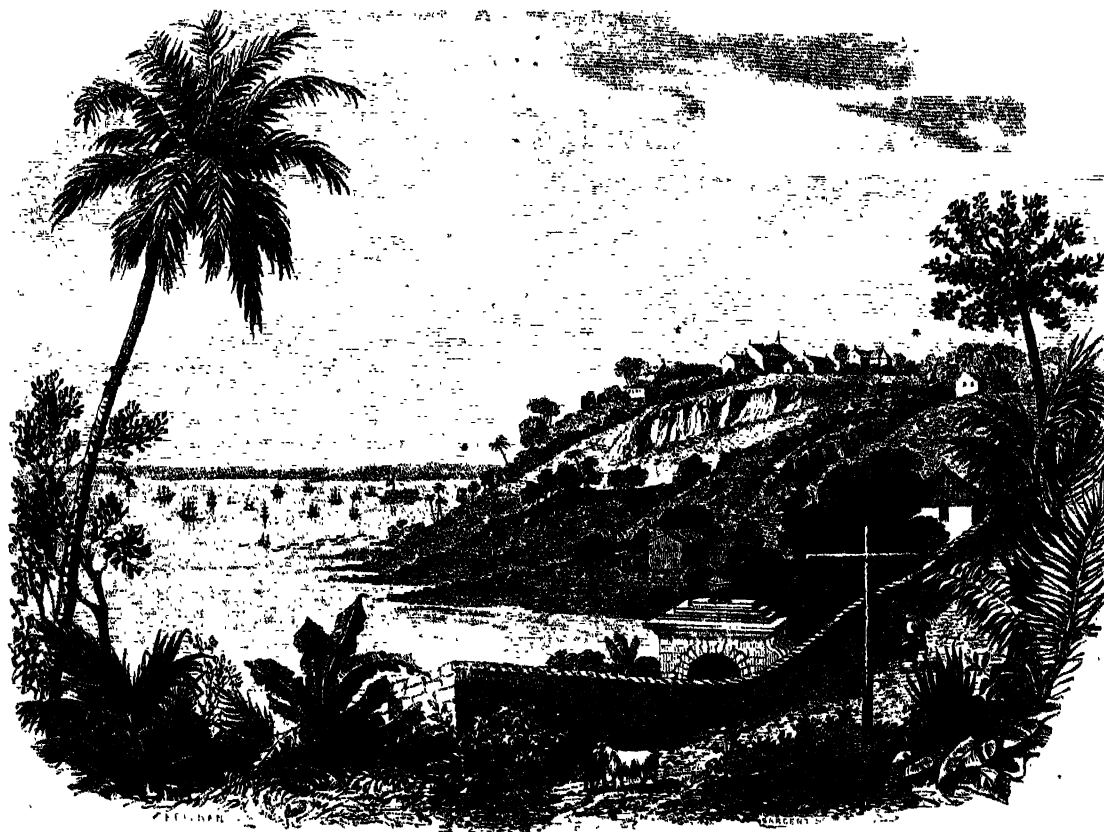
THE CHAPEL OF SAN GONÇALO AT BAHIA.

The genius which planned so many edifices was more active than provident. The requirements of commerce increasing, houses and immense magazines, called *trapiches*, multiplied, forming the vast street of La Praya, which borders on the sea, and which is continually menaced by the fall of the enormous buildings of the high town. The disastrous events of the years 1671 and 1748, when more than sixty persons perished, crushed by the landlip, seemed to be entirely forgotten, when catastrophes quite as lamentable at last awoke the solicitude of the authorities. About eight years ago, one of the most active and provident men who have presided over the destinies of this great city, Don Soares d'Andra, rightly informed the legislative provincial assembly, that all the precautions required by prudence having been neglected, there remained only two courses to be taken: either to abandon completely this part of the town, or to avert as soon as possible the peril by which it was threatened, especially at the season of the

to the suggestion of Don Gomez Ferrão, from the proceeds of a lottery, in 1811; the palace of the former governors, now occupied by the president of the province; the Mint, which traces its origin back to the year 1694; the play-house, only erected in 1806; and the public promenade, planted, in 1808, by the orders of the Count dos Arcos, to whom the town is indebted for many other useful institutions. From the *Passeio Publico*, where rises the obelisk in commemoration of the arrival of John VI., we direct our steps towards the charming lake, known by the name of *Dique*, which, at only a short distance from the town, recalls all the delights of those virgin woods now only to be met with in the interior. Descending towards the low town, which also has its monuments, we may mention the Church of the Conception, which was built, so to speak, at Lisbon; for all the stones, cut and assembled, were brought thence, about the year 1623, to the spot where they were put together. We must not fail to notice the Ba-

change, a vast building, finished in 1816; the magnificent mosaic floor of which displays the richest collection of indigenous woods known in South America. Among the innumerable religious edifices we must, at least, mention the great Convent of San Francisco, founded in 1594; then San Bento, erected thirteen years previously; Los Carmos; San Pedro; the monasteries, Das Mercês, Do Desterro, Da Soledad, the residence of the Ursuline nuns. We remark upon the little church of Da Graça, from the fact that it contains the tomb of Paragussou, and notice the Nossa Senhora da Victoria because the date of 1562 shows it to be the most ancient of these religious structures. Among the many edifices belonging to different ages and various institutions, we must do honour to the attention to preservation paid by the last magistrates charged with the municipal administration. Nevertheless, it is a sketch of a ruined chapel which we offer to our readers (p. 356) as a speci-

men of the architecture of the eighteenth century, an age in which so many churches were erected in Brazil. On the road leading to the delightful district called Bom-Fim, may still be seen the chapel of San Gonçalo. Scarcely a century has passed since the last stones were set in its façade; agaves, palms, bananas, and even cocoa-trees, now grow in disorder around it, and completely block up its entrance. Thousands of other plants spring luxuriantly from the fissures in its walls and hasten its destruction. No pains have, however, been taken to retard its decay, which might have been easily avoided; for this chapel, constructed in 1763 by the Jesuits, in a beautiful situation, had only been completed six years before the destruction of the powerful order to which it belonged. Its decay soon commenced, and at the beginning of this century, Lendley described its picturesque ruin as one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Bahia.



THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS

SCENES IN THE LORDS.

OCCASIONALLY the hot blood of the bold barons got them into scraps. "This day" (February 14, 1620), the journals of the Lords say, "the Lord Chancellor acquainted the house that this morning a quarrel happening between two noble members of that house, the Earls of Berkshire and Seroop, the former did forcibly push the other out of the house, against the honour and dignity of it." Both lords were called to the bar, and after serious debate, the Earl of Berkshire being called again to the bar of the house, and being on his knees, the Lord Chancellor told him that the house had considered of his fault, which they found to be very great, in that his lordship, being

a peer, who therefore should be tender of the privileges of the house, had in the house, and in the presence of the prince, his highness, offered force to a member of the same. The sentence of the house, therefore, was that his lordship be committed close prisoner to the Fleet until the house should order further. The Gentleman Usher was ordered to attend the said earl to his own house at his own request, but disarmed, and from thence to the Fleet. The latter place seems to have been favourable to good resolves and profitable meditation; for a few days after we find his lordship making submission to the house, and deeply regretting the trouble his bad temper had given them.

Grand scenes have, however, been enacted on the floor of the Lords. Many a mighty heart that had ventured everything for a sinking cause, was here brought to bay by the infuriated Commons, in that fierce time when the rage of the Lower House was rapidly reaching its culminating point.

When the time for peace was past—when the tempest was rising that was for a time to destroy prince and sceptre—even in the Lords occasionally a scene occurred. Take the following as an instance:—In the middle of a dull November day, there issued from the House of Commons, after hours of earnest deliberation with closed doors, three hundred representatives of the English people, with Pym at their head. They go to the House of Lords. They seek there the greatest man in all England—a man greater than the king—a man, who might, peradventure, have saved the king's head. Mr. Pym, at the bar, and in the name of the Lower House and of all the commons of England, impeached Thomas Earl of Strafford with high treason. Bailie tells us: "The Lords begin to consult on that strange and unexpected motion; the word goes in haste to the lord-lieutenant, where he was with the king; with speed he comes to the house; he calls *ruefully* at the door; James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens; his lordship, with a *proud glooming countenance*, makes towards his place at the board head. But at once many bid him to rid the house; so he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called. After consultation, being called in, he stands, but is commanded to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees he is delivered to the keeper of the black rod, to be prisoner till he was cleared of those crimes the House of Commons had charged him with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word. In the outer room James Maxwell required him, as a prisoner, to deliver his sword. When he had got it, he cries with a loud voice for his man, to carry my lord-lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, *all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood discovered.*" In succeeding reigns the scenes were still in the upper house. The graceless Charles would lounge into the house, chat with some of the courtiers—look black, perhaps, at a few who were playing, under the mask of patriotism, some little paltry game of their own, and of course, peers and bishops would be decorous and well-behaved enough all the while. When stormy times came, the great Chatham, whose peerage had been to him the same cloud it has too often been to others, came down to the house to die, with that Roman air which has made his name immortal. The occasion was the recognition of American independence. Chatham then appeared in the House of Lords for the last time. Sickness and age had done their work. The strong man had become weak. Wrapt in flannel, pale and emaciated, he came into the house supported by two friends. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man, yet never was seen a picture of more dignity. He rose slowly from his seat, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raising it, cast his eyes towards heaven and said: "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty and speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm; I have more than one foot in the grave; I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country; perhaps never again to speak in this house." The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the house were most affecting. If any one had dropped his handkerchief it would have been heard. At first he spoke in a low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose and was as harmonious as ever; once more the old flame burnt brightly, and the feeble, tottering cripple was again the mighty orator of his manhood's prime. As Chatham was sitting down, his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, said to him, "You forgot to mention what we talked of; shall I get up?" Chatham said, "No, no, I will; I will do it by-and-by." This by-and-by never came. After the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham again attempted to rise, but his shattered frame was unequal to the feelings of the dying orator. He fell back in a swoon. The whole house was agitated; political friends and political foes were alike alarmed. The scene was impressive. It needed not art to commemorate the great man

struck down in the scene of his ancient greatness. Art cannot heighten the interest of that reality. From the Chamber of Peers to Hayes, and from Hayes to Westminster Abbey, to mingle his ashes with those of others of England's illustrious sons, were steps thence easily taken—steps the immortal Chatham speedily took. A few days, and England wept her greatest statesman dead.

On some occasions, the peers have shown themselves not exempt from the fears of ordinary men. For instance, when Lord George Gordon presented the monster petition from the Protestant Association to the House of Commons, an infuriated Protestant mob had taken possession of Palace-yard and the surrounding streets; Lord Mansfield's carriage was attacked, and his windows were broken; Lords Hillborough, Townshend, and Stourmont, were in danger of their lives; the Duke of Northumberland was forced out of his carriage, robbed, and his clothes were torn to pieces. The Lords, who had met to consider, curiously enough, the Duke of Richmond's scheme for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, were in a terrible state of perturbation. At first they were resolved to play the part of Roman senators, and to be massacred at their posts. But fear triumphed; Lord Montfort, looking ghastly, and covered all over with mud and hair-powder, burst into the assembly, and began to vociferate; the Duke of Richmond appealed to the woolsack for protection; Lord Mansfield tried to restore order, but Lord Montfort insisted on being heard "in an affair of life and death; for Lord Boston, coming to his duty as a peer of parliament, had been dragged out of his carriage by the mob, who would certainly murder him if he were not immediately rescued from their violence." "At this instant," says the "Parliamentary History," "it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the house exhibited. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smothered with dirt; most of them pale as the ghost in Hamlet; and all of them standing up in their several places, and speaking at the same instant. One lord proposed to send for the guards—another for the justices or civil magistrates; many crying out, 'Adjourn! adjourn!'; while the skies resounded with the hurras, shoutings, or hootings and hissings in Palace-yard. This scene of unprecedented alarm continued for about half an hour."

Perhaps one of the most exciting scenes in the Upper House was that which took place in July, 1834. It arose out of certain explanations which noble lords, members of Lord Melbourne's government, were giving at the time respecting the course which ministers meant to pursue relative to the Coercion bill for Ireland. The Duke of Buckingham, after violently attacking government, concluded by saying:—"The noble and learned lord on the woolsack (Lord Brougham) and his colleagues think they have buried the noble earl in his political sepulchre, and that he will never more disturb them; but they will find themselves mistaken; the spirit of the noble earl will burst its cerements, and will haunt them in their festivities, and disturb the noble and learned lord on the woolsack in the midst of his potations pottle deep." A scene of confusion and uproar followed, which it is impossible to describe. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Brougham both rose, at the same time to address their lordships, but the former gave way. Lord Brougham (labouring under great excitement and addressing his first sentence to the Marquis of Lansdowne) said, "Stop a minute. As to the concluding observations of the noble duke, all I shall say is, that I do not frequent the same cabaret, or ale-house, as he does (deafening cries of 'Order, order!'); at all events, I do not recollect (continued Lord Brougham with increased energy) having met the noble marquis (Londonderry) at the noble duke's ale-house potations;—my lords, I have not a slang dictionary at hand." Here a whole host of noble lords rose, amidst deafening uproar, to address the house. Lord Brougham remained for some time on his legs, as if desirous of proceeding; but the confusion and noise, in all parts of the house, were so great as to render any effort to obtain a hearing altogether hopeless. The shout of 'Order, order,' from every side was absolutely deafening, and

Lord Brougham at last resumed his seat without uttering another word."

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

If scenes in the Upper House be rare, they are not in the chamber in which we now are. We turn to the page of history, and we meet with them everywhere. Whilst yet in its infancy, before it had grown great and strong by struggling with the strong and great, the Commons was the theatre of many an exciting scene. We see Wolsey, when in the height of his pride, attempting to awe that house with the imperious presence which few could withstand. Passing a little lower down the stream of time, we shall find scenes constantly occurring. Discussions with closed doors—the Speaker forcibly held down in the chair to prevent the adjournment of the house—the Speaker pathetic, and in tears. A little later, and we find the house assuming the appearance of an assembly of divines, quoting Scripture, proceeding in procession to church, listening to long and wearisome prayers, and sermons longer and more wearisome still. Such were the scenes in the olden time—scenes apparently ludicrous and uncouth—scenes, however, the result of feelings which we must all reverence—which have made England what she is. Out of that rough and stormy past has come the fair and sunny present. It is in consequence of that, that we are now what we are.

"In our halls are hung
Armoury of the invincible knight of old.
• We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake—the faith and morals hold
That Milton held. In everything we're sprung
Of earth's best blood, have titles manifold."

In the days of the bluff Harry, there occurred one of the first of the scenes which have taken place in the Lower House;—£800,000 was required, and it was thought advisable that the cardinal should go to the house and explain the purport and necessity of so large a grant. Accordingly, Wolsey went down to the house in great state, "with his maces, his pillars, his pole axes, his cross, his batte, and the great seal." The cardinal spake of state affairs—of breach of faith by Francis I.—of the king's treaty with Charles V.; how that there was to be war, and that its estimated charges would amount to £800,000, which should be raised out of the fifth part of every man's goods and lands, to be paid in four years—the house all the while sitting in solemn silence. The imperious Wolsey insisted upon an answer. Whereupon the Speaker—no less a personage than the illustrious Sir Thomas More—falling upon his knees with much reverence, excused the silence of the house, "abashed at the sight of so noble a personage," who was able to amaze the wisest and most learned men in the realm. But with many probable arguments, he endeavoured to show the cardinal that his manner of coming thither was neither expedient nor agreeable to the ancient liberties of that house; and, in conclusion, told him "that except all the members present could put their several thoughts into his head, he alone was unable in so weighty a matter to give his grace a sufficient answer." Whereat the cardinal, we are told, got up and left the house, angry with its Speaker and every one else.

Now and then the Commons had little indignities to put up with. In Queen Elizabeth's time they were shut out of the Lords on one occasion, and great indignation was excited. In James I.'s first parliament, the House of Commons, in the person of Sir Herbert Crofts, one of its members, received a similar insult. It seemed, Sir Herbert, coming up with others to hear the king's speech in the House of Lords, had the door shut upon him, and one Ryan Tashe, a yeoman of the guard, with that cool insolence which always distinguishes your Jack-in-office, insolently repulsed Sir Herbert, saying,— "Goodman Burgess, you come not here!" This was very properly resented as an affront to the whole house, and it might have proved vexatious had not one of the officers of state made up the matter; so the house was contented, and Ryan Tashe acknowledged his fault, and ask for

pardon, and with compelling him on his knees at the bar to listen to a reprimand from the Speaker.

One morning, as usual, the house met, but the Speaker was not there. Mr. Speaker being no less a personage than Sir Edward Coke. The house was much alarmed, and very properly went to prayers. A message was then received from the Speaker, "that he was extremely pained in his stomach, inasmuch that he could not without great peril go into the air, but that he trusted in God to attend them next day." All the members being very sorry for Mr. Speaker's illness, rested well satisfied, and so the house did rise, and every man departed away.

A young member of the name of Shephard—we know nothing more of the man—in a speech on a bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, says:—"Every one knoweth that *Dies Sabbati* is Saturday, so that you would forbid dancing on Saturday; but to forbid dancing on Sunday is in the face of the King's Book of Sports, and King David said, 'Let us praise God in a dance.' This being a point of divinity, let us leave it to divines; and since King David and King James both bid us dance, let us not make a statute against dancing. He that preferred this bill is a disturber of the peace and a puritan." Sir Edward Coke delivers a severe reply. The house becomes indignant, and poor Shephard on his knees hears, "that the house doth remove him from the service of this house, as being unworthy to be a member thereof."

Charles I. had not always his own way with the Commons. From the very first troubles threatened him. When the great Sir John Eliot offered a remonstrance concerning tonnage and poundage, the craven-hearted Speaker, Sir John Finch, durst not do his duty; "he was commanded otherwise by the king." To this Mr. Selden replied: "Mr. Speaker, if you will not put the question which we command you, we must sit still, and we shall never be able to do anything. We sit here by command from the king under the great seal; and as for you, you are by His Majesty, sitting in his royal chair before both houses, appointed our speaker, and do you now refuse to be our speaker?" The Speaker replied, "He had an express command from the king, as soon as he had delivered his message, to rise." Thereupon he rose and left the chair. But the house was not to be balked in that way. Mr. Hollis, son to the Earl of Clare, Mr. Valentine, and other members, held him in his seat. Sir Thomas Edwards and other privy councillors endeavour to free the Speaker. Mr. Hollis swears with an old-fashioned oath, that the Speaker should sit there till it pleased them to rise. Then the Speaker with tears answered, "I will not say I will not, but I dare not." Business, however, still proceeds: that disposed of, the house rises. Meanwhile the royal ear hears of it. Great indignation is felt in the royal bosom thereat. A messenger is sent for the mace and the sergeant—which being away, at once a stop is put to the business of the house. Unfortunately the house detains the sergeant, and the key of the door is taken from him and given to a member to keep. Again the king sends the keeper of the black rod to dissolve the house; but hearing that would be useless, he sends for the captain of the pensioners and the guard to force the door. The house rises in time to prevent the king having resort to this extreme measure.

The troubles and agitations of that time extended to women as well as men. Under date of February 4th, we find a very singular petition was that day presented to the Commons from several gentlewomen and tradesmen's wives in the city. On the last day of sitting, these female zealots had been observed to crowd much about the door of the Commons. Sergeant-major Shippon, the commander of the guard, applied to the house to know what to do with them; they telling him that where there was one now, there would be five hundred the next day, and that it was as good for them to die here as at home. They were pacified but for a time, and on the day referred to came down in considerable force with their petition against "the idolatrous service of the Mass." Mrs. Anne Stagg, accompanied by many others of like rank and quality, present the petition. After some time spent in debating it, we read, Mr. Pym came to the Commons' door, and called

for the women and spake to them in these words: "Good women, your petition with the reasons hath been read in the house, and hath been thankfully accepted of, and is come in a seasonable time. You shall, God willing, receive from us all the satisfaction which we can possibly give to your just and lawful desires. We intreat you, therefore, to repair to your houses, and turn your petition which you have delivered here into prayers at home for us; for we have been, are, and shall be to our utmost power, ready to relieve your husbands and children; and to perform the trust committed unto us towards God, our king, and country, as becometh faithful Christians and loyal subjects." Most probably, this is the scene Butler alludes to,—

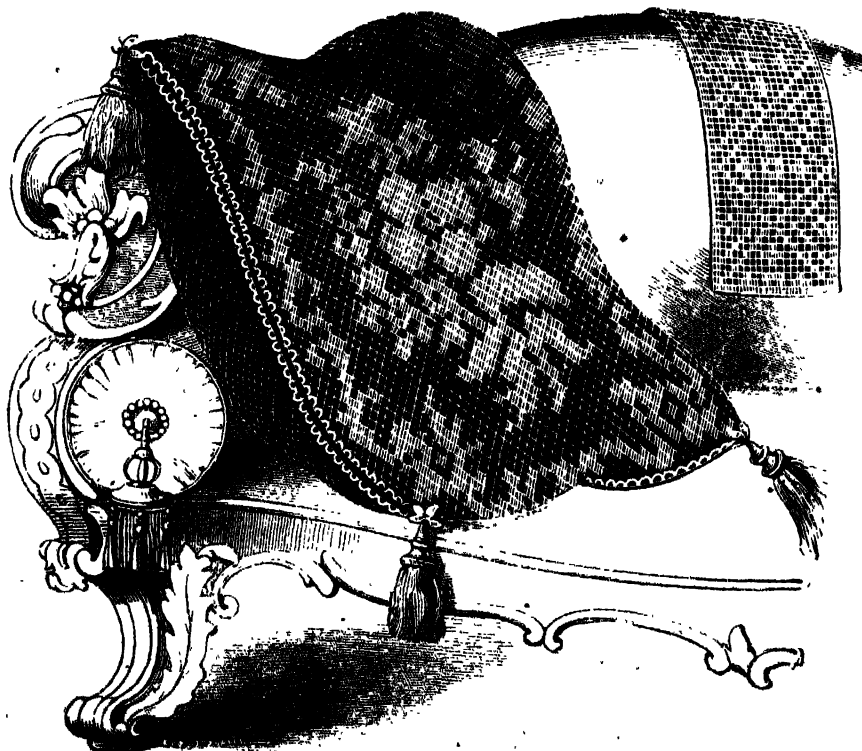
"The oyster women locked their fish up
And trudg'd away to cry up Bishop."

Alas, for female politicians! the fickle sex next year were quite of another mind, when they presented a petition for peace. Rushworth tells us, "that this petition was brought up by two or three thousand women, generally of the meanest sort, with white silk ribbons in their hats, and was by some of their number presented to the House of Commons, who received and read the same, and sent out Sir John Hippeley and two or three members more to return them an answer, 'that the house were in no ways enemies to peace, and that they did not doubt but in a short time to answer the ends of their petition, and desired them to return to their habitations.'

But the women, not satisfied, remained thereabouts, and by noon were increased to five thousand at the least, and some of the rabble in women's clothes mixed themselves amongst them, and instigated them to go to the Commons' door and cry 'Peace! peace!' which they did accordingly, thrusting to the door of the house at the upper stair-head. The trained-band advised them to come down, and first pulled them, and afterwards to fright them shot powder; but they cried out, 'Nothing but powder!' and some of them in the yard, having brickbats, threw them a-pace at the trained-band, who then shot bullets. Yet the women, not daunted, cried out the louder at the door of the House of Commons, 'Give us those traitors that are against peace, that we may tear them to pieces; give us that dog, Pym.'" The ladies having thus set a bad example to the 'prentice boys, Whitelake says, "that the apprentices and many other rude boys and mean fellows amongst them, came into the House of Commons with their hats on; kept the door open, and called out as they stood, 'Vote! vote!' in this arrogant manner till the vote had passed." These, however, were but little infringements of parliamentary privilege compared with that jocularly known at "Pride's Purge," when Colonel Pride, having surrounded the house with soldiers, "seized upon divers members of the Commons, some at the doors, others in the lobby, and on the stairs near the house, without any warrant or reason alleged but their sword and power, as they were going to discharge their duties."

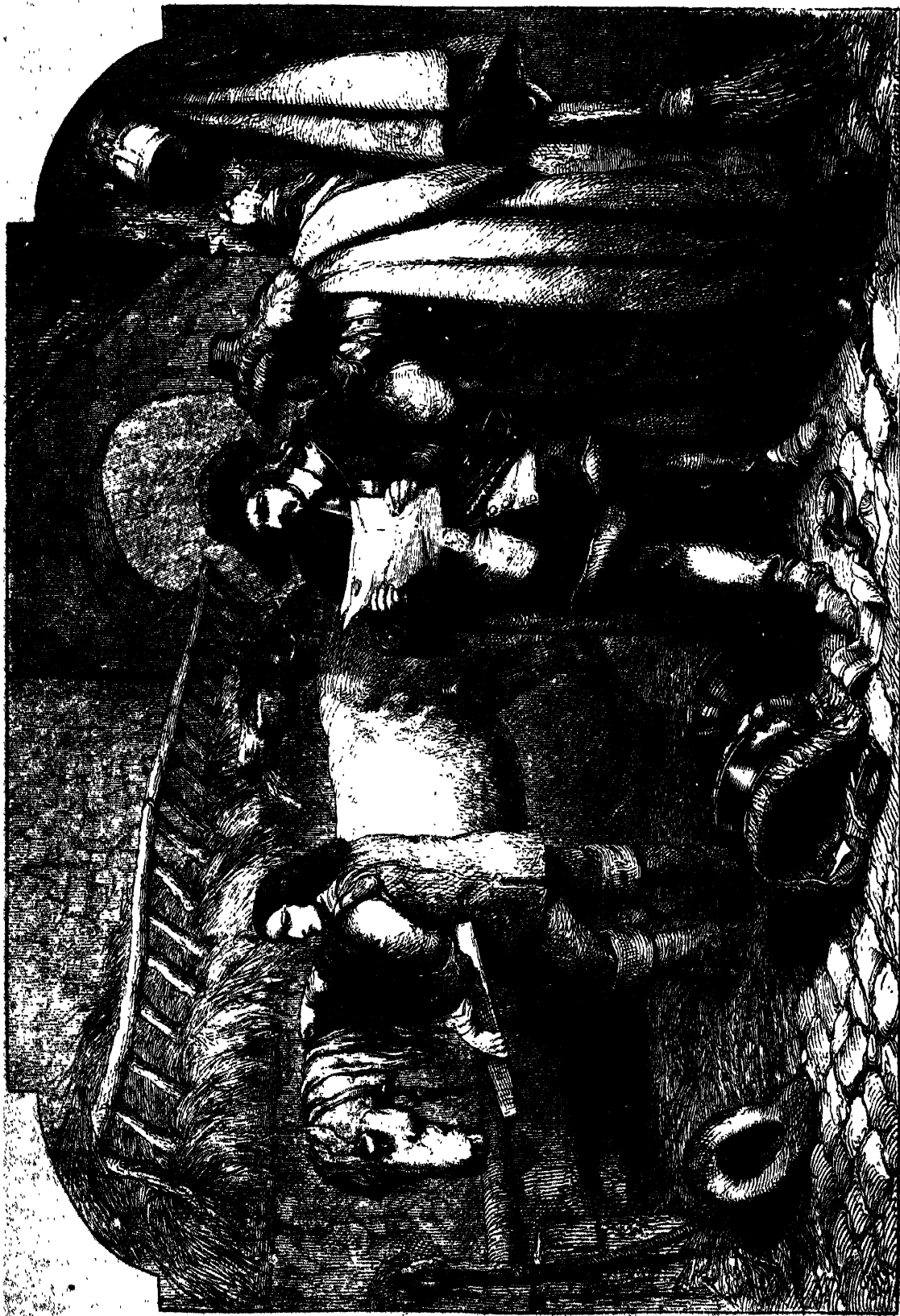
OTTOMAN COVER.

IN SQUARE NETTING; THE PATTERN DIAMOND.



MATERIALS:—Brooks' Goat's-head Netting Cotton, Nos. 30 and 36; Embroidering, No. 40; Steel Mesh, No. 12, and Steel Netting Needle. For the upper side of the cushion use No. 36 Cotton, and commence with one stitch, and make one at the end of every row until you have 83 loops on your mesh; then decrease one at the end of every row until you have only one left; then fasten off; then darn it with Embroidering Cotton, No. 40, according to the engraving, always taking care that there are the same number of threads in every square, and that the threads all run the same way, making as

few breaks in the cotton as possible; in fastening off, or beginning again, always let it be on the under side, that the ends may not be seen. Then, for the under side of the cushion, make another piece exactly similar to the other one in size, but with a thicker cotton, No. 30. The two pieces must then be joined together, and placed upon a cushion stuffed with wool and covered with a dark purple, crimson, or green velvet; the whole afterwards finished with a thick twisted cord in two colours, with massive tassels at the corners to match.



CROMWELL READING THE LETTER OF CHARLES I. AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

CROMWELL DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES I. AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN

THE reader of history must be dull indeed if he do not learn, in the language of the poet, that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

If we look back upon the history of England, we shall see how with reference to most of her rulers this might be said. It is true, only one king became insane—only one was driven to die an exile in a foreign land—only one lost his life at the scaffold; but even those to whom such terrible catastrophes did not occur, could, we doubt not, bear testimony to the fact, that grief and sorrow are to be met with in the palace of the king as well as in the hut of the peasant. Placed above their fellows, princes rarely hear the voice of truth; they are surrounded by needy parasites and dependent courtiers; the struggle for life, which is such a bracing exercise to others, they know nothing of. They have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for, higher than the position they have already obtained. If a crowned head has not real cares, it has imaginary ones. The only merry monarch we read of in our history was Charles II., and his was the merriment of the sensualist and the fool.

But the usurper—the man who works his way upwards to a throne—has greater troubles still. On every side he has foes. Every moment he expects to be dragged down from his high eminence. It is the necessity of his position that he must be suspicious—that he must have recourse to espionage—that he must be keen at plotting himself, and detecting the plots of others. In this respect there is a great resemblance between the great Cromwell and the great Napoleon.

The Blue Boar in Holborn is famed as the scene of one of Cromwell's clever exploits in this character. In Morrice's "Life of Lord Orrery" we have the account as it came from Cromwell's lips. Morrice writes:—

"One time, when Lord Boyhil, and Cromwell, and Ireton were riding together, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king; and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both inquiries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this—we found that the Scots and

the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch. Therefore, we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busy with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. This letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock that night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received the letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn, which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock. The sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse, saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search there all that went in and out there; and as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismissed him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which the fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, etc. Upon this, added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forth, resolved his ruin.'"

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was the third day after that upon which Bianca Morosini fell ill. In a room of a mean house in the quarter of San Barnabo a young man lay upon a pallet. An old woman, in the attire of the poorest of the people, sat beside him and watched him as he slept. At length the sleeper awoke and opened his eyes.

"What hour is it, good mother?"

"It is just sunset, signore. The Ave Maria is ringing."

"Ah, then I have slept many hours, and feel much refreshed."

"The saints be praised!" said the old woman, "the physician said that the fever was gone, and that when you woke all danger would be over. Ah, Signor Giulio, he says you had a narrow escape; had the wound been an inch deeper it would have been mortal. Do you know the villain who struck you?"

"I know nothing, good Giovanna, except that, as I left my room, coming from Matteo, and had just put the

me suddenly from the shadow of the portico, and struck me in the back with a dagger. I fell down, and remember nothing further till I found myself lying here."

"Ah, yes, signore, you swooned; and, as God willed, my Antonio was just then returning from the canal, and seeing you lying bleeding, he raised you and brought you in here, as it was night at hand; and then, when he found who you were, he went for the skillfullest chirurgion in Venice."

"I owe him much, and thee, too, good mother. But tell me now, what news from the palazzo? Hast thou been there?"

"Yes, signore; but I could see no one—the mark was on the house."

"In the name of heaven explain yourself," cried Giulio Polani. "What mark dost thou talk of?"

"Ah, signore, the mark placed by order of the Signori alla Sanità. The plague is there. It has been in the city these three days."

"I must arise, good mother," said Giulio, when the first shock of the intelligence was passed.

woman remonstrated as far as she dared, but her words were not to be controlled.

"I tell thee, I feel strong enough to rise and go out—the air will serve me; besides, were it otherwise, the uncertainty and suspense is intolerable. I must know the worst. Thou canst not tell me who is seized with the distemper?"

"No, truly, signore; neither I nor Antonio could learn. But since you insist on rising, I beseech you to wait till I fetch my son to attend upon you; I shall not be long away."

No sooner had the old woman gone to seek the boatman than Giulio arose from his bed. He was still weak from loss of blood, and the stiffness of his wound impeded him; however, he contrived to put on his clothes, and taking advantage of the absence of Giovanna, he left the house. The cool evening air revived him, and he made his way slowly along the narrow streets, pondering sadly upon the fatality that had fallen upon himself and his house. In the bitterness of his heart he believed that Providence had intervened specially to crush him. The unfortunate stroke that prevented him reaching home on the evening of his interview with Jacques, was, he felt certain, dealt by no robber's hand; for neither his purse nor the bills had been taken; nor could he think of any one whose enmity he had incurred, who would have him set on by a bravo; he, therefore, came to the conclusion that the ruffian had mistaken him for some other person. Then he bewailed the precious time that was lost while he lay in the delirium of fever. What might not have occurred in the interval? Might not Bianca, when she found he did not return, have yielded to the importunities of his father and accepted the suitor thrust upon her? His heart quickly rejected the thought, as one unworthy of her who had pledged to him her faith. What! if it were she that was seized with the plague—perhaps even now dying or dead! The thought was maddening and made him sick and faint, so that he was forced to pause a moment and lean against a doorway for support. Twilight by this time had nearly faded into night, and as he looked up, a light glimmering in the window of a house on the opposite side of the calle attracted his attention, and in the dim evening light he was enabled to decipher, inscribed in large letters upon a board:

"Qui si può consultare un' Astrologico famoso: il piano secondo."

It is a well-known historical fact that, during the prevalence of the plague, the popular terror took the direction of superstition. This terrible disease was looked upon as a direct manifestation of the Divine displeasure, and whoever professed to be able to discover the secret councils of God, as manifested by the appearance of the stars or the influences or conjunctions of the planets, was sure to be consulted by the people. If this were so, in our own land, at a much later period of the world, it is not to be wondered that in Venice, in the fourteenth century, the astrologer and fortune-teller drove a thriving trade. Giulio's eye rested on the inscription, while those harassing doubts were rising in his mind, and the words seemed to address him directly, and invite him to seek a solution of them by learning the hidden designs of Fate. He crossed the street, ascended the stairs to the second story and knocked at the door. It was opened by a stunted-looking Moorish boy, who, without speaking, held out his hand for the accustomed consulting fee, and then ushered Giulio into the apartment of the astrologer.

It was a square room, dimly lighted by an iron lamp that was suspended from the centre of the ceiling by a triple chain of the same metal; a blue inconstant flame glimmered from the vessel, emitting a strong sulphurous smell, and causing all the objects in the room to flicker, and, as it seemed, to move to and fro. Stuffed reptiles and animals of the most unsightly kind hung from the ceiling—bats, toads, frogs, and serpents—cast their distorted shadows upward the walls and the floor, as the light leaped fitfully up and down; they seemed to fling back and forth in convulsive motion. The walls were covered with phylacteries, celestial signs, and tables of numbers, and other astronomical diagrams. A

the room, the light of the lamp fell obliquely upon a wall played in the eyeless sockets of a human skull, beside which sat a large vulture. On the middle of the table, a table to one side, stood a mysterious instrument; the pedestal was flat and circular, about two inches thick, formed of a composition termed by theurgists, *electrum magicum*, and was inscribed with the holy name *ELOHIM* in Hebrew characters; from this sprang a pillar, which supported a large oval crystal, set in a frame-work of gold, around which was written in Greek the name of the Supreme Majesty, *TETRAGRAMMATON*; four smaller crystals were set at equal distances around the larger one, indicating the animal, vegetable, mineral, and astral kingdoms; while from the top rose a fifth, representing the great Δ or equilateral triangle—the mystic symbol of divinity. At the other side was a large bell, made likewise of *electrum magicum*, having written upon its outer surface the word *TETRAGRAMMATON*, and higher up *SADAI*; behind and between these two strange objects appeared the astrologer himself. He was clothed in a flowing robe of black silk, trimmed down the front and at the edges with flame-coloured velvet; his head was covered with a high cylindrical black cap, and he held a white wand in his hand; the base of the lamp was so placed, whether by design or accident, as to throw his face into shadow. Giulio had ample time to observe all these things as he stood before the astrologer, who seemed buried in such profound contemplation of a paper before him, as not to be sensible of the entrance of a stranger. At length he raised his head and beheld his visitor. He betrayed no surprise whatever, but said in a low, solemn voice—

"Signor Giulio Polani, thou art welcome—I have expected thee."

The young man started with astonishment to find himself recognised by one to whom he believed himself a total stranger.

"How is it that you know me?" he asked. "We have surely never met before to-night."

"To the eye of science," replied the astrologer, "all things are revealed. He who can decipher the characters of the inner life, can easily read the external inscription. Thou comest to consult me. Of thyself or of others?"

"I would seek to know the fate of another than myself."

"Canst thou declare to me the year and day, and if possible, the hour, of her nativity?"

"Her," cried Giulio in surprise; "I said not it was a woman!"

"True, thou didst not, nevertheless it is so. Canst thou tell me what I require?"

"I can," said Giulio, and he named the year. "I know, too, the very day and hour; for I have often heard her say that she was born at the moment that the bells of Saint Mark rang in the new year."

"Tis well," replied the astrologer; "I will now calculate for thee her horoscope."

Thereupon he took a paper upon which was a diagram of that peculiar figure which is known to the adept of the occult sciences as a horoscope. First there was a square, within which was inscribed another similar figure, so that the angles of the latter touched the centre of the sides of the former; within this was again drawn another square whose sides were parallel to the external one, and from its angles lines were drawn to the angles of the outer square. By this means twelve triangles were formed in the space between the inner and outer squares, and were denominated the twelve houses. The astrologer then took an *ephemeris*, in which he ascertained the position and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies at the time indicated in the nativity of the person whose fortune he was about to predict, and these he noted carefully upon the horoscope. In the same way he consulted "the table of dignities," and noted the results of his calculations as he had done those of the *ephemeris*. As he thus proceeded, he muttered to himself many strange words, amongst which a

and then, suddenly, he uttered the words—
"The time is little, and the destiny is great."
and then he turned his head towards Giulio, and said—

he was silent for a space, still busily calculating; then he spoke slowly—

"She is sick—a sore sickness. The moon is corrupted—affected of Saturn in the three first degrees of Scorpio—Death! Death!"

By this time the suspense and agony of Giulio were intolerable; he groaned aloud. The astrologer's calculations were complete; he looked up and spoke in a solemn voice, in which there was somewhat of sorrow and pity blended—

"Young man, we are the ministers and the interpreters of nature; not her lords. We cannot control the stars; we but declare in speech the knowledge which day and night they utter in their mysterious language. I have calculated the horoscope according to the nativity thou hast given me. Listen whilst I announce it. A maiden was born at that moment when the planetary influences were inauspicious—even now she is weighed down by a fatal malady. In vain do the stars in the ascendant houses strive to overcome the power of those in the cadent. The signs in the twelfth house betoken tribulation; in the eighth there is death!—aye, even now the hand of death is upon her. She enters the fourth house—the end of all. Before the morrow's sun she shall be a corpse!"

Giulio staggered forwards; a faintness as of death came upon him, and he would have fallen to the ground, but that the astrologer arose and caught him in his arms. Pouring forth from a phial a few drops of a volatile fluid into a glass of water, the astrologer forced it into the mouth of the fainting man. The pungent elixir caught his breath, giving a sensation of choking; but it speedily restored him. At this moment the light of the lamp fell directly on the face of the astrologer as he bent over his visitor, and Giulio recognised with a shudder the glittering eye and scarred forehead of Bartolomeo Venturini!

The young man found himself, he scarce knew how, once more in the street before the house of the astrologer. He felt a terrible composure, as if of despair. "It is in vain," he muttered, "to struggle against destiny. Come, I will play the play out to the end—I will be near her when she dies—I will die with her if it may be so." He moved onwards with such speed as he could exert through the dark vacant streets till he reached the cortile at the rear of the Palazzo Polani. Just then the postern door was opened, and one came forth carrying a torch, followed by two others who bore a litter, upon which lay a figure covered over with a white linen cloth.

"Be quick," said he who held the torch, "I hear the bell ringing at the bridge—we shall scarcely be in time."

Uttering a wild cry, Giulio sprang forward to cast himself upon the bier, when the strong arm of the torch-bearer held him back, exclaiming—

"Are you mad, good fellow, or weary of your life? She has just died of the plague. Oh, Cielo!" he added, as the light of the flambeau showed the features of him he addressed, "it is our young master Giulio!"

At the time when Giulio Polani fell into the arms of the servant outside the palazzo, within it were silence, and gloom, and sorrow; for the shadow of death still hung over it, notwithstanding the corpse just borne away. One now stepped noiselessly through the gloomy hall, and up the wide marble staircase, and along the corridor. He was dressed in the Greek costume, and wore on his head a close-fitting black

skull-cap, beneath which fell down a profusion of hair white as silver, while a long beard of the same colour hung down upon his breast. As he moved along, he sighed and said mutely—

"Alas! Death is a blind mower; the green and unripe fall beneath his sickle even as the ripe and the withered—the young maiden equally with the old man. Ah! that he may be satisfied with this one poor victim, and spare these others who are now in his grasp."

As he concluded his soliloquy, he reached the door of a chamber, and gently opening it, he entered. The light of a shaded lamp disclosed an old woman watching near a bed which lay in the shadow. The man went up to the couch, and bending down his head, listened in silence; then turning to the woman, he said:

"This sleep is calm and refreshing; the breathing is natural and easy: how long has it lasted, Mistress Giudetta?"

"Since I gave the draught, Ser Demetrius; I think it must be near half an hour."

"Tis well. Hold hither the lamp. Ah, yes, the face is losing the haggard look, the redness about the eyelids is abated. Let me feel the pulse. No—no flutter—no sharpness—tranquil and regular; and the skin is no longer dry, but a warm moisture is breaking out through the pores. Good, good!"

"The Virgin be praised!" said Giudetta; "that we may have hope?"

"Assuredly we may hope; the vital functions are rallying. The event is, however, in the hands of God. If thy patient should wake before I return, thou wilt administer this aromatic potion. And now I must attend elsewhere."

The mediciner was leaving the room, when the old woman said to him entreatingly:

"Ah, good Messer Demetrius, I wish heartily that your worship would give me one of those wonderful and blessed amulets, which keep off this deadly disease. I remember in the great plague, when I was a little girl, people always wore such about them. Doubtless so learned a man as you must know how to compose many such."

"Of a verity I do," replied the physician, "and I am as unwilling to comply with thy request. This pestilence is one of the arrows of God wherewith he slays man for his sins, saith the erudite Claudius Galenus, 'Pestis est flagellum sagitta Dei, ob peccata hominibus immissa.' Wherefore is it lawful for us to use such things as a shield; nevertheless, we must by no means pretermitt the use of medicaments and therapeutics, which are as weapons wherewith to assail and drive away the foe."

"Your worship no doubt speaks wisely and learnedly," said Giudetta, her reverence being in exact proportion to her ignorance of what the physician somewhat pedantically enunciated. The latter thereupon took from his pouch a piece of parchment, whereon he inscribed several letters, between which at various intervals he drew the sign of the cross, and then handed it to Giudetta, saying:

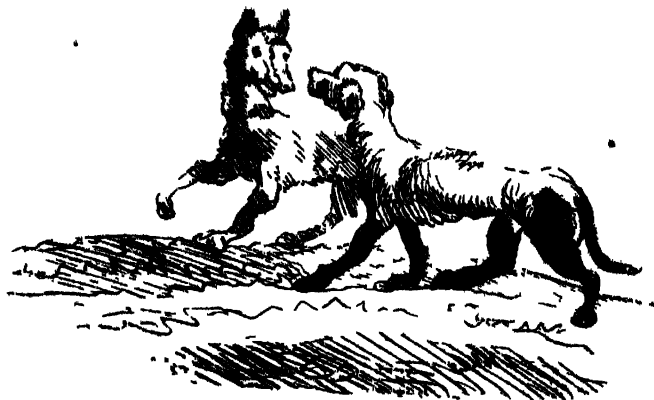
"This amulet is of a most holy significance, and of marvellous virtue against the plague. It was composed by a certain Greek archbishop, and by him was given to the learned Hieronymus Bardius, doctor in theology and medicine, of whom I had it. Wear it constantly round thy neck, put thy confidence in God's mercy, and have a cheerful spirit."

Giudetta took with profound reverence the sacred talisman, and the physician departed.

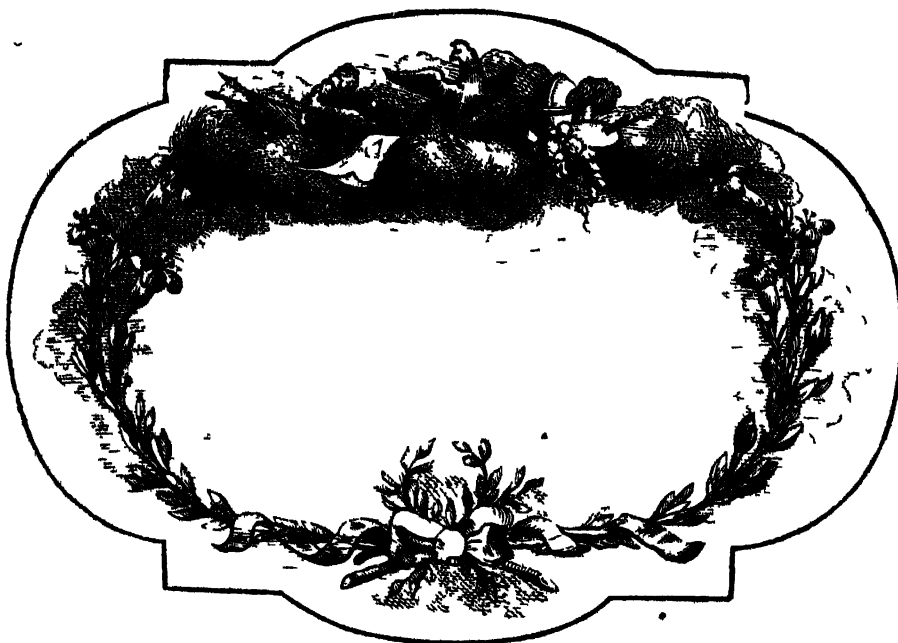
AMATEUR ARTISTS.

Artists and other eminent personages have not unfrequently been glad to seek relief from the pressure of weightier affairs in the cultivation of art. A long list of distinguished names might be drawn up to which this remark is applicable. The reign of Louis XIV. has been particularly rich in such names. It is with great probability supposed that Charles

the Carolingian dynasty of French sovereigns spent some of his leisure hours in the illumination of manuscripts. Among other members of this family who have devoted themselves to such pursuits, may be mentioned the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV.—one of the Dauphins of France, who, about the years 1685 and 1686, was employed in the painting of the



DRAWING WITH A PEN BY LOUIS XV WHEN A CHILD



FAC-SIMILE OF AN ETCHING BY LOUIS XVI.



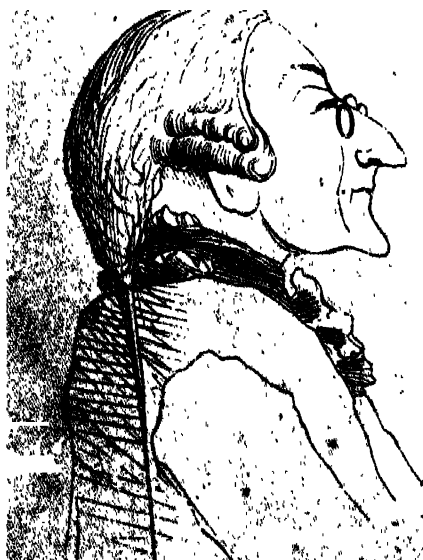
SKETCH OF A LANDSCAPE BY JOHN CONSTABLE (REPRODUCED BY THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY).

Louis XIV., who also engraved with much skill; Louis
 Henry of Bourbon, whose drawing was of a superior order;
 Louis of Bourbon; and the Count of Clermont, who produced
 an excellent engraving of a landscape in the style of Coypel.
 The passion of the good King Rene of Anjou for the fine arts
 is well known—an unfortunate passion which withdrew him

the print department of the Bibliothéque Nationale at Paris,
 includes a vast store of curiosities, to some of which we
 venture to call the reader's attention. In the portfolio of the
 Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., there is a view of the
 Escorial Palace at Madrid, where his mother, Maria Theresa,
 and his grandmother, Ann of Austria, were brought up, and



LANDSCAPE BY THE BARONNESS OF HERLAC.



Charlotte Fre
 1814

DRAWING BY THE PRINCESS.



DRAWING BY EUGENE NAPOLEON OF
 LEUCHTENBERG.

Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.); and the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.). We have reproduced a well-executed etching (p. 356) of a *fleur-de-lis* garland, with a symbolical trophy of a cock, arms, and objects of art, by the last of these princes.

The landscape by the Duke de Chartres, which forms our third illustration (p. 356), is the production of a genuine artist. This Duke de Chartres could be no other than Louis Philippe Egalité, so familiar to those who have read of the first French revolution; for on a leaf of the portfolio containing his engravings it is stated that he was born in 1747. Besides the natural taste for art which distinguished his family, he had a good master in J. C. de Carmontelle, who was an agreeable and faithful attendant, and after whom he engraved a small plate called "The Manœuvre of St. Cloud," in the year 1764. His six landscape etchings are really masterly productions.

It is not easy to determine the origin of the charming landscape by the Baroness of Herlac, as she is termed in the manuscript (p. 357). It is by some thought to have been etched in 1766, from a drawing by Leprince, whose name appears on the margin of the plate. The pointed, lean, and slender figure (p. 357), like that of a gentleman-usher or a bailiff, was engraved some years later by Count Hessenstein, from an original design by M. de Hamilton, who intended this to be accompanied by a huge, fat, thick personage, with immense paunch and peruke.

Our readers will naturally feel more interest in the next illustration (p. 357), which is a drawing by the Princess Charlotte, whose premature and melancholy death threw such a gloom over the nation, no less on account of the singular private virtues which endeared her to the country, than the interest attaching to her position as heir-apparent to the throne. Eugene de Beauharnais, the former viceroy of Italy, who enjoyed equal popularity, was the father of the amateur artist who drew the last figure on the preceding page. The son, Eugene Napoleon, of Leuchtenberg, who was a cousin of the present Emperor of the French, married the late Queen of Portugal, whom he left a widow. There is a series of seven small etchings by him, the first of which is represented in our engraving.

THE EARLY LIFE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT.

THERE never was a greater contrast presented in the life of any woman than that which appears in the life of Catherine of Russia, the wife of the great Peter. In her youth we find innocence, virtue, courage and self-denial, fortitude in adversity, and equanimity in good fortune and elevation. But what shall we say of those latter years in which great talents and a commanding will were sullied by excesses such as no female sovereign has ever been guilty of since the days of Messalina—cruelty which was never relieved by remorse, and a thousand shameful and violent deeds, which utterly unsexed and degraded the perpetrator?

She was born in a village near the little town of Dorpat, in Livonia. She was the only child of her parents, poor peasants, who had nothing to bequeath her but their virtues. She was still very young when her father died, leaving her widowed and decrepid mother entirely dependent upon her for support. Nobly did she fulfil her task. They lived in a small cottage with mud walls, and thatched with straw; and while Catherine worked with her needle all day long, the old woman read some pious book, as well as her feeble sight would allow; and when night fell, too poor or too frugal to light a candle, they sat round their fire talking, and were content and happy.

Catherine excited great admiration in her neighbourhood. She was tall, her figure was symmetrical, her skin was white, her face was "the fairest that e'er the sun shined to perfection"—the modesty, and stateliness of her manners, were the envy of those who all endeavoured to imitate her. But

She evidently set very little value upon bodily charms, compared with mental acquirements. Her mother had taught her to read; the old Lutheran minister of the parish had instructed her in the truths of religion; and to these advantages she added quick observation, sound judgment, and a strong but well trained imagination. She got many offers of marriage from peasants in the neighbourhood, but declined them all, declaring she could not leave her mother. But the latter died when she was but sixteen, and she then gave up the cottage, and sought an asylum in the house of the minister, as governess of his children. So great was her vivacity, her amiability, and her prudence, that he came to love her as his own daughter, and employed masters to teach her music and dancing, and every other accomplishment that could add to her charms. These were the happiest days of Catherine's life. A pure and simple heart beat within her breast; she was budding into womanhood, and surrounded by every fascinating grace. The time passed along pleasantly, teaching the children their lessons, talking with the good pastor, reading, singing, dancing, gardening. Oh, what a pleasant vision to the maiden's fancy was the great future and the great world which lay outside the walls of the parson's modest dwelling!

But "fine times," says the proverb, "do not last always." The minister died, his household was broken up, and Catherine once more found herself cast alone upon the world. But not helpless. She was a brave girl, and was nothing daunted, though Livonia was at that time utterly desolated by the war which was raging between the Swedes and Russians with frightful fury. Lawless marauders and brutal soldiers crowded every highway, and spread terror and confusion through every dwelling. Food was every day becoming scarcer, and Catherine made up her mind to go to Marienburg, a large town, where she hoped to find plenty and employment. Marienburg, be it remembered, was some days' journey distant; the way lay through a dreary, desolate country, and the hostile forces were ravaging it in every direction. Fancy what a stout heart she must have had then, when she set out on her journey on foot, her wardrobe tied up in a bundle, a small sum of money in her pocket, and without knowing a soul in the town to which she was going. And yet this she did. One evening towards sunset, just as she was about to seek lodging for the night in a neighbouring farmhouse, she found herself face to face with two soldiers, who seized her, and commenced, notwithstanding her cries and entreaties, using her very brutally. She was becoming exhausted, when a young officer appeared upon the scene; and immediately upon seeing him the soldiers took to their heels and made their escape. What was Catherine's surprise and delight to find in her deliverer the son of her old friend the Lutheran minister. Never was meeting more opportune. Not to mention the predicament in which he found her placed by the soldiers, her money was almost expended in paying the expenses of her journey, and she was looking forward to entering the town penniless. The officer, however, replenished her purse, procured her a horse, and gave her letters of introduction to some of his friends, amongst others to a Mr. Glück, who held some official post in Marienburg. She accordingly presented herself at his house, received a cordial welcome, and on the following day was installed in his family as governess of his two daughters, who had lost their mother. Though she was still but seventeen, she discharged the duties of her new office to perfection; and was so graceful, intelligent, and captivating, that she robbed poor Glück of his heart, and he begged of her to take his hand as well. What was the surprise of the dignitary when she refused him? "Yes," and refused him with the dignity of a queen,—refused him as she had refused the peasants of Dorpat two years previously. She, the orphan and outcast, who had so lately come to him, was now worn and desolate!

Probably our readers now think that Catherine was the wife of a peasant, and that she was a poor girl, who had no other resources than her own

I think for a reason that all ladies will appreciate and approve—because she loved another, and that other neither king nor emperor, but a poor subaltern officer, without fortune or influence, with but one arm, and hacked and shattered from head to foot with bayonet and ball, the son of her old benefactor, the same who had succoured and delivered her when desolate and sore afraid. Ah! Catherine was still a woman, brave, single, and true.

She immediately left M. Gluck's house, and when the officer returned to Marienburg, somehow or other they came to know that each loved the other, and they agreed to get married. Their nuptials were celebrated with a great deal of simple rejoicing, but on that very evening the town was attacked by the Russians, and the bridegroom left the altar to rush to the battery.

He never returned. Whether killed or captured, Catherine never knew; but she never saw him more, and thus found herself a widow and a bride within twelve short hours. She watched that night in sorrow and anxiety, and the morrow came, and another and another, and the siege raged with undiminished fury, till at last the town was carried by assault,

and the Russian hordes spared neither age nor sex. When the slaughter was over, Catherine was found hidden in an oven. In the division of the booty, she was allotted to a soldier as a slave. She had lost her property, her husband, and all her friends, and now at last had lost her liberty. But even this new misfortune did not subdue her. She was still cheerful, pious, and resigned, and her lofty and calm dignity awed the brutal men who surrounded her into gentleness and humanity. The fame of her beauty reached the ears of the Russian general, Prince Menschikoff. *He saw her, purchased her, and placed her in his household under the care of his sister. Here she grew in beauty, both of feature and character, as the years grew in years. She was a favourite with everybody. Shortly afterwards the Czar, Peter the Great, visited the prince at his house. Catherine was ordered to hand round some fruit, and her appearance astonished the emperor. He went away thoughtful, and returning on the morrow, asked to see her. He heard the simple story of her life with deep interest, was captivated by her charms and her heroism, and married her. The Livonian peasant girl was now on the throne of a great empire.

THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS,

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

THIS gentleman, to whose enlightened mind and patriotic spirit Canada is so deeply indebted, is the fifth and youngest son of Dr. Hincks, of the family of Hincks, of Breckenbrough, in Yorkshire, which traces its origin to William Hincks, an Alderman of Chester, in 1641. Dr. Hincks, who settled in Cork in 1791, was an active member of the various benevolent societies in that city. He was minister of the Princes-street Presbyterian Congregation, and secretary of the Cork Institution; and was also distinguished for his success in the instruction of youth, several educational works that he published having had a large circulation, and many of his pupils having risen to eminence in their respective professions. In addition to the ordinary branches of school education, he gave lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, which were open to others as well as his immediate pupils, and which led to the establishment of the Cork Institution, of which he may be regarded as the founder. In January, 1815, he removed to Fermoy, in consequence of obtaining the mastership of the classical school there, founded by John Anderson, Esq.; and in July, 1821, to Belfast, having been elected head classical master and professor of Hebrew in the Royal Institution of that city.

Edward, the eldest son of Dr. Hincks, obtained a fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1813, and is now rector of Killyleagh, a college living, which was formerly of considerable value. He is the author of several papers in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, on subjects connected with Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian archaeology. In the two latter his discoveries have attracted much attention, in connexion with those of Colonel Rawlinson, the same results having, in several instances, been obtained almost simultaneously, by the one at Killyleagh, and by the other at Bagdad. He was the first to determine the forms and values of the Assyrian numerals from an examination of ancient inscriptions at Van; an account of which was published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society.

The second son, William, is distinguished as a naturalist; he was the first professor of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, and has lately obtained a similar appointment in Toronto, Upper Canada. The third son, Thomas, has been curate of Belfast, and is the prebendary of Cairne Castle; he has the character of being one of the most active and efficient members of the established church in Ireland.

professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. In the month of November, 1822, he entered the collegiate department of the institution, and attended the Logic and Belles Lettres, and the Greek and Latin classes during the winter session. But in May, 1823, he expressed a desire to be a merchant, and it was finally arranged that he should be articled for five years to the house of John Martin and Co., previously to which, however, he had three or four months' initiation into business habits in the office of his father's friend, Samuel Bruce, Esq., notary public and agent. The period for which he was articled terminated in October, 1828, but he continued with the firm until the beginning of 1830, when he sailed to the West Indies as supercargo of one of Messrs. Martin and Co.'s vessels. He visited Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demerara, but not meeting with an inducement to settle in any of these colonies, he agreed to accompany a Canadian gentleman, whom he met at Barbadoes, to Canada, and proceeded to Montreal and Toronto, his object being to ascertain the nature of Canadian commerce and business. Having gleaned the information he desired, he returned to Belfast in 1831. In the following summer, having determined to settle in Canada, he married the second daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq., linen merchant of Belfast; and soon after sailed to New York, and proceeded to Toronto, where he became the tenant of a house and store belonging to and adjoining the office and residence of Mr. Baldwin, who had emigrated from Cork several years previously. From him Mr. and Mrs. Hincks and their youthful family received attentions and services, of which Mr. Hincks often speaks with grateful recollection. He soon obtained a high reputation for knowledge of business, and when Mr. Mackenzie attacked Mr. Merritt and others, respecting the Welland canal, and obtained a parliamentary investigation, the house was chosen, with another merchant, to examine the accounts. He was also appointed secretary to a Mutual Insurance Company, and cashier to a new Banking Company.

On the appointment of Lord Durham to the government of Canada, Mr. Hincks commenced the *Examiner* newspaper, in the editorship of which he displayed such remarkable energy and talent that he was invited to become a candidate for the representation of the county of Oxford in the first parliament held after the union of the Upper and Lower provinces. This election was held in March, 1841, when Mr. Hincks was returned by a majority of thirty-one over his opponent, a gentleman named Carroll. Shortly after the election he was succeeded by Mr. Charles Hincks, brother of the late Mr. Hincks.

return for re-election. He was opposed by John Armstrong, Esq., who abandoned the contest at noon on the third day, Mr. Hincks having a majority of 218. When Lord Metcalfe dissolved the Canadian parliament in 1844, Mr. Hincks was defeated, his opponents being Robert Riddell, Esq., who was returned by a majority of twenty over Mr. Hincks, and the Hon. Thomas Parke, who did not go to the poll. In 1848, however, he was again elected by the large majority of 335 over his old opponent, Mr. Carroll. Having for the second time accepted the office of Inspector-General of Finances, under the administration of his first friend in Canada, he was re-elected without opposition.

Upon the reconstruction of the ministry, consequent on the retirement of Mr. Baldwin, owing to his impaired health, Mr. Hincks was, through the strong expression

nine over his opponent, John G. Vansittart, Esq. Mr. Shenston, clerk and census commissioner of the county of Oxford, has, in his "Oxford Gazetteer," borne powerful testimony to the value of Mr. Hincks's patriotic and praiseworthy exertions. In dedicating his useful work to that gentleman, he says:—"I find that the first municipal act giving to the people great powers; the amendment of it, whereby these powers were greatly increased; the establishment of township councils; the new election law, whereby a poll is opened in each township; the amendment to the election act, whereby sheriffs are *ex-officio* returning officers, and township clerks *ex-officio* deputy returning officers; the division court act, the new assessment act, the new jury act, the new post-office act, and cheap postage, all of them date their existence from the time of your first election to represent this



THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS.

of public opinion, named prime-minister by the Governor-General; and he has since continued to fill that post with distinguished honour, and with the confidence and respect of all the good men of every political denomination in Canada. Nor is this a higher meed than he deserves; for it is mainly to his financial ability, his enlarged views as a politician, his great practical knowledge of what is conducive to the material interests of Canada, and his tact and experience as a parliamentary debater, that the province occupies its present position, and has before it the brilliant prospects that are constantly opening up.

When Mr. Hincks visited England in 1852, he had the honour of being presented to the Queen, who received him with great courtesy.

In Canada, he was elected to represent the

county, and in all of them your masterly hand is unmistakably discerned. In addition to these inestimable and invaluable blessings, enjoyed, in common with us of this county, by the whole province, I may add that, although the Great Western Railroad and the London and Hamilton Plank and Gravel Road had long been in contemplation, and repeated unsuccessful attempts had been made to forward them before your election, it required your information, energy, and perseverance to complete the one, and place the other in its present prosperous and promising condition. It was he, too, who first appreciated the necessity of a great system of railways throughout the province; and it is to him that the credit of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, in its present state of progress, is due. Happy indeed would every subject of Britain be if his counsels were directed by a monarch so

A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

After an interval of about forty years, Portsmouth has again become a place of peculiar interest, and the scene of great activity. In this vast naval arsenal may be seen at the moment in which we write no fewer than seventeen first-rate line-of-battle ships, with about as many frigates and steamers, all in commission and ready to proceed to sea at a few hours' notice; not to mention the very many ships laid up in ordinary in the harbour, which could also be got ready for sea in an incredibly short space of time. This fortified town is surrounded on every side by bastions, batteries, ravelins, redoubts, and other dreadful-looking preparations for battle and slaughter, of which, in our peaceable nature, we confess ourselves in happy ignorance, even of their names. It is also a place interesting in the highest degree to the archaeologist, from the antiquity of these fortifications, which Leland, in his "Itinerary," informs us were "began in the time of Edward IV., and set forward in building them by Richard III.; and

produce articles exclusively for, the use of the Royal Navy. These two establishments, however—the Dock Yard and the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard—exhibit features of such interest, and we doubt not to many of our readers novelty, that we feel convinced that a few remarks descriptive of them will not be unacceptable.

But first for the town itself. The one great feature that must of necessity first strike the notice of every visitor to Portsmouth, is the series of fortifications which surround it. Now, as we have said before, we are thoroughly unacquainted with all relating to warlike matters. Still, to attempt a description of Portsmouth without including these, would be to realise the often-quoted, but we suspect fabulous, story of the country theatre playing Hamlet with the character of the Prince omitted. And, perhaps, after all, this very ignorance may be somewhat in our favour. Writing as we do to convey our own impressions of the place to our readers, most of



PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Henry VII. ended them, at the procurator of the Bishop of Winchester." It is interesting to the tourist from the very singularity of the town itself, no less than from its being the port from which he can most conveniently embark for one of the most beautiful spots in England—the Isle of Wight—distant only about four miles from Portsmouth; interesting also to the man of science, from the manufactures carried on there, some of which we are about to describe. Let not the reader, however, fancy from what we have just said about its manufactures, that Portsmouth in any way resembles Manchester, that great emporium of peaceful calico and utilitarian cotton goods. Nor is it in the least like Birmingham, where the more sanguinary outlasses and death-dealing Minié-rifles are manufactured. Portsmouth exports no staple products like the wool of Scotland or the ribbons of Coventry. The manufactures which we have spoken are confined to two great branches, of which being exclusively so, and

whom, we presume, know as little and wish to know as little of the art of war as we ourselves do; we are not at all sure that these impressions made on us by Portsmouth will not be as acceptable as if a brigadier-general (whatever that may be), fresh from the barracks, were to sit down and describe at length the height, advantages, capabilities, and situation of every single bastion, battery, ravelin, redoubt, etc., as above said.

Of the antiquity of these fortifications we have already spoken. Queen Elizabeth, we are told, greatly increased and extended them, "and fortified it (the town of Portsmouth) so stronglee," says the contemporary historian from whom we copy, "that nothing is wanting to make it a place of great strength; some of the garrison mount guard day and night at the gates; others in the steeples, who by stroke of a bell give notice what numbers of horse and foot are approaching, and by a flag which way they come." Charles II. and James

II. both added to the fortifications, and William III. completed them almost in the state in which they now stand. The lines of fortification round Portsea, a town which adjoins Portsmouth, and in which the docks are situated, were not commenced until 1770, and were only finished in 1809. But enough of their history. The reader will, doubtless, by this time be anxious for some sort of a description of them.

Imagine, then, a long series of massive stone walls facing about at every conceivable angle, and of heights varying from ten to twenty feet. Imagine these walls to have behind them and above them a solid mass of earth proof against cannon-balls. Suppose this earth-work pierced through at every few yards with openings just large enough to allow a most alarming-looking cannon to peep through upon the plains below, or else upon the sea, where, perhaps, the greatest number of them look out. Then imagine the whole of this stone-work, earth, cannon, and all, surrounded by a wide moat, or ditch, some twenty feet deep, generally dry, all but a small channel in the middle which is deeper; but capable of being completely flooded in a few minutes with water enough to swallow up a host. Imagine, we say, all this; and then you will have a tolerable idea of what are called the Portsmouth "lines." In addition to these, there are no end of seemingly indestructible stone buildings, all literally "bristling with cannon." Of these the principal are the Saluting Platform, so called from its guns being used for saluting the Queen, or any other personage of great dignity, when passing; but capable, in case an enemy should unhappily ever approach our shores, of doing most murderous damage; Southsea Castle, a fortress of stone, commanding Spithead and all the sea around outside the harbour, originally built by Henry VIII., and used as a state prison in the reign of Charles II.; Blockhouse Fort, situated upon a point of land running right out into the sea opposite to the town of Portsmouth, at the very entrance of the harbour; and a very ancient Round Tower at Point Battery, opposite Blockhouse Fort, where there was formerly a corresponding tower. Between these two towers, we are told by Ieland, "a mighty chaine of yron" was stretched across the mouth of the harbour every night. The remains of the capstan for effecting this may still be seen, and we are informed that part of the "mighty chaine" itself is visible upon the beach at low water. The Round Tower is now, however, entirely appropriated to a powerful battery, having been made considerably higher within the last few years. Another battery stands upon the site formerly occupied by the old Sumaphore telegraph, now superseded by the electric wires. Several other batteries might be mentioned; but it not being part of our plan to give anything like a list, we will proceed.

Our impressions on first beholding the fortifications of Portsmouth were singular. The first idea, we must confess, was something very like a feeling of alarm. Peaceful Londoners as we were, we could not but tremble to see, whichever way we turned, a cannon presented point-blank at us, and then, turning again to escape it, to see another, and again another! No escape from them, go where we would, like a haunted man in a melodrama. Cannon before us, behind us, and on every side of us; pointed at us from every conceivable angle; so much so, that we have always felt thoroughly convinced that, should they ever be fired in good earnest, some of them must of necessity shoot exactly into each others' mouths! It was, to say the least of it, something we were not accustomed to. Then we were struck by those funny little gateways (like juvenile Temple-bars), with drawbridges attached, which we met with all over the town; and those still more funny and still smaller arched passages underneath the "lines," some of which led into the high-road, others into different odd nooks of fortifications, possibly "redoubts" or "ravelins." Then we were shown two more gates (if possible, even more funny-looking still), leading out directly into the sea. These, we were told, were "silly-ports;" and we immediately set it down (much to the amusement of our friend who pointed them out) that they had been called after a belle of Portsmouth of the name of Sarah.

down the harbour. All round us we see objects in the highest degree worthy of notice—the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard; Haslar Hospital, for invalid sailors and marines; and large red brick buildings, seemingly without any mode of ingress or egress—no windows, doors, or even chimneys to be seen;—these are powder-magazines. Then we see the "Royal George" yacht, built for George IV. at a cost of £100,000. We pass the "Victory," renowned as the ship in which Nelson fought and fell—one of the chief lions of Portsmouth; and right before us lies the town itself. But stop; it is a beautiful morning, and we have yet a few minutes to spare. The reader may never have been on board a man-of-war: let us then have a look over the "Victory." What say you, reader? You consent? Very well. Waterman! put the boat about. We won't land yet. Just run us alongside the "Victory." "Aye, aye, sir;" and here we are, our pigmy boat grating against the wooden mountain that rises high above us. Reader, if you have never seen a man-of-war, here is a novel sight indeed. What first strikes you is, doubtless, the immense size of every part of her. The main-mast of a first-rates man-of-war, when ready for sea, with the top-mast and top-gallant-mast affixed to it, measures 212 feet high, somewhere about the height of the monument of London! while the yards, those seemingly small rods of wood stretching across the mast, are some of them upwards of 100 feet long! And everything is in proportion. The interior of the vessel resembles a small town—deck above deck, between each of which is seen a long perspective which, to the unaccustomed eye, is difficult to measure. The immense cable by which the ship is moored looks strong enough to hold the entire world together, should gravitation cease, and this mighty chain be bound round the globe. The foot of each of the gigantic masts passing through the decks is bigger than a large—a very large, sugar-hogshead. And then mark the regularity on board. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is literally carried out on board a man-of-war. Here is the carpenter's store, there the rigging-store, the armoury, the purser's store—all order, no confusion. Then you see the immense guns, each thrust through a port-hole in the vessel's side. Should you hear them fired—and we did—hold your ears! It was only a salute we heard—one single gun fired at a time, and that with blank cartridge. But oh, such a report—heard as it was in the low space between the decks! What, then, must be the effect of a broadside from some fifty of these guns at once! The spot where Nelson fell is marked by a brass plate upon the quarter-deck, and where he died after having been carried below is also indicated. These two spots are held in the greatest reverence by the sailors.

We were shown the chain-pumps, capable of discharging a ton of water every minute. These pumps, which are used for emptying the ship of water should she spring a leak, are worked by the crew by long crank handles. They consist of a series of pistons fixed upon an endless chain of iron, and working in a cylinder. Working thus with a continuous motion, there are no piston-valves as in reciprocating action pumps, but the water is drawn up in one continued stream.

There are the mess-tables for the crew; the galley-fire for cooking; the officers' cabins; and the ward-room for the superior officers' use; all strange and interesting to the landman; while down below, in the very bottom of the vessel (called the "hold"), are shown the tanks in which fresh water is carried out to sea. The rigging it would be impossible to describe. Such a tangled mass of cordage as it seems—and yet every rope has its distinct office. Some for shifting the sails, some for hoisting signals, others for supporting the different masts, etc.

But we must now take leave of her. We have done our best to point out to our readers some of the principal objects of interest on board—so, casting a lingering look behind, we get once more into our boat—and again and again as we proceed onwards, looking back at the beautiful exterior of the vessel when seen from a distance sufficient to take the whole at a glance, we ultimately arrive and anchor

THE FUNGUS TRIBE

CHAPTER III.

We have before stated that the greater number of esculent fungi belong to the tribe *Pileati*, under which head are classed the divisions *Agaricus*, *Boletus*, *Hydnum*, *Polyporus*, *Fistulina*, *Cantharellus*, and several other genera, all of which furnish more or fewer edible species. Of these, however, we find the most under the head *Agaricus*, a division which takes its name from *Agaria*, a kingdom of Sarmatia. Our English word mushroom (by which all kinds of edible fungi are commonly designated) has a French origin, and comes from the word *mousseron*, "originally," says Badham, "spelled *mousseron*; and belongs of right to that most dainty of funguses, the *Agaricus primulus*, which grows amidst tender herbage and moss, whence its name." *Champignon* is also of French derivation; but whilst that name in France is generic, the English make it specific, and restrict it to a single species, the *A. oreades*, or "fairy-ring mushroom," of which more hereafter. *Agaricus primulus* has also a right to the cognomen "fairy-ring mushroom," for it, as well as *A. oreades*, *A. oreella*, *A. Georgii*, *A. personatus*, and our common mushroom, *A. campestris*, has a share in making those mystic rings which in former days scared many a rural hind and maiden, and caused them to deviate from their direct course in passing through the fields where they were to be seen, lest, if they once entered that magic boundary, they should come under the power of the fairies, or (as they were called in Devonshire) *pixies*, and should be by them *pixy-led*; that is, led off into bye-ways, and so into some pathless waste. As Puck says:—

"I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Sometimes a horse I'll be; sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear; sometimes a fire;
And neigh, and grunt, and bark, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn."

So did these poor country-people fancy the fairies would hobgoblinise them, if once they dared to trespass on their domain.

We will not here enter into the speculations of botanists on the mode by which these rings are formed; it will be enough to say, that it is now generally acknowledged that they are produced by the growth of fungi. The *A. primulus* is reproduced in these rings every year about the same time, the circle continuing to enlarge until it breaks up into irregular lines, which is a sure indication that the species is about to disappear from that place; an unbroken ring being a certain promise of a good crop the next year. It is a large fungus, and very abundant; Mr. Badham says he has collected in one field from twenty to twenty-five pounds weight. Professor Balbi writes to Persoon: "This rare and most delicious *Agaric*, the *mousseron* of Bulliard, and the *A. primulus* of other authors, abounds on the hills above the valley of Stafora, near Bobbio, where it is called *Spinaroli*, and is in great request. The country-people eat it fresh in a variety of ways, or they dry and sell it for from twelve to sixteen francs a pound." It is a thick, convex, fleshy mushroom, irregular in shape, of a cream-coloured, or buffish, or gray, or reddish tint, with very numerous white gills, and has the advantage of appearing in spring, when few other edible species are to be procured. In Rome "it is sent in little baskets as presents to patrons, fees to medical men, and bribes to Roman lawyers." How surprised would our learned functionaries in law or physic be to receive a little basket of what they would probably call "toadstools," in return for their efforts on behalf of their clients or patients!

A. Georgii, another of these gregarious ring-forming species, is also of no small interest; its cap is at first conico-campylate, and covered with white shreds; but when fully expanded these have all disappeared, and it becomes beautifully

smooth. It grows in pastures, and under trees, and the individuals attain a most enormous size. Mr. Stackhouse had repeatedly found a large esculent fungus found on the sea-shore, and he believes a monstrous variety of it to be very large, the button at the

as a potato, the expanded pileus eighteen inches over; the stem as thick as a man's wrist," etc. He also mentions a specimen found on an old hot-bed, which weighed fourteen pounds. But huge as this fungus must have been, it by no means equals one mentioned by Clusius in his "History of Plants," which was found in Pannonia. This immense specimen (supposed to have been *Polyporus frondosus*), "after satisfying the cravings of a large Mycophilous household, enough of it remained to fill a chariot!"

The Hungarians suppose the *Agaric*, *A. Georgii*, or as some authors call it, *A. arquisitus*, to be a special gift from St. George. It has several trivial names—"the Horse-mushroom," from its immense size; and "White caps," under which name it is sold for making ketchup. There are so many other interesting species of *Agaricus* which invite our attention, that it is difficult to know which of them to select for especial notice. We have named *A. oreades*, and *A. personatus*, as being species which grow in rings. The former is a small buff mushroom, its common names being "Champignon," and "Scotch-bonnets." It is very common, according to Badham; Hyde-park produces them abundantly in some seasons. He says, that in the French *à-la-mode* beef-shops, this species of fungus is in great request, and that it imparts a delicious flavour to rich soups and gravies. When dried (as it is the custom of the French and Italians to use them), these champignons may be kept for many years, and their flavour becomes improved by the process. *A. personatus* is sold in Covent-garden Market, under the name of "Blewits." It is of a pale bistre, or purple lilac, occasionally violet, the cap from two to six inches broad, and the stem from one to three inches high. It grows in rings or in clusters amongst grass, usually appearing in October.

Our cut No. 1 represents (*Agaricus comatus*, according to Puccinelli, as quoted by Badham, "in great repute about Via Reggia and Lucca." It may be found in meadows and waste places in early spring, and the young specimens are used for making ketchup. It is called "the maned agaric," from its shaggy edge. The cap is fleshy, white, and scaly, the lamellæ or gills changing to red-purple and to black, and showing their dark hue through the skin of the cap as it advances in age.

No. 2 is of a species which grows on wood—*Agaricus ostreatus*. It may be found on dead trees in spring and autumn. This fungus varies much in size and colour; but where it has once been found, there it is pretty sure to grow for many successive years. It is a pretty fungus, varying in hue; but though occasionally found quite white, it is in general of a cinereous brown with white gills, and has either no stem, or one sub-terminal.

A. rubescens (fig. 3), is another very delicate *Agaric* which grows in woods, particularly of oak or chestnut, and is found both in summer and autumn; and *A. caudicinus* (fig. 4), a beautiful little cinnamon-coloured fungus, which grows on trees, and is very much prized in Southern Italy, is also worthy of our notice; the elegant little white field *Agaric*, *A. Virgineus*, which abounds in our pastures in autumn, is also a very attractive species. But space does not allow of our naming any others of this tribe, and we can barely hint at the rich store of food which is offered to us by the other genera of the tribe *Pileati*.

The genus *Boletus* differs from the *Agaricus* in having, instead of gills, a series of vertical tubes, aggregated under the cap, and encircling the stem, which look, when seen like a slice of fine sponge. *B. edulis* and *B. comatus* are species most in vogue, though several others are also and agreeable. *B. edulis* is a huge fungus from six to eight inches across; it varies in colour from light brown to a bay, deep brown, etc. The tubes are white, yellow, rusty, or an olive or yellow-green. The

colours, and it is beautifully mapped or meshed with reticulations peculiar to itself. This species seems to have been well known to the ancient Romans, and appears to have been that called *Suillus*. "As to the best manner of cooking *B. edulis*, this must be left to the taste of the gourmand; in every way it is good. Its tender and juicy flesh, its delicate and sapid flavour, render it equally acceptable to the plain and to the accomplished cook. It imparts a relish alike to the homely hash and the dainty ragout; and may be truly said to improve

In this genus the under surface of the cap presents a series of conical teeth or bristles. For this reason *Hydnum repandum* is called in Italy *Steccherino*, or "the hedgehog."

The genus *Fistulina* presents us with but one edible species, *F. hepatica*. This is that strange-looking fungus which resembles in its early stages a huge red tongue, lapped out at us from the trunk of some oak or chestnut, far above our heads; whence its vulgar name in Italy is *Lingua quercina*, or *Lingua di castagna*. In its later growth, it looks more like a



FIG. 1.—*AGARICUS OLEARIUS* (THE MANED AGARIC).



FIG. 2.—*AGARICUS OSTREATUS* (THE OYSTER).



FIG. 3.—*AGARICUS RUBESCENS*.

every dish of which it is a constituent." So says Dr. Badham, and he is backed by other authorities, who agree in stating *B. edulis* to be (as its name implies) very excellent eating.

The *Hydnum* is another genus of this tribe, which affords good food. Our figure 6 represents *H. repandum*, a tawny fungus, which occurs in woods of oak and pine, growing

lump of dark liver than any other substance, whence its specific name. One individual of this species is said to have weighed nearly thirty pounds, and another is mentioned as nearly five feet in girth, and weighing above thirty. "No fungus yields a richer gravy," says Badham, "and though rather tough, when grilled it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat."

which is divided, the *Clavaria*. This, which furnishes a vast variety of our most interesting fungi, supplies, nevertheless,

genus is exceedingly pretty; some of them growing on trees, others clustering amongst grass, *C. rugosa* is of ivory smooth-

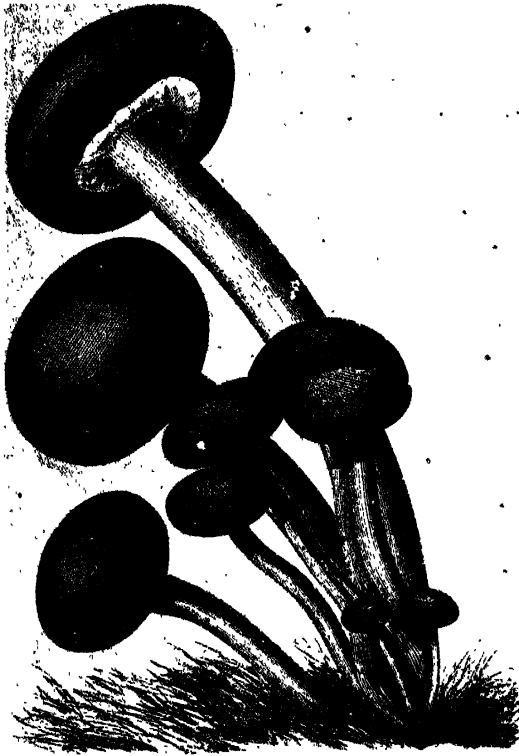


FIG. 4.—*AGARICUS CAUDICINUS*.

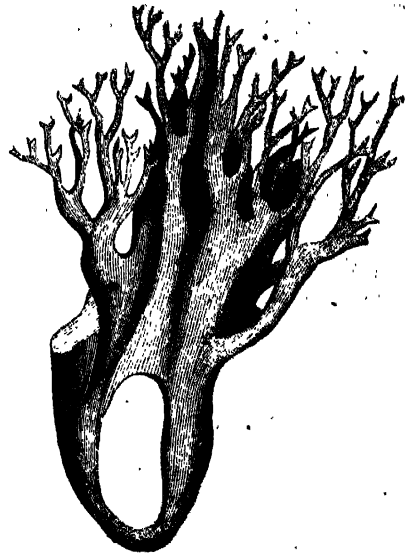


FIG. 6.—*CLAVARIA CORALLOIDES*.

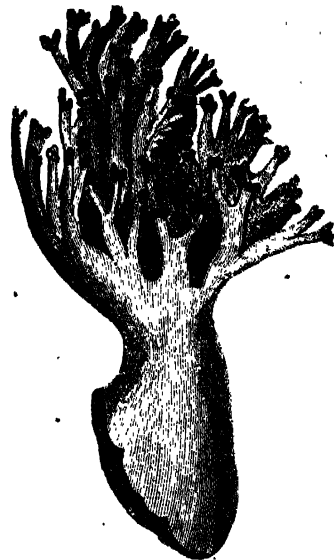


FIG. 7.—*CLAVARIA AMETHYSTINA*.



FIG. 5.—*HYDNIUM EXPANSUM*.

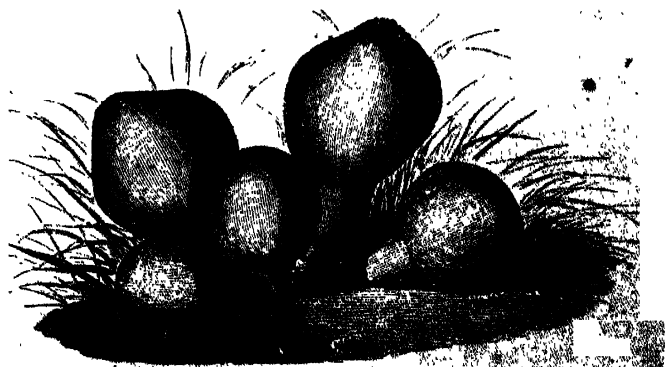


FIG. 8.—*LYCOPERDON PLUMBEUM* (FRAM-SHAPED MUSH-ROOM).

of our genus which contains any edible species. This is *Clavaria*, and all its species are excellent. They are distinguished from their simple clavate form. The whole

mass and of the purest white. It grows from two to two and a half inches high, is simply branched, but each branch is curved. It grows in clusters, and grows for an hour

remains of a handful of the convoluted kernels of walnuts, as they have been delicately peeled for eating. Another yellow species grows widely amongst grass, so as to quite yellow the surface of the place on which it has taken up its abode. We have seen on a hill at Tor, near Torquay, acres of ground on which you could not walk many yards without treading on clustered masses of this pretty pale yellow *Clavaria*, which smells (as does its white congener, *C. rugosa*) so purely mushroom-like, that you cannot doubt of its good qualities. *C. coralloides* (fig. 6), pronounced by Vittadini, *asculanta deliciosa*, is erect, white, with unequal branches tipped with red or violet; and *C. amethystina* (fig. 7) of a most delicate lemon colour. The mode of dressing fungi of this genus is to cleanse them well from earth, which is apt to adhere to them, then sweat them with a little butter over a clear fire and strain them, throwing away the liquor. After this you must stew them for an hour with salt, pepper, chopped chives, and parsley, moistening with a little plain broth, and dredging occasionally with flour; when cooked, to be thickened with cream, and yolks of eggs.

The third tribe, *Mitrati*, ranks under its banners two genera which produce excellent food. The first of these, *Helvella*, gives us two edible species—*H. crispa* and *H. lacunosa*. They grow on earth or on very wet wood, and emit an agreeable odour. Though of a permanent character, they are rather fragile, and much like the morel in flavour, being in Sweden and Germany often confounded with it. In Sweden it is called *Stenmorchla*; in Germany, *Gemeine Morchel*, *Stumpf Morchel*, or "Stock Morchel."

The other esculent species of this genus is *Morchella*, which also affords two most delicious edible species—*M. esculenta* and *M. semilibera*. These, especially the former, are the most eagerly sought for, and the most highly-prized of any amongst the esculent fungi. Badham speaks of the *Morchella esculenta* as "that expensive luxury which the rich are content to procure at a great cost from our Italian warehouses, and the poor are fain to do without." *M. semilibera* is the other of these excellent species; but though very fine, it is inferior to *M. esculenta*.

The morel is found in greatest abundance where trees have been cut down, "which," says Loudon, "led to the practice in Germany of burning down masses of forests for the sake of the future morels. This practice proved so injurious, that it became necessary to suppress it by law." The appearance of the *Morchella* is very singular. Its cap varies considerably in shape and hue, and the surface is pitted into little cells, or pockets, formed by folds or plaits of the hymenium, which are called *rybs*. These ribs are very irregular. The cap is hollow, and opens into an irregular hollow stem. Gerard seems not to have been in the least degree aware of the real character of the morel, which would lead to the supposition that its use as an article of food, and its value as a culinary delicacy, were unknown at the period when he wrote. He gives a very correct drawing of *M. esculenta*, under the name of *Fungus sanaginosus*, or "the Hony-combe Mushroom," and says: "There is likewise a kind of mushroom called *Fungus sanaginosus*, growing up in moist and shadowy woods, which is also venenous; having a thicke and tuberous stalk, an handfull high, of a dusky colour, the top whereof is compact of many small divisions like unto the hony-combe."

The *Lycoperdons* next demand our attention. "All those more or less spherical white funguses, furnished with a membranous white covering, and filled, when young, with a white, compact, homogeneous pulp, which we call puff-balls, are good to eat," so writes Dr. Badham; and he adds, that those in most request abroad, and the best, are those which have no stem—that is, no sterile base.

Two species, *Lycoperdon plumbeum* (fig. 8) and *L. bovista*, are reckoned as the best eating. The former of these may be found either solitary or in groups, in dry places, and may be gathered in spring, summer, or autumn. Vittadini says: "After the month of summer and autumn, myriads of these little

If we dig them up we shall find that they are connected with long fragile threads, extending horizontally under ground, and giving attachment to numerous smaller puff-balls, in different stages of development, which, by continuing to grow, afford fresh supplies, as the old ones die off." *L. plumbeum* is, when full grown, about the size of a walnut. Loudon figures it under the name of *L. pyriforme*—"the pear-shaped puff-ball." The other species named as among the best is *L. bovista*. This is the kind which is used for the purpose of throwing bees into a trance whilst the spoilers rifle their home of all its hoarded treasure. It used also, in former days, to be employed instead of lucifer matches, as it will, when dry, hold fire for a long time, and was often carried by rustics in a state of ignition for the purpose of lighting their cottage fires. *L. bovista* sometimes grows to an enormous size. The flesh is of first of snowy whiteness, but it should be eaten as soon as gathered, a few hours sufficing to turn it to dirty yellow, and destroying its firmness. When fresh, its thick, white fleshy substance renders it fit for all culinary purposes. The best method of dressing it is said to be, to cut it in slices, and fry it in egg and bread-crumbs. According to Vittadini, you may cut slices daily fresh from the living plant (provided that you do not break its connexions with the earth), and so have "a fine frittura every day for a week," which "frittura" Ba reports to "have the flavour of a rich light omelette."

One more noted species, the *Tuber cibarium*, or truffle, closes our imperfect catalogue of edible fungi. This curious species is found growing in clusters in clayey or sandy soil, some inches under the ground, as also in chalk; and is common on the Wiltshire downs, as well as in woods both in England and Scotland. The form of truffles is nearly spherical, and their colour approaching black; they are studded over with pyramidal tubercles, and their spawn is phosphorescent and emits light. In England they seldom exceed a few ounces in weight, but on the Continent they are said to attain to many pounds weight. As there is no appearance above ground to indicate where the truffles lie, there is, of course, difficulty in discovering them; but so keen have men been in their appetite for this delicacy, that they have hit on the expedient of training dogs to scent them out. When the animals nose the prey, they stand, and whine, and scratch on the spot until their masters dig and take possession of the tubers. It is said that a man was once known capable of exercising this extraordinary function, and discovering truffles in the earth by their scent.

In the preceding pages we have not sought to give such a description of any species of the esculent fungi as might lead our general readers to endeavour to discriminate for themselves which, amongst the various members of this extensive tribe, may be considered as a part of God's great gift of wholesome food for man, and which of them are possessed of deleterious or poisonous properties. Such an attempt on the part of those unused to such studies might be fraught with danger; because, although by no means of the mind of Tertullian, who wittily says of this order—

"Quot colores, tot dolores: quot species, tot perniciet."

yet we are well aware that there are but too many of the species which are of an unsafe character, that might, on a mere cursory survey, be gathered and eaten in mistake for those which, bearing a near resemblance, were yet of wholly different properties, and perfectly safe and good for food. Our wish has been, and is, to draw the attention of the intelligent to the subject, and to endeavour to excite those who have time and opportunity to make some attempt to rescue this vast supply of food from the desuetude to which it is at present sentenced. Surely, what God in his goodness bountifully provides, man should not wilfully neglect to use; and when a few weeks of study would enable a man of intelligence to place within the reach of his poorer neighbour a supply of food which, from his ignorance of its properties, he is at present withheld from using, it would not be time thrown away if he were to devote to the subject that portion of time and thought which is necessary to make him a safe judge.

D. M. P. S.

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

A dull light of a January day was changing into dark, when a loud knock was heard at the door of the house, and a mob, as of many armed men. Accompanied by his nephew and the prince palatine, Charles the First entered the house, starting, as Rushworth tells us, a look on the right hand, near the bat of the house, where Mr. Pym used to sit; but not seeing him there (*wishing him well*), went up to the chair. "In vain the royal eye sought Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Haselrigge, and Stroude; they had received a hint of the coming danger, and were hiding in safety in Coleman-street. Charles then angrily addressed the members. The time soon came when he had to speak to them in very different manner. The birds were flown, but they were to be caught, and sent to him with all due celerity: such was the royal will. After this, his Majesty asked Lenthall the speaker, whether any of the five were in the house? To which," says Rushworth—"to which the Speaker, falling on his knee, thus answered:—'May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the house is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and humbly beg your Majesty's pardon, that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me.' The king, having concluded his speech, went out of the house again, which was in great disorder; and many members cried out aloud, as he might hear them, '*Privilege! privilege!*'"

It is April, 1653, and again the house suffers a rude, and this time a victorious, surprise. A veritable king among men now appears upon the stage. In plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, Cromwell made his appearance.

"Vane, young in years, but in sage council old,"

was on his legs. After a few minutes, Cromwell beckoned Harrison: "Now is the time," he said; "I must do it." Harrison, doubtful, advised him to consider, adding, "the work is great and dangerous." "You say well," retorted Cromwell hastily, and sat still for another quarter of an hour. The question was now about to be put, when Cromwell suddenly rose, took off his hat, and spoke. At first and for a good while he spoke to the commendation of parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, and at last indulged in a torrent of invective. Vane rose to remonstrate. Cromwell stopped and said: "You think that this is not parliamentary language; I know it." Then he put on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floor in the midst of the house with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitelake, one of the commissioners for the great seal, and Sir H. Vane, to whom he gave very sharp language. Though he named them not yet by his gestures, it was well known he meant them. All this he spoke, says Ludlow, with so much passion as if he had been distracted. When Vane, and Marton, and Sir Peter Wentworth tried to speak, Cromwell cried out, "Come, come, I'll put an end to your prating. You are no parliament; I'll put an end to your sitting. Be gone—give way to honest men." Cromwell then made a signal, which was understood by the soldiers outside, who, with arms ready, immediately entered the house. Pointing to the Speaker in the chair, Cromwell said, "Fetch him down." The Speaker refused to move. "We take the remainder from the graphic account of the Speaker." "Take him down," said the general. Then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gown, and he fell. It happened that that day Algernon Sidney sat in the Speaker's right hand. The general said to him, "Alas, my friend, you are a great man, and yet you are not so good as you look." Harrison spoke to Sidney to go down, but he refused. "Then," said the general, "I will do it myself." He then went and pulled the Speaker down.

Worsley, who commanded the general's own regiment of foot, put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out. Then he rose and went towards the door. Then the general went to the table where the mace lay which used to be carried before the speaker, and said, "Take away these baubles." So the soldiers took away the mace. One by one the members left the house. As they passed Cromwell, he addressed the leading men with passionate bitterness. He accused Alderman Allen of embezzlement, and Whitelake of gross injustice. He pointed to Chaloner, and told his soldiers he was a drunkard; he called after Sir Peter Wentworth that he was an adulterer; and as his old friend Henry Marten passed, asked him if a whoremonger was fit to sit and govern. Vane passed him among the last, and as he did so said aloud, "This is not honest. Yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell then addressed him thus: "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Cromwell's end was now gained—he was the master. He locked the doors and went away to Whitehall.

Then we come to the short parliament which met in the council chamber in Whitehall, on the 4th of July, 1653. The manner of their proceeding is thus recorded:—"After Cromwell had harangued the new members at Whitehall, and invested them with the supreme authority of the nation, they resolved to meet at the old Parliament House the next day. Accordingly, about eight in the morning many of them assembled there, when they began by seeking God with prayer, and the Lord did so draw forth the hearts of them that they did not find any necessity to call for the help of a minister." The account goes on to state, "that much of the presence of Christ and his Spirit appeared at that time to the great gladdening of the hearts of many; some affirming they never enjoyed so much of the spirit and presence of Christ in any of their meetings and exercises of religion in all their lives as they did that day." This was when they met for the choice of a Speaker. What would the world think were such a summary to appear in the *Times* or the *Daily News*? Happily, however, the nation has not become less religious; it has only become more enlightened—more convinced of the fact, that the forms of religion do not necessarily imply the existence of the spirit; and that, not unfrequently, the man most destitute of real religion has most of its form. When Mr. Rous went up with the majority of this parliament to resign their authority back into Cromwell's hands, he informed the Protector that some of the members were refractory, and refused their consent. Upon this, Colonel White was sent to clear the house. They had placed one Moyer in the chair by the time the colonel arrived, who being asked by White, what they did there, replied very gravely, that they were seeking the Lord. Then said the Colonel, "you may go elsewhere; for to my certain knowledge the Lord has not been here these many years."

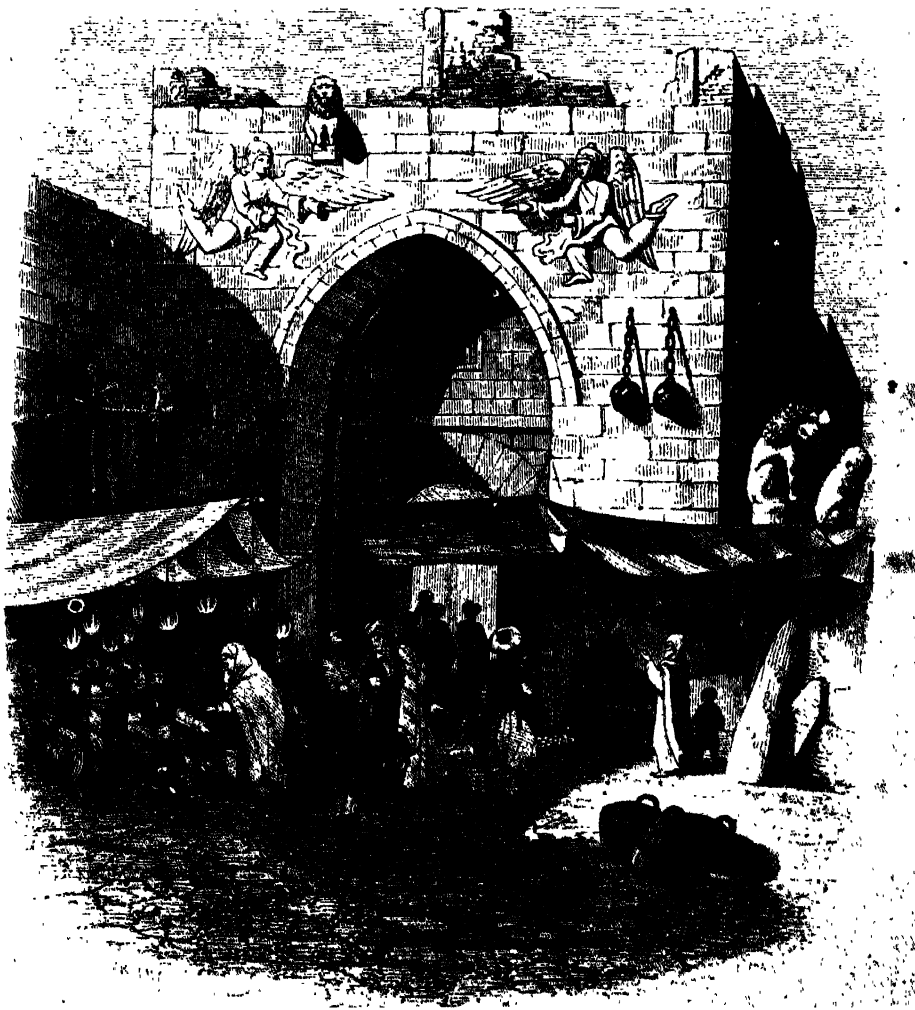
A passage from Echard throws some light upon the manner in which the struggle was carried on between the court of Charles II. on one side, and the House of Commons on the other. "The address was agreed to the day before," says Echard, Nov. 4, 1673; "but the king disappointed all by coming unexpectedly to the House of Lords, and ordering the Commons to attend him. It happened that the Speaker and the usher both met at the door of the House of Commons; and the Speaker being got within the house, some of the members suddenly shut the door, and cried out, 'To the chair! to the chair!' while others cried, 'The Black Rod is at the door.' The Speaker was immediately hurried to the chair, and then it was moved: 1. That our alliance with France was a grievance; 2. That the evil counsellors about the king were a grievance; 3. That the Duke of Lauderdale was a grievance, and not fit to be trusted or employed in any office or place of trust." To which there was a general cry, "To the question! to the question!" But the Black Rod knocking loudly at the door, the Speaker leaped out of the chair, and the members were in great confusion. This was done by order with a vengeance. Happily, the House of Commons was not more

KONIEH.

KONIEH is a town of Asiatic Turkey, built on the ruins of Iconium, the capital of Lycaonia. To this city allusion is made both in sacred and profane history. Herodotus, Strabo, Cicero, and Xenophon, make mention of the place; and there St. Paul was persecuted by the unbelieving inhabitants, both Jews and Gentiles. The ancient name signified *image*, and was bestowed, it is said, on account of the head of Medusa being suspended from one of the columns.

After the taking of Nicra by the crusaders, in 1099, Konieh

built on the model of that of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Neither is there anything beautiful in the surrounding country—for the most part it lies bleak and bare, an inhospitable district, a dreary, barren plain, edged with snow-covered mountains. But Konieh has still something interesting. Its importance belongs to the past; but the walls reared by the sultans, from the remains of old Iconium, are covered with figures in alto-relievo, which are said to be the finest in all Turkey. The gate represented in our engraving is thus orn-



THE GATE OF KONIEH.

became the residence of the Seljuk Sultans, by whom it was restored to much of its ancient glory, and embellished with many new buildings. Ninety years afterwards it again changed hands, and the Turks were expelled by Frederick Barbarossa. At his death the city was retaken by the Moslems, and there the Seljuk Sultan lived in great state till the irruption of the Khans. Since the days of Bajazet it has been included in the territory of the Grand Seigneur.

Konieh was little to recommend it. The mosques, the coffee-houses, and the Armenian churches, have nothing very attractive in them, except, perhaps, Selim's mosque

mentioned, and is a very fair specimen of the whole. The figures over the gate are supposed by the inhabitants to be good angel Gabriel, and the fallen spirit Ariel. The ornamented with a double-headed eagle. The balls suspended by chains from the upper part of the wall are trophies, enough among the Mussulmen, of former triumphs. The entrance altogether is in a very ruinous condition, and the appearance is injured by the Turkish booths which are clustered about it; but there is still enough to attract a visitor.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE world at length understands Oliver Cromwell. Every believer in truth, every worshipper of sincerity, must thank Thomas Carlyle for this. He was the first to expose the misrepresentations that have grown and thickened these last two hundred years, and, to help mankind to realise what an honest, earnest, God-fearing man this Cromwell was—how he was guiltless of selfishness and ambition; and how, full of faith and love, he laboured for one great end, in the council-chamber or the battle-field.

Cromwell came of good family. His mother had royal blood in her veins. His paternal ancestors sat as barons in parliament so far back as Edward the Second's time. Cromwell himself was born at Huntingdon, in the large Gothic house to which his father's brewery was attached, on the 25th of April, 1599. He was a second son, and the only one of three who lived to manhood. Curious tales are told of Oliver's childhood. On one occasion, it is said, playing with the future Charles I., he quarrelled with his illustrious playmate, and made the blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. On another occasion, he is said to have dreamt that the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic female figure, who told him that before his death he would be the greatest man in England. His first years were spent in the Grammar-school of his native town, and he entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, April 23rd, 1616, the very day on which Shakespeare died. Soon after the death of his father, Cromwell proceeded to London, and, according to Noble, was entered at Lincoln's Inn, although the books of all the Inns of Court have been searched, and there is no mention made of Cromwell in any of them. In August, 1620, Cromwell being then twenty-one years and four months old, we find him married to Elizabeth Bourchier, a kinswoman of the Hampdens. The marriage was celebrated in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate—the church in which, some fifty years after, Milton's wearied body found repose. Cromwell then returned to Huntingdon, where he threw open the doors of his house to the persecuted nonconformist divines, where many of his children were born, and where he seems to have been active in business as a brewer, and at the same time to have undergone a deep religious change. In the third parliament of Charles I., Cromwell took his seat for Huntingdon. It was a parliament of sober, serious men. Weeping like a girl, old Coke declared Buckingham the author of all the miseries that had fallen upon the nation; but Charles angrily prorogued the parliament. In the next session Cromwell made his first speech. "Dr. Alabaster," he had heard, "had been preaching flat popery at Paul's Cross;" but the matter dropped, as, in another fortnight, parliament was dissolved. In the next eleven years, Charles ruled without parliaments, and Cromwell retired into private life. He removed from Huntingdon to St. Ives, where he remained till the summer or spring of 1638. In that year we find him at Ely. Here he remained till the time of the Long Parliament, draining the fens, while "cousin Hampden" was trying the right of the king to collect ship-money. At length the Long Parliament met, with Cromwell as member for Cambridge. During the first three-and-twenty months we find but few traces of our hero. He was, however, only biding his time, in patience, possessing his soul. On Sunday, 23rd of October, 1642, we find Captain Oliver present at Edgehill, and doing his duty, though he had but four tapsters to lead against the enemy. Associations were formed for the protection of the counties against the king's troops; of these the most important was that in the Eastern counties, in which he raised a troop of horse, of which he became colonel. Cromwell was made Lieutenant under the Earl of Manchester, and governor of the Isle of Ely, and did good service to the parliamentary cause by his bravery, his determination, and skill. Shortly after we find him at Walsby, near Horncastle, where he had a horse killed under him. This engagement had a startling effect. It revived the parliamentarians. Charles, when he heard of

it, was reported to have said, "I would that some one would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me, alive or dead."

Cromwell now had his hands full. Prince Rupert, in 1644, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire with an army of some 20,000 men, and was met by the parliamentary generals at Marston Moor—with what result, the world knows well. But we must pass rapidly along the history of those times—the passing of the self-denyng ordinance, Cromwell's expedition in the west, his return to the associated counties, the battle of Naseby, etc. Suffice it to say, war being done with for a time, we find Cromwell in his place in parliament, deep in debate on the further establishment of the Presbyterian government. Meanwhile, after much insincere negotiation on his part, the king escapes from Hampton Court, and is lodged for the present in Carisbrook Castle. In 1646 Cromwell wins the battle of Naseby; and parliament makes him a baron, and settles on him a pension. In 1648 the civil war again breaks out. Cromwell marches into Wales, in May; then to Scotland, in August; and returns to town in a crisis. Members of parliament are sent to the Tower and elsewhere. The minority becomes a majority: that majority did a thing memorable in English history: by it was tried and executed Charles Stuart, King of England. The second civil war being thus terminated, Cromwell left England for Ireland, where Ormond, with his army, is strong for the king. Cromwell's career began at Drogheda, whose garrison, consisting of 3,000 men, he put to the sword. Wexford met with a similar tragic fate. Of a truth, Cromwell was no rose-water quack. At Clonmel he closed his Irish campaign, and returned to England, where, in 1650, he was made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the parliamentary forces. Immediately he was marching on to Scotland. At Dunbar he defeated David Leslie with an army of upwards of 23,000 men. Next summer he destroyed the hopes of royalty for a time, and thus triumphantly consummated his military career. Henceforth we find him as potent in the council-chamber as in the field of battle. The Rump Parliament had become useless; and thirty-one months after the battle of Worcester it had to be dismissed, and in what manner dismissed it is needless to repeat. This was followed by the Barebones Parliament. After five months of struggling and debating, the members resigned their powers to his excellency, and the parliament dissolved itself. Nothing remained but that Cromwell should be made Protector, which accordingly was done. At this time, says Carlyle, "he stands some five feet ten, or more—a man of strong, solid nature, and dignified, now partly military carriage; the expression of him, valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old gone April last; brown hair and moustache, now getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, or pretending to be so. Massive structure; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eye-brow; nose of considerable blunt aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and of all fierceness and rigour; deep loving eyes—call them grave—call them stern, looking from under those craggy lashes as if in life-long sorrow, yet not thinking it sorrow."

Well may Cromwell look sorrowful. Troubles thicken round him. No parliament suits him; and he is surrounded with plotes—some royalist, some the reverse—on all sides. He has no peace, no rest; he becomes haggard and weary-worn. On the 6th of August, 1658, Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, died. A few days after, George Fox, the Quaker, meets Oliver in Hampton Court at the head of his guards. "I saw and felt," writes honest George, "a wall of death go forth against him, and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man." Quaker Fox saw but too truly the conqueror of all England had bowed, in his turn, to mightier power. A hand, heavier than his own, was on him. On the 3rd of September, Oliver Cromwell died.

RIO JANEIRO.

The city of Rio Janeiro extends some three miles along the south-west side of the bay, and being much intersected by hills, it is difficult to get a good view of the whole range, unless from the top of one of the mountains near the city, such as the celebrated "Corcovado," which stands out like a pulpit on the plain below, and is some 2,500 feet perpendicular. The view from this pulpit on a clear day is superb, and almost unequalled in the world: the city, with its numerous divisions and suburbs below you—the bay, extending as far as the eye can reach until lost in the plain below the Organ Mountain—the sea, studded with numerous picturesque islands, with vessels looking like white specks upon it, and seen to a great distance—all together form a most enchanting picture, and amply repay the toil of an ascent. The mountain is of granite rock, like all others in this country, but thickly wooded almost to the summit, and you come out quite suddenly on the bare point before alluded to, so much resembling a pulpit. The following description, in a publication containing some of the best word-painting of Brazilian city life any where to be met with, will be readily recognised as most just by all who have been long in the capital:—"The town of Rio Janeiro (its proper name is St. Sebastiao) is the largest and best in South America, and the population about equals that of Liverpool. It is laid out in regular squares: the streets are narrow, which, at first sight, seems objectionable to an Englishman, but he soon finds that it affords protection from the scorching sun; and the thoroughfares are tolerably well paved and lighted, and have *trottoirs* at the sides. To obviate the inconvenience arising from the narrowness of the streets, carriages are only allowed to go one way, up one street and down the next, and a hand is painted up on the corners to show which way the traffic is to flow. The best street, Rua d'Ouvidor, is nearly all French, so that one can almost fancy oneself in the Palais Royal; and nearly everything that is to be found in London or Paris may be bought in Rio. Many English merchants have houses in the city, but most of the shopkeepers are French; and this proves a perfect blessing to visitors, for a Brazilian shopman is so careless and indolent, that he will hardly look for anything in his stores, and will often say he has not got the article asked for, to save himself the trouble of looking for it. The best native shops are those of the silversmiths, who work pretty well, and get a good deal of custom, for Brazilians and blacks revel in ornament, often wearing silver spurs and a silver-hafted knife, though perhaps they may not have any shoes to their feet. The Brazilians are very fond of dress; and though it seems so unsuitable for the climate, wear black trousers and an evening suit to walk about the streets in. Strangers will find no curiosities in Rio Janeiro except the leather flowers, which are better here than in Madeira, and fetch a higher price. A Frenchwoman, who employs a number of girls of all complexions in her business, is the principal manufacturer. They are made (or ought to be) entirely of dyed feathers, the best being those of a purple, copper, or crimson colour, from the breasts and heads of humming-birds. One of these wreaths has a beautiful effect, and reflects different-coloured light. The wing cases of beetles are also used, and glitter like precious stones. Madame has her patterns from Paris, so the wreaths are generally in good style and newest fashion. The worst shops are kept by English, and this will be found a general rule in these foreign ports. The merchants are good and honest; but if one wishes to be well taken in, go to a shop kept by an Englishman."

In consequence of the tortuous formation of the streets, constructed round the base of the hills, it is difficult to get more than a bird's-eye view of the city, on ground raised by encroachment on the sea; consequently, the streets

are low, without drainage, and in several of the back ones the water collects and stagnates, to the great detriment of health and comfort. Rio itself is a bad copy of Lisbon—streets at right angles, a large square facing the sea, and the suburbs extending up the hills, which everywhere meet your eye. In Lisbon the streets are tolerably made, but here they have built them so miserably narrow, that scarcely even one carriage can pass through, much less pass each other; and it is evident that such vehicles were never contemplated in the original formation of these streets. The only way of getting over the difficulty is, for carriages coming into the city to take one line of streets, and those leaving it another, which they do, excluding omnibuses altogether from the principal thoroughfares. Improvements in this way are most backward, and there seems a great want of municipal government. In many places the pavement is execrable, and generally very bad, the difficulty having probably been increased by laying down mains for water and gas, the latter now in process of execution, and also by heavy rains, which have washed away many parts of the road, and otherwise caused much damage. When once this troublesome job is got through, it is to be hoped some effective measures will be taken to put the streets and branch-roads in order; otherwise they will soon be rendered impassable. Coach and coach spring making must be thriving trades here, especially with the immense increase that has taken place in the number of carriages and omnibuses; and it is really wonderful how they stand the continual shocks they have to endure. Mr. Robert Elwes, from whose work we have already quoted, thus writes:—"The inhabitants of Rio Janeiro are fond of carriages, but the specimens generally seen would hardly do for Hyde-park, being chiefly old-fashioned coaches, drawn by four scraggy mules, with a black coachman on the box, and a postillion in jack-boots on the leaders, sitting well back, and with his feet stuck out beyond the mule's shoulders. The liveries are generally gorgeous enough, and there is no lack of gold lace on the cocked hats and coats; but a black slave does not enter into the spirit of the thing, and one footman will have his hat cocked athwartships, the other fore and aft; one will have shoes and stockings, with his toes peeping through, the other will dispense with them altogether. But the old peer rolls on unconscious, and I dare say the whole thing is pronounced a neat turn-out. The Brazilians are great snuff-takers, and always offer their box if the visitor is a welcome guest. It is etiquette to take the offered pinch with the left hand. Snuff is the Portuguese for snuff, hence our word 'rappee.' They do not smoke much. The opera was good, the house very large, tolerably lighted, but not so thickly attended as it might be. The ladies look better by candle-light, their great failing being in their complexions, the tint of which may be exactly described by the midshipman's simile of snuff and butter. The orchestra was good, many of the performers being blacks or mulattoes, who are excellent musicians. The African race seem to like music, and generally have a pretty good ear. Both men and women often whistle well, and I have heard the washerwomen at their work whistling polkas with great correctness. I was amused one evening on going out of the opera when it was half over: offering my ticket to a decent-looking man standing near the door, he bowed, but refused it, saying that men with jackets were not allowed in the house."

Government seems at last alive to the absolute necessity of doing something to improve the sanitary condition of the city, and also its internal organisation, as they have lately got out some good practical English engineers, who, we have no doubt, will suggest an effective mode of dealing with present difficulties. If they do not adopt decisive measures, the rate of mortality may be expected to augment fearfully in a dense population of 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, housed together in some 15,000 houses, surrounded by accumulations of every kind, not

cenarius has ever been taken of the population of Rio Janeiro, which, however, is believed to be between the two figures above given. There is a migratory population, but the accumulation of humanity of every race and colour, contained in some of the large dwelling-houses, is something extraordinary. As before observed, nature has done much for this country, and if the natural facilities of Rio Janeiro were properly turned to account, and local improvements carried out with energy and spirit, it might be rendered one of the finest and most

with the gnomon of a gigantic sun-dial; and, in fact, its shadow in particular localities supplies the place of a parish clock. Its sides are still in great part covered with forest and "mato," or jungle, notwithstanding numerous fires by which it has been devastated, and the immediate result of which is a deficiency in the supply of water to parts of the capital; for the destruction of trees here, as elsewhere, causes a scarcity of the aqueous element, and the springs which arise on and around this mountain feed the conduits and aqueducts that convey that



AQUEDUCT AT RIO JANEIRO.

luxurious places within the tropics. The opportunity is now open to them; the government possess ample means, and it is just a question whether measures of progress are to be effectively achieved, or the city to be abandoned to its fate. The great evil attending all improvement in Brazil is an undue appreciation of native capability, and a disparagement or distrust of those whose practical experience would enable them to grapple with the difficulties that surround them—a kind of little jealousy and mistrust that prevents them from availing themselves of opportunities thrown in their way to carry out undertakings necessary to the well-being of the country; nor can they understand the principle on which such things are regulated in England, still less the magnitude of operations carried on there and in many other parts of Europe. Yet the time seems to be coming when these principles will be better understood here, and when the application of English capital towards the improvement of the country may be safely and legitimately brought to bear.

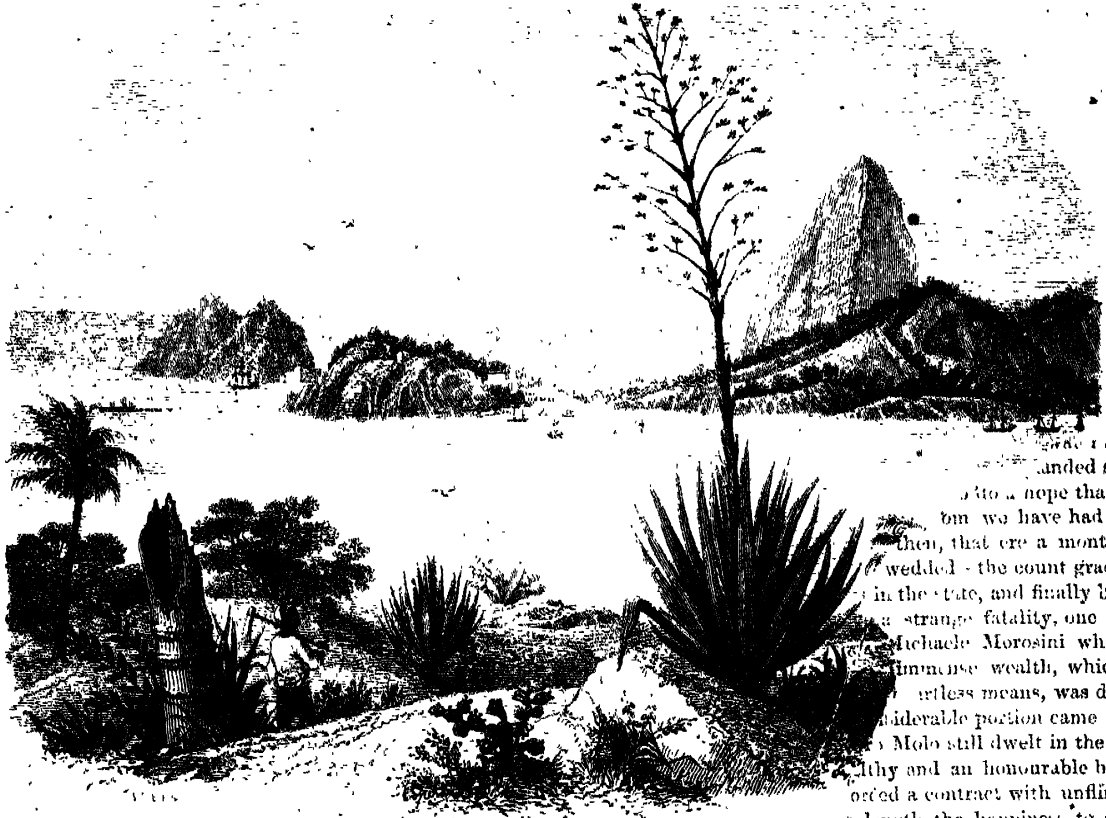
Few spots in the New World are more indebted to nature than the environs of Rio Janeiro, all possible combinations of scenery being included in one magnificent perspective. One of the best views is from the Corcovado Mountain, which, although upwards of 3,000 feet in height, can be ascended on horseback. Like most mountains around it is rather a rock, or dioric growth, than a mountain, and it may be compared

fluid into Rio. From the summit may be seen the whole extent of the harbour and city; the Organ Mountains in the distance, several lakes along the coast, a wide expanse of ocean, and innumerable ravines and spurs of the mountain covered with richest foliage. The most remarkable, however, of all the mountains near the capital, is the Gavim, with a flattened summit, sometimes called by the English the Table Mountain, in Portuguese, the "square topsail," to which it bears a resemblance. It is reputed to be inaccessible, at least it has not yet, as far as can be ascertained, been ascended. Opening into the outward harbour is Botafogo Bay (p. 373), a short distance from the capital, where many foreign merchants reside to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and where the buildings are of a superior description, with beautiful gardens attached, many being luxuriantly planted with oranges and lemons, bananas, pomegranates, palm-trees, and a vast variety of fruits and vegetables peculiar to Brazil, including the universal cabbage-plant, in great profusion. The aqueduct, which is passed in several places in the ascent of the Corcovado, and which we have engraved above, is a well-built and striking object, crossing several streets of Rio, and conveying excellent water from the heights of that mountain to the different fountains in the town.

The population of Rio, on the arrival of the royal family, did not amount to 20,000, but afterwards rapidly increased.

so that in 1815, when declared independent, the number had nearly doubled, and now is estimated at about 400,000, with the suburbs and the provincial capital of Niterohy, on the opposite shore of the Bay. This increase is partly to be ascribed to the influx of Portuguese, who have at different times left their country in consequence of the civil commotions which have disturbed its peace, as well as of English, French, Dutch, Germans, and Italians, who, after the opening of the port, settled here, some as merchants, others as me-

chanics, and have contributed largely to its wealth and importance. These accessions of Europeans have effected a great change in the character of the population; for at the commencement of the century, and for many years afterwards, the blacks and coloured persons far exceeded the whites, whereas now they are reduced to less than half the number of inhabitants. In the aggregate population of the empire, however, the coloured portion is still supposed to be treble the white.



BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO

...edge
landed safely,
to a hope that you,
but we have had to do
then, that ere a month had
wedded - the count gradually
in the state, and finally became
a strange fatality, one of the
Michael Morosini who suc-
immense wealth, which was
artless means, was divided
considerable portion came to his
Molo still dwelt in the Corso
lthy and an honourable banker,
ced a contract with unflinching
length the happiness to see his
noble lady of Milan, and per-
which he adored not less by his
on he did by the nobleness of

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

149

It was one of those delicious days in autumn, when the heat of the sun is tempered by the fresh breeze and the gray clouds that steal athwart the blue of the heavens. In the balcony of the palazzo upon the Adriatic, of which we have already made mention in our tale, two persons were sitting enjoying the cool sea-air, and conversing.

"How tranquilly yon bright water slumbers in the sunlight," said one of the two to his companion. "Who would ever think that not long since it was tossing to and fro in troublous billows? And just such is life. Ah, may ours, after the sorrows and trials which we have so lately endured, be henceforth peaceful and filled with sunshine, dearest Bianca."

The girl looked up tenderly at her lover. The traces of sickness had not yet altogether departed from her face, for her cheek was pale and her eye somewhat languid, but these enhanced rather than impaired her loveliness.

"Heaven grant that it may be so, dear Giulio. Heaven has been very merciful to me, first in saving me from a union that would have been worse than death, and next in preserving me through that terrible malady, which was fatal to my poor

maiden Giovanna. In fact that we were both

Giulio remained, length he said:

"Dost thou re-
beck in the

"Oh, yes! with
in words, soldier

feared. He sank do
n in his harness upon the battle-field, and

with him, companions in arms gave him a pulture in a foreign

"We! And, last of all, stout Roger Harrington failed not of

diviner hoped-for future. He won his way back to his own

a part; and beside the waters of his beloved Tront; even in

predi, pleasant valley, through whose each sylvan solitude the

steam-train now thunders along upon its iron way—even there

the smoke rose once again from his father's cottage; and, to

ting near to him in the chimney-nook of a winter's evening,

A blooming matron with mild blue eyes smoothed down the

yellow curls of their infant boy, while she listened to the

happy yeoman recounting his soldier's life and the feats of

the memorable WAR OF THE ORPOREAS.

most ad-
quiescent and pompous as became
maiden of her greatest son, and a
lost tribute to their bravest
as of history to be found on its

pages. The chronicler who turns
the byways of history, will now and

of Sir William Choke, and find him
ever gallant and true hearted, till

he sank down in his harness upon the battle-field, and

with him, companions in arms gave him a pulture in a foreign

"We! And, last of all, stout Roger Harrington failed not of

diviner hoped-for future. He won his way back to his own

a part; and beside the waters of his beloved Tront; even in

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yellow curls of their infant boy, while she listened to the

happy yeoman recounting his soldier's life and the feats of

the memorable WAR OF THE ORPOREAS.

"Who may it be, Giulio? Thou knowest, that since my illness, I have received no one save thy father."

"Well, he comes by my father's permission, who will be here to receive him in person, and entreats that you will not refuse to see him."

"No more suitors, I trust," said the girl, with a frightened look.

"No, in faith," replied Giulio smiling; "on the contrary, he comes for the purpose of relinquishing all claim to thy hand. You must know that, upon my father's recovery from the plague, he informed Pietro Molo, the old goldsmith, that he still held himself his debtor, and proposed settlement to him as he is able to make. In return, the banker has requested permission to attend here, and formally resign a claim to thy hand on the part of his nephew. Thou wilt not, I trust, feel any disinclination to be released from the addresses of the wealthy plebeian, even though thou shouldst have to put up with a poor noble instead. But here comes Giuletta; I warrant she hath some news for us, she looks so important."

"Ah! dear children," said the king lovingly upon them, for she had a secret, "here is the count, fresh-arrived from the city; he has sent me forward with his greetings to my young lady, and I request that she will receive him in her boudoir."

"Come then, dearest," said Giulio, "let me. My father will rejoice to see the bloom again on thy cheeks."

Two young people passed in the balcony to which we formerly had the privilege of a reduced our reader's servant, followed tenderly, and with indulgence for press.

Giulio rose to retire to the boudoir, where he had the privilege of a reduced our reader's servant, followed tenderly, and with indulgence for press.

luxurious places within the tropics. own sex." open to them; the government possesses comes the goldsmith. just a question whether measures or with the calm, self-effectively achieved, or the city to be able to him, and howing. The great evil attending all improvement is pride, he said: appreciation of native capability, and a discerns you proposition of those whose practical experience was honour to lend to grapple with the difficulties that surround been fulfilled. of little jealousy and mistrust that prevents taking themselves of opportunities thrown in their terms which I out undertakings necessary to the well-being of I am ready to nor can they understand the principle on which such residue are regulated in England, still less the magnitude of. tions carried on there and in many other parts of I did Yet the time seems to be coming when these principles be better understood here, and when the application of Enately, capital towards the improvement of the country may be as and legitimately brought to bear.

Few spots in the New World are more indebted to nature than the environs of Rio Janeiro, all possible combinations of scenery being included in one magnificent perspective. Of the best views is from the Corcovado Mountain, which, although upwards of 3,000 feet in height, can be ascended on horseback. Like most mountains around, it is rather a rock, I or steeply sloping, than a mountain, and it may be compared

instrument in two and handed it to the count. "And I formally acknowledge that I have no claim on the part of my nephew."

The count seized the hand of the banker with emotion.

"Nay, nay, good Messer Molo—thou art too generous—it must not be so."

"Your pardon, my good lord," said the banker proudly. "You once said that I was a just man, and I affirmed that you spoke truly; suffer me still to be so. I must not forfeit my self-respect. I will now take my leave; but I will crave permission first to touch the hand of this fair maiden, whom I would have been proud to call niece, had not Heaven visibly interposed to forbid it."

The old man advanced to where Bianca sat, and, taking her hand, raised it respectfully to his lips, and then placing a jewel of great price upon her finger, he laid his hand upon her fair head, and uttering a fervent benediction, he turned to depart. At this moment the door was opened, and a young man entered. All eyes were turned upon the stranger.

"Ah, nephew Girolamo," said Molo, who met him near the door, "this is indeed unexpected. I did not know thou wert in Venice; but I have arranged all matters with the Count Polani even as thou didst desire."

"Thanks, dear uncle," said the young man; and then passing by him, he flung off his travelling cloak and walked up the room. In a moment he was pressed in the arms of Giulio.

"Jacques! my dearest and best of friends. Welcome, a thousand welcomes."

What I hear exclaimed the banker, who had hastened back after the young man.

"There is some mistake here; this youth is not called Jacques, but Girolamo. Girolamo Molo, the son of my brother Jacopo."

"Aye, truly, dear uncle, and yet my good Giulio here will not, you see, deny his old friend Jacques de la Mole."

"How is this?" asked the count in amazement. "Be so good as to solve this riddle for us."

But no sooner had old Giuletta heard the voice of the young man, than she hurried forward and cried:

"Santis-sima Madre! I swear by my hopes of salvation, that this is none other than the learned Greek doctor, Demetrius, who brought the count and my young lady through the plague, and then disappeared so suddenly—aye, indeed, though he has lost his white hair and beard."

"The same, the same, good Giuletta. Suffer me to congratulate my patients on their thorough convalescence. Fair lady, you will not refuse your hand once again to your physician. My lord, the friend of your son seeks your acquaintance."

While the young man thus passed from one to another of the party, with the unembarrassed freedom of one of courtly breeding, all remained silent with wonder and perplexity.

"Count Polani," he continued, "you asked me to solve this riddle. I will do so, if you give me a few minutes' hearing;" and seating himself in the chair to which the count pointed, he said: "My good uncle here will tell you that the liberality and love of my father denied me no advantage which his wealth could procure. Thus I travelled much, visited most of the courts of Europe, and found that the son of the great banker of Milan was a welcome guest wherever he went. It so chanced that an affair connected with the loan of a large sum of money, which required great secrecy and caution, led me to the capital of France for the first time some two years since—"

"I remember it well, nephew Girolamo," said the banker, interrupting him. "Thou didst acquit thyself very creditably in the affair. I warrant me your young ruffling gallants, who affect to look down upon us merchants, could not do as much."

The young man looked at Giulio with a smile full of meaning, and continued: "Well, I found it desirable to adopt an incognito; I assumed another name, gave myself out to be a Frenchman, and, that I might sustain the character, I did, my dear uncle, dress myself somewhat

In the fashion of the young gallants of whom you have just spoken, and Jacques de la Mole had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Giulio Polani."

"Aye, faith, dear friend," said Giulio laughing; "and that same Jacques de la Mole was the most fashionable cavalier, the best swordsman, the luckiest gambler, and the most fortunate—"

"Hush! hush! Giulio," said Girolamo, interrupting any further disclosures; "you will make me blush if you praise me thus. Remember I had a part to play, and I tried to play it to the best of my poor ability. Besides, you know I was not always successful. Dost forget our gay wager on the banks of the Seine, and how I lost it to thee?"

Giulio smiled, and held up his finger admonishingly to his friend.

"Well, well, I shall not speak of it, at least just now. We had not long parted when I learned of thy strange compact, my dear uncle; and though I knew that thy love and thy ambition would select none for me but a most worthy object, yet was I determined to judge for myself; and so I visited Venice without thy knowledge, and again assumed my character of the *Sieur de la Mole*."

"It was well that I did not meet thee, Girolamo; I should have rated thee soundly for going about in thy mumming French frippery."

"Nay, but thou didst meet me, dear uncle. My first visit was to the *Corso degli Orifici*, where thou didst very civilly give me gold for one of my own balls on thee."

"Truly," said the old man, "I do now bethink me of a popinjay in a slashed velvet doublet and perfumed gloves, who wore a hat and feathers; I did not see his face, for he was masked; but he spoke only French, except one or two words of vile Italian."

"Precisely, dear uncle; you would not expect a French gallant to speak good Italian. Well, Giulio, thou rememberest our wager, and how thou didst often boast to me when in France that thou wouldst show me, if I ever came to Venice, a maiden fairer than those on the northern side of the Alps; and so thou didst keep thy word, and I lost my wager, and would have lost my heart too—pardon me, dear lady, if I be too bold of speech—but that I quickly discovered that one very dear to me (and he looked at Giulio) had already lost his to thee, and, as I believed, had stolen thine in return."

The Count Polani looked at Bianca and then at Giulio: the confusion of both betrayed a secret which a more vigilant guardian than the count would have long since discovered.

"By Saint Mark," said he, "pretty one, I have been but dim-sighted after all; I must have good old Father Chrysostom to confess thee; or perhaps thou hast made thy confession already to a younger ear, and we must reserve the good father for another office. Well, *Ser Girolamo*, or *Jacques*, or *Demetrius*, whichever it is your good pleasure to be called, we would hear the rest of your story."

"Ah, signore, it is well nigh told. As I said, I feared for my own heart, and had the good sense to fly. Thou got'st a note from me, Giulio."

"Yes, and I marvelled much at thy sudden departure, and still more at thy continued silence."

"Upon the day before the appointed day, I returned to Venice, determined to supply the money to liquidate the bond, in case the count should not be in a condition to pay. How I arranged the matter, Giulio, thou knowest; but why thou didst not make use of the bill: I gave thee I know not."

Giulio informed his friend of the casualty that had befallen him, and detained him in delirium till the day was past.

"I will not dwell on the painful scene at the Palazzo Polani further than to say that, at the moment your lordship had appealed to me, and that I was about to disclose my friendship with your son and to decline the honour of a hand which, even were I worthy of it, would not have conferred on me a heart the sudden illness of the signora rendered it unnecessary. We hurried from the palazzo; but not before I had satisfied myself, notwithstanding my uncle's precautions, that it was indeed the plague with which the young lady was

seized. I had been long in the East, and had seen that terrible scourge, and learned of a celebrated physician in Damascus the best mode of treating it. Speedily procuring the dress of a Greek physician, I presented myself at once, and had little difficulty in procuring admission in the emergency. Heaven be praised, I was enabled to save the lives of two of the three; the other—"

"Ah! yes," interposed Giordetta; "the other my poor Giovanna. But see, Signor Demetrius, I have the amulet which you gave me, and it preserved me through the whole time of the plague, though I did not understand all the learned things you said to me."

Girolamo laughed gaily.

"Why, yes, I flatter myself I spoke with due professional unintelligibility. To-day I returned by chance to Venice, and finding that my good uncle had come hither, I determined to be present at the last act of a drama in which I had been playing more parts than my friends knew of. And now my tale is told."

And so, dear reader, may I say with Girolamo, "My tale is told." Yet ere we take our leave for ever of those whose fortunes we have been following through many scenes, and for whom, I trust, you feel an interest, let us follow those fortunes to a close. As one who, from the cliffs, watches a bark buffeting with wind and waves, now mounting on the top of the billows, now plunged in the trough of the sea, till it disappears from his view—as such a one watches with anxious heart and strained eyes, till at length he sees the vessel enter the harbor: then his spirit is glad, and he breathes freely—nevertheless, he will surely hurry down to the water's edge and see the poor, storm and sea-tossed voyagers landed safely, and entering their happy homes;—just so I hope that you, dear reader, would see those with whom we have had to do safe at their destination. Know, then, that ere a month had passed, Giulio and Bianca were wedded—the count gradually retrieved his fortunes and rose in the state, and finally became one of the Council of Ten. By a strange fatality, one of the last victims of the plague was Michael Morosini who succeeded to the dukedom. His immense wealth, which was amassed by the most sordid and heartless means, was divided between his relatives, and a considerable portion came to his kinswoman Bianca. Old Pietro Molo still dwelt in the *Corso degli Orifici*, to the end a wealthy and an honourable banker, who ever performed and enforced a contract with unflinching scrupulosity; and he had at length the happiness to see his dear nephew united with a noble lady of Milan, and perpetuating the name of Molo which he adorned not less by his magnificence and ability than he did by the nobleness of his nature.

Three others there are, to whom our thoughts may revert with a pleasant interest. Of Carlo Zeno we need not say anything: his long, active, and most adventurous life; his peaceful death; his obsequies magnificent and pompous as became a great stat; honouring the memory of his greatest son, and a mourning people paying the last tribute to their bravest general—all these are matters of history to be found on its brightest and broadest pages. The chronicler who turns aside to ramble through the byeways of history, will now and then meet with the name of Sir William Cheke, and find him still the soldier of fortune, ever gallant and true-hearted, till at last he sank down in his harness upon the battle-field, and brave companions in arms gave him a pulture in a foreign land. And, last of all, stout Roger Hopton failed not of his hoped-for future. He won his way back to his own Britain; and beside the waters of his beloved Trent, even in that pleasant valley, through whose once sylvan solitudes the steam-train now thunders along upon its iron way—even there, the smoke rose once again from his father's cottage; and, sitting near to him in the chimney-nook of a winter's evening, a blooming matron with mild blue eyes smoothed down the yellow curls of her infant boy, while she listened to the happy yeoman recounting his soldier's life and the feats of the memorable WAR OF THE CROCEDES.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

To no English artist attaches a wider popularity than Sir Edwin Landseer. All know his works, and all admire them. No collection of modern painters is complete without them, and the memories of them abide with us when our eyes have long ceased to gaze upon the originals. As a painter of animal life he is unrivalled. He gives more than the colour and the form. He endows them with life, and thought, and feeling, and soul. When we look at them, we almost go as far as certain philosophers, and believe in the immortality of brutes. At any rate, they seem to love and hate, and hope, and grieve, very much like men and women. When we view his pictures, we feel there is no need to ask

"With Jacques Rousseau
If beasts confabulate or no."

friend. Landseer soon distinguished himself; he was elected R.A. in 1831, he received the honour of knighthood from Royalty in 1850. The list of his pictures is too long for us to chronicle here. His *chefs-d'œuvre* are the well-known ones called "Peace" and "War." The late Mr. Vernon gave 1,500 guineas for each, and since then Sir Edwin has received the enormous sum of 3,000 guineas for permission to engrave them. This fact shows the extent of his popularity. There is no test like the plain pounds, shillings, and pence one. A thing is only worth what it will fetch; nor is this popularity difficult to understand. Who does not love dogs? They are our playmates in childhood—our companions in manhood—our guardians in old age—and if in populous cities pent, we cannot keep them, still we like to have their pictures



LITERARY DOG.

It is a fact they do. We can almost hear them talking. We see what the funny fellows are at. What happy brutes they are. How lightly and stoically they take the ills of life that dog flesh is heir to. Sir Edwin has been deservedly a successful man, and he certainly has been an industrious one. Every exhibition of the Royal Academy bears testimony to that fact, and in the ordinary course of events he may look forward to pictorial triumphs for many a year. He was born in 1803, and may be supposed to have had a bias to art from his very birth, for his father was an engraver. An artist, and the friend of artists, Landseer, if we remember aright, was with Haydon for a time, though he eschewed high art, as the world did not care for it, and had an easier life than that of his early patron and

with which to adorn our rooms. High art is all very well, if you have space for it; but we English have not. High house-rents forbid our patronising high art. Smith can hardly get his wife and olive-branches into the fantastic abode he calls Minerva Lodge, and as to pictures like poor Haydon's, they are quite out of the question. They are nearly as big as Minerva Lodge itself. So, instead, we have recourse to Landseer, and with engravings of his pictures ornament our English homes.

But we must hasten on. The reader must pardon our digression; it is a bad habit Rabelais taught the writers of his age, and it has been common ever since. Let us now look at the pictures here engraved. As literary men ourselves, of course we give the preference to

LITERARY DOGS.

We take them in order. That dog with the great head, to whom the Italian greyhound is making some remarks of a light and trifling character, is evidently no common one. Burns' Cæsar, in his "Twa Dogs," was precisely such another:—

"His hair, his size, his mark, his lugs,
Showed he was none o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

How sensibly that dog could talk, every reader of Burns knows well. His companion was completely convinced by him. He made it as plain as a pikestaff, that your rich, dissipated, fashionable men have but a sorry time of it; and to do so he broached Waldo Emerson's favourite doctrine of compensation—a doctrine not so strange or novel as Mr. Emerson imagines, and our friend there is of the same opinion. He is a philosopher, a mature, sedate, steady-going dog, an affectionate husband, a dutiful father; in short, a very moral.

And if he would not be quite so fast, but read *Punch* less, and study useful knowledge more, as dogs are, he would do very well indeed. The dog with the *Times* is like the *Times*, you can't tell what it is. You can't calculate how it will turn on a question; what side it will support; all that you can safely calculate on is the display of a certain amount of intelligence. It is just so with the dog.

The next engraving has reference to

CONTRARY DOGS,

and contrary they are undoubtedly; as contrary as any imaginary husband and wife, referred to in Milton on "Divorce;" or, perhaps, what is more to the point, as any Mr. and Mrs. Caudle in life. That very little terrier looming in the distance shows fight, and this scraggy mongrel cur would only be too happy to accommodate him, if his fat friend was not of a peaceable character, and evidently an admirer of arbitration in preference to physical force. When one is thus tied what can one do, but show one's teeth and growl a bit,



CONTRARY DOGS.

model dog—a dog of years and discretion—a dog in whom you can confide, with whom you may do business, whose advice you may ask and take—such a dog as would write a good article on the wrongs of animals in the "Quarterly"—such a dog as would have great influence anywhere for his sagacity, strength of brain, extent of information, and moral worth. It is not surprising that he takes no notice of what that flippant greyhound is saying; and yet he puts up with it. At any rate, he exhibits no sign of impatience; your intellectual dogs never do that; they know as well as we mortals that

"The gods approve

The depth but not the tumult of the soul."

As to that conceited poodle on the left, with *Punch*, all he is fit for is to write a farce. He is clever, and thinks himself so; but he has no stamina, sir—no principles—your fast clever man never has.

But he has a rival in that Charles' spaniel on his right, and that pug with a blue ribbon just before him. Well, after all, he has more in him than either of them.

"His locked lettered brow brass collar,
Shows him the gentleman and scholar."

and then run away? and this is what our lean and angry cur will have to do. The more he chafes the worse it will be for him! Neither man nor dog can war with circumstance. There he is tied, chained to a fat peace-loving dog—a dog whose bark is more to be feared than his bite—a dog you may insult, spit upon, call fool; kick even where, according to Hudibras, honour is lodged, and take any liberty with him, and yet who will not be avenged. Don't trust him; such a dog would leave you in the lurch; and were you attacked by a highwayman or a footpad, would run off like the poltroon that he is. Nor is the cur much better. He would be quite as likely to bite you as the man that knocks you down. He is sly, treacherous, ill-bred, and has no good points about him. They are a bad lot. The two are not worth one good dog. They are a pair of ill-conditioned, ill-bred rascals, and will never be any use to themselves or their owners, or the public at large; they are not worth the tax, and probably live by a mean and unprincipled evasion of it. And that little plucky terrier—the evident hero of a hundred fights—knows it, and would give the two a thorough drubbing if they would only give him a chance; and serve them right.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Darwin, the author from whom we have so frequently quoted, says. — 'For the single mushroom that we eat, how many hundreds there be that rotulate and prey upon us in return. To enumerate but a few and those of the microscopic kind, the *Mucor mucedo*, that spawns upon our dried preserves, the *Aspergillus*, that make our bread mouldy, the *Peziza septium*, that turns Ceres out of her own corn fields, the *Ustilago rubrum*, who is just as still more destructive, and the *Puccinia graminis*, whose voracity eats corn law and fancies it deficient, great deal further is — The number of the so-called worms that make war on our meagre crops, yet a tithe and more visible are they in their multitudes and their perniciousity, that man has almost since no way to withstand their forces. In an very minute season their fruit will conceal a vast number of the most insidious of which we prey on. I have no means of estimating with half the fully taken possession of his property at every assailable point. To the last given above we must add many more. There is the largest *Agrostis alba*, a species which infests rices and corn. Will developed in the latter a produce the most dreadful blight in which wheat is for many years putake of the infected grain. It is chiefly found in the East of England, and very frequently met with in this country. Perhaps yes. It is most common the this year here, where commonness is at abundance among rice and rices frequently when it is more extensively cultivated in the East. It is probably consuming a considerable part of the rice of the year in the East. It is a trifling and distant diseases with which the human race is afflicted, in which the humors gradually waste away with horrible pain and eventually fall off. This little fungus, though so dangerous in its effects when it is very rare, is invaluable in its medicinal uses. It is a little cylindrical horn shape to be, purple black within, and white or purplish inside.

What then the injury to human life of which we have spoken is caused by the fungus itself, or by the decomposed and corrupt material of the corn to which it belongs, is still a matter of question among the learned, and one on which we can, of course, form no judgment.

[illegible]

The form of these tablets is similar with gummy fibre plants, and grow with such rapidity, succeeded to fill the interior space and burst through the epidermis, when it appears like a purple black dot which, if microscopically examined, is found to consist of minute, perfectly spherical spores. Withering six of these plants. It consists of very minute, elongated, thread-like capsules at first white, but the thin white soon butting, it presents a quantity of brown black powder mixed with wool-like fibres.

The other species (*l. coar.* (fig. 1)) is very common in wheat, and exceedingly voracious, as it not only destroys the grain when it grows, but every grain with which the insect individuals come in contact. It is included within the genus of the wheat, and the species, which are exactly spherical, are longer than wide of the above named species (*l. coar.*), and quite black. When (16-17) they emit a most foul odour, which is communicated to a whole sample of wheat with which the husky grains are associated. Mr. Harkley says of all the corn-eating fungi: "The growth of these parasites depends so much on accidental circumstances, that it is impossible for the most experienced cultivators to guard against it entirely, but the evil is greatly lessened by careful choice of seed, and by steeping it in solutions of different

substances, which destroy the vegetative power of the sporidia of these parasites, etc.

The other genus, *Puccinia*, is of as evil a nature as the *Uromyces*. The disease termed "the mildew" in wheat is produced by one of these (*Puccinia graminis*, fig. 2), a fungus so diminutive that a single *stoma* (or pore in a stem or leaf), itself a thing invisible to an ordinary eye, will produce from twenty to forty of these fungi, and each of these exquisitely minute plants will bring forth at least a hundred spores or seeds. The seeds are not much heavier than air, and it may easily be conceived that even a single stem of wheat or grass, when beset with these insidious parasites, will not be long in infecting all the corn not only in the field where the parent wheat grows but in all those adjacent to it.

The first appearance of this blight is usually in the spring, or early in the summer when it arises in the form of orange-colored streaks, which afterwards assume a deep chocolate-brown. The tufts of this fungus are dense and often confluent, and form longitudinal lines (see fig.). The spores are numerous, minute, tuberculate double-celled ones, and are black, thus a more suitable by a fibrous peduncle or stem, as shown in fig. 2.

There is a false conclusion by him, that it is not the same, which indeed is but my tree. It is a fact, but is different only from a different size & specification of the same species of that fruit and vegetable, so may different living soil nourish the same plant into more or less luxuriance. It is certain, at all event, that wheat or other corn grown in the neighbourhood of the cherry tree always gets blighted with this fungus, and it is therefore not unreasonable to think that it may be infected by it. It has been suggested (and probably will be soon, that the reproductive particles or spores of this and other fungous deposit by the air, and sucked in with the water which falls on them into the earth, whence they are absorbed by the pores of plants, and so introduced into their system. In other cases, where they have lodged on the leaves or the external surface of the plants, they are washed by rain into the fountain or mouths with which the cuticle of almost all plants is thickly beset and by means of which they draw in vapours of the dew and rain from heaven, and then grow up and grow, intercepting the supplies of nourishment from the plant, and at the same time interfering with its function of respiration, by blocking up the pores, and thereby would destroy the plants on which they feed,

that the wheat on a stalk of wheat infected by this disease
will yield the same as the healthy one, the same proportionate
amount of grain that the crown on healthy stems produces.
I have, however, remarked that, added by the best authori-
ties, that the poor diminutive grains will, if sown, produce
as fine a crop as the finest and most flourishing seeds. This
is worthy of remark, as, though useless or nearly so for food,
the withered grain may thus be turned to account, and save
the farmer's better samples for other use.

But it is not on our corn-fields only that a plague of fung
1884, these little *puccinia* attack the leaves of plum and other
fruit trees, devour the fluids of our bean-plants, and scatter
themselves in destructive armies over our raspberry-bushes
and our rose beds (figs 3 and 4). There are some forty or
more species which spread themselves in all directions on the
leaves and stems of our plants and flowers, nor ever cease their
ravages until they have destroyed the vitality of whatever
part they touch.

But we must now turn to another class of fungi—the
which bore our dainties under the name of "mould." This
is so interesting an account of this production in a paper
published in the pages of a contemporary, that we cannot
do better than transcribe a part of "it as it stands," "I
during the warm weather, we put aside a bit of bread, or
slice of apple, pear, melon, or a turnip or potato—nothing
nothing better is at hand, we shall find in a few days that
these substances will have assumed a mouldy appearance

Fungi not only prey on objects which are members of other families than their own, but they unsuspiciously devour each other. Many of the *Uredineae* have parasitic fungi, which attach themselves solely to them, never attacking any other species. One sort settles itself on dried *Uredines*, another only on moist decaying ones, whilst a third devours only the flesh of a particular *Boletus*. Dr. Badham says "few minute objects are more beautiful than those mucidinous fungi (*fungi mucinum*). A common one besets the back of some of the *hussar* in decay, spreading over it, especially if the weather be moist, like thin flocks of light wool, presenting on the second day a bluish tint on the surface. Under a powerful magnifier myriads of little glass-like stalks are brought into view, which bifurcate again and again, each ultimate head ending in a semilunate head, or button, at first blue, and afterwards black, which, when it comes to burst, scatters the spores, which are then (under the microscope) seen adhering to the sides of the delicate filamentary stalks, like so many minute limpets. There is a very beautiful fungus called "the penicilled mould" (*Aspergillus penicillatus*, fig. 57), which clusters its pretty beaded heads on the dried plants in our herbariums. Thus little

From all we have said our readers will not be slow in admitting that, minute as these little plants are, and apparently insignificant, they are capable of being made, in the hands of God, instruments of most serious and distressing effects, not only to the property, but also to the life of man.

THE SACRED DEBT.

FIRST PART.

When the bells of the day were over, four students of a small German university met, as they were accustomed to do, at the apartments of one of their number for the performance of music. It is well known with what enthusiasm music is cultivated by the Germans. The majority of them possess a natural taste for this art, of which they are so fond; and the poor as well as the rich find in vocal or instrumental music a constant source of enjoyment. These young men, after their more serious studies, diverted themselves during the evening

An orchard around it,
His wants to supply.
Content with such riches,
Oh, think it not strange,
Estates with his highness
He would not exchange."

When he had concluded, he raised his eyes towards the window where stood the young men. One of them, throwing him a piece of money, said laughingly:



THE SACRED DEBT.

with playing quartettes composed for two violins, a viola, and a cello. During an interval of repose, their light, joyous conversation was interrupted by an old beggar, who, halting before the window, began to sing in a broken voice. He accompanied himself on a harp, which was too much injured to produce a single or more sonorous vibrations; nevertheless, the accompaniment was soft and melodious, and the melody of his song was charming. The burden of his song was thus:

"Here, poor Peter, this is all we can do for you now; return some other time."

"Yes, in a year," said another.

"And we will give you sufficient to purchase a cottage and a third."

"In a little orchard," added the fourth.

The old man was struck motionless. The lamp was the light of a neighbouring inn, and a young man was sitting at the window. The old man's eyes were fixed on the window, and he was looking at the young man who was sitting there.

"Young men, are you serious in what you say to me? I hope you would not mock an old man."

"God forbid!" replied Ernest with emotion. His three companions also called God to witness.

"Well, young men, I trust you; at this same hour, a year hence, I will return to this window. Adieu! May the Almighty, whose name you have invoked, bless your undertakings."

Having given utterance to this benediction, the old man departed. The students closed the window and again took up their instruments. In a few moments, three had forgotten this little scene, and trifled as before; but at the close of the evening Ernest said to them,—

"You appear quite at ease; I must say I am not so, when I reflect on the promise I have made."

"What promise?" said the most heedless one.

"Why, the cottage and the orchard."

Their only reply was a shout of laughter, and thereupon the students separated.

The concerts were continued, and each time the friends met, Ernest reminded them of the promise made to the old man, but found that his zeal was most unwelcome.

"I am surprised," said he, "that you oblige me to insist upon a thing so self-evident. Either we have spoken seriously, and should act accordingly; or we have been guilty of impious mockery, and should endeavour to atone for our fault. My friends, I shall not sleep peacefully, until I have found means to discharge our sacred debt."

"How can we discharge it?" said Christopher; "our parents deprive themselves of necessaries to furnish us with a plentiful maintenance; and even could we live upon air for six months, and unite our little income, it would not be sufficient to purchase the most miserable hut and the smallest orchard for the old fool. If we have been to blame in promising, he has been equally so in accepting our promise. So, quits! Adieu, comrades; I wish your sleep may be as undisturbed as my own."

This fine reasoning could not convince Ernest, nor restore his peace of mind. His mother, noticing his thoughtfulness, became anxious. The good woman, who was a widow, had but this son, and, that they might not be separated, had accompanied him to the University town. The daughter of a peasant, and the wife of a village schoolmaster, poor Catherine had learned to practise the most rigid economy, and hoped, by that means, to eke out the little sum which remained of her paternal inheritance, until her son could maintain himself and his mother.

She wished to know the cause of his sadness. And Ernest made the painful acknowledgment. He saw by his mother's serious look that she thought with him, that such a promise ought to be religiously kept. Indeed, his own judgment was the result of his mother's early instructions in the principles of honour and piety. And should she be untrue, when her son had thus shown himself faithful to her lessons? Catherine could not be guilty of the too common sin, of contradicting her words by her conduct.

"Alas! my child," said she with a sigh, "you have commenced life by incurring debts. Nevertheless, whatever your companions may do, you at least shall fulfil your part of the engagement into which you have entered; if you do not, you are not my son."

After this conversation, Ernest devoted all the time he could spare from study to devising some means of redeeming his promise. He was one day walking on the borders of a forest, absorbed in the contemplation of this subject, when he came upon a little cottage delightfully situated in a charming valley. The cottage was surrounded by a small orchard, now clad in the verdure of spring. Passing the garden, he perceived that it was for sale.

"This would suit our purpose," said he, looking around.

Impelled by curiosity, he entered, and discovered a man of

"Yes, my friend, do you wish to purchase?"

"I am deputed," replied Ernest, hesitating, "to purchase an estate for a friend. What may be the price you demand?"

"Two thousand florins (about \$160)," was the reply.

"Two thousand florins!" exclaimed the poor young man in affright.

"It appears to you a high price, my friend; but do not expect a house and grounds are to be had for a morsel of bread! Look at these trees; their flourishing canopies prove the goodness of the soil. Look at this house; it is not a castle certainly, but there is room enough for happiness within; and I would not leave the *Pré Fleuri*, were it not that I wish to be nearer my children, who have married far from hence."

"Yes, indeed," said the student to himself; "there is room enough for happiness. I should be well contented with it myself."

While he thus reflected, the man rose to conduct him to the house. After they had gone over it, they took a turn round the grounds. Ernest admired all he saw, and acknowledged that two thousand florins was only a reasonable demand for so eligible an estate.

He left the house, thinking it was something to have found the cottage and the orchard, and flattering himself that he should conclude by discovering the means to purchase them.

He was absorbed in these thoughts until he entered the town, when, meeting in the public gardens a troop of wandering musicians, he suddenly recollected that his friends expected him that evening to join their little concert. It was their first meeting after a fortnight's vacation, which they had passed at their respective homes.

They met at the usual hour, and after the first salutations, Christopher said that he had something to tell them before they commenced.

"And I also," replied Augustus, "have something to say to you."

"Well, indeed," added Frederic, "and so have I."

"And when you have all finished," said Ernest, "I must beg you to listen to my tale."

Christopher began:

"I was crossing," said he, "the forests of the Hartz mountains, on my return home, I was alone, and on foot. As the night closed in, the weather became stormy. When I was in the middle of the wood, the tempest commenced. If I attempt to describe it to you, it must be chiefly from imagination, for I soon lost my presence of mind. The howling of the wind—the crash of falling trees—the torrents of rain and hail—were heard even above the incessant roaring of the thunder. The continual flashing of the lightning, bursting upon the profound darkness, so dazzled me, that I durst not open my eyes, nor proceed a step. Ah! friends, you know not what it is to be overtaken by a tempest in the midst of a forest. Hitherto I had fancied myself a brave man; now, I frankly confess, I know what terror is. I leaned against a tree for support to my trembling limbs. Suddenly a thunder-bolt fell a few steps from me, and struck an oak which was instantly in danger. Here was new danger—the forest may soon be on fire. I gathered courage to move a little further on; but it was my last effort; I fell first upon my knees, and then my whole length upon the wet moss. There I passed the most dreadful night of my life. I thought of you, my friends, of our concerts, and of the old beggar. I said to myself: 'This is a warning from Heaven. Unhappy being that I am! If I escape this danger I will amend my life, and I will keep the promise that I made.' At length the storm abated, and I left the frightful wood; but though the peril is over, the warning remains. This, my friends, is what I had to tell you, and now join with the wise Ernest in entreating you to discharge your engagement."

"You will have little difficulty in persuading your friends,"

Augustus, "during my stay with my parents, I have been a great deal of thinking. The warning that I have just received is a

... Among other things he has erected a magnificent triumphal arch in one of the principal walks, and has inscribed over it in letters of gold:— This is the path of good faith; pass it not unless thou art true to thy word. I was in a large company, one of whom read the inscription, and called our attention to it, upon which they all passed gaily on. Had I refused to pass, I should have stood as an acknowledged liar. I therefore advanced boldly, and passed under the arch. Since that day I have had no peace of mind; for I feel that having pledged my honour before so many witnesses, I cannot withdraw."

"Then," said Frederic, "we are all agreed to comply with my comrade's request; for a circumstance no less singular than those you have related, has determined me to keep my word."

"Oh, my friends," he added, "when my grandmother used to relate to us her dreams and their predictions, we would laugh and shrug our shoulders behind her; but I am now as credulous as she was, and you will not be surprised at it when I tell you the dream that I had twice successively. I do not believe that Christopher felt more terror in the forest than I on my bed, when I saw, for the second time, the old musician stop in the street below, grinning and twanging the strings of his old harp. He suddenly grew to the height of the window, and putting in a dishevelled head, and stretching out a skeleton arm, he seized my violoncello, which became an enormous double-bass, opened it, I know not how, thrust me furiously into it, and carried me away with him upon his shoulders, notwithstanding your cries and my own. You may laugh as much as you please, but I am convinced that this beggar is some great personage, with power to punish us if we offend him. I will not expose myself to it, if I can but find the means of satisfying him; but unhappily my dream revealed nothing on the point."

Ernest congratulated his comrades more upon the resolution they had formed than on the motives which had influenced them; and added, "Let me now tell you, that I have found what we want."

"Ah, really!" cried they all in astonishment.

"Yes, I have found it. In a charming valley near the

town, I discovered a little house standing in an orchard, which will suit us exactly, and our old man will not doubt be satisfied. The estate is to be sold for two thousand florins."

"Two thousand florins!" exclaimed they all together.

"I think," said Christopher, "we shall be a little nearer the conclusion of this affair when you have told us what we are to find the money. Instead of this you speak of purchasing, while we have no means of paying for it beyond a slip of paper."

"Wait," replied Ernest; "I shall, perhaps, have a proposition to make to you; but, first, I wish to know whether you have consulted your friends, and if they are not disposed to make a little sacrifice to assist you in this matter."

One of the students replied, that he durst not say a word to his father, for fear of being turned out of doors; another, that he had spoken of it to his tutor, who ridiculed him, and said it was time enough to pay when he was obliged; and the third said that his uncle, upon whom he depended, was violently enraged, and declared, if he should meet the beggar, he would denounce him to the police, and have him taken to prison."

"Then," said Ernest, "we are thrown upon our own resources; and now for what I was about to propose to you. As I came through the public gardens, I met a troop of strolling musicians. They made noise enough, but their music was miserable; however, the good people scattered money liberally among them. I flatter myself that we have a little more skill than they, and we have good instruments; let us take advantage of the approaching vacation; disguise ourselves, and travel over Germany with our violins; we may, perhaps, succeed. Such is my advice; if it does not please you, and you can propose a better plan, I will willingly agree to your proposition."

It was received with applause. Such an idea would be likely to please Germans. The manners of the country are such that it would be considered no degradation. Far from seeking another expedient, they assured him they could imagine nothing to be compared to it. They would see the country, they would lead a life of romance, they would earn applause, and florins also to enable them to keep their word. The project was admirable!

RUSSIAN SERFS AND RUSSIAN NOBLES.

THE position of the Russian peasant before the herd of boyards and princes—slaves and serfs themselves before their despot in St. Petersburg, tyrants and masters at home—is pointedly marked in our engraving of a boyard giving audience to his serfs, on his return to his estates after a long absence. But a recent tourist gives us facts to deal with.

Not very long ago he penetrated to an estate some seven hundred miles from St. Petersburg. It was a vast territory of some 100,000 acres, with 200 villages, inhabited by wretched serfs, the property of Prince B. . . . He accompanied the tourist, who describes the enthusiasm of the tenantry, as he affectionately calls them, as very great. They came out to receive their master with their starostes (elders) at their head; and shouts filled the air, every one wore his best clothes, and he cold but bright sun shone above. A flag was raised on the battlements of the castle, and on reaching the courtyard, speeches were made on both sides; servile on the one, haughty and commanding on the other—a right royal affair altogether. Then dancing, singing, and eating commenced, brandy was freely distributed, and everybody went home, not sober but merry. The Russians being no friends to the temperance movement. They are slaves, and drinking is peculiarly the vice of

urn a rouble of silver, about three shillings. This tribute once paid, the boyard became affable and friendly with his vassals, according to the customs of his family.

So wedded are the Russians to habit, that though this custom has been abolished, the peasants still bring the rouble, and are really disappointed that the young prince, the descendant of the old boyard, will not take it.

The traveller is struck, on arriving upon the territory of a Russian nobleman, with the excellent state of the roads. They are like the walks of a park, turfed and bordered by fine trees. But this state of things exists only upon the roads near the castle; the roads at a little distance are horrible. With a few exceptions, there are no high roads in the whole vast and so-called civilised Empire of Russia. There are tracts of indefinite width, covered by sand, disfigured by stumps of trees, crossed by streams, with here and there a wretched imitation of a bridge.

If, however, the roads are bad, travelling is secure; and though accidents are common, the Russian peasantry are exceedingly obliging and friendly in their disposition, that they will run a mile to assist in getting a carriage out of a bog or deep rut.

The inns are infamous. The traveller who does not bring his food must abstain, and he who does not bring his bed must sleep on the floor. There you lie, travellers and baggage all pell-mell, close together—so close that, as our tourist says, "we scarcely left space for the vermin to break out." And the comfort of every kind is the ordinary state of things in these establishments, and the Russian peasant, who is a very

... In ancient days an old boyard made his return to his estates, and in order to have an opportunity for making money. As soon as he had reached the castle, he installed himself in a large audience-chamber, and, reclining himself on a throne, his left hand resting on his knee, he received homage from his vassals. The serfs, kneeling on the ground, and with their eyes on the ground,

St. Leonson is Duc met with the fellow-
adventurer. He was coming back from Lake Onega. It
was bitterly cold. He had been two days and two nights in
a carriage. His limbs appeared frozen. At two in the
evening he reached the post-house; its rooms were all
dark—no light, no fire, all dark and cold.

"*Makshak! makshak!* Boy! boy!"

A sleepy voice, from under a sheepskin on the floor,
answered.

"*Sushass!* Directly!"

Now in Russia people always say *sushass*, but they never
are ready. He waited for a quarter of an hour, shaking in
the cold, and worn by hunger and thirst, while the boy lit
a lamp, himself shivering.

"Quick! Fire and tea."

"Hot water!—but where is your fire?"

"We have only some spirits of wine."

And this is the country, the panegyrist of which talk of it
rivalling England.

To return to the nobles. Their life in the country, when
they are despots, makes up for the humiliation of their town
existence. They lord it here, as they are lorded over in St.
Petersburg; they receive petitions only on the bended knee
of supplicants.

At nine the boyard takes his morning tea, smoking his pipe
all the time; at eleven he breakfasts, and then roams about
his estate; at four he dines, and at eight he takes his evening
tea. His life is sometimes diversified by hunting, fowling, and
by official festivals.

It is a completely royal existence. In their castles, the



RECEPTION OF SERFS BY A BOYARD.

"*Ni mogena!* Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"The stoves are all out of order, and will not be mended
for two days."

"Fools!" said le Duc.

"But, your excellency, it was very hot yesterday here, and
will be hotter still when the stoves are mended."

"What is that to me? Bring me a *samovar*."

The *samovar* is a kind of tea-kettle, which gives out so much
heat that it serves at times the purpose of a stove.

"*Ni mogena!*" said the boy.

The charcoal is burnt, so that the samovar cannot be
used. Can you give your excellency nothing else to drink and

hereditary boyards know no law but their own will. They
are gentle and paternal in their conduct, but many are ty-
rannical to the last degree. A peasant insurrection, and
destruction by fire of a castle and all its inhabitants, would
give us an insight into the character of the relations that
exist between master and slave.

The Russian serf, on an average, works three days for
himself and three days for his master. He cannot rise above
certain level. If there are fifty labourers in a village, they
have fifty plots of land, of equal size, with five or six serfs
who are likely to marry in the year. That must stay
the same, and no more. They cannot leave the village, and
the duty of the master is to

OUR STREET.

ONslow and Son's was the only shop in our street. It was a very ancient-looking shop; and the oldest person in the parish could not remember that any other establishment had ever existed in the same locality. For three generations, at least, the firm of Onslow and Son had flourished, without the slightest opposition. As an older Onslow died, he was succeeded by Son, and, in like manner, a younger member of the family was advanced to take his position as second in the firm. In this manner they went on, without supposing that any change could ever possibly affect their condition. It would be difficult to describe the exact calling or pro-

strong, solid-looking frames, an inch and half in thickness. In those days it was not deemed necessary daily to exhibit a fresh assortment of goods, as the means of attracting stray customers. Onslow and Son supplied all that was wanted in the neighbourhood, so that any such labour on their part would have been expended to no purpose. Once or twice a-year the business of their establishment was almost entirely suspended, in order that a thorough cleansing and "putting to rights" might be accomplished. This being done, the same faded ensigns of the trade were restored to their former place, in the same order as they had maintained during the



THE OLD SHOP IN OUR STREET.

cession of the members of this firm. They dealt in all kinds of linen and woollen drapery, stationery, and drugs. Occasionally they acted as physicians or apothecaries, and prepared the only cattle medicines that could be procured in the neighbourhood. They kept the post-office, and distributed stamps, were agents for a life and fire insurance company, and transacted business on behalf of the country bank. Yet their premises were not large, nor their stock-in-trade extensive. The windows of the shop, which projected considerably over the narrow pavement, were supported on wooden posts, and

greater part of a century. The door was several steps above the level of the street, and was usually closed, which gave to the whole establishment an exclusive and uninviting aspect.

On the entrance of any one into the shop, Mr. Onslow or Son generally looked through a small window, which communicated with the little back parlour; and having satisfied his tea, or satisfied himself concerning the correctness of a bill, or discharged any other duty in which he might happen to be engaged, he would at length come forward, and then he would welcome a customer to say what was wanted. Now a shop

The principals themselves were uncertain whether the article in demand was amongst the number.

"I believe," the shopkeeper would sometimes say, "that I have somewhere that which you desire. I've a faint recollection that there's something of the sort on one of those upper shelves."

Accordingly, a parcel was brought down from its hiding-place, but its contents were not the goods in request; so the package was deliberately re-corded, and safely lodged in its former position, before another search could be made. After several unsuccessful attempts, the right parcel was at last found, and the customer having taken a portion, at a price which awarded Onslow and Son a profit of 50 per cent., the remainder was again deposited on the upper shelf, to rest undisturbed for one, three, or seven years, as future circumstances might determine. Onslow and Son never asked their customers if they wanted anything more. They never used any power of persuasion to induce a fair visitor to increase the number of her purchases, by exhibiting to her some recently imported goods of the latest fashion, or by informing her that some new article was found to be exceedingly useful in domestic arrangements. They regarded a commercial transaction in the light of a mutual accommodation. They believed that the wares they had to sell were good, but were by no means prepared to pledge themselves that the world could produce no better; as they purchased, their customers were welcome to buy again, with the understanding that the sellers were not losers by the bargain.

Onslow and Son seemed to pride themselves that they could perform the least amount of labour in the longest given time. Their shop was open from six in the morning till ten at night. Everything was managed in a quiet, methodical manner, as though the chief aim of a tradesman was not the amount of work he could accomplish, but the number of hours he could manage to keep himself occupied. Had any one hinted to Mr. Onslow that he might have discharged double the amount of business, and have had full five hours a-day for exercise and instruction, he would have been plainly told that the best exercise for a man of business is his work, that a knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts is all that he requires; and as for Cassell's "Popular Educator," it would have been Mr. Onslow's decided opinion that it was only calculated to bring young men to poverty and ruin. The good man would have chuckled at the idea of a grocer learning Latin and French, or of a draper's assistant becoming master of the problems of Euclid. He would have deemed a voyage to the moon quite as probable as a monster trip to the Great Exhibition.

Things went on in such an established and regular manner in our street, that no one ever thought of any change. In the course of time, however, a circumstance occurred, the result of which was an entire topo-revolution. This was no other than the death of Miss Dorothy Bragge, an elderly lady, who lived opposite to the establishment of Onslow and Son. As soon as the funeral was over, the quiet, unobtrusive-looking dwelling, lately occupied by that lady, was "to let." Everybody wondered for a while whether the executors would be likely to find a tenant who would consent to be imprisoned in the same manner as Miss Bragge and her single domestic. Time, however, rolled on, and the empty house was almost forgotten, till one morning a number of joiners and bricklayers were seen to enter the premises, who, by their proceedings, were intent on making some considerable alterations. They deliberately proceeded to remove the window which had formerly afforded light to Miss Bragge's parlour; they then tore away the wall from the whole front, as high as the second floor, removed the partitions which had separated the parlour from the passage and the kitchen at the back, so that the entire suite of apartments on the ground floor was thrown open to the gaze of the public. The floor was scrupulously made level with the street, a commodious window of plate-glass was put in, a long line of counters was arranged through the entire length of the shop—for a shop it was now about to become. Two clean highly varnished benches, the last

numbered 12 and the last 36, were soon placed in regular order. Vast heaps of tea and sugar appeared to have been thrown into the window as samples, as if the shopman had just emptied a chest of the one and a barrel of the other, and thought nothing of them in a concern so extensive and magnificent. In the evening, a strong glare of gas-light forcibly arrested the attention of the passers-by; whilst invitations, printed in large characters, were adroitly placed in the window, strongly advising the reader to purchase a certain full-flavoured black tea, at four shillings per lb., or informing him that the finest fresh-roasted coffee was to be purchased at two. Spices were profusely scattered about, large bunches of grapes were temptingly suspended, Portuguese onions peeped slyly from their bursting boxes, whilst oranges and lemons were so plentiful, one might have imagined that they grew in the neighbourhood. Within the shop every one was busy, even if there happened to be no customers waiting: one weighed and tolded the articles which were likely to be soon required; another was unpacking or clearing away the goods which had just arrived; a third was seated at the desk, making entries in a book which appeared large enough to have kept the accounts of the nation. The whole scene was one of activity and despatch.

This change, so entirely new in our street, was brought about by Tom Widdaker, late apprentice in the firm of Onslow and Son, who, on the fulfilment of his indentures, had repaired to London, where he obtained a situation, and remained during five years as assistant in one of the largest metropolitan establishments. On the death of his father, Widdaker became possessed of £1,500; with this sum, and £150 which he had saved in London (N.B.—his evenings were usually spent in Southampton-buildings), he started business in the manner we have described, and ventured to oppose his late master, whose capital was known to be at least £12,000.

The walls of our town, and every available space in the surrounding villages, were covered with large placards, setting forth that "T. Widdaker, having direct communication with the merchants of Hong Kong and the West Indies, and by means of an immense capital invested in trade, was enabled to supply the public with Tea and Coffee, much superior to those of any other house, and at exceedingly reduced prices."

When the first feelings of surprise and astonishment had passed from the mind of every individual connected with the firm of Onslow and Son, the senior partner affected pity for what he considered the rash behaviour of his late apprentice; for that Widdaker would soon be ruined, Mr. Onslow did not entertain the shadow of a doubt.

"Who will believe his puffing advertisements?" said Onslow to Son; "and as for his capital, we shall soon see how far that can support such an extravagant outlay."

Now, although few persons believed that Widdaker had direct communication with the Hong Kong merchants, or that his capital was much beyond its actual value, the great bulk of the customers in our street soon began to resort to the "new shop." Many persons were of opinion that the tea and coffee purchased there were superior in flavour and quality to those of Mr. Onslow, and every one knew that the younger trader was content with more moderate profits. The elite of the parish were pleased by the promptitude and attention with which they were served, and the poor were influenced by the civility and politeness with which their custom was acknowledged. Thus the new shop continued to prosper.

Onslow and Son were obliged to acknowledge that Widdaker's term of existence as a shopkeeper in our street was likely to prove longer than they had at first anticipated; but they still persisted in the belief that his ruin was only put off for a season, and that the longer the event was postponed, the more fatal would be the catastrophe. In the mean time, as their drapery and drug business was not affected, it was sufficient to support them till the former state of things should be restored. But, alas! when changes have begun, who can say where matters will end? In a few months Brown opened a draper's shop in our street, and a similar one to that of Widdaker's and Robinson's opened in regular

druggist. Onslow and Son, however, still continued to believe that they would again become the only shop in the neighbourhood, and that these upstarts would soon vanish.

In process of time the young tradesmen married, and were surrounded by families, and still, to the astonishment of the Onslows, continued to manifest all the outer signs of men in easy circumstances. Widdaker was chosen to serve the office of mayor; Browne was elected churchwarden; and Robinson's ruin seemed to be as distant as ever.

At length, as the early-closing system was adopted in our street by all except the firm of Onslow and Son, a meeting of the inhabitants was called, to consider the propriety of establishing a literary institution, to which all parties, principals, assistants, and apprentices, might repair after business hours, for rational amusement and instruction. The object was approved of, and it was resolved that a site should

immediately be sought out, on which to erect a hall for the purpose.

On the evening of that day, Onslow and Son settled their last transaction as members of a commercial firm.

"Sam," said Onslow to Son, "the world is gone mad. The sooner we are out of business the better. In a quiet cottage in the country we may, at least, live in peace."

A few weeks later, Onslow and Son deserted the home of their fathers, on which the "Athenaeum" is now erected. But although seven years have passed away since that event, it is still the unalterable opinion of George Onslow, Esq., of Broom Cottage, that we are on the eve of a revolution, a national bankruptcy, or a foreign invasion, and that these calamities are mainly owing to such changes as have been wrought by the hand of Time in the condition of our street.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE world was once a world of mysteries. Ancient maps were extraordinary-looking things, and modern maps of what the ancients knew are odd-looking skeletons, with a hand, perhaps, and a foot just covered by flesh, and all the rest mere outline. Country after country has been added, town after town; and once, to the amazement of the whole thinking universe, a whole continent came forth, unexpectedly, from the night of ages. And now America is peopled, India is a British province, islands like Australia are paving the floor of new empires, China is yielding up its secrets, and Japan, almost alone of those countries we wish to know, remains to a certain extent a sealed book. Precisely because it is a sealed book—because everybody has not an opportunity of knowing all about it—is that amount of curiosity developed which usually marks the inquiring mind. It is the sure result of some little reflection on foreign countries, and some little insight into books of travels in our youth, to make us in after-life eager students of geographical discovery. For our own parts, we believe that there is no style of reading more advantageous to the young mind than good books of travels. It arouses a habit of comparison: the variety of manners, ideas, thoughts, feelings, the host of prejudices peculiar to each nation, which are thus arrayed one against the other, must operate in a beneficial way upon the mind. By a knowledge of other lands, we learn to know better how to value what we ourselves possess.

There is no country about which we can inquire with more likelihood of our curiosity being gratified than about Japan. It must not be supposed that it has always been so hermetically closed: its present habit of seclusion dates from 1640, when the Portuguese were expelled, and Christianity, which was taking rapid root, was put down. The Portuguese Jesuit missionaries were at first well received, and favoured by the Japanese government; nor were they driven away by force of arms until they had begun to interfere with political affairs. A general massacre then ensued, stimulated probably by the Dutch, who ever since have been the only European people allowed to trade with Japan. The tale has been handed down to us by the Dutch of a certain yearly cursing and trampling upon the emblem of Christianity—the cross—by the Japanese. The statement, however, appears to be utterly devoid of foundation; indeed, the Japanese are rather exempt than otherwise from religious fanaticism.

Since the above expulsion, only one Chinese and one Dutch factory have been allowed. The interior has, then, been to a certain extent a great mystery, and yet, despite every care and precaution, truth will peep out. Medical men connected with the Dutch factory have written, and their books, with Japanese manuscripts, supply much information. We ourselves have the pleasure of constant correspondence with a relative in Batavia, who, from ex-members of the Dutch factory, has gleaned many useful facts. It is through Batavia, or Java, that all intercourse with Japan is carried on.

Some persons imagine that a stray junk of these strange people helped to people America, which, as there is no proof to the contrary, is quite possible. They, however, did not take, as far as we can see, any of their customs with them, unless, indeed, they be buried in the ruined cities of Yucatan, or in the graves of the Aztecs.

The aspect of the shores is gloomy, as if nature vied with man in her efforts to make the land inaccessible. Rocks, reefs, storms, fogs, are even more pestilential than the extreme *ochol* principle which the Japanese adopt, and which is so offensive even in the city of Paris. But as you approach nearer, you find before your eyes fresh green hills, richly cultivated in terraces, with cedars, and temple roofs and huts rising in all directions. The inhabitants first seen are generally fishermen, all but naked; but the ship which enters Nagasaki Bay has soon other visitors. The guards come alongside, questions are asked, delays incurred, Bibles and Prayer-books sealed up as dangerous, and hostages taken,—the whole crew and passengers examined to see that they really are Dutch; and then the ship is towed into the inner anchorage. From this place the view is delicious; hills, groves, oaks, cedars, laurels, corn-fields, gardens—all combine to attract and please the eye.

Immense precautions are now taken to prevent smuggling, which, nevertheless, does take place, though all efforts, even on the part of the president of the factory, to have the society of a wife allowed, have hitherto failed. The first thing that strikes the eye of the traveller is the appearance of the people he visits. A learned writer thus dilates upon them:—

"The Japanese have all the organic characteristics of Mongol conformation, the oblique position of the eye included; but they seem to be the least uncomely of that ugly race. Klaproth considers the Chinese portion of their nature to be happily modified by greater energy, muscular and intellectual. They are generally described as well made, strong, alert, and fresh-coloured; the young of both sexes as smooth-faced, rosy, and graced with abundance of fine black hair. The Dutch writers, indeed, dilate complacently upon the beauty of the young women, of which a specimen is given in a portrait in Siebold's work."

Our engraving represents a specimen (p. 389) of a Japanese lady in all her finery. To continue:—"The gait of both sexes is allowed to be awkward; and the women the worst, in consequence of their bandaging their hips so tightly as to turn their feet inwards. The ordinary dress of both sexes, and all ranks, is in form very similar, differing chiefly in the colours, delicacy, and value of the materials. It consists of a number of loose wide gowns, worn over each other; those of the lower orders made of linen or calico—those of the higher, generally of silk, with the family arms woven or worked into the back and breast of the outer robe; and all fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are enormous in width and length, and the manner that hangs below the arm is closed at the end to

answer the purpose of a pocket, subsidiary, however, to the capacious bosoms of the gowns, and to the girdles, where more valuable articles are deposited; amongst these are clean, neat squares of white paper, the Japanese substitutes for pocket-handkerchiefs, which, when used, are dropped into the sleeve, until an opportunity offers of throwing them away without soiling the house. This description applies to both sexes, but the ladies usually wear brighter colours than the men, and border their robes with gay embroidery or gold. Gentlemen wear a scarf over the shoulders; its great length is regulated by the rank of the wearer and serves in turn to

form an immensely full-plaited petticoat, sewed up between the legs, and left sufficiently open on the outside to admit of free locomotion."

Swords are the insignia of rank. Men in the higher ranks wear two, those of a rank lower appear with one; the people are not allowed any. The figure we have engraved below is that of a nobleman, and accordingly, as the reader will observe, two swords are represented. This may give some idea of the character of political society. Socks are worn in-doors, their shoes being exceedingly awkward. They are soles of straw-matting or wood, kept on by an upright pin between the toes,



JAPANESE NOBLEMAN.

regulate the bow with which they greet each other, inasmuch as it is indispensable to bow to a superior until the ends of the scarf touch the ground."

Their holiday garb is thus described:—"To the above, occasions of full dress, is superadded what is called the of ceremony. It consists of a cloak of a specific form thrown over the other clothes. With the cloak is worn, by the higher classes, a very peculiar sort of trousers, called *hachimaki*, which appears, both from the description given, the appearance of the article, so far as can be discerned in the glass cases of the Hague Museum, to be

sometimes by a horn ring. The impossibility of lifting ~~that~~ thus shod in walking may amply account for the awkward gait of the Japanese.

Their head-dress is distinctive. The men shave the front and crown of the head; the hair growing from the temples and back of the head is gathered together, drawn back, and forms a tuft. These peculiarities are faithfully depicted in the accompanying illustration. Priests and physicians shave clean, while surgeons retain theirs.

The women, exhibiting in this even more sense than the men of civilized countries, keep all their hair, and make a

kind of turban of it, stuck full of bits of tortoise-shell, a foot long, as thick as a man's finger, highly worked and polished. The more a lady's hair projects, the more she is dressed. No jewellery adorns their persons, the complexion is destroyed by red and white paint, the lips are daubed with purple, while the married women dye their teeth black and extract the eyebrows.

Except in rainy weather, the head is uncovered, a fan only shading off the sun. Everybody wears a fan,—man, woman, and child, soldiers, civilians, schoolmasters—every body.

The island inhabited by the Dutch—which is about 600 feet long by 240 across—is an artificial island in the shape of

bition. No money transactions are allowed, and the severe laws of the monarchy are kept in force by a system of spies, quite equal to that of any European despotism.

President Meylan thus describes a visit paid to him by the chief police officer, a burgomaster of Nagasaki: "Upon such occasions the president is bound, in expectation of their arrival, to spread a carpet, to provide liqueurs and sweetmeats to be offered at the proper time, to await the high dignitary at his own door, and when the said high dignitary has seated himself in Japanese fashion, on his heels on the carpet, to squat himself down in like manner, bowing his head two or three times to the ground, and thus making his compliment, as it is termed here. In all this I should see nothing,



JAPANESE LADY.

a fan, separated from the town by a stone bridge. The eleven solid Dutchmen who dwell here, are watched with all the patience of the strange race they do business with. They are waited on by Japanese servants in the day, but the severe laws which force these men to leave at sunset have encouraged the introduction into the factory of a class of women of the lowest order, who alone are allowed to live on Desima island. The children of these temporary wives are all taken as Japanese citizens, and are allowed little intercourse with their parents. None may die on this Dutch island, and this law occasions some painful scenes in case of sudden illness. Few visitors ever go to Desima, a permission being so difficult to obtain as to amount almost to prohibi-

tion. It being the usual mode in which Japanese grandees receive and salute each other; but here, in my mind, lies the offence, that between Japanese this compliment is reciprocated, whilst at an interview between a Netherlander and a Japanese grandee of the rank of a *gobanyosi*, the compliment of the former is not returned by the latter, he being esteemed an exceedingly friendly burgomaster, or *gobanyosi*, who even nods his head to the Netherlander in token of approval. All this is the more striking to the Netherlander newly landed at Desima and not yet used to the custom, because he observes the Japanese to be amongst themselves full of ceremony and demonstration of politeness, in which the nation stands by no other, not even to the French.

PEERS AND M.P.'S; OR, LORDS AND COMMONS.

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

THE scenes we have already given have been of an exciting and painful character. They were enacted by men whose passions were roused when great principles were at stake—when men had to contend for life, and liberty, and all they held dear. That battle over, the tone of parliamentary life has of course been lower. Party warfare has since raged high; the lame, and the blind, and the old were brought up to vote against Walpole; and during the debates on the Reform Bill, morning had long dawned before members had ceased to harangue on the bill they deemed so great a blessing or curse. On one occasion, we are told, Sheridan divided the house nineteen times. During the Reform Bill, Sir C. Wetherill kept dividing the house all night. But these contests were tame indeed, compared with those which we have already witnessed. When on one side was a king fighting for his prerogative, and on the other a democracy fighting for its very existence, a grandeur attached to the parliamentary arena such as it never had before, nor ever can be expected to have again. Our concluding scenes will be of a lighter character. Conversant as we are with the house as it exists at present, we have witnessed nothing deserving the name of a scene. Mr. Gavau Duffy last session managed to create a short-lived hubbub by making some rather strong remarks; but that was soon over, and the Unfiad at no time rose to the dignity of the scene.

When there is a row, you generally find an Irishman in it. O'Connell was famous for this sort of thing. On one occasion, when a vote for Maynooth was being discussed, Mr. Shaw, the member for the University of Dublin, having charged the member for all Ireland with attempting to subvert the Irish Church Establishment, Mr. O'Connell rose, and with the greatest warmth and violence of gesture, said, "I call the honourable recorder to order—he has made use of a false assertion."

Here Mr. O'Connell's voice, says the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," was drowned amidst the deafening cries of "Order," which proceeded from all parts of the opposition side of the house. A number of honourable members rose at once and accompanied the words with a corresponding violence of gesture. Mr. O'Connell resumed: "The honourable member has accused me of having sworn one thing and done another. It is quite out of order for a member to utter falsehoods." Here the excitement became more furious still. In vain did Mr. Bernal endeavour, as chairman, to restore order. His voice was lost amidst the deafening noise which prevailed. Some degree of quiet being at length restored, Mr. Shaw rose, and with great warmth said, "The honourable member for Dublin knows that when he used the word falsehood—" Here Mr. Shaw's voice was again drowned amid renewed uproar and confusion. Seven or eight Irish members were speaking at the top of their voices. At length, Mr. Bernal having threatened to dissolve the committee, Mr. Shaw was allowed to resume, which he did by saying: "The honourable member, Mr. O'Connell, has charged me with being actuated by a spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity is not of that description which takes for its symbol death's head and cross bones." (Tremendous cheers from the opposition, with uproar from Irish members on the ministerial side.) Mr. O'Connell, addressing himself personally to Mr. Shaw, and not to the chairman, "Yours is calf's head and jaw-bones." (Deafening cheers from the ministerial side of the house, mingled with cries of "Order! order! chair! chair!" from the opposition.) This was the climax. Mr. Bernal at length interposed, and order was again restored.

We take from the *Morning Post* of 28th of July, 1855, a very account of a scene which ensued when Mr. Hughes, member for the city of Oxford, rose to address the house. At the moment he pronounced the word "Sir," address-

ing himself to the Speaker, he was assailed with the most tremendous uproar and confusion. The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the house. One honourable member near the bar repeatedly called out, "Read," to the member endeavouring to address the house, in an exceedingly base and hoarse sound of voice. At repeated intervals, a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand-organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches,—coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning, blended with other sounds, and produced a *ton ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the house. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennelled hound.

In 1834, when the question before the house was the admission of Dissenters to the Universities, the following scene occurred, taken from the *Morning Chronicle* the day after. Mr. (J. W. Wood rose to reply (the laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing were such as we never before witnessed). The hon. gentleman said it had been declared that the bill in its present stage was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it. (At this moment two hon. members, o'er all the ills of life victorious, suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full length, secure from the observation of the Speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character.) This he denied ("I say, can't you crow?") (laughter and uproar); the provisions had not been altered ("Hear him, how he reads!")—the enactments were in every way unaltered (loud cheering followed by bursts of laughter). The question was ("Read it—read it," and great uproar), the question was ("Just so—read it"), the question was (great cheering and laughter), whether the universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere monopoly ("Where's the man—what crows?") (laughter, and cries of "Order" from the Speaker). Public opinion ("Order," and great uproar, during which the Speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for "order.") The scene here was indescribable.

Mr. Grant gives another scene, occurring during the same session: "An honourable member whose name I suppress, rose amidst the most tremendous uproar to address the house. He spoke and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—"I rise, sir (ironical cheers mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds); I rise, sir, for the purpose of stating that I have ("Oh! oh! Bah," and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter)—Honourable gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions; but I have a duty to perform to my con—(ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible extent, followed by bursts of laughter). I say, Sir, I have constituents that, on this occasion, expect that I (cries of "should sit down," and shouts of laughter)—they expect, sir, that on a question of such importance (O-a-a, and loud laughter, followed by cries of "Order" from the Speaker)—I tell honourable gentlemen, who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by—(Groans, coughs, sneezing hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yeiping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter). I appeal ("Cockeleccio"—the imitation in this case of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the house could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of "Order, order")—I say, sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de—("Bow-wow-wow," and bursts of laughter). Sir, may I ask honourable gentlemen who can—"Mew, mew," and renewed laughter). Sir, I claim the protection of the chair (the Speaker here again rose and called out "order, order," in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided). If honourable gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, sir, that I

think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will, therefore, vote against it." The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause." Happily these scenes now have altogether ceased. This may make a night in the house less amusing than formerly; but you have the satisfaction of feeling, that the business of the house is better done; and if we want low buffoonery, we can go for it to the Cider Cellars.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

It is very clear that whatever privileges parliament gives up, that of speaking will be the last resigned. The rage for speaking becomes greater every day. Unfortunately, also, the ability for a certain style of popular speaking advances at the same rate. In a little time we may expect to find parliament sitting all the year round, for every member now must have his say. About a third of the house consists of lawyers; these men are bound to speak, else how are their merits to be known? Then, again, every constituency expects its members to shine in the house. Why should Little Peddlington go out of its way to return Jenkins, unless Jenkins lets the house know that the people of Little Peddlington will stand no nonsense; that they will listen to no childish subterfuge nor base compromise; that they are for the bill and nothing but the bill? The talk of the house thus becomes interminable. As soon as Washy sits down, Washy gets up. True, no one listens; but then the reporters are in the gallery taking down all the wretched verbiage, and printing it next day for the benefit of the world. The abolition of the reporters' gallery would soon put a stop to much of parliamentary oratory, and would certainly much improve the character of what would remain.

One thing is very clear, that modern oratory has not much improved. Some attribute this to the Reform Bill. We don't think that is correct. The Reform Bill may have introduced a few bad speakers into the house, but there were bad speakers in the house before the Reform Bill was thought of, and there will be bad speakers in the house when the memory of the Reform Bill shall have passed away. We lay the blame of much of this feeble oratory to the reporters' gallery. Before that existed, to know what was going on, members were obliged to be in their places. Thus at once a good audience was created, and the orator had but to speak, and was recognised at once. Now, if a man merely keep on his legs, that is all; the house does not listen. Every one knows it will be in the *Times* the next morning, and thus the house does not make the wretched man sit down. It is lenient, and allows him to drone on. Any man who can commit a speech to memory and deliver it is a parliamentary orator now. If he sticks, the public does not know it. The speech is well reported, polished up in the process, and reads fluently enough. It was not so in the days of Bolingbroke, of Pulteney and Walpole, of Pitt and Fox, of Brougham and Canning. The real orator then had a chance. He spoke to the flower of the aristocracy—of the landed gentry—of the universities; and every gesture, and every stroke of satire and of wit, and every burst of passion or indignation, found a ready response. To be an orator then was to be everything. When Pitt the elder first spoke in the house, Walpole trembled, and considered how he could best win over the young cornet to his side. The same power of public speaking made Pitt prime-minister, when other men have scarcely won a provincial name. It lifted Burke into a giant. It made Sheridan the companion of princes. It placed Canning on the pinnacle of power. Such an audience has grown fastidious. No man could win it who was not great in oratory. Only the names of the few orators were heard; those of the others were never mentioned. Now educated mediocrity has almost an equal chance with talent, with genius, with oratorical power. The press puts them all on a common level. It exalts the humble, it abases the proud. It does this because it can merely give the words—the dead carcass—not the living and animating soul. You miss the look, the accent, the emphasis, the action; all that made the

the spurious one never can attain. The age now reads, not listens. Hence, everywhere oratory declines. The falling off is not merely in the House of Commons, but in the pulpit and at the bar. Nowhere has the orator the room and power he had. His day is wearing out. He belongs more to the past than the present or the future. Oratory now is of a business character. The house meets to discuss business details. Every day it becomes less an imperial senate—more a parish vestry.

No one who has at all studied the speeches of parliamentary orators, past and present, can doubt the change which has taken place in the character of parliamentary orators. In his "Life of Sheridan," Moore very properly remarks, that "the great increase of public business since that orator's time has necessarily made a considerable change in this respect. Not only has the time of the legislature become too precious to be wasted, but even the graces with which true oratory surrounds her statements are but impatiently borne, where the statement itself is the primary and pressing object of the hearer." The great men of other days would have to alter their style now. No man can fight against the taste and sense of the house. Sheridan's first style was very bad, and he had to alter. In our own times we have seen Disraeli do the same. Men who have gone into the house late, too old to learn the true parliamentary style, have thus often failed, though they may have acquired considerable reputation out of doors. There are some who lay much stress upon the favourite beverages of parliamentary orators. We believe, however, this has very little to do with the question; though Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chief Justices," does suggest that there might be a curious chapter in a treatise "DE CLARIS ORATORUM," on the mode of their preparing themselves physically. Sheridan could not speak without a pint of brandy; and a celebrated speech in the House of Lords is said to have been inspired by mulled port. One of the greatest orators in the House of Commons is most powerful and imaginative after eating a pound of cold roast beef and drinking a quart of small beer; while it is a well-known fact, that the finest speech of the younger Pitt was delivered immediately after a fit of vomiting. Some recommend tea; some, camphor julep; and one orator, that he may electrify his audience, as often as he is going to speak, repairs to the Polytechnic, and receives several shocks from a Leyden jar. We live now in an age of temperance. Orators drink more seltzer water and less fiery port. This may in some degree account for the dry business tone which prevails in the house. If parliament be a place of business, it may be thought, after all, that the modern style is better fitted for it than the style of our great orators, modelled upon those of Greece and Rome. Public speaking among the ancients, says Lord Brougham, in his "Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients," bore a more important share in the conduct of affairs, and filled a larger space in the eyes of the people, than it does now, or indeed ever can again. Another engine has been invented for working upon the popular mind,—whether to instruct, to persuade, or to please—an engine, too, of which the powers are not limited either in time or in space. The people are now addressed through the press; and all persons whatsoever, as well as those whom the bounds of a public assembly can contain, are thus brought in contact with the teacher, the statesman, and the panegyrist. The orator of old was the parliamentary debater, the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the published sermon, the pamphlet—all in one. Any attempt to combine so many functions in the person of a speaker would be monstrous in the present House of Commons. But it is no proof that oratory has declined, simply to state that speeches are less classical now than they were in the days of Pitt and Fox. It is said that the Reform Bill, by introducing more uneducated men into the house, has lowered the character of its oratory. The remark we have extracted from Mr. Moore shows that the same complaint was made before Reform had become a fact. The real truth is, more business is done in the house now than was ever done before, and hence the speaking in the house is of a more business character than it ever was.

EVENING.

This painting from which our engraving is taken is by a contemporary German artist. Herr Meyerheim has presented us with a thoroughly home picture; and although, as is sure to be the case, German peculiarity may be detected in the trailing foliage and the outline of the figures, there is something so homely, plain, and simple in the composition, that it deserves the attention of all. It is evening, and the rays of the setting sun are falling on the casement; the labour of the day is over; the birds are roosting in the trees; the cattle are at pasture; and the peasant has returned to his home, and in calm enjoyment looks on his smiling wife and happy group of children.

It is a home picture, and there is a charm about home which we all understand. "We bear," says one, "our perates with us abroad and at home; their atrium is the

Bulwer says: "I was touched once in visiting an Irish cabin, which in the spirit of condescending kindness the Lady Bountiful of the place had transformed into the graceful neatness of an English cottage, training roses up the wall, glazing the windows, and boarding the mud floor;—I was touched, I say, with the homely truth which the poor peasant uttered as he gazed half-gratefully, half-indignantly, at the change. 'It is all very kind,' said he, in his dialect, which I am obliged to translate; 'but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is everything that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working—these great folks do not understand us!'"

"Do not run much from home," says that charming writer Miss Bremer; "one's own hearth is of more worth than gold."

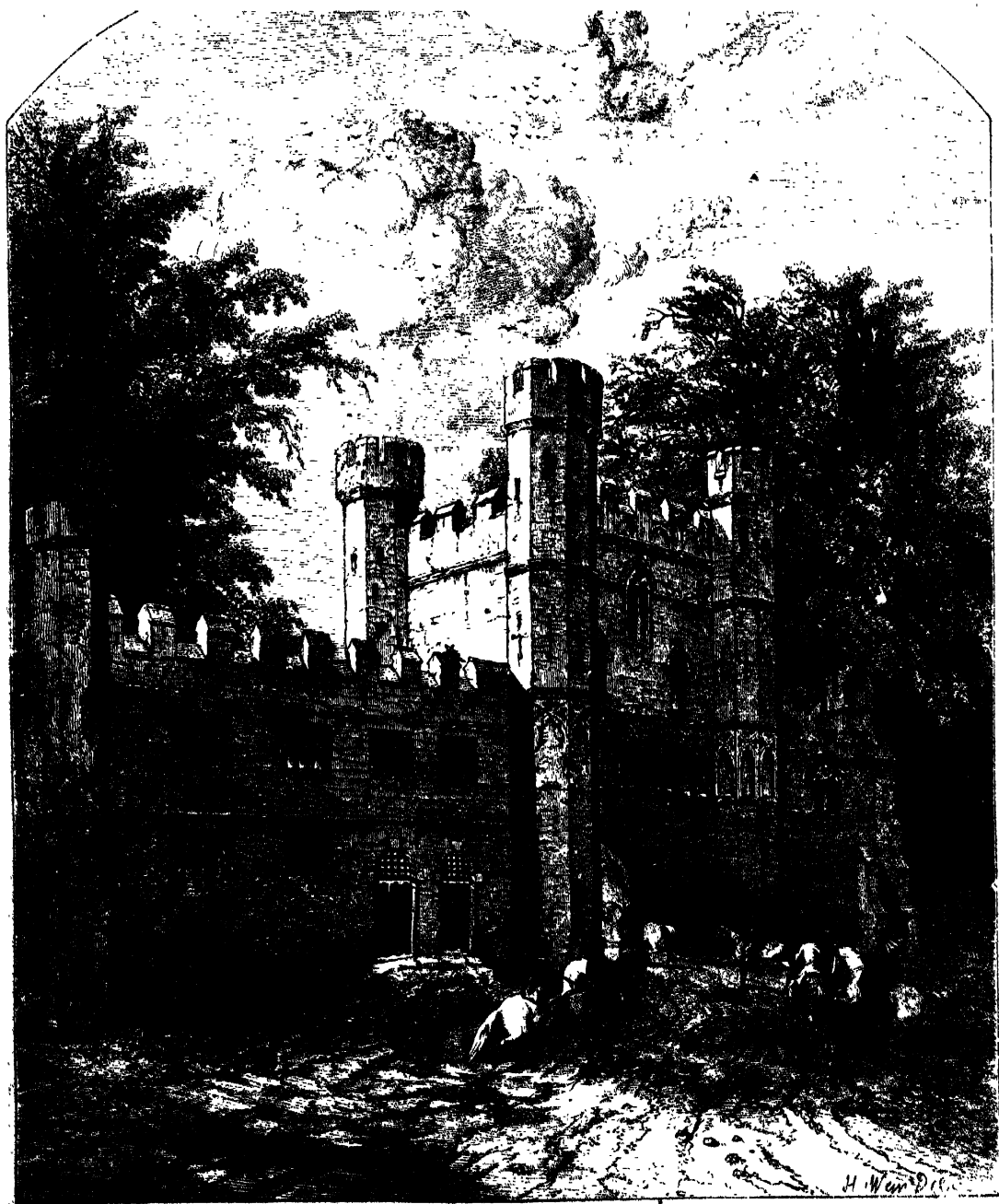


EVENING.

heart. Our household gods are the memories of our childhood—the recollections of the hearth round which we gathered—of the fostering hands which caressed us—of the scenes of all the cares and joys, the anxieties and the hopes, the ineffable yearnings of love, which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of home."

No matter where that home is; whether it be in some crowded city street, or pleasant country town; a small fishing cottage, peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs and larch and oak; or whether it be some stately baronial mansion, whose corridors have echoed to the footsteps of royalty, whose walls have laughed a siege to scorn, and whose name figures in history; if it be our home, it is very dear to us—dearer than all the world besides.

Everything about the picture of Herr Meyerheim is perfectly in keeping. The air of quietness and repose that is seen in the lounging figure of the man, as he leans over the opened hatch and watches his children at play, is found also in the mother sitting in the sunshine, and in the little one who nestles on her bosom, while the creeping plant on the trellis is not stirred by a breath of wind. The only active part of the group is formed by the boy and the kittens; he has a plaything and is amusing himself and his playmates with it, watching with the keen glance of a hunter the movements of the young cats. Doubtless, that anxious look, that eager look, indicates a curiosity which, if properly developed, may stimulate the boy to work and study; but, badly directed, may make him a treacherous and cruel man.



BATTLE ABBEY.

BATTLE ABBEY.

Some eight hundred years ago an invading army landed on the British shores. In a few days it was met by men who would have driven it back, had Saxon bravery been a fitting match for Norman guile. The cause of the quarrel need not be told here. As usual, the sacred name of religion was invoked, and her sanction was attributed to acts which the God of religion could never approve of. Early in the autumn morning marched the Normans up the hill, on the top of which was gathered the Saxon host. The place bore an appropriate name. It was called Senlac, a term, in the language of those times, indicative of blood. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings—for it is he of whom we write—posted his host in one compact mass and thus awaited the Norman charge. In the centre waved the royal standard—the figure of a warrior in the act of fighting, worked in thread of gold and ornamented with precious stones. The papal banner waved over the Norman ranks; on they came, a stalwart mass—infantry and cavalry—charged and reeled, and retired and charged again. Evening drew on, and still the English battle-axes dealt death around. But they were to be used in vain that day. Confusion severed their ranks—a random arrow struck their leader, and he fell. Of the sixty thousand that had come there that morning to conquer the invader, only one-quarter left the field at eve. Even the last of the Saxon kings would have lain unhonoured and unburied on that field of blood, had not the woman whom he loved searched amongst the dead till she found what once she fondly called her own. The result the world knows. A Norman duke became an English king, and free lands were the rich rewards of all who had followed the Norman warrior across the sea.

In accordance with the spirit of the age, William had vowed to erect a religious building if victorious. Heaven, as he deemed, having heard his vow, Battle Abbey rose upon the very field where the body of Harold had fallen in a glorious cause. The high altar was placed upon the very spot. The foundation was to have been much larger than really proved to be the case. William meant to have had one hundred and sixty monks lodged there; the number in reality was sixty, and they at first were brought from Marmoutier, in Normandy. The Abbey was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Martin. It had immense privileges. It was exempted from episcopal jurisdiction. It had the right of free warren in all its manors, treasure trove, and even sanctuary. The country round was freed from every kind of tax and service; besides, it was richly dowered with goodly manors and churches in Sussex, Kent, Surrey, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Devonshire, Essex, and even in Wales. The first abbot was appointed in 1076; the monastery was not completed till 1094. It was left to William's descendants to finish the work which he had begun. His son Rufus was present at its consecration and added to its endowments. The other kings of the same line did the same. Battle Abbey was a favourite one; it was founded by a monarch, and succeeding monarchs cherished it. With every reign it had a fresh grant. When the English constitution began to evolve itself, its mitred abbots sat in parliament. All cockneys are familiar with the name of Battle Bridge; that name is connected with the abbey. Stowe says: "The Abbat of Battel Inn in London was so called of Battel Abbey, for that it standeth on the ground and over a water-course flowing out of the Thames, pertaining to that abbey, and was, therefore, both builded and repaired by the abbats of that house as being hard adjoining to the abbats' lodging."

The ruins of Battle Abbey bear ample testimony to its ancient magnificence. Their circuit is computed at not less than a mile. Gough, says Sir Anthony Browne, bought the site of a previous grantee. What his son, the first Lord Montague, built here is, he adds, now the most ruinous part of the abbey, being only a shell of a suite of rooms, at the south end, with two towers, at the east end, which were standing when Bircho's view was taken in 1737, but are now

down. The grand entrance, a large square building, embattled at the top with a handsome octagon tower at each corner, faces the town of Battle. It is supposed to be of the time of Henry VI. The ground-plot of the Abbey Church cannot now be traced; some of the arches of the west end of the cloister remain. The refectory, or abbey hall, above fifty paces long, had a carved roof of Irish oak, which, Mr. Gough says, was carried to Lord Montague's seat at Cowdray; the walls are now open at the top. There is another building, a little detached from the abbey, of the same kind, having twelve windows on one side and six on the other, presenting the remains of a room one hundred and sixty feet by thirty-five feet. The abbey kitchen had five fire-places, and was arched at the top, and, considering the large family maintained in the establishment, must have been the scene of extensive culinary operations. The monks could afford to live well. Their revenues yielded them an income of £10,000 a year.

That indefatigable antiquarian, Mr. Mark Antony Lomer, has published an interesting document, called "The Chronicle of Battle Abbey," which contains as much of the world's history as occurred within the abbey. Few monks knew much of the political contentions and wars which agitated society. They had their own duties to perform, and intelligence was far less rapidly diffused than in our day. The good chronicler, as a true Norman monk, never imagined for a moment that Harold, in fighting for the independence of his kingdom, was doing anything very patriotic or worthy of praise. The pious chronicler had quite a different opinion. This is clear from his opening paragraph, which is as follows:—"By that providence by which all earthly affairs are arranged, the most pious Duke William, of the illustrious stock of the Normans and of their famous Prince Rollo, a man worthy to be destined the father of his country, and the landmark of his duchy and kingdom, having arisen like a morning star upon the world—(through his admirable diligence, accompanied by God's favour, his own liberality, and the assistance of the nobility of France)—after innumerable storms of calamity, happily asserted his claim to the government, left him in right of heirship by his father; and at length effectually reduced it under his power. In the meantime, King Edward died, and left the kingdom of England to Duke William, whom he constituted his legal heir. But this was seized upon by a certain perjured slave called Harold, and the duke having received information of it, relying upon the advice and assistance of his friends, devoted all his energies, either by force or stratagem, to recover his rights. He, therefore, prepared himself a great fleet; and many counts, nobles, and illustrious men, who were not his subjects but belonged to neighbouring provinces, from motives of respect associated themselves in his retinue. The duke, therefore, setting sail with a prodigious army and attended by Divine favour, arrived safely near the castle called Pevensey."—But this is enough. The bias of the writer is clearly seen. Nor less remarkable is the writer's attachment to the abbey, in which we may imagine he led a very easy life.

One paragraph will demonstrate this. We read, in the time of William Rufus, that an importunate monk teased the king into giving him an order for ten pounds on the Exchequer of Battle Abbey, for the purchase of a vestment for a foreign abbey. The order, of course, was honoured; but mark the result. "The vestment was forthwith made, and no apprehension of God's judgment being entertained, all things appeared to have been satisfactorily performed; but suddenly, at a certain time, about the third hour of the day, the Lord thundered from the heavens, and the wonted calmness of the air was changed into thick darkness and as it were the shadow of death, and there arose a mighty tempest of lightning and thunder. As we have said, the third hour of the day had commenced, and the brethren were chanting the verse, 'Sharp arrows of the mighty,' when, on a sudden, the day assumed the horrors of dark night, and the trembling earth shaken by the grashing of the heavens, seemed to rise beneath their feet."

all the brethren, fearing the lightning stroke from heaven, desisted from the occupation in which they were engaged, and prostrated themselves in prayer, and lo! in a short space two of the monks were deprived of their vital breath." The next year Divine displeasure was equally displayed. A thunderbolt from heaven pierced the unjustly-purchased vestment, and it was filled with "wonderful holes made in it by the fiery force of the lightning." Hence, observes the chronicle piously, "we may see the marvellous power of God towards the saints." Of the abbots themselves the chronicle has little to say. One Abbot Ralph was a rare abbot. "Ever first at the choir, he was the last to quit it. Thus was he a pattern of good works—a Martha and a Mary. He was the serpent and the dove. He was a Noah amidst the waters: while he never willingly rejected the raven, he always gladly received the dove. In the sparingness of his food he was a Daniel—in the sufferings of his body a Job—in the bending of his knees a Bartholomew." Besides such holy men, Battle Abbey seems also to have had other treasures. It boasted a sword and a royal robe belonging to William the Conqueror, both of doubtful authenticity. Leland has preserved the catalogue of the library. A short extract will not make the present generation regret that its contents are not accessible to the reading public:—

The Gloss of Odo, Abbot of Battel, on the Psalter.
Clement of Sautory on the Spiritual Wings and Feathers of the Cherubim.
The Entire Chronicle of Jordan, Bishop of Ravenna.
Mellitus on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
Bede on the Distances of Places mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.
Bishop Martin on the Four Cardinal Virtues.
Epistles of Ivo on the Body and Blood of Christ.
Abbot Odo: Exposition of the First Book of Kings.
Sermon of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Assumption.
Sermons of Richard of Melksham.
Sermons of Stephen of Canterbury.
Broker William de la Lee: Book of Chronicles.
The Responses of Albinus.
Albinus on the Propriety of Sermons.
Topography of England and Wales, by Sylvester Giraldus Cambrensis.
The Entire Prophecy of Hildeyard.
The Summary of Michael de Straunfield.

Truly a wretched library; not a single classic in it. The English monasteries must have degenerated. When Alcuin went to assist Charlemagne, he had his books from England. Certainly the learning of England had declined.

But we have yet to name what, in these modern times, is considered the most memorable thing in connexion with the abbey; that is the far-famed Roll of Battle Abbey—a document which all who pride themselves on their Norman lineage refer to as indisputable authority. The roll is a list of the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror. It is a list of which the English aristocracy are proud. He whose name is there boasts himself of pure blood. He whose name is there boasts with a feeling of pardonable exultation that his

is the honour of an ancient and unswollen line. It is questionable whether this is really the case. It is more than probable that the list has been tampered with, and that names which have no business there have been foisted in. Even if the list were genuine it would not be of so much consequence as some imagine. It is not birth alone that wins the world's homage now. The man we would honour must be better than his fellows—of nobler life, of loftier aim.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

The abbey was suppressed in Henry the Eighth's time, who granted it to Richard Gilmer, from whose hands it passed into the hands of Sir Anthony Browne. It is now the property of the Webster family. By means of its connexion with the Browns, the abbey has become associated with that unfortunate Earl of Surrey to whom we owe the introduction of the sonnet and blank verse. The second wife of Sir Anthony was the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald, ninth earl of Kildare, whose beauty, under the name of the "Fair Geraldine," Surrey "married to immortal verse." The love that gilded his troubled life still lives and shines, for time

"Makes all but true love old."

Our readers will forgive us if we tell them, as the noble poet sang—

"From Tuscan came my lady's witty race,
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat.
The western isle, whose pleasant shore does face
Wild Cambria's cliffs, did give her lively heart

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breasts,
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest,
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.

Hunsden did first present her to mine-ee,
Bright is her hue and Geraldine the hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight."

Thus Battle Abbey comes to us with no common claims. It has its tales of heroism—of bravery—of piety—of learning, and of love. We see it rising with prayer and praise amidst the slaughter of the battle-field. When the times came for mitred abbots and shaven monks to pass away, we see the old halls filled with the bravery and the beauty of that age. It is still to us a chronicle, and reads to us a sermon of change and decay. It does more. It shows how imperishable is human energy. The children of Rollo landed strangers on our shores. Here with their broad-swords and strong right arms they won themselves a home. They are gone, and the abbeys they built and endowed moulder away—but their spirit still lives; we see it in the energy which grapples with the elements and rules the waves, that has preserved Freedom here when the powers of Europe have conspired her overthrow, that has carried the English tongue into every corner of the globe, and that has made the banner of Old England float victorious over every sea.

THE SACRED DEBT.

SECOND PART.

To effect the object already specified, our four amateurs occupied themselves in preparations for their tour. They selected the finest airs of the opera, and the sweetest melodies of Germany, which they practised with great care, in order to bring their performance to the highest possible perfection. Ernest, the first violin, played with the skill of an artist, and his companions were not much his inferior.

Before they set out, Ernest wished them to see the little town which he had discovered. They accompanied him to the little town, and found that their friend had evinced no less than good sense in the whole affair.

He who had conceived the project did not share the joyous anticipations of his three companions. Ernest had consulted his mother before making his decision, and acknowledged with her, that the intended scheme, without being offensive either to God or man, was, nevertheless, a miserable expedient—a lamentable necessity.

"Beware, my son," said Catherine, "the life that you are about to lead will expose you to many dangers. Watch over yourself, make your harvest as quickly as possible, and escape before the demon has tempted you. A wandering life is a perilous path. What sorrow for your poor

should have sanctioned what may bring shame and disgrace upon her son."

She gave him much more advice, then with tears embraced her Ernest, and gave him her blessing. He could not bear to leave his mother so sorrowfully, and therefore begged his companions to begin their concerts at once. They willingly consented, and at midnight, before their departure from the town, they serenaded the good woman. Catherine, who was not asleep, immediately recognised her son's violin; she rose and opened her window, and when the musicians had concluded their first *allegro*, she ran to her little desk, and taking out a small coin, wrapped it in paper, held it to the lamp, and threw it burning to the young minstrels.

"Adieu! my children," said she, "here is the widow's penny—may it bring you a blessing!"

They commenced their campaign some leagues from thence. They went through Saxony, Bohemia, and part of Prussia; everywhere met with a favourable reception. Their music was not sufficiently noisy to attract immediate attention, but its merit was soon recognised by good judges, and then every one crowded to hear them. In a little time they were noticed by the public journals, and they performed not only in the street, but also in drawing-rooms and casinos. Money was showered upon them, and they hoped soon to be in possession of the two thousand florins, which had been hitherto the height of their ambition.

Their hopes were more than realised, for at the close of a concert which they had given in the casino of a town of Prussia, they found that they had in their purse two thousand one hundred and forty-three florins.

Ernest then said to his companions. "The time for our return has arrived. Let us lay aside the two thousand florins, the surplus will supply our wants on the road."

The others were much displeased to hear him speak of returning. They had acquired a taste for this wandering life, and wished to enjoy it as long as possible. As they had been influenced only by frivolous motives in their desire to satisfy the old man, he was soon forgotten in the applause they received from town to town. It was not to be thought of, said they, until the end of the vacation. There were still fine cities to be seen, still some ducats to be earned which they could spend in pleasure.

While they thus disputed, a message arrived from a nobleman, requesting them to perform at a *fête* which he was about to give. Ernest, who had only yielded to necessity in turning his musical talents to account, replied that he would go willingly, provided no remuneration was offered. His companions murmured at this, but finally yielded to what they called his caprice, persuaded that the nobleman would amply recompense them, notwithstanding what Ernest had said; besides they promised themselves much pleasure at the *fête*, which it was said would be magnificent. Ernest took this opportunity of requesting that the two thousand florins should be committed to his care, that on no pretence whatever would they oblige him to spend a penny of it, and that they would allow him to seal the purse that it might be delivered unbroken to old Peter.

Thereupon his three companions loudly clamoured, and thought it a most extraordinary thing that he should wish to take possession of the common treasure.

"It is not the common treasure," said he to them; "it belongs neither to you nor to me. I do not wish to take possession of it; I merely ask to have the care of it, until it can be given into the hands of its owner."

"Alas! I swear that I will not touch it!"

"Do you take me for a thief?"

No," replied Christopher; "but if you believe us to be men, why do you request to be made the sole depositary of what belongs to us all. Claim your own share, and this is my advice, and if you all agree with me, let it among us. Let each one speak for himself."

Ernest and Frederic warmly supported this proposal. As they were about to consent to it, he received a fourth of

The nobleman was surprised at the conditions attached by the young musicians to their promise of performance; his pride would perhaps have been a little offended; but he suspected something of the truth, and repeated his invitation. They appeared at the *fête*, and graced it with their performance. The master of the house, wishing to make them some acknowledgment, towards the close of the entertainment took them aside and presented them each with a ring set with brilliants.

"Are you not contented now?" said Ernest to his friends, when the nobleman had left them. "We could not carry home with us a more beautiful *souvenir* of our journey. I think you will now own that our work is accomplished. Let us return to our studies. Let us gladden our homes, and especially, let us quickly take to the old man what we have collected for him. Every moment of delay is criminal. It was I, dear friends, who persuaded you to the enterprise, and I am anxious to take you back again satisfied with yourselves. I trust I shall not be the occasion of disgrace to you."

They held this little conference in a small ante-chamber, whither they had withdrawn from the company. Ernest, leaning upon the balcony, waited the reply of his friends. Suddenly the sounds of a harp struck his ear; he looked over and saw some one pass under the windows of the mansion.

"It is he!" said Ernest; "see his white hair floating in the wind."

Some wandering tones were again heard, then the sounds were lost in the distance, and the figure disappeared in the shade.

"It is himself!" said Ernest again.

"Very possibly," replied Frederic, coldly; "there is nothing extraordinary in that. It is his profession. I am only surprised that we have not met him before in some of the towns we have visited."

"And should this meeting teach us nothing, my friends? God has sent the old musician to recall us to our duty. Allow me again to entreat you to fulfil it. Let us return home at once, my dear comrades. For myself I am determined. I go, even if I must go alone."

"There are the fireworks," said Augustus; "we do not want you, with your fine morals."

Saying this he drew Christopher and Frederic upon the terrace. Ernest was alone; he looked again into the street, and fancying that he could distinguish the figure of the old man, seized his hat and hurried out.

He ran after him, but either he had entered a house or had taken another road—Ernest could not overtake him; and after having gone over the town and having made inquiries at several inns without obtaining any intelligence of him, he returned to the lodging, where he expected to meet his friends after the *fête*. But he waited for them in vain—they did not return; and the next day he could hear nothing of them.

"Apparently," said Ernest, "they wish to separate from me; they fear my reproaches—my entreaties annoy them. It only remains for me to return and fulfil my promise as well as I can. Alas! I see the poor old man will never have the cottage."

Ernest turned his steps towards the town where his mother resided. Overcome with disappointment at the failure of his scheme when success seemed certain, and anxious for the fate of his companions, he was taken ill, and fell fainting at the door of a large hotel. Judging from his modest attire that he would not be regardless of expense, they carried him into a small upper room, where he remained some days confined to his bed. However, he soon began to recover; and one day feeling much better, and anticipating the happiness of soon again seeing his mother, he took his violin and played some of his sweetest airs, accompanying it with his voice. After a little time he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, sent to him from a gentleman who was lodging below. At first Ernest imagined that his violin annoyed his neighbours, and was about to lay it aside; but the servant assured him

"He has sent me," he added, "to express his thanks, and to beg that, if not disagreeable to yourself, you would open your casement, that he may hear it more distinctly."

The young amateur could not refuse to comply with so flattering a request. He seated himself near the open window, and played for about half an hour, when the domestic re-appeared, and said that his master begged to be allowed to pay Ernest a visit, or to receive him in his own apartments.

"Is he older than I?" inquired Ernest.

"My master is an old man."

"I will come down," said the student.

The gentleman, who appeared to be a man of rank, received him with kind familiarity, paid him some simple compliments on his talents, inquired after his health, and concluded by inviting him to dinner.

"I know," said he, "that you have been ill, and it will give me pleasure to celebrate your convalescence."

The stranger wrote his name on a slip of paper, and handed it to his guest with a purse of gold.

"His highness—" exclaimed the young man, rising in astonishment.

"Silence, my friend; I am travelling *incognito*. Sit down again, and let us take our coffee."

Ernest tried in vain to recover himself; he was no longer at ease; he bowed low on leaving the room, while his heart bounded with joy. With what care he deposited the precious treasure at the bottom of his pocket, lest some disaster should happen to the sum so happily re-completed.

The next morning, after having taken leave of the generous stranger, he set out again on his journey, and travelled as quickly as possible. On the third day, as he entered a little town, about nine o'clock in the evening, he heard, for the third time, the sounds of the harp, and soon recognised the beggar. He had almost embraced the old man, so overjoyed



ERNEST ACCOSTING THE OWNER OF THE COTTAGE.—DRAWN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

The affability of the old gentleman so won the heart of Ernest, that during dinner he related his adventures to his ble host. He had hoped to amuse him, and he succeeded; but he little suspected the interest he had excited.

"My young friend," said the stranger to him, when he had concluded, "your narrative has delighted and affected me; there is something so extraordinary in the thoughtlessness of your promise, and the wise firmness of your after conduct, allow me to unite with you in this good work. I fear, with me, that your companions will return lightened of their gold and loaded with regret. Accept from me, then, the sum which is wanting to complete the purchase of the little estate, making this offer without expecting to be repaid; but should you favour you and the obligation become burdensome, give me my name and address. You will not forget them, I

was he at thus meeting him; but he restrained himself, and determined to gain his friendship before making himself known.

A few children were gathered around the old musician; but the night was fast closing in, and the crescent moon almost touched the horizon. Its rays fell on the youthful form of Ernest as he approached, and said in a kindly tone,

"My father, two instruments will, perhaps, be more successful than one. Will you accept my assistance? I and my violin are at your service."

He had tuned it before the astonished old man was able to reply.

"You were playing the airs from Don Giovanni," said Ernest, taking his place beside him. "I know them all. Will you accompany me?"

accompanied him with the skill of an experienced musician.

Charmed with each other, they played marvellously, without noticing the crowd which soon collected around them. Windows were thrown open, and the little children kindly gathered up the money which was plentifully scattered about.

"This is what I am little accustomed to," said the poor old man, as he received the offerings, which he wished, yet dared not offer, to share with his young companion.

"You deserve a hundred times more than that, and will have it, I hope," said Ernest. "But where do you lodge, my master? for the night air is injurious to one of your age; and you also appear fatigued."

"I may well be fatigued, my dear sir; for to-day I am seventy years of age. Your violin has celebrated my birthday. I little expected to close it so happily; but God be thanked for it!"

together, Peter related to Ernest what he knew as well as the old man himself. The young man was touched with the confiding simplicity of his companion.

"My master," said he, "do you think these students will keep their word?"

"They will keep it, my friend, I do not doubt, or they would not have promised. Besides, they spoke to an old man, and called God to witness their promise."

"I love your confidence, my father; but if you have not been more on your guard against fine words during your life, I do not much wonder that in your old age you are compelled to beg for bread."

"I have indeed been many times deceived, but I must acknowledge that I have more frequently deceived myself. True, it was chiefly in assisting my unfortunate fellow-beings that I lavished away what Heaven bestowed upon me. But even generosity requires to be exercised with prudence, or we



THE PURCHASE OF THE COTTAGE COMPLETED.—DRAWN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

They supped together at a neighbouring inn. On the morrow, Ernest said, "Where are you going now, my father?" Peter named the town to which Ernest himself was returning.

"I must be there in three days," added the old musician; "for I have reason to believe I am expected there."

"It is my own road," said the young man; "shall we walk together? I may, perhaps, be able to render you a little assistance."

"I willingly accept your kind offer, my friend; but when I return to the town, I hope to have no further need of assistance."

"How is that?" said Ernest.

"Let us commence our journey, and I will tell you on the way."

They set out with their host, and set out. As they walked

deprive ourselves of the means of more extensive usefulness, and conclude by becoming ourselves burdensome to others."

The old man then began to relate the history of his life. The son of a musician, Peter had been successively organist and chapel-master in several places; but the love of change prevented him from remaining long in any of them, and forgetting his first friends, he forgot himself. "Nevertheless," said the old man, exultingly, "I owe to that love of change one of the pleasantest recollections of my life."

"I had left my situation, and was on my journey to a neighbouring prince, who had offered me employment. I passed through a village of Saxony, and night coming on, I sought shelter at a little cottage, where, although a kindly welcome was given, I soon saw that the family were in trouble. During supper, the father related to me the history of his life. He was the schoolmaster of the village, and, with some his

services had given satisfaction. But a church had just been built, and in it they had placed an organ, which was the pride of the parish. From motives of economy, it was determined that the schoolmaster should undertake the duties of organist. Judge of the good man's consternation; he was not a musician, and therefore he and his family were perhaps about to be reduced to poverty. I pitied him, and said, 'You must let me see this organ.' 'Are you a musician?' said he. 'Music is my profession.' 'You are happy indeed.' 'I shall be, if I can render you any assistance. What if I give you lessons, my friend, as a return for the hospitality of this evening?' 'Ah, sir, this evening?—my whole life I shall be indebted to you.' I made him sing, and found that he had a good idea of music, and he was still young. 'In six months,' I said, 'you shall be able to discharge the duties of your situation; meanwhile the good people will, I trust, accept of my services.'

"This, my young friend, I faithfully accomplished. True, Peter lost thereby the situation offered him by the prince; but we cannot do everything at once."

"Peter!" cried Ernest, seizing his arm. "It cannot be that you are Peter Schlich?"

"I am, indeed, my son."

"And what you have related took place—?"

"At Schlossheim."

"Just so! In 1806 or 1807?"

"Wait, my friend. Yes, in 1806 and 1807."

"It was, then, my father to whom you rendered this service! It was his family that you saved from indigence!"

"Is it possible, my son? And are you little William Spach?"

"My brother is dead."

"And your sister, the pretty little Gretchen?"

"God has also taken her to himself. My mother is a widow, and I am now her only child."

The old man with tears said: "Then you are little Ernest, and my godson, although you do not bear my name. I feared lest it should bring upon you misfortunes like my own."

The old and young man tenderly embraced each other, and Ernest was just about to reveal his secret; but he promised himself so much pleasure in the surprise, that he would not enjoy it alone.

"My mother shall share my happiness," said he to himself.

As they continued their journey, the old man related to his godson, how from year to year he had seen his resources diminish and his hopes of fortune vanish. "And here I am," he concluded, "at seventy years of age singing in the streets—an artist can descend no lower. One consolation remains to me; that, having no family, I have wronged myself alone."

"And have done much good in the world; my father, wait awhile—all will not be ungrateful."

Delighted with the affectionate interest of the young man, the musician inquired of his affairs, and finding from Ernest's replies that he and his mother were in straitened circumstances, he said to himself: "Yes, wait awhile! if these students keep their promise, I will not enjoy my cottage alone." They now approached the town, and the road passing by the little farm, Ernest conceived the idea of taking Peter in under some pretence.

"I have," said the young man, "some business to conclude with the master of this house."

The old man accompanied him without asking any explanation. He was fatigued and glad of a rest, and it would suffice for his mysterious engagement, if he arrived at the town that evening. He, therefore, only asked his godson, if he likely to be engaged long enough to allow him means to take a nap on a heap of straw which was lying in a desert, who was glad to be at liberty to make the arrangements he desired, assured the old man that there was ample time for him to repose. Peter then lay on the straw, a bed to which he was quite accustomed, and he could not always command a heap so fresh and clean.

His entrance into the domain, Ernest had glanced still for sale! He found the owner sitting upon the bench as before, looking as if he had not moved from it, while the young man had been compelled to make so many movements to attain his end.

"Your farm is still for sale," said he, after a familiar salutation.

"Yes, my friend; I have had inquirers, it is true, but none of them have concluded, and I am free to give you the preference."

"And the price?"

"The price has changed no more than the house and grounds. You see they have not been neglected."

"Will you leave the furniture and the implements?"

"It was not my intention to do so."

"Well, sir, if you will yield this point, I know a purchaser who will pay you down."

The farmer reflected a few moments.

"A purchaser?" said he.

"Yes, sir; and if you consent, it can all be settled in an hour."

"Agreed, then," said the farmer, taking his hand.

"I will go to the town," said Ernest, "and engage a notary. I wish also that my mother should witness the deed of transfer. If this man should awake during my absence, tell him nothing. Merely say that I shall return in an hour, and requested him to wait for me."

Ernest hurried to embrace his mother, and took her with him to the notary, relating to her his adventures by the way. The notary immediately followed them, and they found Schlich still sleeping when they arrived.

"Do not wake him yet," said Ernest; "we can proceed without him."

The notary had soon drawn up the contract; and when he was about to insert the name of the purchaser, the young man said, "Write Peter Schlich!"

Peter awoke just at the moment when his presence was needed for the acceptance. Rubbing his eyes, and perceiving that it was growing dark, he jumped up. "Ernest!" he cried, "it is getting late; I must go where I am expected.—Ernest, where are you?"

Ernest came out, and taking Schlich by the hand,

"Come in, my father," said he, "we want you here."

"And the meeting?"

"You will have time enough for that. Pray come in, and hear something read in which you are interested."

"Something read?"

"The thing will explain itself."

Ernest seated him in a corner, without introducing him to his mother. The old man did not recognise her. The notary read over the contract.

"What do you say?" exclaimed Peter, when he heard his own name; "Ernest, are you mocking me? How am I to pay for what you have purchased for me?"

"My father; have you not four debtors in the town? They are punctual; they have charged me to pay your account." Saying this, Ernest threw his purse upon the table.

"There," said he, "is the price of the cottage and the orchard. Is poor Peter contented?"

"I am indeed!" cried the old man; and it was thyself, my son; it was thyself who made me the promise!"

"And here stands one who commanded me to keep it. My mother!"

"Ah, sir!" said Catherine, "my son did not need to know that you were our benefactor, in order to induce him to keep a promise made to an old man in the name of God. I endeavoured to strengthen him in his good resolution. All the rest is his own work."

"I accept the temporary use of it," replied Schlich, pressing Catherine's hand, "provided you do not leave me here alone. This house is large enough for three, and it is near the town. Ernest can reside here without interruption to his studies. At my death you will become the owners of it. The affair is settled."

the present was just as sufficient for his happiness. He had paid a debt doubly sacred. He had wholly redeemed his promise, and the honour of his companions was saved. Alas! they had great need of his generous extenuation. They returned a little time afterwards with empty hands. One had lost all his money by gaming, another in frivolous expenses, and the third had associated with a knavish musician, who had robbed him. Ernest wished to conceal their faults; but they could not consent to receive the thanks of the old man which they did not deserve.

"We have been guilty," said Christopher, "of as much frivolity in the affair as our comrade has shown of prudence and honour. We have no share in this, except that Heaven permitted our fault to be the means of your discovering your

godson some days earlier than you would otherwise have done. For his sake forgive us, and even allow us to ask for a small share of your regard."

Poor Peter Schlich pressed the hands of the three young men. They subsequently visited him occasionally, and spent the evening in the enjoyment of music, and partaking of the fruit that the orchard produced. The prince was delighted to hear that his young guest had found in the old musician a friend of his father, and would not allow them to speak of repayment. As for Peter Schlich, he would not have changed situations with his highness. After so many reverses, the old artist at length enjoyed repose; his last days were his best days. At his death, Pré Fleuri passed into the possession of Ernest and his mother.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

ALL our readers know that Columbus was a religious man. It was a religious age in which he lived, and he drank deeply of its spirit. When he first visited the court of Spain after his first voyage, the anthem *Tu Deum Laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven; "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." When Columbus planned his second voyage, his mind was teeming with glorious anticipations for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. The sanction of the Pope was sought, and when he set forth a second time, the glory of God was as much the object of his enterprise as any glory that might accrue to himself. If his crew consisted of the high-spirited cavalier bound on romantic enterprise—the hardy navigator, ambitious of acquiring laurels in unknown seas—the roving adventurer, seeking novelty and excitement—the mere calculating speculator, eager to profit by the ignorance of savage tribes,—it also consisted of the pale missionary from the cloister, anxious to extend the dominion of the church, or devoutly zealous for the propagation of the faith. The religious portion of the crew was composed of Friar Boyle and twelve monks. Friar Boyle was at the head of the religious fraternity, one of the members of the council, and apostolical vicar of the New World. He certainly, however, seems by no means to have been the proper man for his work. He never agreed with Columbus, and was a sad thorn in the side of that heroic and pious man. Washington Irving says: "It is not easy to ascertain the original cause of this hostility on the part of the holy friar to the admiral, who was never wanting in respect to the clergy. Various altercations had, however, taken place between them. Some say that the friar interfered in respect to the strict measures deemed necessary by the admiral for the security of the colony; others, that he resented the fancied indignity offered to himself and his household, in putting them on the same short allowance with the common people. He appears, however, to have been generally disappointed and disgusted with the sphere of action afforded by the colony, and to have looked back with regret to the Old World. He had none of that enthusiastic zeal and persevering self-devotion which induced so many of the Spanish missionaries to brave all the hardships and privations in the New World, in the hope of converting its pagan inhabitants." Nor was this the only stumbling-block. It was too much the case, that many of the followers of Columbus denied in their lives the truths they professed to believe. Men of violence and plunder and licentiousness, would do more harm in a day than the missionaries of Columbus could counteract in a year.

Still, wherever he went, Columbus had mass performed. It must have been a strange sight to the rude and trembling natives, to witness the grand ceremonial of the church of Rome. What did they know of sin—of an angry God—of an

wrath of Heaven was appeased? At Havannah a native chapel still exists on the spot where the natives first witnessed this grand and novel sight—where for the first time that name which is above every name, and to which every knee shall bow, was first heard in America. At Isabella, in Hayti, the pillars of the first church still remain. At the present day it is quite overgrown with forest, and in the midst of this forest are still to be seen partly standing the pillars of the church, some remains of the king's storehouses, and part of the residence of Columbus—all built of stone. It seems, after all, there are ruins, and deserted cities, and traces of external civilisation, in the New World as well as in the Old. Columbus was mistaken as to the religion of the native race with whom he came in contact. He thought their conversion would have been an easy matter. It was soon discovered that these islanders had their creed, though of a vague and simple nature. They believed in one Supreme Being, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible—to whom they ascribed an origin—who had a father, but no mother. They never addressed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers and mediators. Each cacique had his tutelar deity of this order, whom he invoked and pretended to consult in all his public undertakings, and who was revered by his people, to whom temples were everywhere built. The Indian burials were strange. Chiefs on the bed of death were strangled, that they might not die like other men. Poor people were left in their hammocks, with a provision of bread and water, to expire at leisure, unless the cacique kindly honoured their relatives with permission to use the bowstring. Mystic dances were performed, and numerous rites observed, all tending, as they believed, to smooth the road to heaven. Paradise was said to be a lake-bordered region in the west, where, in broad green valleys, abounding in a certain pleasant fruit, the souls of the dead, concealed all day in rocky caves or hollow trees, came forth at night to revel and regale on the sweet fruits of the valleys. "Indeed," says a popular writer, "the ideas, the manners, and the lives of these simple people were pervaded by the most unsophisticated spirit of harmony. They almost realised, in the unclouded sunshine of their existence, the fable of the happy hunting-grounds; but with the first flourish of the Spanish trumpet and the flash of European steel, the seed of a conquering civilisation was planted, the spell of their long enchantment was broken, and a new era, marked by much of misery and contest, dawned upon the Indian race." Enlightenment and Christianity broke upon the heathen darkness of the New World; the cross was erected, and still the cross is held sacred there.

But who can stay the ever-changing tide? or who can bid man's ever-shifting mind be still? There have been old woods turned to rage, old temples crumbled into ruins, and graves given to the moles and the bats; but still man, in his vain and forgetful moments, is true to his religious sentiment.

in the moon that rules by night, the presence and the power of a Spirit whose favour he does well to gain;—still, from this the spirit in which each creed has its birth still remains the same. Every new age, every fresh light thrown on the world



CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

world change and toil, he looks forward to the within or the world without, may modify the future; but the true. Each age may have its own creed; but, [] must live.

ENGLISH RURAL SCENERY.

"The stranger," says Washington Irving, "who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions and all their habits and humours." The English are, without doubt, strongly gifted with the rural feeling, and possess a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This is not mere romance or poetic illusion, but as true as facts and figures. Has not the merchant a pretty bit of garden-ground a little way out of town? and has not the man who is doomed to pass his life in

from rural objects; while Thomson in the "Seasons," and Bloomfield in the "Farmer's Boy," present us with complete pictures of rural labours and delights. White and Bewick, Evelyn and Howitt, have written books illustrative, especially, of nature in her simple country attire. Through them we see the thatched farm, and the tall trees spreading their gnarled arms over the rich greensward; notice the climbing plants that mantle and festoon every hedge—the wild hop, the clematis, and the large white convolvulus; the hare-bell of the poets, and the blue-bell of the botanists, arrest the attention; the landscape presents an aspect of warmth, dryness, and maturity; brown pastures and corn-fields white to the harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, with here and there the glimpse of a noble river, or a little mill-stream, or fragrant ricks rising in the farm-yard, while the smooth-



AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

the din and traffic of the city, something to remind him of the face of nature, though it be but a poor dusty shrub growing in a butter-tub—like that described by Hood—and located on the floor of a warehouse? And does not a rural feeling—the breath of Arcadia—give a sweet perfume to English literature, continued from the "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer down to our own times? Milton is thoroughly English with his "rural holiday," and furrowed land, and russet leaves, and hedge-row elms, and upland hamlets, and mossy dunes trim; and Shakespeare, "enamelling with pied flowers his thoughts of gold," presents beautiful pictures of rural scenery and the shifting seasons of the year; while Spenser, with a vigorous pencil, sketches the "Green Leaves" of the "July Summer." Old Allan Ramsay, and the Ayrshire Bard, and Beattie, Joanna Baillie, and poor Keats, all describe the pleasures of the country, and draw their happiest images

shaven fields are left in solitary beauty;—all these, and a thousand other objects, are brought before us in the pages of these rural-loving books. Now we have the March winds sweeping over dry and leafless trees; now the blossoms bursting in clusters on the fragrant boughs, and the trees bright in foliage and lively verdure; now summer comes, glowing summer with its months of heat and sun—the corn fields ripe, the daisies and primroses gone, and the harvest, when nature has stowed her bounty, and the reapers are ready with their shining scythes. Bounty to the garner; then comes a thick white fog to the hedge-fruit, a white fog rolls over the hills, and, as Ossian has it, "Autumn is dark on the mountains: grey mists rest on the hills; dark rolls the river through the narrow plain; the leaves whirl round with the wind and strew the graves of the dead." The end of the summer has

been beautifully described by Tennyson; and another post furnishes us with a greeting for old winter:—

"With his ice and snow and rime,
 Let bleak winter sternly come;
 There is not a sunnier clime,
 Than the love-lit winter home."

The engraving which we present is thoroughly characteristic of English rural scenery.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

—, 1853.

At last I am within the walls of Stamboul. My first view of the place was not promising, because I came up in a fog; but this soon clearing away, I saw a truly magnificent sight from the deck of the steamer—Stamboul on one side, Galata, Tophana, and Pera on the other. The view here is truly striking. The palaces, the mosques, the minarets, the copper-coloured cupolas, the Frank quarter, the splendid mansions of the foreign ministers, the public buildings which stand up in bold relief on the hills in Europe; and in Asia, also at Scutari—form a great panorama of unrivalled beauty.

It is a pity that a bad system of police, a total disregard to all sanitary laws, and much of that old Turkish feeling of hesitation and procrastination which has been universally ascribed to the Turks, should leave Constantinople very much what it was many years ago. The events which are now taking place, and which will end, most likely, in involving the whole civilised world in a war, have certainly roused the Turks in a way which really was not expected. They are shaking off the dust of the last half century, and showing that they are not so incapable in military matters as some have fancied. The new-fangled show-troops of European Turkey are, however, less prominently effective than the bold and warlike hordes which have been pouring for some time out of Asia.

But if they are showing activity and progress in arms, they have yet to satisfy us with regard to civil reforms. In the first place, what strikes the traveller forcibly is, the dirty and disagreeable state of the streets, which are ill-paved, unwatered, and without scavengers, save the hungry dogs that prowl about the streets by day and howl in the cemeteries by night. These dogs were a much greater nuisance than they are now. It is not long since the true Mussulman thought it his duty to insult a Christian, and to set the dogs upon him as he passed. But policy is doing what gratitude will ultimately make permanent. A Frank walking through the streets is now not only not molested, but treated with respect and deference; and English ladies go as freely into the Turkish quarter now, unveiled, as they would in London or Paris. This is a concession to the power and influence of Western Europe which it is important to observe, as the whole future destiny of Turkey depends on her becoming friendly and tolerant to its own Christian population.

The motives of a Turk are difficult to understand; but it appears to be the general impression, that all thinking Osmanlis see clearly that the anomalous position of the *rayahs*, or Christians, in European Turkey, is the real cause of most of her difficulties, and a disposition is really shown to put an end to all this

foreign protection, or possess or exercise any of the meanest rights of freemen. All this, we are promised, is to be changed, and the formation of a Christian regiment is a very promising and good sign. Complete equality between the believers in any religion must be allowed. This must end in the speedy preponderance of the Christian population in European Turkey; but that is not a thing to be deprecated. The Turks are a little over three; the Christians a little over eleven millions, in Europe. The Turks are about sixteen millions in Asia—as fresh, vigorous, and untamed, as they were two centuries ago; firm believers in the prophet, utterly without that leaven of infidelity and gross materialism which pervades the young men of this city.

It was in Turkish courts of law that the position of the Christian was peculiarly painful. Until within a few weeks, there was a law prohibiting the reception of Christian evidence. Under the influence of our excellent ambassador this law has been repealed. This is a very great step in advance; it will do much good, especially if measures be taken to remedy the extreme venality of most of the judges, kadis, and others: they are nearly all to be bought, as are the inferior officials, and generally from the same cause, low salaries—salaries barely sufficient for their existence.

A few anecdotes in connexion with Turkish courts of law will be worth preserving, even as a contrast to the new system which we are assured is now about to be efficiently carried out. They are well-authenticated. Indeed, I shall tell you nothing in these my jottings down but what I have on good authority.

Not very long ago a *rayah*, a Christian subject of the Porte, saved by dint of great industry and perseverance the moderate sum of 10,000 piastres, or about £90, which, however, to a small shopkeeper in Stamboul was a fortune. It is a melancholy fact, that under the old system, the *rayahs* were never safe from being plundered when they were known to have money. For this reason, merchants, dealers, and those who had by any means saved a little money, always contrived to take a short journey in search of a foreign passport, and came back, after three, six, or nine months, with an English, French, Greek, Swiss, or Russian passport; which made them inviolable, because it entitled them to the protection of the embassy of the country whose passport they carried. This thought occurred to the *rayah*, Gregorio, who had saved 10,000 piastres. His next-door neighbour was a Turk of notoriously dissolute life and manners. By some means or other he learnt that Gregorio had the sum alluded to, and meant to go away, and return a Russian, probably—for the Greeks, to their eternal disgrace, lean far too much to this power—when he would be out of the power of any one to oppress him.

So Abdallah Mustafa went with a friend of his own kind, a worthless profligate, before a judge, who was notoriously an honest, upright, and honourable Turk—a Turkish gentleman, in fact, of the old school before 1821. Before this bearded judge, the two friends swore a falsehood. The friend said: "On the second hour of the third day before the Ramsdan, I saw this Turk, Abdallah Mustafa, lend to Gregorio, a *ghipour* (infidel), the sum of ten thousand piastres, and I am quite certain that the money has never been repaid. More than that, this *kelb*, this dog, this pork-eating infidel, is about to un away."

And the judge replied: "Be it so. Let the Christian pay. The Turks have sworn by the Koran that it is—and it is."

And the two friends went away and unblushingly told Gregorio of the decision of the magistrate. Gregorio was well-nigh driven mad—he wept tears of rage and despair, and ran out and told his story to a wealthy Greek merchant.

It is very strange," said the merchant. "The Kadi is a good man. But perhaps he has been imposed upon. I will go and see him."

And the Greek merchant went and saw the Turkish judge. The judge listened to him gravely, stroked his beard, and said: "I believe what you say to be true; but the law gives me no choice. Two Turks have sworn a solemn

oath for a wrong cause. The rulers of the Turkish empire have had their eyes clearly opened to the fact, that a large and industrious and wealthy portion of their subjects should no longer be treated as a conquered race.

Heretofore no Christian could serve in the army or navy, hold any subordinate place in the civil service, give evidence in a court of law, own property to any extent without a

Smoking is one of the greatest delights of a Mussulman. It seems with him a second nature, and that it would be as easy for him to exist without food as without tobacco. It has been said, that the custom of smoking in Turkey and Persia dates far earlier than the period at which tobacco was discovered in America; and hence the previous existence of the plant in those countries has been inferred. But, although the habit now prevails universally in the East, the tobacco-plant is never once hinted at in any of the authorities which treat of the Oriental productions; and that a custom so peculiar as this should have been totally omitted in the graphic descriptions of the old writers, gives some scarcely possible ground for conjecture. Let the *Murra* itself, a book which

landed in the New World, they found the people of Yucatan, in the Gulf of Mexico, holding the tobacco-plant in high esteem. The Indians regarded it not only as a luxury, but as a universal remedy for disease; they carried it with them on hunting excursions, and used it as food if their provisions failed, and venerated it so highly that they presented it in their religious services as the most acceptable offering to the gods. Cortez carefully inquired into all the uses of the newly-discovered plant, and tobacco was transmitted to Spain, with an accurate account of the virtues, real and imaginary, which it was said to possess; and soon after this it began to make its way throughout the East, a ready market being found in Arabia, Hindostan, and China.

The Persian or Turkish pipe is generally composed of a box or vase, about half-filled with water; a perpendicular tube, or pipe, which is introduced into the vase and immersed in the

silver; the flexible tube—called *marpitch*, or winding serpent—is of cherry-coloured silk and gold, and terminated by an amber mouthpiece. The costly and ornamental character and the exquisite execution of this magnificent pipe render it peculiarly interesting even as a specimen of art. The reticular work, so light and elegant, is evidently Indian.

When the vase which receives the water is of an oval or egg-form, and terminates in a point, and the tubes are differently arranged as to their position from those which form the Houkka, the pipe is called Narguileh, from the word *narguil* or *nardjil*, which signifies cocoa-nut. At Constantinople the vase is a glass bottle; at Bagdad the cocoa-nut is in general use. In the Narguilehs of the opulent, the cocoa-nut or the bottle is replaced by an oval vase of silver; and as the pointed shape of the vase will not allow of its standing on a plane surface, it rests on an artistically-decorated tripod,



A WOMAN OF CAIRO SMOKING.—FROM A DRAWING BY KARL GIRARDET.

water; a small furnace, generally of metal, which surmounts the perpendicular pipe; a cover, which serves as a species of ventilator; and lastly, a second perpendicular pipe and flexible tubing, which communicates with the tobacco and serves the purpose of an ordinary pipe.

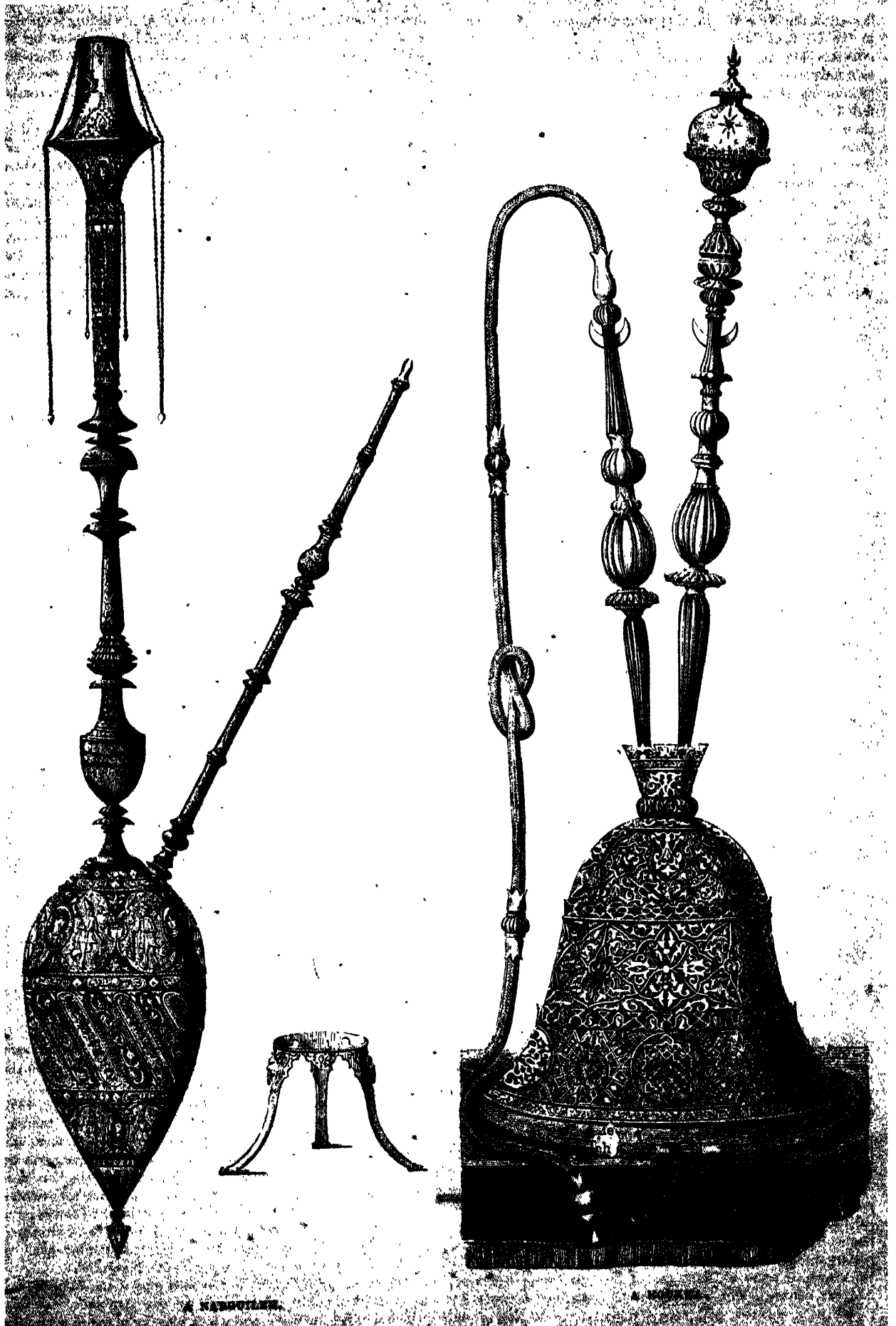
The vase which receives the water is in the form of a ball, and the two tubes are arranged side by side in the ball, the pipe being on the left, and the flexible tubing on the right. The form and name are derived from the Arabic word *Houkka* or *Houkka*, an Arabian word which signifies box. The fact, that a large number of these pipes were recently purchased in Constantinople, is one which was recently purchased in Constantinople. The Houkka represents a box, and the water vase is made by a distinguished orientalist. The water vase is remarkable for the elegance of its form and the delicacy of its workmanship; the brilliant red of the interior of the vase, and the exquisite finish imparted to the silver network by the enamel, add considerably to the beauty of the pipe. The furnace and the two pipes are of chased

elegantly chased in silver, and which forms a necessary adjunct to the pipe. A simple stool, with a hole bored in the seat, answers the same purpose in Bagdad.

The Narguileh, of which we present an engraving (p. 405), is of chased silver, richly and tastefully ornamented; the medallions in enamel represent the busts of men and women, and surround the furnace and the water vase; the other parts are covered with Persian ornaments and gilt figures; the bottom is of a beautiful blue and red enamel, upon which are represented

its and little bouquets of flowers in bright colours; the good ones are beautifully carved. The lid is ornamented with silver chains, which serve to attach it to the furnace. A small but elegant tripod accompanies the Narguileh.

The third variety of the water-bowl pipe is the *Kas*, as it is commonly pronounced by the Arabians, which signifies bubbling, and which is given to the pipe on the bubbling which the elevation of air through



in the water. The *Kalioun* is almost universally used in the East is remarkable for the fragrance and delicacy of its perfume, and the scented water in the vase adds considerably to the soothing influence of the tobacco itself. The women are accustomed to the *Houkka*, the *Narguileh*, and the *Kalioun*, as well as their lords, and the apartments of the harems are fitted up with these magnificent and costly pipes.

MORAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A.,

Author of "Forest Life in Ceylon."

Of all the systems of religion professed in the world, there is none which numbers so great a proportion of mankind in its folds, and there is none so little understood in Europe, as Buddhism. This extraordinary faith, which is professed by the majority of the inhabitants of China, indeed by the great masses of the people in that country, is also the ruling religion in the Eastern Peninsula, comprising Burmah, Siam, Lao, and Cochin China. It is held by the vast hordes of Tartars that wander through the plains and valleys of central Asia from the Caspian Sea to the frontiers of China. Thibet may be regarded as its northern head-quarters; for in Lassa, its capital, resides the Grand Lama, who professes to be an incarnation of the great saint and founder, the prophet and man-god of Buddhism. In Ceylon, too, in the south of India, Buddhism counts its adherents by the million; so that all the south-east of Asia, the most thickly-peopled portion of the earth's surface, is Buddhist. So little is known, however, of the statistics of these countries, that the followers of Buddha have been variously estimated at from one hundred and eighty to three hundred millions of mankind.

The philosophical faith inculcated by Confucius, pre-eminently the Chinese prophet, is at the present day maintained, and that only nominally, by the court and higher classes of Chinese society alone. Confucius lived in the latter end of the sixth century before Christ, and although he passed his life in struggle and obloquy, and ended it in obscurity, his descendants have ever since enjoyed the highest honours and privileges for nearly seventy generations. They are indeed the only hereditary nobility of China. They are found principally in the neighbourhood of the district where the sage lived; and it was computed, a century and a half ago, that they numbered no less than 11,000 males. Through every revolution in Chinese history, their honours and privileges have remained intact. Thrones have been upset, royal families destroyed, and new ones elevated in their place; but the descendants of the great teacher remained as before, their honours secure, their dignity uninvaded. In every city of the empire of the first, second, and third ranks, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. The civil and political rulers, nay, the emperor himself, are all equally bound to do him reverence. It is mere ceremony, however; there is no heart whatever in either the admiration professed for the man, or the obedience pretended to be given to his precepts, for his morality was far too pure to suit the degenerate taste of modern China. Altars, it is true, are erected in high families to Confucius, in the hall of ancestors; sweet-smelling gums are burnt in the chamber, with frankincense and tapers of sandal-wood; fruit, wine, and flowers, are placed upon the altars, and appropriate verses chanted. But the whole service is merely one of form, and whilst outward adherence is thus given to the system inculcated by Confucius, Buddhism alone maintains any hold upon the masses of the people, and the hold which it maintains is far from being a beneficial one. Introduced from India, it has maintained its sacred language, the Pali, in China; Chinese symbols are tortured to express its sounds; Chinese tongues refuse to utter its words distinctly; so that ceremonies of the Buddhist temples are unintelligible to not less than to the priests, and the whole system has long degenerated into an unmeaning mummery,

outwardly its temples are grand, its ceremonies priests richly dressed, and its monasteries well full.

Gotama Budha, also called Sakya Mouny, was the founder of the faith. He lived either a thousand or six hundred years before our era, and first preached his doctrines in northern India. Being the son of a king, he easily obtained protection and converts in the first instance, setting himself up, not so much as the preacher of a new faith, as the reformer of the old and almost worn-out Brahmanism which still lingers in India. That such a man as Gotama actually did live, no one who has examined the faith has for a moment doubted; and as the history of his life was not written till centuries after his death, we need not wonder at the marvels related of him, or the extraordinary miracles which he is said to have wrought.

He left behind him both priests and priestesses, whose office it was to preach his doctrines and to attend to the images and offerings in the temple. In most Buddhist countries, the order of priestesses has long been extinct; but it still lingers in Burmah and China, the nuns, if such they can be called, being, however, esteemed as little better than beggars. Nothing can exceed the ignorance of these Chinese pretenders to sanctity. The abstraction of the mind from earthly things, and the fixing of it on spiritual things, is regarded by Buddhism as one of the most beneficial mental exercises; and some of their priests seem to have so far succeeded in this matter, that it is impossible to tell if they have any mind at all. Their look savours of vacancy and want of thought; they stare wildly at all around them; earthly things have indeed ceased to interest them in many cases; but too often, it is to be feared, it is the look of idiocy that thus roams unmeaningly from place to place, from countenance to countenance, from object to object. The mind, thoroughly unhinged, but too often detaches itself from earthly things altogether, and is no more to be lured back to its old haunts.

With such religious teachers, with a system prevalent of which they understand nothing but its corruptions, and love nothing but its absurdities, we cannot wonder that the moral condition of the Chinese, notwithstanding their advance in civilisation, notwithstanding their quick-witted skill and progress in many arts, is most deplorable. "Much reliance," says Dr. Gutzlaff, the eminent Chinese missionary, "was placed at the commencement of the war upon the idols. None, however, appearing to assist the Chinese army, and their shrines having been desecrated without the gods taking vengeance for their wounded dignity, the popular belief in Buddhism is fast giving way to scepticism." Indeed, it is notorious that in many households the images were thrown down and discarded; and even in Ningpo, the head-quarters of Chinese Buddhism, superstition is on the wane—has been long on the wane. Everywhere throughout the vast empire the people seem waiting for something better; they have almost entirely shaken off the trammels of their old faith, and as yet see no light in the mists ahead, or rather only the faintest dawn of light, still very far from their own abodes, or from their distinct comprehension."

The pernicious habit of opium-smoking, so prevalent amongst the Chinese, tends to destroy what little religious feeling is left amongst them. In Hong-Kong, for instance, an insignificant island, with a population hardly amounting to 20,000 in all, a man pays the British government 1,500 dollars a month for farming the duties on opium alone; and yet, of these 20,000 inhabiting the island, a considerable proportion, probably one-sixth, is European, and the Europeans are but beginning to adopt the odious practice now—they have not yet attained the perfection in self-ruin to which the unfortunate Chinese have advanced. Even into England itself the practice has been largely imported by those who have returned from the East, and more than would be supposed possible of the wasted frames, sunken cheeks, and wild staring eyes, that one meets in the Strand or Cheap-side, may be attributed to this unwholesome enjoyment.

In Hong-Kong, the largest consumers of the opium are the

driven from their evil practices from the continent—the very plague spots of the island. In most districts of China, however, mandarins and soldiers are the greatest consumers of opium; mandarins, because it is an expensive amusement, and bespeaks courage and wealth to indulge in it—the soldiers, because it is regarded peculiarly as a military and chivalric vice. The sailors, too, inhale its fumes largely; with them it is one of the most piquant of their pleasures; their perilous life leads them to peculiar and selfish indulgences, and the vigour with which they enter upon their career soon gives way, under the baneful influence of opium, to languor, senility, and exhaustion. The agricultural labourers are by far the most numerous classes in China, and amongst them there is little opium-smoking, if any. It is, fortunately, too expensive a luxury for them to indulge in.

With respect to the use of opium generally, a recent writer on China asserts, that the larger the consumption of the drug, the more frequent is crime of every description—the more extensive the trade in it, the greater the moral misery which spreads over the country. As a general rule, those that give themselves over without restraint to this moral mania, become wasted and attenuated in person—they walk about, looking like gaunt skeletons—are often covered with running sores, and disfigured by all kinds of cutaneous eruptions. Not that all these result from the opium alone, but its excessive use is invariably accompanied by excessive gambling, intermingling with the worst people in the worst places, and hence the evils hinted at.

The difference between the coast and agricultural population of China is strikingly exemplified by the contrast between the inhabitants of Hong-Kong and those of Chusan. Hong-Kong was originally a very poor place, occupied by a small and depraved native community, engaged principally in quarrying, fishing, piracy, and bartering. The arrival of the English on the island, and their permanent settlement there, naturally attracted together crowds of adventurers, of gamblers, and of the bad of both sexes. "There is, perhaps, no place in the world," said a Hong-Kong magistrate, "that presents a more fearful criminal calendar." Nor would it be easy to name a vice which does not degrade some portion or other of the population of the island. Chusan, on the other hand, has entirely an agricultural population all attached to the soil. The families possess a sufficiency, and, having so much to do, are all peaceably disposed, quiet, and regular. The entire population, in fact, consists of quiet and orderly people, inasmuch, that adventurers of doubtful character, and vagabonds, have little chance of success in their schemes, because they are everywhere shunned and watched. An instance of this fact occurred during the British occupation of the island. Some pirates and desperadoes were hired by the Chinese government to kidnap a few natives who had been unremitting in their services to the British. This band of ruffians crossed over to Chusan, settled on the coasts, and pretended to be engaged in commerce. The population looked upon them with suspicion, and a popular meeting called upon the authorities to get rid of them. The authorities would have nothing to do with the matter. The populace stormed and threatened the intruders, and they, although they affected to laugh at the threats, at length decamped. A few months afterwards, however, they re-appeared, and seized one of their victims privately and secretly. The whisper was spread abroad that the pirates were again at work. On a sudden the populace rose like one man; the ruffians were all seized and thrust into a boat—eighteen or twenty of them—with stones round their necks; and when they had pushed out into the sea, were all thrown overboard. Not one of them, it is believed, escaped; and the police magistrate, who relates the occurrence, declares, that so secretly were the measures of the populace taken, that he knew nothing of it until it was all over, nor could he ever discover who were the perpetrators. He was fully aware, however, of the worthless character of the people executed. This summary slaying of eighteen or twenty people best becomes another's performance in that line hollow.

the northern provinces of China—the provinces surrounding the capital—are better educated, and more energetic, than those residing further to the south. In the history of the rebellion which still threatens to overthrow the Chinese monarchy, and to found a new, liberal, and reformed kingdom in the place of the old, illiberal, and prejudiced monarchy, this fact has been strangely exemplified. In the southern provinces, the progress of the rebels or of the patriots—which ever we may choose to call them—has been extremely rapid. They overran province after province, each province of the size of a moderate European kingdom, with little difficulty and with great rapidity. In the north, however, their progress has been much slower. They have advanced painfully and laboriously, step by step, town after town causing a stoppage for a week or a month, as the case might be; until now that they have got within two hundred miles of the capital, we hear of few new successes, of no rapid conquests. The Manchoo dynasty, which still nominally rules the destinies of China, relies most upon the troops of the north, and upon its Tartar auxiliaries, who have been pouring into China Proper for months, but still without producing any marked result upon the contest.

For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves to the moral aspect of the country; and truly this moral aspect is as strange a spectacle as the eastern or the western world can afford. We have here two or three hundred millions of mankind shaking off old faiths that they have held for centuries, as one would put off the thin garments of summer on the approach of winter. Buddhism is a mass of unmeaning mummary to them, its scriptures unintelligible, its moral dogmas not understood, and, if understood, little regarded. Their forefathers have believed in Buddhism; but to them it is an unmeaning faith, a sound without an idea, a symbol without a name. It has already lost its hold upon their hearts, and they are but waiting, doubtless, to cast aside its nominal, as they have already lost its real, influence. The philosophy of Confucius has for centuries been a sound signifying nothing to the masses of the people; so that they may literally be said to be a people waiting for a religion. Confucianism and Buddhism have been tried, and have been found wanting. They have been proved to be quite inadequate to keep a living faith alive in the hearts of millions thirsting for some kind of intellectual and spiritual food. They have had their day, and that day has gone. It remains to be seen whether Christianity will not take their place, and extend its humanising influences over the most thickly populated region of the earth.

Nor is it in the matter of religion alone that the social state of the Chinese portends speedy disruption. Justice exists theoretically in China as elsewhere. The noblest of moral maxims are common to the jurisprudence of Confucius and of Gotama, but the practice and execution of justice is guided solely by self-interest, and corruption is so general that it scarcely excites an exclamation when brought to the light of day. The highest degree of skill in the magistrate and the judge is, how to circumvent—the sole object of the legal officer, how to realise the most money. The prisoner once arrested is at the sole mercy of the mandarin, who listens indeed to whatever may be brought forward in favour of the accused, but whose sentence is unshackled by any guide but his own will, and who clothes that decision in legal language as it may suit his purpose; nor is it difficult to cite such chapter and verse of the code as may appear to support his decision, however much at variance its spirit and the sentence. Appeals to a higher court are perfectly legal; and even the meanest individual may carry his case before the Supreme Court of Requests at Peking; but every step of the process involves enormous outlay—an outlay altogether beyond the resources of any but the very rich, and it will probably succeed at an earlier stage by means of bribery. It is against the decisions of the just but obscure magistrates that the rich man's wealth carries the day; the poor man's case is without success. Those once thrown into prison may be seen at the public house of some town, and amidst the speculation of

the interest of the magistrate; and many thus perish in gaol whose innocence is a matter of public notoriety, but whose incarceration is an object of desire to some rich opponent.

On the whole it may be safely predicted that the moral and social state of China is such at present that it must sooner or later be upset. Revolution impends from moral as well as

from physical and political causes; and we may safely conclude that a people without religion, morals, or justice—a great and a comparatively refined people—must soon shake off the shackles of antiquity and enter upon a new course; leading whither, who can tell? leading to good, we all must hope.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE TULIP WREATH FLOWER-VASE MAT.

MATERIALS.—12 shades of amber, 7 shades of lilac, 4 shades of green. 4 Skeins of each colour. 5 Steel Needles, No. 14. Cardboard foundation, covered with white or amber cambric, 8 inches in diameter.

k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 3; turn the work back, and pearl the 9 stitches.

3rd. K. 2, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 2.

4th. Turn back and pearl.



FOR THE MAT.—Knit 4 rounds of each shade of amber, beginning with the lightest. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 4 needles; bring the wool forward, knit half the stitches on the first needle; t. f. and k. the other half; repeat the same on each of the other 3 needles; k. the next round plain; repeat these two rounds until there are 48 stitches on each needle; then cast off, and sew this on the covered cardboard foundation.

FOR THE TULIPS.—5 tulips to be knitted in 7 shades of amber, and 5 in 7 shades of lilac; 4 rounds to be knitted of each shade; 4 needles. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 2 needles; t. f. at the commencement of each needle; k. 1 plain round; pearl a round, increasing at commencement of each needle. Repeat these two rounds till there are 22 stitches of the three needles; then first k. 3, k. 2 +,

5th. K. 2, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 2.

6th. Turn back and pearl.

7th. K. 1, k. 3 +, k. 1. 8th. Pearl.

9th. K. 3 +. 20 tulips will be required.

THE LEAVES (10 of which will be necessary).—4 shades of green, 12 rows of each; 2 needles. Cast on 3 stitches; k. plain, till before the centre stitch; t. f. and k. the centre stitch; t. f. k. the remainder plain; p. the next row; repeat these 2 rows, till there are 12 open stitches up the vein of the leaf; then k. 1, k. 2 +, k. plain, till 2 from the centre stitch; then k. 2 +, t. f. k. 1, t. f. k. 3 +, k. plain, till 3 from the end; then k. 2 +, k. 1; p. the next row; repeat till there are 6 more open stitches, that is, 20 from the beginning; then k. 2 + at the beginning and end of every other row, till the last ends in a point. Now sew the leaves round the mat by the part where the stem should be; then sew the tulips on as in engraving, sewing the leaf about 6 rows from the point on the stem of the tulip.

means knit; k. 2 + knit two together; p. pearl; t. f. thread

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Suffolk has but few great men to boast of. But it may rejoice in the name of Wolsey, who was born at Ipswich in the month of March, 1471. Common report makes his father a butcher; of this we have no certain proof. The worthy and painful Mr. Groves took three journeys to Ipswich, for the purpose of acquiring information relative to the Wolsey family, but with little success. All he could gather was, that Wolsey's father's name was Robert—no very valuable addition to historical lore. Cavendish says Wolsey was "an honest poor man's son." We are inclined, however,

cess of blundering, common to the agricultural mind; and with which the student of history is well acquainted, what was done by the father was attributed to his more eminent son. It is highly improbable that Wolsey spent any of his time at his father's trade. At the age of fifteen we find him a student at Oxford, and already in possession of his Bachelor of Arts degree; and before that time he certainly would not have been selected to drive cattle a distance of thirty or forty miles. A little while after, the "boy bachelor," as he was termed, became Fellow of Magdalen College, (the funds of which



HENRY VIII. DISMISSING CARDINAL WOLSEY.

in the belief that the common opinion was correct, and that Wolsey's father was a butcher. Actually, at this very day, there is a butcher in the flourishing town of Ipswich of the same name. A local tradition yet prevalent in his native place also strengthens this report. On the east coast of Suffolk, near Southwold, may be yet seen Wolsey's bridge, so called in memory of the cardinal. The tale is, that driving some cattle, he nearly lost his life there, and when he became great, he ordered it built. We are inclined to think that the

college he appears to have misappropriated for the purpose of building its tower), and tutor to the three sons of the Marquis of Dorset. From his father he obtained his first patronage, the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. There a harsh, unfeeling justice subjected him to the disgraceful punishment of confinement in the stocks, in consequence of a quarrel with a man in which our young divine took a somewhat violent part. Years after, when Wolsey became Lord Chancellor, the justice referred to found that the man was not forgiven the debt, and that he was nearly ruined, and Lymington a very poor parish.

Wolsey. Accordingly, he left it, and became one of the domestic chaplains of Archbishop Dean. On the death of that prelate he went to Calais, where Sir Richard Nanfan, the treasurer, was so struck with his talents for business, as to recommend him to the patronage of the king. The recommendation was not given in vain. Wolsey became one of the chaplains of the court. Soon after, the living of Redgrave, in the diocese of Norwich, was given him, and he obtained the friendship of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, at that time Privy Seal, and of Sir Thomas Lovell, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The career of our hero seems to have been prosperous from the very commencement. Before some men rise they are brought down almost to the depths of despair. They have to struggle with everything that can break the heart. The great Sam Johnson walked the streets of London with an empty stomach and a yet emptier purse. So have done many of our illustrious great. Hitherto Wolsey had had no opportunity of evincing to the king his capacity for public business. An opportunity now offered. A treaty of marriage was pending between Margaret, the dowager queen of Savoy, and Henry VII. It was necessary to send some one to her father, Maximilian, the emperor. Fox and Lovell recommended Wolsey, who accordingly went. Wolsey made such haste as to return before the king thought he had commenced his journey, and reported the business of his mission with so much clearness and propriety, that he received universal praise; and when the deanery of Lincoln became vacant, it was spontaneously given to Wolsey by the king.

On the 22nd of April, 1509, died Henry VII., and his only surviving son, Henry VIII., ascended the throne. The favour shown Wolsey by the father was continued by the son. In the war with France, which was shortly after undertaken by Henry at the instigation of the restless Julius II., Wolsey accompanied his royal master in the humble but useful office of commissariat; and when Tournay yielded to the English arms, Wolsey was made its bishop. In the forty-fifth year of his age, Wolsey was advanced to the dignity of cardinal, and was installed in Westminster Abbey with more than regal pomp. About the same time the great seal was given him for life, with the dignity of chancellor of the realm. His power now became immense; in fact, he was the real monarch. Henry's will was but a reflection of his own. There were times, however, when Henry differed from the cardinal, as the reader of the first volume of "The State Papers" will soon perceive. However, when they did differ, Henry was generally in the wrong; so that we must not blame him if, with a few exceptions, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the court and the chase, and left Wolsey to direct the affairs of the state. In that dark barbarous time, men only revered rank and power as it was robed in splendour. To the taste of the age, in this respect, Wolsey scrupulously conformed. His household establishment was conducted on the most princely scale; according to Cavendish, it consisted of a hundred and eighty persons. No wonder that Salisbury-square, a large piece of ground on the south side of Fleet-street, takes up but a part of the ground on which at one time stood his mansion—which formerly belonged to Empson, but was given to Wolsey by the master he had served so well. Subsequently Wolsey appears to have lived in York-place, near Whitehall—a palace belonging to the see of York, borrowed by Henry when Anne Boleyn lived at Suffolk House, next door, and which, owing to a defect in the royal memory, has been ever since retained by the crown. Wolsey's revenues at this time must have been equal to those of his master. They were derived from the fines in the legantine court, the archbishopric of York, the bishopric of Winchester and the abbey of St. Albans, with several other English bishoprics, which were held by foreigners, but assigned to him at low rents for granting them the privilege of living abroad; together with pensions from the Spanish emperor and the French king, the emoluments of the chancellorship, the revenues of the bishopric of Radnor and elsewhere in Spain, with rich occasional presents from all the great of the king, and the wealth and domains of forty dioceses. His house exhibited the finest collection

of art; the walls of his chambers were hung with cloth of gold and tapestry still more precious. The sons of the nobility attended him as pages, and, as Mr. Galt says, "the daily service of the household corresponded to the opulence and ostentation of the master." Abroad he was yet more pompous and magnificent. His progress was a royal one. His daily visits to Westminster Hall, or his Sunday ones to Greenwich, where his royal master then resided, were conducted with a pomp and splendour never equalled before or since.

When Leo the Tenth died, Wolsey aspired to the tiara, but the French and Spanish cardinals joined, and Adrian, the tutor of Charles, was elected to the vacant dignity. Charles united with Henry a second time, and war was again to be declared with France; but how was the money for the war to be obtained? The feudal system was dying out, and it was to the credit of Wolsey that he introduced the financial system which has lasted in England to the present day. He met the clergy; and then the representatives of the people, and prevailed on them to pass an income tax. War with France was accordingly commenced. The campaign, however, failed of any practical result. Charles V. was fighting with more success. Henry rejoiced in his victories till he fancied the balance of power was destroyed by the battle of Pavia, when he, with a chivalry worthy a better cause, went over and sided once more with the French; but no advantage resulted from this change, and the people, heavily taxed, fearful of losing what trade they had by a war with Charles, disliking the alliance with France, began to murmur against the cardinal. Many of the nobility also, whom he had eclipsed, looked at him with unloving eyes. The clergy owed him no good will, for they felt that he had hurt them in two ways: he had endeavoured to make them bear their share of the national burdens, from which they had hitherto been exempted; and he had endeavoured to curb their gross licentiousness of conduct. Wolsey leant upon a bruised reed. His apparent power and splendour were maintained only by the single will of the king, and that king more headstrong and wayward than any man who had hitherto sat upon the English throne; that king, one whose "royal nature," as Wolsey himself said, would lead him to endanger the half of his kingdom rather than want any part of his pleasure; that king, one before whom the proud cardinal had so humbled himself, as often to kneel for three hours together, that he might dissuade him from his will, but in vain. Let but that fickle and imperious will conceive that the cardinal stood between it and the gratification of its appetites; let it but shift to some other subject; let it be but cooled down by indifference and neglect, and Wolsey's fall was inevitable and sure. Already the signs of a coming storm had loomed in the distance and blackened the horizon. Between Wolsey and his royal master more than one misunderstanding had occurred; but Wolsey, blinded by success, little understood how to avert the impending peril. The editors of "The State Papers" conjecture that the conduct of Wolsey in the election of an abbot for the monastery of Wilton occasioned a coolness on the part of Henry which was never removed; and yet within a very short time after, we find Wolsey petitioning the king for a valuable preferment for himself and his natural son. It is true that on his last embassy he seems to have foreseen the coming change; but the wonder is not that he saw it then, but that he had not seen it before. He had seen Empson and Dudley—both of whom he had known as the grasping servants of a grasping king—given up to popular vengeance. He had seen Surrey distanced by himself. He might have seen that sooner or later his hour would come. His own knowledge of human nature might have told him that the man who could be false to the wife of his bosom could also be false to the minister of his choice.

And this time speedily arrived. It was given to Wolsey to feel what others had learnt before him, the power of ingratitude of men who sat upon thrones. That day and night Anne, for whose sake he discarded the pope's authority, wept and barked a few short years in the cushion of state till she was eloped and was Queen again.

Wolfe's moral character, in the estimation of the present day, deserves the severest censure. Selfish, arrogant, voluptuous in the use of his pride, he was craven hearted in the dark hour of his disgrace. Laid by the stand ard of his own time, he was neither a saint nor a fiend, and he was better than most of his own class. Most

[illegible]

Thus writes one whose 'Henry VIII' is still worthy of study, as the best history of that time.

Passing nigh his father's cornfield Iron stopped and looked at the poor, sterile land, with here and there a blade of corn, and which, from want of sufficient labour, was invaded by the poppy, the weed, and the wild flower. A little further on, when he reached the little mead which supplied them with hay, he was struck by the invasion of the reeds, further on still, he remarked the apple-trees in the orchard loaded with dead wood, with white moss and mistletoe. Everywhere poverty and sickness had brought on negligence, and negligence sterility. And yet the expences of the family increased. The father was asking for his debt, the ploughshare was not for sale, and the harness of the old horse was falling to pieces. He did so avail that the mother worked half the night, at dawn, that Iron ploughed so resolutely, and late at night over the plough: misfortune had

"Verily I would change with you reading," said Abigail.

"That might be done," said Maharitte's uncle, who had remained quite still.

The two young men looked much surprised.

"Let us suppose that fortune had changed your numbers in the hat; Perr would now be in the place of Ivon. Why cannot that be done now?"

"That is to say, that Marker will be a soldier in my place," said the young miller quietly.

"And who will do the work at our house?" replied Ivon.

"As for that," said the uncle, with all the slowness of a peasant about to make a bargain, "it might be done in a friendly way; we ask nothing of you that can harm you."

"That is to say, you want to buy me," said Ivon, rather offended at a proposition which placed him on a level with what are thought to be a very degraded class of the community in France—the military substitutes.

"When one offers to buy, he fixes a price: I have promised nothing," said the peasant. "But you are so good a lad that

family. He had not much difficulty in proving to him, that despite all his efforts, their poverty was advancing towards misery into which they would soon fall.

The thoughts of the young *gars* had brought him to the same conclusion, and the idea which the speaker had given him had opened to his mind a new career, into which he advanced with intense eagerness. His heart was generous and devoted. He accepted, then, the sacrifice, and did not want to bargain. He therefore endeavoured to bring the negotiation to an end, while the peasant was slowly debating.

"Come now, father Salaun, there is but one word needs speaking," cried he, stopping; "you have opened up to my view a means of safety for my family, quite new. Do not, however, lose so much time in telling me that my friends have not all they want, but tell me at once what you and Abgrall will give me for seven years of my life."

"What a hurry you are in," cried the peasant, a little taken aback at this way of doing business; with these peasants



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

you might do of your own accord what others would do from bad motives. After all, a man is not ruined because he becomes a soldier."

"That is true, father Salaun," replied Ivon, who was very pensive. "You have put a new idea in my head. When I saw those who love me in want of me, I could never have thought of leaving them; but if, on the other hand, my absence would be of any service to them, I would not refuse out of cowardice or timidity of character."

"Well, then, let us walk together, and we will talk; just wait a moment while I send away the women, and I will come with you."

He turned towards Maharitte, whom her mother and sisters were counseling, spoke to them in a low tone, and induced them to return towards their house; then turning back to the young miller, they all three followed the road. The old peasant, as they went along, renewed his talk with Marker, laying great weight on the words of his

you must transact an affair as you would drink a pot of cider.

"I have not yet said that we want a substitute for Abgrall."

"Good morning, then; for nothing remains to be said," exclaimed Ivon, making a motion as if to go.

"But, young man, what a hurry you are in," replied Salaun, holding him; "before we can make serious propositions, we must know what you want for your relatives!"

"In the first place," said Ivon, with decision—for he was determined his sacrifice should be useful to them—"I want a pair of oxen for the plough and other work."

"A pair of oxen," said the peasant; "how fast you go, my *gars*; do you know that is a good bit of money!"

"I want also a three-year-old cow," said Marker.

"And one hundred crowns to pay wages to the boys, who will keep the farm going in my absence!"

Salaun and the young miller protested that they could not afford to give so much money, but that they would do their best.

what he ought to hope to receive. The *gare* let them speak, and was satisfied with replying, that he would sell himself in the town, where some shopkeeper's son would give him, not goods, but money. After a long discussion, which lasted several hours, the family of the miller was obliged at length to yield to the conditions of Marker.

His last difficulty remained, and that was to gain the consent of his own family. If the agreement were known, he feared that some shame would attach to it among his companions, who all despised the ordinary substitute; while his family might refuse to accept comforts paid for by the liberty, and perhaps the blood of their son. Even if they did resign themselves to it, he poisoned their prosperity, and forced them to feel remorse for their very joy.

The notary who drew up the deed advised secrecy. The number which the young miller obtained by the will of Ivon, he could be supposed to have drawn. As for the money

re; a last embrace was given, and Ivon rejoined his companions and went on his way.

All seemed right as long as the village steeple was in sight, as long as the same kind of familiar vegetation was seen, the same landscape; but soon vines took the place of apple-trees, vast plains of the little fields, surrounded by quickset hedges, white houses with red and slated roofs replaced the *granges* cabins covered with thatch. Then Marker knew that he had left his country and was an exile.

On reaching his regiment, he had to bow to new habits and divide his days between stupid exercises and idle hours. Mixed up with men who knew not his native idiom, Marker lived isolated; soon the sadness he had cast off fell upon him again like a cloud he could not escape from. All filled him with *ennui*. The fever of absence, which mines away the constitution, destroyed his energy; nostalgia, each day more intense, drove him to the hospital, where the very calmness



RETURN OF THE CONSCRIPT.

which paid for his liberty, the notary could feign to have received it as a legacy from a distant relative. All was settled; Abgrall and his friends promised to be discreet, and sought remained but to break the bad news to the Markers. It was a sad moment for them, particularly for the poor mother. There was, before the departure, many an outburst of grief, which Ivon repressed with difficulty. He himself was fad unto death to quit all those who loved him, and by whom he was beloved; and yet the thought of the good he was doing, sustained and supported him. It was a comfort to him, too, that he had never betrayed the love he felt for the name of Abgrall.

Day of separation came; while the father, weak and ill, looked as if he could have never left it; his mother, her hand upon his shoulder, half fainting with grief; the little boy, who, when the dog seemed to be called out by

of the existence added again to it. Everything combined to increase its force. Several months elapsed before any news came from his country. None knew how to write at the farm, and this fatal ignorance separated the absent almost as much as death.

Ivon became worse; life was fading slowly away like the rippling of the waters of a lake agitated by a faint breeze. He dragged himself about like a ghost along the court of the infirmary, following with his eye the bird that crossed the sky, or watching the man on the summit of the old wall. Flowers, man, birds, all reminded him of his native land.

One evening he was sitting sad and exhausted on a bench in the yard, thinking, as was his wont, of the old farm-house. He thought he saw the old miller, through which, when he went, he drove his last cart of grain. He thought he saw the stream that carried the water to the mill, and saw the hills covered

thought that memory became a living image; he saw all that he recollected, and then he heard the bagpiper without. Ivon stood up. The performer was playing the old familiar airs, which he had so often heard on the green where the boys and girls met to dance on an evening. The poor conscript ran to the gate—it was closed; he went into the barracks, and looked out of a window. The street was deserted, and there was no bagpiper to be seen.

He thought it must be a dream, when up came a sister of charity, and gave him a letter. He thanked her, and asked her to read it. It was from the notary, and written in the name of the parents to announce to the young man the fortunate change brought about by the supposed legacy. Thanks to this, they had hired workmen, bought a pair of oxen, and were doing better than they had done for years.

Marker was happy. He was rewarded. His illness vanished; and having tasted of the delights of communication by letter, he determined to learn to write. He entered the regimental school, and by hard work—very hard work it is at his age—he did learn, and at the end of a year could write a letter. Having once acquired a taste for study, he continued, and his time being taken up by the school and the regiment, the hours passed with extreme rapidity, while his good conduct elevated him to the position of sapper.

At last the seven years were up, and away went Marker. How he walked, how he took double journeys! At last, there is the village steeple—how his heart beats! He begins to feel excited beyond all control—he runs—he upsets some old friends in the market-place; the children run away frightened at his beard; his young sister starts back alarmed; but the dog knows him, and then out comes his mother to welcome her son. She is happy now, for all her children are at home.

And the restored health of his father, the comfort of the farm, the happiness of all around, are rewards enough for Ivon; especially when Abgrail tells the truth, and brings down blessings on his head. But who shall tell the gentle delight of the young man when he found that she, who had guessed his unspoken love, had waited for him? Truly happy was the man now from the sacrifice of the youth.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—II.

—, 1853.

I HAVE had an opportunity of seeing the feigning sovereign of Turkey, Abdul Medjid, and I gazed with considerable interest at a man who is likely to have so great a position in history by the adventitious circumstances of the contest which is going on. He is very different in personal appearance from the reformer Mahmoud, who sat his horse like a true Turk of the old school; burly, robust, and a hardy soldier, who doubtless would have lived to a good old age had he not have given way too much to inebriety. Brandy killed Mahmoud, and it has not been without its effect on the present sovereign, who has suffered much from inflammatory disease, consequent on too little caution in the use of *raki*.

Drunkness, which is leaving the Old World, we would vainly hope, appears to have taken refuge in the East, despite the edicts and tenets of the law and the prophet. The grave old Moslem smokes now with spirits instead of coffee. Some time ago, the government, convinced of the great evil of national intoxication in the people, enacted a stringent law, which punished with the bastinado all persons retailing or consuming ardent liquors. It was, however, evaded and fell into disuse. A certain company of police agents made something out of it, however. They dressed up one of their number as a Gopt, and placed him in a shop in a certain street, where dwelt at that time a cunning Greek who saw the house opened for the sale of *raki*. Presently, a Greek came by, and was coaxed into the shop; *raki* was offered him; the man refused, alluded to the law, but finally was coaxed to disobey it. He then went away, and about ten yards off was two police agents, who declared he had been caught. They said, betrayed him, and they have of betraying a man of colour, as a law to the

The liquor-loving Greek paid the fine and went his way. In the course of a few hours dozens were entrapped; but the Greek noticed with some curiosity that no Jews were caught, none ever coming that way. He sallied forth, then, to fathom this mystery, and going to the corner of the street, saw an aged Hebrew, selling rhubarb, who, whenever a Jew came up and would have turned down the street, made some sign which caused the descendant of Moses to start and go his way. Incensed that the Jews were thus able to escape, he went and told the police, who thrashed the old man, and soon caught plenty of Jews in the net. In these instances they poured the *raki* down the unfortunate men's throats.

Abdul Medjid is slight and fallow-looking, while the general outline of his physiognomy is effeminate, but pleasant. There is a sad gentleness about him, a look as if he were weary of the world, which is very touching. His eyes are habitually half closed. There can be no doubt that the Sultan is a man naturally well-disposed. He came to the throne at seventeen, surrounded by all the fearful influences which always encircle a Turkish sovereign. A harem of ignorant women, some six hundred wives, a herd of slaves, cringing and humble courtiers, are not good teachers for a royal scholar of seventeen. Abdul Medjid has unquestionably succumbed to the moral malaria, the pestilence of Turkish vice. And yet he is of a kindly and generous nature, which, in trying times, rises superior to custom and habit.

Thus he did not strangle his brother on his accession to the throne; but he confined him closely to the palace, for fear of his becoming the nucleus of a party. Then he has not been able to put down the fearful infanticides which are daily committed to prevent dangerous princes near the throne, the children of his sisters. But he has decreased capital punishments, and made justice mild and gentle in Constantinople. Executions are now very rare in this city; some years ago they were almost of daily occurrence. Macfarlane has given a very correct account of the terrible excitement which was felt in Constantinople a few years back, when a renegade was about to be executed. This man had abandoned Christianity for Mohammedanism, and then repenting, had returned to his real religion. To abandon the creed of the prophet is death, and it may be easily understood, with such laws, how difficult it is to make converts.

The man was accordingly condemned to death, and the day of execution arrived. One would have thought that the religious prejudices of the Turks would have been aroused, and that they would have flocked to see the recreant *giaour* die. Not so. They remained shut up in their houses; the soldiers refused to act as executioners; and at last it was found necessary to bribe a Nubian slave, who trembled so violently when performing his office, that he had to strike three blows before the head of the unhappy wretch fell off.

The Sultan's marked courtesy in public and private to Western Europeans and Americans is imitated by all classes of Turks. This produces very pleasing results. It is a marked change from the state of things three years ago. But everything is changed. There are now decent hotels and decent lodging-houses, and the streets are becoming safe at night, and there are not so many exactions and insolences.

But everything has to be done before this country can be called reformed. The way is paved; the eyes of the Turks are beginning to be opened. They are beginning to see and appreciate the blessings of commerce and trade, and thoughtful men from western Europe have shown them the immense advantages they may derive from cultivating their land, and encouraging agriculture by every means in their power. Agriculture has been almost null hitherto in a country governed upon the most barbarous and illogical principles. For ages the Turk lived rather by rapine and plunder than by production. He did not understand the blessings of a happy and contented peasantry, occupied in peacefully making wealth. The *royals* were accordingly pillaged, and the land in the most outrageous manner. The way there is to be

of the province to *serags*, or Armenian bankers, at enormous profits; they again sold the villages and hamlets to police agents and tax-gatherers. These individuals went about raising people at what they liked, utterly regardless of the custom which gave to the heads of the village the right to fix the quota of taxation. As the more land a man cultivated, the more heavily in proportion was he taxed, men ceased to cultivate, except from pure necessity. Then, if a man could not raise the sum demanded, he was beaten and left for dead, his next-door neighbour paying the deficiency. The *haratz*, or capitation tax, paid by all Christians for permission to live, was collected in a barbarous way. It commenced at eighteen, and as in Turkey there are no registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, it was difficult to decide a man's age. The Greeks always denied being eighteen. The Turkish tax-gatherers in the distant provinces decided the question by measuring the man's head.

This system of rule naturally resulted in whole tracts being left desolate, in agriculture being neglected, in the country being in a most wretched and impoverished state. But in many provinces, especially the semi-independent ones, the Turks have yielded to the spirit of the age, and are showing a disposition, at all events, to relax the severity of their rule, and treat their Christian dependents like men. The vastly increased revenue, the wealth, riches, and prosperity of the country, will soon prove the importance of these relaxations and reforms.

The first attempts at agricultural reform and education were total failures, from the pecculation, inaptitude, and ignorance of the men who had charge of the affair. The efforts of the few earnest and practical Europeans and Americans failed utterly before such persons as Achmet Echi Pacha. But renewed efforts have been made, and now the agricultural schools are beginning in earnest, and a certain number of the pupils seem apt, docile, and intelligent. This, with perfect liberty of action to the active and versatile Greek *rayahs*, will soon work a great and mighty change.

Hitherto, the Christians the Armenians excepted, who are the humble and abject servitors of the Turk—have been compelled to conceal whatever little wealth they possessed. A melancholy proof of the great oppression suffered by the *rayahs* in past years exists in the fact that every Christian in Turkey, who has the means to do so, has purchased the protection of some foreign government—has naturalised himself a Swede, a Russian, a Greek of the Otho monarchy, an Aus-

trian, or a Swiss. This once done, he appeals in every case of oppression to his consul, and he is sure of protection. It has been by cunningly encouraging this, making the naturalisation easy, and then giving him, right or wrong, protection of the most hearty character, that Russia has won her way with some of the Greeks.

The enlightened few among the Turks, who have influenced the government to enter warmly on a career of reform, will soon reap the benefit. Already agriculture is progressing; commerce has grown rapidly; the Christian race are beginning to feel hope and confidence; and although the undying hatred of the slave will never be eradicated as long as the religion of Mahomet flourishes above Christianity, or until an amalgamation takes place, it is quite clear that Turkey has made an onward march. It is a question whether she will ultimately be saved as Turkey; but it is clear to my mind that England cannot allow Russia to clutch this fair portion of the earth, or to erect a throne here, which would depend in the least degree on her for support.

I am more than ever struck with the natural advantages possessed by this city. In the hands of an unscrupulous and ambitious power like Russia, Constantinople would command the Mediterranean. Under Russia, the races would be amalgamated in earnest—that is, cut down to the level of Finlanders and Siberian savages. She would introduce here, probably, the serf system, fortify the city so as to render it impregnable, and deprive all other nations of a share in the commerce of the Black Sea.

The bridge which connects the two sides of the fort is a very great improvement on the old system of taking a *caique*. It appears to be a remarkably good speculation. It is a bridge of boats, part of which is moveable, so that ships of the line can pass when necessary. A company of infantry seem to make little impression on it.

There is a mighty change indeed, within five years, in the appearance of the soldiery. In 1848-9, we could at any time point out a sentry, with his gun against a wall, knitting stockings for a living; himself ill-clothed, slipshod, dirty. But they have awaked, as it were, from a dream of ages, and the Turkish soldier is as prim, neat, and military in appearance as the Piedmontese or Swiss. I speak, of course, of the picked troops. But I fancy the best fighting men are the Kurds, Circassians, Albanians, Druses, and the wild Asiatic hordes generally, who are even now pouring in at intervals to fill the ranks of the army.

MOUZON.

THE French canton of which Mouzon is the principal town is watered by the Meuse and the little river of Chiers. The land is very good for agricultural purposes in the deep valleys and broad prairies with which the department abounds; but the lofty mountains and the craggy rocks are almost destitute of verdure. Yet even these old gray hills are clothed here and there with splendid vineyards, where, beneath the cheerful influence of the southern sun, the grapes ripen rapidly and fully, and are esteemed the best in the neighbourhood. The old French proverb speaks of these vineyards in terms of flattery. "Heaven preserve to us," it says, "the justice of Osmont, the bread of Sapogne, and the wine of Mouzon." Besides the vineyards on the mountains, the valleys, and wide-stretching prairies, the locality is famous for extensive forests—forests which some of our English poets have peopled with creatures of their imagination, and given by this new interest to the place.

One remarkable place is the old city of Beaumont, fortified in 1112 by William "of the white hands," archbishop of Reims, who succeeded in securing for the people of the city certain privileges and immunities, which were afterwards confirmed by the laws of Beaumont. Charles VII., king of France, confirmed the laws of Beaumont at the same time that he gave the name of Beaumont to the same place, and in 1579 Mouzon was con-

Douzy, on the banks of the Chiers, given to St. Remi by Clodoald, son of Clodimir, is the property of the bishops of Rheims. There they possess a palace and a park. In the thirteenth century the city was fortified, and surrounded by walls and a broad moat. At Douzy two church councils have been held; one in 871 and the other in 874.

Villiers, near Mouzon, formerly possessed a *château*, which, although strongly defended, was destroyed in 1536, for fear it should fall into the hands of the Leaguers during the civil disturbances which were then devastating France.

The lordship of Mouzon is of very ancient date. It was reckoned among the possessions of the famous abbey of St. Hubert, which was founded in the eighth century by the kings of France, and under their protection enjoyed a sort of independence till 1789. Every year, in the month of July, the abbot sent to the king a present of hawks and hounds. This presentation was invariably the occasion of a great festival. The king receiving them with great ceremony, the men who brought them were most liberally rewarded, and alms were returned for distribution among the poor of St. Hubert.

Mouzon, described in the "Roman History," is the capital of the lordship, and formerly a strong castle, which castle was burnt down by the

The church of Mouzon is one of the most important in the department of Ardennes. It was founded in the fourteenth

Independently of this church there was another, in older times, dedicated to St. Genevieve, and situated in the environs



THE CHURCH OF MOUZON.

It is remarkable for the regularity of its construction, and the richness of the ornamental work with which it is adorned, and for the sculptured figures on the portal.

of the city. The church afterwards became a convent of Capuchin Friars, and the ground is now occupied by a small hall.

THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY, NEAR RIO JANEIRO.

The cataract represented in our engraving consists, says Sir W. G. Ouseley, from whose portfolio it is copied, of a succession of three waterfalls, subsiding into rapids, and then continuing its course as a turbulent rocky brook, working its

fall. The first fall has worked a basin in the rock, as in other similar sites, and, as usual, it is asserted by the natives to be of vast or fathomless depth. Below the isolated rock is a third fall of considerable size; but the rich and thick vegeta-



THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY.

way among the hills of the Serra de Estrella. The Falls of Itamarity are not near any high road, and have been seldom visited by Europeans. It is not possible to obtain a general view. That which we present to the reader is

tion prevents much of it from being seen. On the morning that this sketch was taken, when a party visited the Falls, some negroes were sent on beforehand to cut away the underwood and parasites, and to fall back in order to prevent the noise of the noise. The natives

trees, and the sort of parapet railing, were made of the lianes or parasitical plants from the surrounding trees. They hang from the highest branches like ropes of various sizes, some little larger than whipcord, others of the circumference of a large cable; indeed, they are often thicker than a man's body, and frequently form spiral and intricate knots, like the writhings of gigantic serpents, à la Laocoon. The profuse variety of growth and rapid vegetation in this part of Brazil is scarcely credible to Europeans. A very few weeks, or rather days, after this path had been opened, and the bridge constructed to enable the party to visit these Falls, strangers might have passed close to them, only made aware of their proximity by the loud roar of the falling waters, the hoarse sound of which, deadened and rendered deceptive by the close growth of the forest, would be but an indifferent guide, and hardly enable them to find any approach by which to obtain a view of the Falls. The negroes and country people have alarming stories or traditions respecting vast crocodiles, differing from the common sort in their nature and habits, and unlike the alligators of the rivers emptying themselves directly into the bay of Rio de Janeiro, at the foot of these mountains. They are said to be infinitely larger and more voracious than their relations near the salt water. These monsters, they affirm, inhabit the deep pools formed occasionally in the course of the mountain rivers. Poisonous snakes are asserted to be often found in these waters. The present existence of these crocodiles seems very apocryphal; nor are serpents so often met with, even by naturalists anxious to enrich their collections, as is generally supposed. The name of these Falls, "Itamariti," or "Itamarity," signifies in the Indian language (probably that of the Guarani tribe) "the shining stones," or "the rock that shines," doubtless so called from the glittering appearance of the large mass of rock, the face of which is worn smooth by the water. "Itu" means stone or rock.

The old road over the Serra de Estrella, constructed when Brazil was a colony of Portugal, was, although much too steep according to modern ideas of engineering, infinitely better than the track dignified with the name of road, formerly leading to the Serra dos Orgaos. Being paved, it was at least safe and practicable. But the road recently opened to these heights is on vastly improved principles, and on a scale thought even unnecessarily large. The foundation and progress, however, of the new city of Petropolis, situated at the height of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, on this route, has doubtless called for the construction of a road wider and more convenient than those hitherto made in this part of the country. The emperor has built a summer residence here, near the highest part of the road, and the court and many of the wealthier citizens of Rio Janeiro have followed the example, encouraged by his Imperial Majesty's liberal allotment of land for dwelling-houses, hotels, etc. The idea of founding this mountain city as a retreat during the great heats originated with the late emperor, Don Pedro I., who made grants of land, absolutely or conditionally, to different noblemen of his court. He was not enabled, however, to carry into effect either his plan for a city or the construction of a new road to and through the mountains. To the reigning emperor belongs the credit of practically calling into existence this thriving and healthy settlement, of which the success is now beyond a doubt. Petropolis may now be regarded as like the Royal Sitios in Spain—Aranjuez, La Granja, etc., to which the court regularly removes at certain seasons. The temperature and climate are delightful, and the annual removal to this and to other Serras is sufficient to restore to health those who have suffered from the enervating heats of the summer in the low lands around the capital. European invalids especially derive great benefit during convalescence from a few weeks' stay in these picturesque mountains. Many foreigners, particularly Germans, have settled at or near this city. To the naturalist, and more particularly to the entomologist and botanist, a sojourn in these Serras affords endless interest and employment. A railroad

NATURAL PRINTING PRESS (NATURSELBST-DRUCK).

UNDER this term, Louis Auer, of the Imperial Printing-office at Vienna, has patented a process invented by himself in conjunction with Mr. Andrew Worrington, overseer of the same establishment, for creating, by means of the original itself, in a swift and simple manner, plates for printing copies of plants, materials, lace, embroideries, originals or copies, containing the most delicate profundities or elevations not to be detected by the human eye," etc. A pamphlet giving a description of this discovery and a series of specimens has reached us. The examples consist of an impression from a fossil fish, from agates, the leaves of trees, several plants, mosses, algae, and the wing of a bat. These are all printed in the natural colour of the objects they represent; and it is difficult to conceive anything more real than these productions. The general character of the process is told in the following pithy manner by Louis Auer, in the introductory paragraphs of his pamphlet:—

"**QUERY.**—How can, in a few seconds, and almost without cost, a plate for printing be obtained from any original, bearing a striking resemblance to it in every particular, without the aid of an engraver, designer, etc.?"

"**SOLUTION.**—If the original be a plant, a flower, or an insect, a texture, or, in short, any lifeless object whatever, it is passed between a copper plate and a lead plate, through two rollers that are closely screwed together. The original, by means of the pressure, leaves its image impressed with all its peculiar delicacies—with its whole surface, as it were,—on the lead plate. If the colours are applied to this stamped lead plate, as in printing a copper-plate, a copy in the most varying colours, bearing a striking resemblance to the original, is obtained by means of one single impression of each plate. If a great number of copies are required, which the lead form on account of its softness, is not capable of furnishing, it is stereotyped, in case of being printed at a typographical press, or galvanised in case of being worked at a copper-plate press, as many times as necessary, and the impressions are taken from the stereotyped or galvanised plate instead of from the lead plate. When a copy of a unique object, which cannot be subjected to pressure, is to be made, the original must be covered with dissolved gutta percha; which form of gutta percha, when removed from the original, is covered with a solution of silver to render it available for a matrix for galvanic multiplication."

This process is also applicable to the purpose of obtaining impressions of fossils, or of the structure of an agate or other stone. In all the varieties of agate, the various layers have different degrees of hardness; therefore, if we take a section of an agate, and expose it to the action of fluoric acid, some parts are corroded, and others not. If ink is at once applied, very beautiful impressions can be at once obtained; but for printing any number, electrotype copies are obtained. These will have precisely the character of an etched plate, and are printed from in the ordinary manner. The silicious portions of fossil, and the stone in which they are embedded, may in like manner be acted upon by acid; and from these either stereotyped or electrotyped copies are obtained for printing from. We learn that Mr. Bradbury, of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, has availed himself of this invention, and that he is now preparing a series of botanical specimens for publication—so that, very shortly, the public will be in possession of examples of this beautiful process. It is not a little singular that the workers in German silver and Britannia metal at Birmingham, have for some time been in the habit of ornamenting the surfaces of these metals by placing a piece of lace, no matter how delicate, between two plates, and passing these between rollers. In this way every fibre is permanently impressed upon the metal. We are not aware of any

BUTTERFLIES AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS.

Not long since, few things in the natural history of animals were regarded as more interesting and surprising than the series of changes which insects undergo in their progress from the egg to their perfect state. This metamorphosis, as it is called, was until very lately supposed peculiar to the class of insects; and although the researches of modern naturalists have shown that changes perhaps still more remarkable occur in the lives of many of the lower forms of marine animals, the study of the metamorphoses of insects must always present much to excite the curiosity and engage the attention of the student of nature.

In few insects is this series of changes to be observed in greater perfection than in the beautiful tribe of creatures of which we propose to give some account in the present paper. In none can there be a greater difference between the first and last states—the former, a soft, crawling caterpillar, devouring the coarsest vegetable food with an insatiable appetite—the latter, a delicate, airy being, fluttering in the sunshine from flower to flower, and drawing its sole nourishment from the honied juices laid up in those natural receptacles. Nor can we find an instance in which the intermediate or pupa state is more distinctly marked—in which the appearance of death is more completely simulated, than in these creatures—whence the butterfly has in all ages been regarded as a sort of emblem of the resurrection.

Of all our British butterflies, there is perhaps none more beautiful than the Swallow-tail butterfly (*Papilio Machaon*), represented in all its stages, in the accompanying woodcut (fig. 1.). This handsome insect, the only British representation of a group of which many magnificent species inhabit the sunny regions of the tropics, is met with not uncommonly in the fenny districts of this country. The caterpillar, which feeds principally upon the fennel and wild carrot, is of considerable size when fully grown; it is of a beautiful green colour, with numerous black rings looking like bands of black velvet, alternately plain and spotted with red. The body, as in all caterpillars, consists of twelve segments besides the head, and the creature crawls upon sixteen feet—three pairs of short, jointed legs, which are afterwards converted into the long slender legs of the butterfly, being attached to the three segments immediately following the head, and five pairs of soft membranous feet, which disappear in the perfect insect, supporting the hinder part of the body. This caterpillar presents a singular character, which serves to distinguish it at once from all other English species, although it is common to all the foreign insects immediately allied to the swallow-tail butterfly; it is furnished with a pair of little filaments, capable of being protruded and retracted at pleasure from a tubercle situated immediately behind the head; these form a v- or v-shaped organ of a red colour, which secretes a fluid of a disagreeable odour, and it is supposed that the caterpillar employs them to frighten away any insect enemies, such as ichneumons, which may chance to disturb its equanimity by their unwelcome intrusion.

When the caterpillar is full-grown it prepares to change into its second, pupa or chrysalis, state. For this purpose it seeks some suitable spot, where, during the period of deathlike lethargy through which it is now to pass, it may be protected as much as possible from the weather and the assaults of its enemies. Its choice made, it spins a small web of silk, in which it entangles the hooks of its hindmost pair of feet, which are situated quite at the extremity of the body. Many caterpillars are content with attaching themselves by one end to this web before undergoing this important change; but the chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly appears to require some objection to swinging freely at the mercy of the wind, and the caterpillar accordingly, directed by unerring instinct, proceeds to form a loop of silk round its middle, by which it is enabled to keep a holdfast, and it will be kept in a fixed position. The caterpillar, it is asserted, turns round on its axis, and the head is placed at the bottom of the body.

and appears in a form apparently as different from that which it is eventually to assume as from that which it has just quitted. Nevertheless, in the horny case which now encloses all the parts of the future butterfly, the positions of many of its organs are already to be recognised; we see the elevations of the surface of the chrysalis, which are afterwards to be occupied by the wings, the antennae, and the legs; and as the creature approaches maturity, something even of the colours may be discerned through the integuments. The chrysalis of this insect is of a greenish colour, with a black band on each side. At the end of the appointed time the butterfly emerges from its case; at first soft and weak, with folded and imperfect wings, which, however, soon expand; and at length the creature springs into the air, to sport for awhile with its fellows in the bright sunbeams, to leave behind it the germs of a future generation; and having fulfilled all the ends for which it was called into being, to die, after a short but apparently happy existence, and leave its place to be occupied by others. In beauty of colour and elegance of marking, the swallow-tail yields to none of our British butterflies. Its principal colours are a beautiful sulphur yellow and a deep velvet black, the latter, however, being frequently powdered in the upper wings with single yellow scales, in the lower with similar scales of a pearly blue colour. The lower wings are also furnished with a black tail and marked with a beautiful red eye-like spot on the inner apical angle. Our figure of the English swallow-tail represents the butterfly soon after its emergence from the chrysalis and before the wings have attained their full development; but the form of the tail and the position of the eye-like spot in the hinder wings are well shown in the accompanying figure of a very nearly allied butterfly, the *Papilio Podalirius* (fig. 2.), a native of the southern countries of Europe, and long reputed a British insect.

Another very handsome insect, allied to the preceding, is the Apollo butterfly (*Parnassius Apollo*, fig. 3.), which may be found by some of our summer tourists in the Alpine districts of the continent. The ground colour of this charming insect is white; the fore-wings have each three or four black spots, whilst the hinder wings are adorned above with two, beneath with three, red eye-like spots, generally surrounded by a black ring, and furnished with a small white pupil. It is found in all the mountainous parts of Europe, and even in Siberia; but although it has been said to be an inhabitant of the highlands of Scotland, its occurrence in Britain is more than doubtful. The caterpillar of the Apollo butterfly also possesses the singular forked organ at the back of the neck, but this is wanting in all the following species.

A very pretty little butterfly, which is found in many parts of England, and is generally distributed on the continent, is the Marbled-white butterfly (*Argy Galathea*, fig. 4.). It is met with in meadows in the neighbourhood of woods, where the caterpillar feeds upon the common cat's-tail grass. Contrary to the usual practice of its relations, the chrysalis of this butterfly does not attach itself to any object, but lies upon the bare ground. The butterfly is yellowish white, spotted with black.

Several species of the genus *Hesperia* are found in this country, where they are known to collectors by the name of "Skippers," from the curious jerking motions of the animal during flight. They inhabit woods and gardens, and although their stout bodies and strong wings indicate considerable power of flight, they rarely fly to any distance, but take their rapid, jerking course from one resting-place to another. The species represented in fig. 5 is generally distributed on the continent, but is not met with in this country. Like most of its allies, its appearance is very plain; the general colour being brown; but the lower surface of the hinder wings is greyish, with about a dozen large white spots, each surrounded by a black border.

Of these butterflies the caterpillars are naked; but a great number are clothed with hairs or spines, which in some cases

serve as formidable weapons of defence. In the genus *Vanessa*, to which the well-known and beautiful Tortoise-shell and Peacock butterflies belong, the caterpillars are covered with spines, which are frequently curiously toothed. One species of this

localities. The cause of this singular phenomenon is still unexplained; but it is remarkable that several other species of the genus *Vanessa* are in the habit of appearing occasionally in vast numbers in particular localities, giving rise, from their depo-

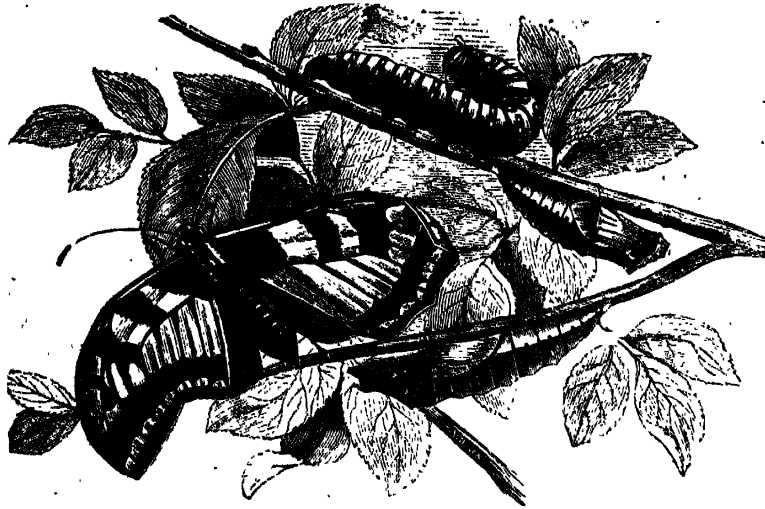


FIG. 1.—THE SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY (*PAPILIO MACHAON*).



FIG. 2.—*PAPILIO POPALARIUS*.



FIG. 3.—THE APOLLO BUTTERFLY (*PARNASSIUS APOLLO*).



FIG. 4.—THE MARBLED WHITE BUTTERFLY (*ARGE GALATHEA*).

same, the *Vanessa Antiopa*, or Camberwell Beauty (fig. 6.), is remarkable from its appearing in certain seasons in profusion in most all parts of the country, and afterwards occurring some-
times in the most remote parts of the island.

siting a red liquid on various objects before rising to the numerous accounts of bloody rain which are with great variety. The Camberwell Beauty has some others; the wings are of a deep red color.

which is surrounded by a white or pale yellowish border; while the wings are black, with a row of bluish spots.

The caterpillar of the White Admiral butterfly (*Linimentis*, fig. 7.) is also armed on the back with spines; but these, instead of being long and toothed, are short and forked, and the animal is also clothed with stout hairs. The butterfly is of a blackish colour, with an irregular white band running through all the wings. It is one of the most graceful of British butterflies in its manner of flight, but is by no means common. The caterpillar feeds on the honeysuckle; it is of a green colour, with the head, legs, and spines of a rusty red; the chrysalis is green spotted with gold. Nearly allied to this species is the Purple Emperor butterfly (*Apatura*

Iris), one of the most beautiful of the British species. The wings are black, with bands and spots of white arranged somewhat as in the white admiral; but the black surface in certain lights reflects a most brilliant maraschino blue or purple colour, which adds greatly to the beauty of the insect. From the great height at which it usually flies it has obtained the name of the Purple High-flier, and its great power of wing renders its capture by no means an easy matter. With this charming insect we shall take leave of our readers, assuring them that they will find in the study of the transformations and habits, even of our commonest English butterflies, a source of interest and amusement which perhaps they would little suspect.



FIG. 5.—THE MIRROR BUTTERFLY (*HESPERIA ARARINTUS*).

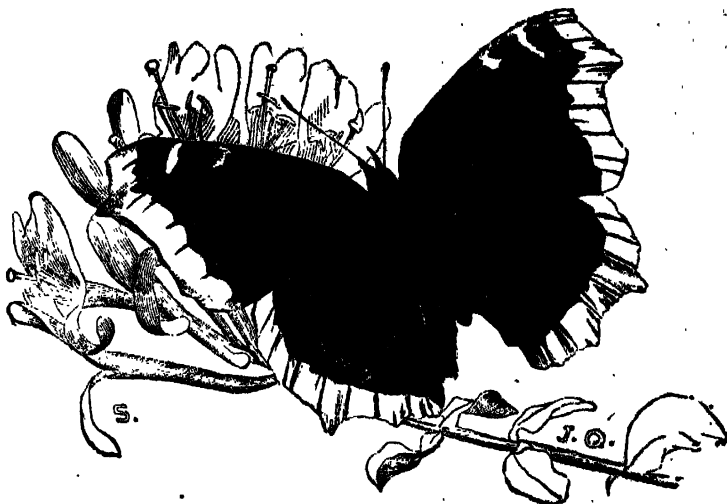


FIG. 6.—THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY (*VANESSA ANTIOPA*).



FIG. 7.—THE WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (*LINIMENTIS SIBYLLA*).

RAMBLES IN DOWNSHIRE. PORTAFERRY, AND A TALE OF '98.

"Old Portaferry in sweet County Down."—*Old Song*.

It was a splendid morning on which I reached Belfast to start by rail for Portaferry. Often had I heard of that lovely place, but somehow or other, never had I before wended my way thither. Honest, light-hearted, brave seamen had I met frequently in various places, and coming from all parts of the world, who spoke kindly of Portaferry as their home. I was about to make the journey, to wander along

some of our most intrepid and skilful mariners in childhood learnt to love the sea and were trained to brave its dangers.

Away we sped from amid the bustle and din and smoke of the busy town—the noble Athens of Ulster—as on the wings of the wind. I was alone in the carriage for a time, but just before starting two others entered—a mother and her child. She was a widow, young and in sad mourner's garb. How early had Death entered her home, and buried her affections in the grave of him she loved! Her little girl was about four years of age. She was a lovely child, fair as a lily, with bright blue eyes, and raven hair waving in golden curls about her face. I looked at her with interest. They were

highly respectable natives of the South. Several years ago the family had come from the South in straitened circumstances. During the fearful visitation of cholera in 1849, Mr. P— fell its victim. The heart-broken widow, with her only child, continued to reside in the locality. Periodically the mother and her little daughter, I was told, visited her husband's grave. During the spring and summer months they strewed flowers on it; and while the widow sat by her dead one's tomb for hours, the child would be seen running among the graves, plucking the wild flowers and chasing the insects hovering about them, little aware of the heavy sorrow crushing her mother's heart, and of the terrible loss she had sustained in that hour—how faintly remembered by her!—when she was lifted up to gaze for the last time on the coffined dead, and was told she was fatherless.

We parted at Newtonards. God bless that widow and her fatherless child! From the railway carriage I was transferred to a scat on a one-horse car. Beside me there sat a young seaman. He was returning from a trip up the Mediterranean in a swift London clipper. He was a merry-hearted fellow. He had all the cut of a crack seaman. "His skipper," he said, "was a drunken old brazen nose, and he had quit his command right heartily." He had made, he informed me, twenty pounds by his voyage.

"You have a good deal of that sum home with you, no doubt?" I said.

"Just six pounds," was the reply. "London made a death on most of my shiners. No matter. I have what will do me for a week or two. There's no one now depending on me. The old people, for whom I used to save all, are away."

"Your parents are dead, then?" I said.

"Aye, aye, sir. The old man went off last. I would have liked to have seen him before they *lapped* up his white head under the sod. But I was on the sea. I came home; but the old home was no more open to me. I'm goin' now only to see my old neighbours and playmates. Hillo, my hearty!" addressing the driver, who sat on the opposite side, "give us a song, old boy. The road won't be so dreary, if we have a stave."

"Me sing!" exclaimed our whip. "You might just as well expect a song from a turnip. I never, all my life, could sing or whistle. Give us a stave yourself."

"Here goes then;" and in a manly, and not unmusical voice, the seaman sang "Pat's Farewell to Green Erin;" a song he had learnt, he said, in an emigrant ship. 'I just remember the first verse:—

"'Twas on a fine May morning
All in the month of June,
That we set sail for Ameriky
In the noble ship 'Neptune,'
Our captain was a sailor brave,
And fearless hearts the crew;
And with sails all spread our gallant ship
O'er the *gullin'* billows flew."

The same song I have often heard. The tune is a fine national one, however otherwise may be the sentiment and versification of the ballad. It was, as many know, a peculiar favourite of the Irish emigrants.

As the song ended we took up another passenger, a curious-looking genius. He was a regular prig, on the wrong side of sixty, and dressed out most ostentatiously. One would have fancied him prepared for a wedding. And it turned out, in fact, that he was wearing his marriage garments. Certainly, he was no beauty; nor, one would have thought, likely to have taken any woman's fancy. He was an Englishman—a cockney. He had been in the navy—a marine, probably. But he spoke of "Commander" this, and "Admiral" that, as having been his "pertikler friends—sworn brothers." Sir Charles Napier especially he claimed as his other self. They were, according to his rapid representations, kindred spirits, fast and bosom friends. I thought to myself: Oh! if the veteran Charlie heard your gammon just now, old Puff, how he would tatter your frizzed, greasy wig (his *cranium* bore an *exposed* one), and rattle his stout cane over your *lozgers*.

"You're a stranger here, I presume?" I said, addressing the old coxcomb.

"Why yes, sir; and yet here, Fate has it, I am to *sett* down. I have been over the world, and over the *ocean* too, but I must say—Hireland for me! I've been here only ten days, and I've found a wife. I must say—the *Irish* girls for me! Splendid creatures they are—oh, splendid! I was married yesterday. In fact, I'm just now out of the bridal chamber; and say what people will against matrimony, I must say, I don't rue."

"That's right, and I hope you never will," I could not but remark.

"I feel sure I shan't. No, I shall never rue. A fine, charming creature she is; and so fond of me! I must say, I am really 'appy! I am going to Portaferry to look for a little snugery where we can live, and, as the Missus sings, 'enjoy love in a cottage with roses.' I shall turn hagriculturist, I think; and we shall rear all kinds of things. 'My dear,' I said to the Missus this morning, we shall live as 'appy as kings and queens. I shall beat up about Portaferry for a small cottage and farm; and we shall grow everything, and rear up—"

"Lots of youngsters, I hope you told her," interrupted my sailor friend, who had been vastly enjoying the colloquy.

"Why, I did'n't just say so," said the bridegroom, attempting to look rather shy; "but I must say, when the dear little ones *do* come, they shall be welcome. But here's Portaferry."

I parted from both my companions, wishing the bridegroom all happiness, and receiving a squeeze (something like a crush in a vice) from the brawny hand of the warm-hearted sailor.

Portaferry is an old town. Its name is derived, some have supposed, from Porth, signifying terrible, and Ferry, that is, the terrible Ferry. Others, however, say that the very early name of the place was, the Port of the Ferry, and that in course of time, that was abbreviated into one word—Portaferry. The situation of this ancient town is beautiful. It lies on the shore of Lough Strangford—not far from the entrance of the Lough. On the other side of the ferry, and directly opposite (a distance of a mile), is the pretty village of Strangford. Standing on the shore, to the right, stretches the far-famed Lough, in which it is said there are as many islands as there are days in a year. Looking in this direction, a great variety of interesting objects attract the eye. At the time when first I saw these objects, I had an enchanting view of them. The evening was still and beautiful; the sun, amid golden splendours, was setting in the west; the waters of the Lough were as a sheet of glass; several boats were moving slowly towards, or were coming from among the islands, their snow-white sails flapping about the masts (there was hardly a breath of wind); while the richly cultivated fields and distant hills seemed covered with lustre. There is seen first the ancient ruins of Audley Castle (of which more anon); further on is the entrance to the Quoile, the river leading to Downpatrick (where St. Patrick's dust reposes); beyond, about five miles distant, appears the village of Killileagh, known as the residence of one of the most profound living scholars, Doctor Edward Hincks, and formerly the residence also of Dr. Henry Cooke, now of Belfast, the most eminent of our brilliant Irish orators and divines. My attention was next turned to the picturesque scenery directly opposite Portaferry and surrounding Strangford. Beyond that village is Castleward, the favourite residence and estate of Lord Bangor. A capital story is told of one of the late Earls of Bangor, in connexion with his Downshire property. It was believed that his mind had become disordered, and the matter came before the Lord Chancellor, who had the earl summoned to meet him in Dublin. The chancellor, to test the earl's state of mind, spoke to him of his property:—

"Would you sell your estate in Down?" inquired the chancellor.

"Certainly, yes; certainly, my lord," was the reply. "I get my value for it."

"What might that value be?" interrupted the

"Then, I'll sell it, my lord—I'll sell my ancestral estate willingly at just one price—"

"And that is?" interrupted the chancellor.

"At the rate of fourpence a load for every part of the estate—the purchaser binding himself to draw the whole away."

The chancellor was overmatched. All his questions were met as ably. The earl returned home in triumph, free of all the meshes of Chancery.

Beyond Castleward there is a fine range of mountains, bearing different names. Close to Strangford, on the left hand, is the summer residence of Mr. J. Blackwood Price, one of Ireland's best and most popular landlords. To the left is Old Court, the seat of Lord de Ros. The house is built mainly after the Elizabethan style. The grounds about it are very beautiful, but contracted. His lordship was in England during my visit. Some time ago he suffered the loss of one of his daughters, a lovely and most accomplished young lady, and universally beloved by all classes.

But the most interesting locality about Portaferry is the really romantic domain of Major Nugent, the highly esteemed and popular proprietor of the town. It is open to the inhabitants and to all strangers. It is one of the loveliest spots I have visited in any country. The grounds are extensive, and kept at all seasons in admirable order. While there I felt as in fairyland. From parts of the domain are to be obtained glorious views for many miles distant. Here you have the finest views of the lough, and of all the interesting objects on both sides of its shores. Seated, on the second evening of my visit, on one of the green slopes from which we looked down on the lough, I asked my companion if there were any traditions about the old castle of Portaferry, which stands in the town, almost close to the shore, and which is much dilapidated.

"I don't know of any," she replied. "There are five old castles in this county, all in sight of each other, and which have existed, it is said, since the days of King John. The only tale I have heard is about Audley Castle during the Rebellion of '98."

I begged her to relate to me the tale, which she did most kindly, and I give the story in her own words, as well as I can remember them. The tale may bear the title—

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

Some days before the celebrated battle of Ballynahinch, a numerous band of rebels, all Ardsmen, advanced on Portaferry, resolved to take the town and sack it. They were to have been under the command of Charles Maxwell, a young man holding a small property in the Ards, and of respectable connexions. He had heartily thrown himself into the revolutionary movement; and his high character, his position in society, his great popularity with the peasantry, his energy, and his well-known brave and chivalric spirit caused him to hold a high command under the general-in-chief of the rebel forces, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Maxwell was absent on urgent business connected with the rebellion, when the Ardsmen were induced by unwise counsels to assemble from all parts to advance on Portaferry. They were too precipitate; in the absence of Maxwell they were not under proper command; and, although they made a desperate assault on the town and sacrificed many lives, they were bravely repulsed by the yeomanry under Mr. Nugent, aided by the king's cutter, stationed at Portaferry, commanded by Captain Hopkins, who had anchored his vessel close to the Quay, and swept the streets with his cannon, slaughtering many of the rebels.

Maxwell arrived at the close of the conflict, collected as many as he could of the flying rebels, spent several days increasing their numbers, and finally marched his band to Ballynahinch. In the fiercely-fought and disastrous battle which ensued there between the rebel forces and the royal army, he bore a distinguished part; and when, after a terrible conflict, the rebels were put to utter rout, Maxwell, slightly wounded on his back, and sought security near to a small cottage situated at the foot of the celebrated

been on him, yet had he been anxiously observed all the day by one who took no part in the conflict, although in the ranks of the rebels, and who bore towards him most bitter enmity. When in the thick of the conflict, Maxwell, who fought like a lion, and ever led the charges of his men, was beaten back and several times apparently cut down, the spectator referred to was unable to repress his exultation. With muttered execrations he saw Maxwell escape in safety, and following him cautiously in his flight for hours, he traced him to his hiding-place.

Two days afterwards this man might have been observed holding a close conversation with Captain Hopkins, on board the royal cutter, at Portaferry. Within an hour the cutter lifted anchor and made out to the channel.

Once across the Bar, her course was directed towards Annalong, and shortly after eleven o'clock at night she crept in close to the shore, and was anchored near the village. The object of her commander was to make a prisoner of Charles Maxwell; but he was disappointed. A half-witted creature, called Andy Moore, had been gathering shell-fish along the shore until darkness set in. He observed the royal cutter hovering about the offing, and aware of the fugitive rebel being concealed in the neighbourhood, and having been warned to be on the look-out, he at once suspected the cause of the cutter's appearance. He fled to the house, gave the alarm, and before the cutter had come to at Annalong, Charles Maxwell was away up the mountains, having Andy Moore as his guide. In this way he escaped; and, still accompanied by Moore, on the second night after his flight from Annalong, they reached Audley Castle. Maxwell was drawn to the locality of Strangford by a love affair. He was engaged to a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a most respectable farmer in the neighbourhood; and he wished to see her before leaving the country, perhaps for ever.

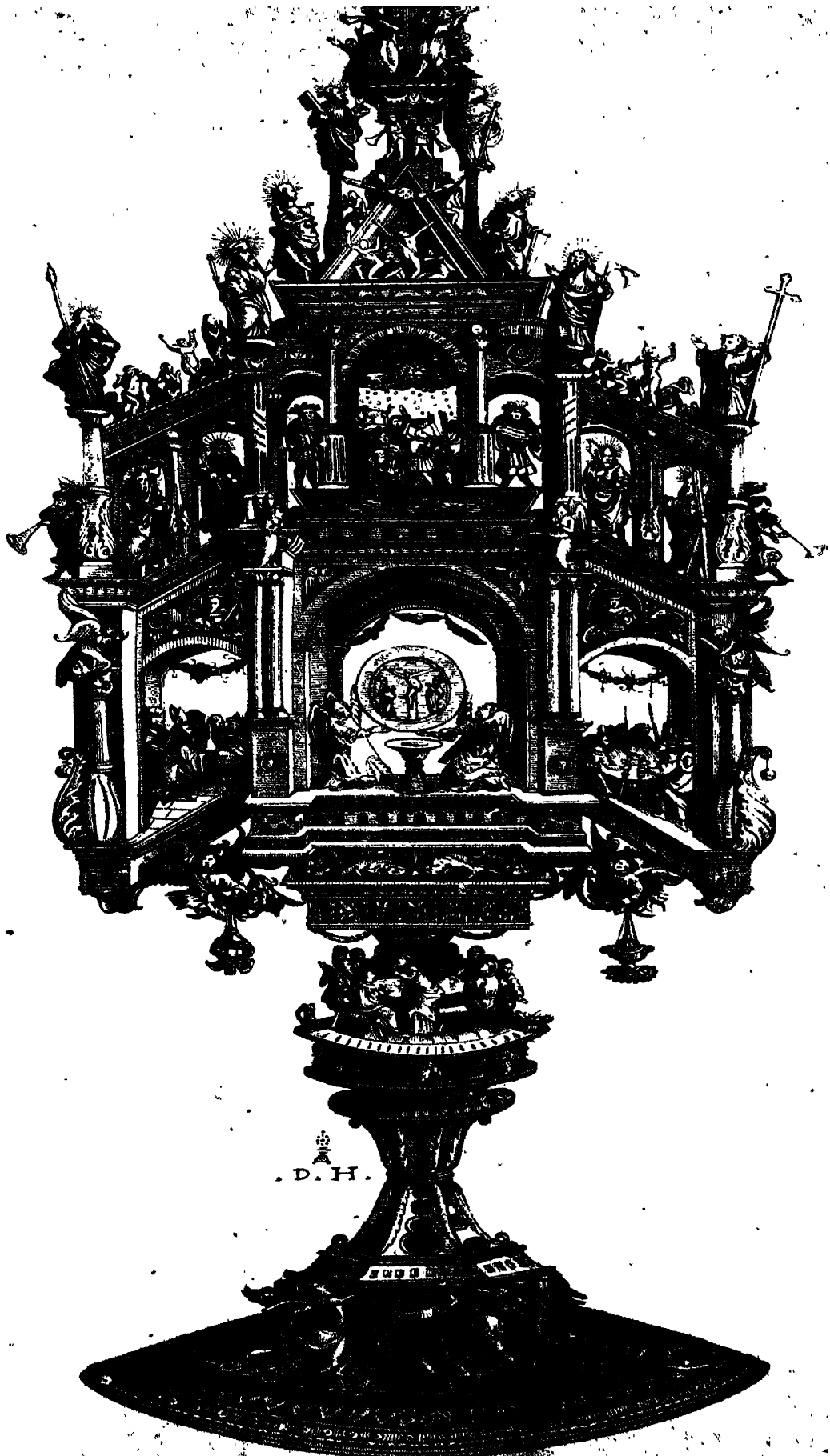
DANIEL HOPFER.

It is generally supposed that this artist was born at the beginning of the sixteenth century, at Nuremberg, the birth-place of Albert Durer. The date of his death is as uncertain as that of his birth, and it has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained whether his name was Daniel or David. Most writers, however, give the preference to the former, and from many circumstances it seems likely that they are right. He had two brothers, Jerome and Lambert, who, like himself, were skilful and talented engravers, and followed all the branches of their profession. The Abbé de Marolles bestowed upon the three the name of Masters of the Candlestick, on account of the mark or device of a hop, which was always placed between their initials, and which the abbé mistook for a candlestick. *Hopsen* is the German word for hop; and the Hopfers, in conformity with the practice of the day, adopted as their emblem this particular mark.

David Funck, a dealer in old engravings, who lived at Nuremberg in the seventeenth century, and who possessed no less than two hundred and thirty copperplates of these artists, published them under the title of "Opera Hopferiana."

Daniel was the most successful of the three brothers; he possessed the greatest genius and the greatest love for his profession, and of him only the history of art takes cognisance. He was known to Albert Durer, and for some time worked under his direction, during the most flourishing period of German art. At that time German engravers were governed by two distinct principles. First, they attempted to adhere as closely as possible to the teachings of their purely German school, but at the same time to unite with this the elevating influence of Italian art.

The merit of Daniel Hopfer consisted in uniting, in his own performances, the excellences of these two schools. To say that he perfectly succeeded would be erroneous; to say that he did so partially, is a statement which his works bear out. His taste was essentially Gothic; and many of his figures are incorrect. In ornamental work he was entirely successful. One of the most perfect and beautiful of his productions is an engraving which represents a church



A.
D. H.

SILVER VESSEL ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

ecclesiasties of the Roman Catholic Church. To he nearly alone

SPANISH SCENERY

For many years, one great obstacle to progress in Spain has been the non-existence of roads, rendering mules and muleteers indispensable. So severely is this defect, the consequence of bad government and internal dissensions, felt, that in certain districts wine, and good wine, is consumed on the spot at one-halfpenny per quart, for want of the means of conveyance,

and Almaviva are mere fanciful portraits, which never existed than Fra Diavolo of the Charles II. of Sir Walter Scott. The muleteer alone, who often follows the most difficult and solitary roads, who often wants amusement, has the habit of thrumming away at his old guitar. Half lying down upon his mule, as M. Giraud shows us in his sketch



A SKETCH OF THE SIERRA DE GUADARRAMA, FROM A PAINTING BY M. EUGENE GIRAUD.

the mule can only carry small loads, especially when these loads are to be conveyed along the break-neck gullies so common in the Sierras, then, still exist, and perhaps they are the hardy who still carry the pack on their backs. But age of the muleteer is passed away every

the Sierra Nevada, whether climbing a hill or descending a slope, he sings his couplets as he moves—those cantares which he generally improvises and addresses to his absent fair, or even to his mules.

The accompanying picture by M. Giraud represents a well-known scene in the Sierra Nevada.

The slope is so rapid, and the path so narrow—we cannot signify it by the name of a road—that we are surprised and tremble almost to see what liberty the animals are allowed. The bridles hang on their necks; and yet the abyss is there—an abyss of some hundred yards in depth, into which the slightest false step would drive them. But in the land of high mountains it is so; the animal guides the man. The mules are so accustomed to these perilous roads, that they know far better how to place their feet than do their conductors. Besides, the mule is obstinate and self-willed. If you use the spur, it stops; if you stroke it, it lies down; if you pull the reins, it gallops off: it is better to leave it alone.

The saddle is generally composed of two or three variegated blankets doubled up, and sometimes of a well-stuffed cushion to disguise the sharp back of the brute. On each side, instead of stirrups, are pieces of wood to rest your feet on. The head of the animal is almost concealed by ornaments. The guide goes before on a mule, or accompanies that animal on foot, his guitar in his hands, his gun on his shoulder, and his powder-horn close at hand. Such a journey is exceedingly amusing.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

The era of the Reformation was favourable to eloquence. It everywhere gave an impulse to the human mind and taught men to speak. Unfortunately, we have but the faintest records of that distant day. Erasmus, however, was a friend of More, and he has left his testimony to that great statesman's powers. Speaking of Sir Thomas More, Erasmus says:—"His eloquent tongue so well seconds his fertile invention, that no one speaks better when suddenly called forth. His attention never languishes; his mind is always before his words; his memory has all his stock so turned into ready money, that without hesitation or delay it gives out whatever the time and the case may require." When Pym led the house, the true tones of the orator were also heard. The speeches of the noble-hearted Eliot also do credit to his fame. Of one that has come down to us, no less a critic than Hazlitt says:—"There is no affectation of wit in it—no studied ornament—no display of fancied superiority; the speaker's whole heart and soul are in the subject—he is full of it—his mind seems, as it were, to surround and penetrate every part of it—nothing diverts him from his purpose, or interrupts the course of his reasoning." Some slight notion of the great Bacon's parliamentary success has been preserved by one of the most competent judges of that age:—"There happened in my time," says Ben Jonson, "one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more precisely, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." Still, however, much of this oratory was rough and rude, interspersed with more scriptural allusions and classical conceits than would suit the refined taste of the present age. Yet some fine things were said by the Eliots and Hampdens and Martens, whose names figure in the annals of those days.

Surely also we must not forget the orator whose maiden speech was of the flat Popery preached at St. Paul's Cross by Dr. Alabaster, and of whom Sir Philip Warwick wrote thus:— "I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I knew not), very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his knee was plain and not very clean, and I remember a sack or two of those broad

his little band, which was not much larger than his pocket; his hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a middle size; his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour." We need not add, that this man, with the swoln and reddish countenance and the sharp and untunable voice, was Oliver Cromwell, who spoke to some purpose at a later day. In the next age, the plotting and restless Shaftesbury seems to have borne away the palm. But, after all, we have to pass a long period before we reach oratory in the highest acception of the term, which seems to have come to us from the accomplished and versatile St. John. Yet of his speeches we have no records whatever. All that we know is, that the bitter Dean of St. Patrick—who hated every body and every thing, and who cursed the day of his birth—speaks of him in the highest terms, speaks of him as producing oratorical effects unequalled in his times. We know that that opinion was the general opinion of the age. We know that the younger Pitt, when discussing with some friends as to what he would wish, supposing it possible to restore what was wished, said, while one remarked that he should prefer one of the lost orations of Demosthenes, and another wished for the lost books of Livy, "another for a Latin tragedy, that, for his part, he should prefer a lost speech of Bolingbroke. With Bolingbroke the list of lost orations is closed. From his time we have records of the parliamentary debates, at first very obscure and very imperfect, but gradually becoming more copious and correct, till in our time reporting has arrived at such a pitch, that we have everything that can be given—all but the tone and figure, which, alas! no reporter can ever give.

First in our list; then, stands the well-known name of Walpole. He was the first prime minister who sat in the House of Commons, where for years he reigned supreme. Walpole, who took his seat for Castle Rising, excited by the fame his ancient rival Bolingbroke had acquired, was not long before he made his *début* as a debater. The subject he spoke on is not known. "At the same time," says Coxe, "another member made a studied speech, which was much admired. At the end of the debate, some persons casting ridicule on Walpole as an indifferent speaker, and expressing their approbation of the maiden speech made by the other member, Arthur Mainwaring, who was present, observed in reply: 'You may applaud the one and ridicule the other as much as you please; but depend upon it, that the spruce gentleman who made the set speech never will improve, and that Walpole will, in time, make an excellent debater.' " The prophecy was correct. Walpole grew to be the greatest man in that house. That Walpole despised all affectation and all refinement, all the resources of the oratorical art beyond its great origin and fountain—strong sense, clear ideas, anxious devotion to the subject in view, carrying the audience along with the speaker—may well be supposed from the manly and plain, the homely and somewhat coarse character of his understanding. Eminently a man of business, he came down to parliament to do the business of the country; and he did it. He excelled in lucid statement, whether of an argument or of facts; he met his antagonist fearlessly, and went through every part of the question; he was abundantly ready at reply and retort; he constantly preserved his temper—was even goodnatured and gay in the midst of all his difficulties,—and possessed his constitutional good humour, with his unvaried presence of mind, in the thickest fire of the debate. He was a lively speaker, and was a constant favourite with the house, which it was his vocation to lead. We cannot judge of his speeches from the scanty records that have come down to us. This is especially true of that celebrated one which eventually drove Bolingbroke abroad. Some of his speeches remain distinguished by a highly ornamental and figurative manner, as where, in his speech on the French Bill, he spoke of the ancients having erected the statues of beauty behind the temple of virtue, to show by what degrees it must be approached; whereas, we were told upon the same title, that its only statue should be an obscure woman.

all his more animated efforts may be formed from the admirable wording of his speech in reply to Sandys:—

"Whatever is the conduct of England, I am equally arraigned. If we maintain ourselves in peace, and seek no share in foreign transactions, we are reproached with tameness and pusillanimity. If we interfere in disputes, we are called Don Quixotes, and dupes of all the world. If we give guarantees, we are asked why the nation is wantonly burdened. If guarantees are declined, we are reproached with having no allies."

The Opposition had some powerful men in it. Pulteney, Windham, Shippen, Sandys, were all men of weight; but not orators in the highest acceptance of this term.

A greater man than Walpole was, however, to appear upon the stage. "We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse," said Walpole, when for the first time the tones of the elder Pitt rang through the house. That terrible cornet was not, however, to be muzzled at that time. His figure, when he first appeared in parliament, was strikingly graceful and commanding, his features high and noble, his eye full of fire. His voice, even when it sank to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches; and when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of an organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through lobbies and down staircases to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall. He cultivated all these eminent advantages with the most assiduous care. His action is described by a very malignant observer as equal to that of Garrick. His play of countenance was wonderful; he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation or scorn. Every tone—from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside—was perfectly at his command. His power was boundless. It is related that once, in the House of Commons, he began a speech with these words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," and then observing a smile to pervade the audience, he smiled, looked fiercely round, and in a loud and angry voice pronounced the word "sugar" again, three times; and having thus subdued the house, he turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?" He was the father of long speeches. Lord Brougham says: "He was anything rather than a concise or short speaker—he was prolix in the whole texture of his discourse, and he was certainly the first who introduced into our senate the practice adopted in the American war by Burke, and continued by others, of long speeches—speeches of two and three hours, by which oratory has gained little and business less." Unlike Demosthenes—of whom Plutarch tells us, that he would never speak off-hand, however often called up in public assemblies—Lord Chatham was essentially an off-hand speaker. Whenever he prepared a speech it was a complete failure. "No man," says a critic, who had often heard him, "ever knew so little what he was going to say." Yet his hits were most felicitous. Lord Brougham has preserved several of them. We give a few. His remark during the debate on confidence in ministers, in 1796, is well known. He said their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but turning to them with a smile, very courteous but not very respectful, he said:—"Confide in you? Oh, no—you must pardon me, gentlemen—you/h is the season of incredulity—confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged man." Some one having spoken of the obstinacy of America, and said that she was almost in open rebellion, Mr. Pitt rejoined: "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been too ready to make slaves of all the rest." His indignant and contemptuous answer to the ministers' boast of driving the Americans before the army—"I might just as well think of driving them before me with this crutch"—is well known. One of the most celebrated passages of his speeches is his allusion to the maxim of English law, that every man's house is his castle—"The honest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—

all his force dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

Next in position to the elder Pitt is Charles James Fox. Fox, said old Sam Johnson, "is a most extraordinary man; here is a man"—describing him in terms which Boswell was afraid to give—"who has divided the kingdom with Caesar, so that it was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George III. or the tongue of Fox." Gibbon says Fox discovered powers for regular debate which neither his friends hoped nor his enemies dreaded. His force as a professed orator was conspicuously displayed in Westminster Hall on the trial of Warren Hastings; but the triumph of his talents is to be found in those masterly replies to his antagonists, in which cutting sarcasm, logical acuteness, and metaphysical subtilty, were so combined as to surpass all that modern experience had witnessed. Johnson was his bitter foe, and yet Johnson was compelled to speak of him in terms we have quoted. We next give the testimony of a friend: "Fox as an orator," said Godwin, "seemed to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. His eloquence was as impetuous as the current of the river Rhine. Nothing could arrest its course. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart and shot through the blood of his hearers. I have seen his countenance brighten up with more than mortal ardour and goodness. I have been present when his voice has been suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a flood of tears." The following anecdote will set the intuitive quickness of Mr. Fox's parts in a strong light. On the day of the debate on the Test and Corporation acts, Dr. Rees waited on Mr. Fox, with a deputation, to engage his support in their cause. He received them courteously, but though a friend to religious liberty, was evidently unacquainted with the strong points and principal bearings of their peculiar case. He listened attentively to their exposition, and with an eye that looked them *through and through*, put four or five searching questions. They withdrew after a short conference, and as they walked up St. James's-street, Mr. Fox passed them booted, as if going to take air and exercise. From the gallery they saw him enter the house with whip in hand, as if just dismounted. When he rose to speak, he displayed such a mastery of his subject, his arguments and illustrations were so various, his views so profound and statesman-like, that a stranger must have imagined the question at issue, between the high church party and the dissenters, to have been the main subject of his study. Fox's test of a speech was, "Does it read well?" If so, it was a bad speech. Unfortunately, this is the case; and, unfortunately, no man suffered in this respect more than Fox himself. We have his speeches to read; they seem to us, comparatively speaking, poor. We are not fascinated with them as we are with those of Burke. We miss all that made those speeches a terror to his foes, when they were delivered in a crowded and admiring house. To speak of him justly as an orator, says Sir James Mackintosh, would require a long essay. Everywhere natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and everything about him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions. He certainly possessed some all-moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenian speaker since the days of Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a posthumous volume, after that unhappy difference, "and he was a man who could think time in his rise of above a dozen years as he did now."

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

It is a treat for the Dutch to go into Nagasaki, though they are always so encumbered with police and guards as to be able to see scarcely anything. And yet it is a change, and one gladly embraced by men so secluded and solitary. They wander through the town, they banquet in the temple, and visit the tea-houses. They at all events by these journeys enable us to indulge our curiosity relative to the town.

Nagasaki is on a hill side, regularly built, with pleasing gardens to all the houses, which are low, with one story and a loft. The height of the houses is determined by law, and they

A kind of hut contains all the valuables not in immediate use, the stock of a tradesman, his books, pictures, etc. These warehouses are built in the same way as the houses are, but are coated with clay, and have copper shutters, while a large kettle full of mud is ready to coat the sides with in case of accident. Fires are very common, and in several fearful conflagrations these store-rooms escaped entirely without injury.

Beyond the town the scenery is beautiful, hill and dale, sea and land, lending their several charms. The people appear



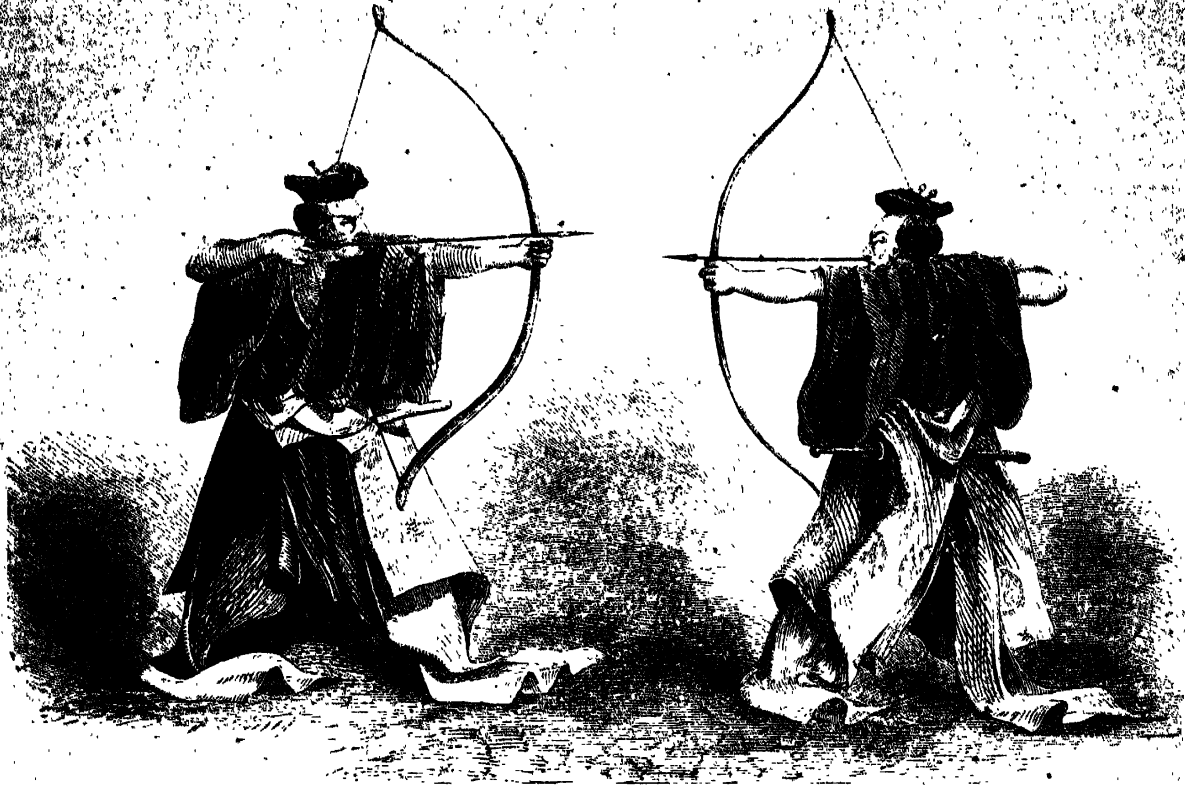
THE ROAD TO YEDO, JAPAN.

are constructed of wood and mud, with chopped straw. This has a coat of hard cement over it. The windows have paper in the place of glass, with wooden shutters. There are also Venetian blinds. A portico stands out in the front of large houses, where umbrellas, shoes, and even palanquins are deposited, as mud boots are left in Constantinople. The back of the house projects in a triangular form into the garden, to ensure light and air. The view into these long gardens is pleasing and even curious, from the effort in such a small space to shake rocks, mountains, waterfalls, trees, etc. with a

thoroughly to appreciate this, as may be seen from their selecting the most beautiful sites for their temples. As the Turks revel often in cemeteries, so do the Japanese in certain halls of their temples, where banqueting goes on to an extent which is sometimes very disgraceful.

There are, however, tea-houses, which are licensed for drinking and music, and are the scenes of orgies even more disgraceful than those which take place in the temple grounds. Here it is that the learned Japanese disputants hold their ground. In Nagasaki, a town of 250 inhabitants, there are

Religious ceremonies sometimes diversify the scene. That on the festival of the god Sawa, the patron of the town, is the altar is gorgeous. A procession is a very noisy affair, but at the same time absurd; and the whole thing is, like the



JAPANESE ARCHERS.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

...is here several days. His temple is ... civilization of a country in striking contrast with Christianity ... and it may have been ...

ROUND COUVERLETTE FOR AN EASY CHAIR OR SOFA.

"Let your thread be long, and your hook be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure;
And time, nor chance, shall your work untwine,
But all like a truth, endure."

MATERIALS.—Brooks's Great Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 24. No. 3 Penelope Hook.

1st Round: 9 ch., unite; 3 ch., this forms 1 l. stitch; under this circle work 24 l., that is, including the 3 ch., which reckon as "1 l.;" in fastening off this round, simply insert the hook through the 3rd loop of the 3 ch., draw the cotton through, cut it off, draw it down at the back, and tie it in a neat and secure knot.

2nd: Be careful not to begin in any row in the same place where the previous row was terminated. 2 l. into every loop of last row; there should be 48 l.

3rd: 1 l. into every loop, with 1 ch. between each.

4th and 5th: 1 l. upon every 1, with 2 ch. between each.

6th: Commence upon a 1. stitch, * 2 l. into 1 loop, 5 ch., miss 2 loops, repeat from * 3 times more, then 3 ch., miss 2 loops, 10 l., 3 ch., miss 2 loops, repeat.

7th: * 2 l. into the 3rd loop of the 5 ch.; 5 ch., repeat from * twice more, then 10 l. on 1., repeat.

8th: 3 d.c. stitches, the 1st into the 2nd loop of the 5 ch., after the 1. stitches, 5 ch., repeat from * 3 times more, 12 l. the 1st into next loop, repeat.

9th: * 3 d.c. the 1st into the 2nd loop of the 1st 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat from * twice more, miss 1 loop, 18 l. the 1st in 2nd loop.

10th: D c. into the centre loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of next 5, 3 ch., 24 l. the 1st on next d.c. stitch, 3 ch., repeat.

11th: 3 d.c. the 1st into 2nd loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., 1 l. on every 1, with 1 ch. between each, 3 ch., repeat.

12th: 1 l. on 1., 1 ch., repeat over the 1. stitches, then 3 ch., 3 d.c. on the 3 d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

13th: 1 l. on 1., 1 ch., repeat this over the 1. stitches, 7 ch., repeat.

14th: The same.

15th: 1 l., 2 ch. over the 1. stitches, then 3 ch., 1 l. into 3rd loop of the 7 ch., 5 ch., miss 1 loop, 1 l. into next loop, 3 ch., repeat.

16th: 7 sq., 6 l., 14 sq., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., repeat.

17th: 6 sq., 12 l., 13 sq., 3 ch., 1 l. on d.c. stitch, 3 ch., repeat.

18th: 6 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

19th: 6 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

20th: 6 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., repeat.

21st: 6 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 1st 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of next 3 ch., repeat.

22nd: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of centre 3 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

23rd: 2 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 9 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 1st 5 ch., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 2nd 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

24th: 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 10 sq., 7 l., d.c. into centre loop of 2nd 5 ch., 7 ch., repeat.

25th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5 ch., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 7, 5 ch., repeat.

26th: 1 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the next 5 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

27th: 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 11 l. the 1st into 2nd loop of 4 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into 5 ch., repeat.

28th: 2 sq., 8 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 13 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre of 5, 3 ch., 13 l. the 1st into 3rd loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

29th: 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., 15 l., the 1st into 3rd loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

30th: 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 0 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 5 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st into the 3rd loop of the 3 ch., 1 ch., miss 1 loop, 8 l., 3 ch., d.c. into centre of 5 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

31st: 2 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 8 l., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st or 2nd d.c., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

32nd: 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 5 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st into 3rd loop of the 3 ch., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., d.c. into same loop, 3 ch., 9 l. the 1st on next l., 3 ch., d.c. into centre loop of 5, 5 ch., repeat.

33rd: 10 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st on 1st l., 3 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the 5 ch., 3 ch., 8 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

34th: 11 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 3 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 3 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

35th: 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 4 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 4th loop, 3 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 4 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

36th: 4 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., 2 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 6 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 6 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

37th: 5 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., 1 l., on d.c. stitch, 5 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each under the 6 ch., 3 ch., 7 l. the 1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each under the 6 ch., 5 ch., d.c. on d.c., 5 ch., repeat.

38th: 7 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. on 1., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 5 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 1 l. on 1., 5 ch., repeat.

39th: 7 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. on 1., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into the 5th loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 6th loop, 5 ch., 1 l. on 1., 5 ch., repeat.

40th: 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. on 1., 3 ch., 1 l., into same loop, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., d.c. on 2nd l. stitch, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 6th loop, 5 ch., 1 l. on 1., 3 ch., 1 l. into same loop, 5 ch., repeat.

41st: 2 sq., 21 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 5 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the 3 ch., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l., on d.c. stitch, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 5th loop, 5 ch., 5 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the 3 ch., 5 ch., repeat.

42nd: 3 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 5th loop of the 5 ch., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., repeat.

43rd: 2 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 2 ch., 1 l., into 3rd loop, this forms another sq., and is reckoned as such in the next rows; 5 ch., 9 l. on the 1., 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st into 4th loop, 7 ch., 9 l. on the 1., 6 ch., 1 l., into 3rd loop, 2 ch., repeat.

44th: 3 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 14 sq., 5 ch., 9 l. on the 1., 7 ch., 9 l., the 1st on next l., 3 ch., 9 l., with 1 ch. between each, under the 7 ch., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 3rd l., 7 ch., 9 l. on 1., 5 ch., repeat.

45th: 5 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 13 sq., 7 ch., 7 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 9 l., the 1st into 6th loop, 7 ch., 11 l., the 1st on next l., 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 7 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., repeat.

46th: 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 9 sq., 7 ch., 1 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 5 l., the 1st into 5th loop, 7 ch., 10 l., the

1st on 2nd l., 3 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., repeat.

47th: 5 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 21 l., 7 sq., 7 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 8 l., the 1st into 8th loop, 7 ch., 13 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., 8 l., the 1st on 3rd l., 7 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 7 ch., repeat.

48th: 6 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 5 ch., 1 l., into 4th loop, 5 ch., 1 l., on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 11 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 6 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 5th loop, 5 ch., 1 l., on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into 4th loop, 5 ch., repeat.

49th: 10 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of the 5 ch. for 4 times, 5 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of 5 twice, 5 ch., 9 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch. twice, 5 ch., 4 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of 5, 3 times, 5 ch., repeat.

60th: 10 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., 1 l.

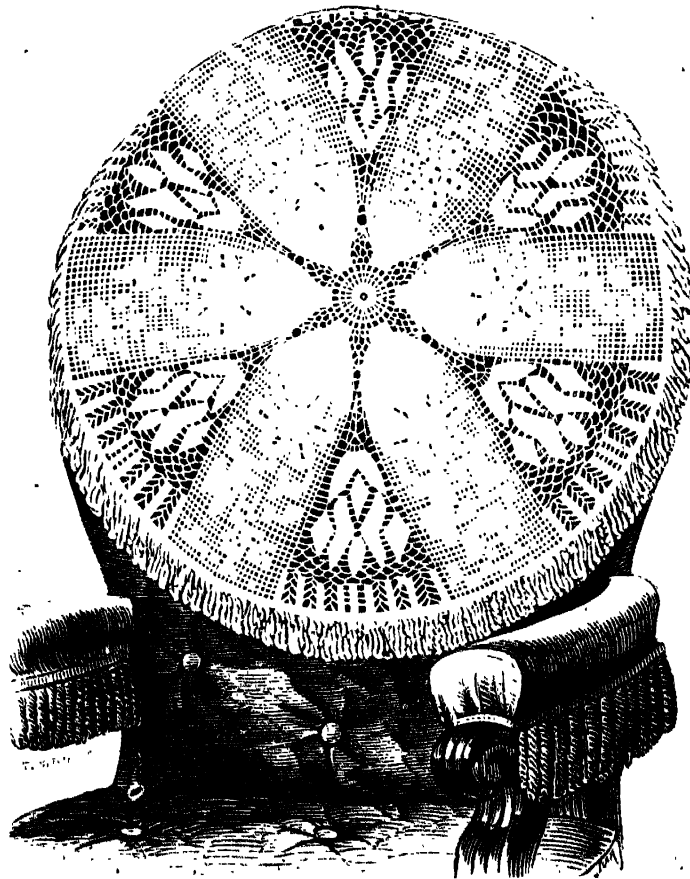
the 1st on next l., 4 ch., 1 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., repeat from * twice more, 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

55th: 9 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 5 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., * 7 ch., d.c. on the 1. stitch, 4 ch., 7 l. on the l., repeat from * twice more, then 4 ch., 7 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l. on l., + 7 ch., d.c. on l., 7 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from * twice more, 3 ch., repeat.

56th: 9 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 ch., 7 l. on l., * 4 ch., d.c. into 4th loop of 7 ch., 3 ch., d.c. into 4th loop of 7 ch., 5 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from * twice more, 4 ch., 7 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from the 1st *, then 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

57th: 13 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 ch., 7 l. on l., * 4 ch., 1 l. into 2nd loop of 3 ch., 5 ch., 1 more l. into same loop, 4 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from * twice more, then 4 ch., 7 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l. on l., repeat from the 1st * again, 3 ch., then repeat from beginning.

58th: 16 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., now work the same as last row, only making 3 ch. instead of 5.



ROUND COUVERETTE FOR AN EASY CHAIR OR SOFA.

into centre of each 5, for 5 times, 5 ch., 2 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre of 5, 3 times, 5 ch., 7 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre of 5, 3 times, 5 ch., 2 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre of 5, for 5 times, 5 ch., repeat.

51st: 10 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch., for 10 times, 5 ch., 5 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., 1 l. into centre loop of the 5 ch., for 10 times, 1 ch., repeat.

52nd: 11 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of each 5 ch., for 11 times, 5 ch., 3 l., the 1st on 2nd l., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch., 11 times, 5 ch., repeat.

53rd: 10 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 5 ch., and 1 l. into centre loop of 5 ch., repeat.

54th: 10 sq., 2 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., the 1st on 2nd l., 4 ch., 1 l. on l., 4 ch., 7 l., the 1st on next l., repeat from * twice more, 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

59th: 16 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 1 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., now work the same as last row.

60th: 13 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., now the same as last row.

61st: 8 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., now the same as last row.

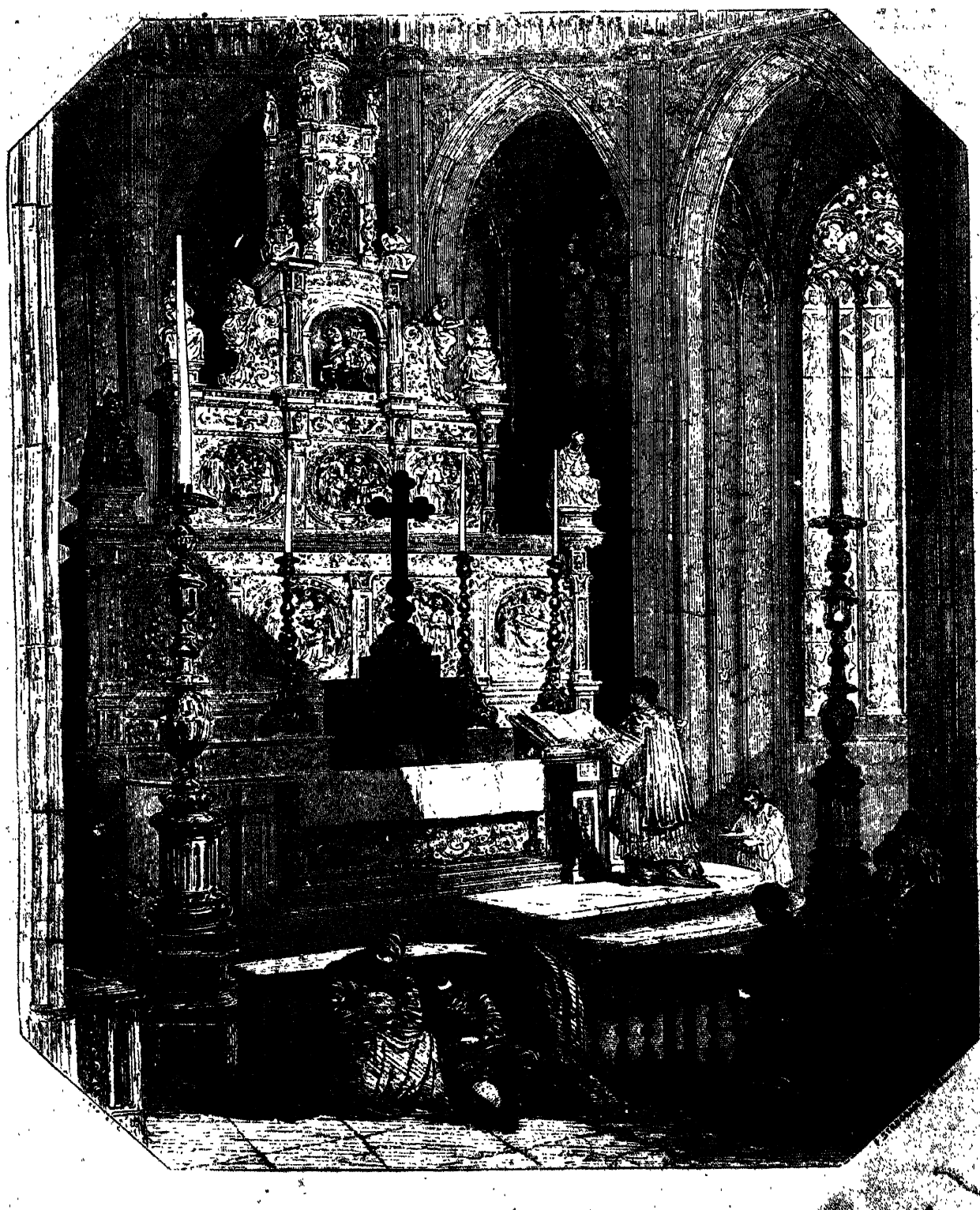
62nd: 7 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., now the same as last row.

63rd: 14 sq., 9 l., 8 sq., now the same as last row.

64th: 25 sq., 3 ch., 7 d.c. over the l., * 2 d.c. under the 3 ch., 5 d.c. under next 3, 3 d.c. under next 3, 7 d.c. over next l., repeat from * twice more, 4 d.c. under the 4 ch., 7 d.c. over the l., 4 d.c. under the 4 ch., 7 d.c. over the l., repeat from * one 1st * 2 times, 3 ch., repeat from beginning.

65th: 24 sq., making in these squares 3 ch. instead of 5 ch., over the d.c. stitches, 3 ch., repeat.

66th: A row of long stitches all round.



HIGH ALTAR IN THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, AT HALLE, BELGIUM.

HIGH ALTAR AT NOTRE-DAME, AT HALLE, IN BELGIUM.

How little it often requires to render a thing famous, and to cause a name to roll from mouth to mouth, and thus earn universal reputation! Such is the case with the little town of Halle, in South Brabant. Though the extent of this town is too limited, its population too small, its productions too insignificant, and its historical traditions too uninteresting to insure its name a place in a schoolboy's geography, it nevertheless attracts the attention of the world, causes the artist to turn out of his road to visit it, saves the engraver's etching point many an idle day, and adds to the graceful and elegant appearance of our magazines and of our albums. And why? Because artistic genius has worked out its inspirations, and left its trace behind it; because the architect, the sculptor, and the painter, have all been there to show the world, in the legacy they have left it—a cathedral—to what a height their different arts can arise.

From what we have just said, it may be concluded that Halle owes all its celebrity to its Cathedral. Seen from a distance, however, this structure, which was begun in 1341 and terminated in 1409, appears in no way imposing from the size of its proportions; and its exterior has nothing remarkable about it, with the exception of a tower, which is square as far up as two-thirds of its height, and then becomes octangular, the whole being covered with reliefs and embrasures. The architecture of the interior is most elegant, while the decorations are profusely elaborate. The vaulted roof of the nave, which is divided into three parts, is supported by pillars, the verves of which are gracefully arranged in clusters. The choir presents the most splendid appearance: bright coloured windows, open-worked niches, statues, statuettes, and a thousand other ornaments of various kinds, there meet the eye and produce the most wonderful effect. But the part that crowns all is the High Altar, which is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*, its general arrangement being full of grandeur, while the details are executed in the most minute and delicate manner. In the upper part of it is seen an image of St. Martin, under whose protection the church was placed at the time of its foundation. At the end of the fourteenth century, however, the name was changed to that of Notre-Dame, in consequence of certain events, which we will now briefly relate. The Countess Alix, wife of Jean d'Avesnes, had presented one of the chapels of the church with a little statue which she had inherited from St. Elizabeth of Hungary. This statue, which was an image of the Virgin, had, it was said, already worked a great number of miracles. The faithful rushed in crowds to offer up their devotions to it, and, as the miracles continued, the fame of the statue became so great, that people began to designate the church by the name of the Virgin only, until it was finally placed under her protection.

While viewing this part of the church, the mind is lost in wonder at the immense amount of patience which must have been expended on the intricate details, on the tracery, on the open work, and on the sculpture executed there. The whole, which is as imposing a work as the hand of man will ever perfect, is made up of parts, each of which is a masterpiece in itself, that fascinate the eye and engrave the name of Halle on the memory of all who visit its cathedral.

Nearly all Catholic churches possess a treasure: that of Notre-Dame at Halle is perhaps the richest that exists in Belgium. It is placed under the protection of the first magistrate of the town, and it would be almost impossible to describe the jewels of all forms and materials of which it is composed. In the chapel of Notre-Dame is seen a splendid collection of crosses, lamps, coats of mail, standards, mountrances, chalice, and gold, silver, and ivory figures—all presents from kings and princes of every country. One of the most magnificent objects contained in this treasure is a silver-gilt mountrance presented by Henry VIII., King of England, a little time before he ascended from the church of Rome.

The miraculous statue is carried in a solemn procession which takes place once a year, on the first Sunday in September, the day of the *corpus*, by twelve delegates from the

neighbouring towns which were the first to place themselves under its protection. The inhabitants of Halle also come once a year in a procession to pay a visit to the church at Halle.

In one of the side chapels may be seen a Latin inscription in which it is stated that Gustus Lape, the author of a book written in honour of the Virgin of Halle, bequeathed his pen to Notre-Dame.

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '48.

THROUGH Moore's instrumentality the young lady got information of her lover's place of concealment, and visited him frequently. Upwards of a week elapsed, when one evening Moore, who had been away from early morning, reached the castle.

"Well, Andy, what's the news of the lugger?" Maxwell inquired. "Is she soon to be on the coast?"

"I was told to tell you that she'll be in with to-morrow night's tide. She'll keep outside the bar, but her boat will be at the shore where you directed from eleven o'clock. We must part, captain, dear; but poor Andy will mind you when far away."

"God bless you, Andy! You've stood to me like a brother. If I get off and prosper, Andy, you won't want."

"Andy won't want," said the faithful fellow. "Andy never fears he'll want. The crows are fed, and so will Andy be fed; and they get their nests, and Andy won't want a bed."

"God grant it!" replied Maxwell. "Now, Andy, will you slip away when you've eaten something, and see Miss Alice? Tell her just what you have told me about my starting. Ask her to try and see me to-night. You can steal out and accompany her. But be on your guard. Don't let the servants suspect you come from this quarter; and if Miss Alice's cousin (the Spy) is in the house when you go, keep your eyes on him, and don't let him see you speaking to her. Let them all think you're just looking your *bié* and *sup*."

The faithful creature reached the house to which he was sent, as a strolling beggar. He sat down by the fire, and his supper was soon put before him. The person he had been warned about—Alice's cousin—was in the house. He lived only a few fields distant. He was a tall, well-featured young man; but he had acquired dissipated habits, and was of a most violent disposition. His passions were altogether unbridled, and so that he could succeed in accomplishing his purposes, he cared not what means he employed. From his childhood he had exhibited two dark traits of character, which in manhood were fearfully prominent—namely, intense hatred to any who ventured to thwart his purposes, and extraordinary perseverance in seeking to do them injury. He was dreaded by all who knew his character. George Macoubrey—such was his name—had early resolved that Alice should be his wife, and he had all along everywhere made known his intention. He was constantly following after her; and on this account, as well as from his statements, it was generally supposed that they would be married.

Many wondered at her choice, and commiserated her lot, should she be united to a person so likely to make her life one of great wretchedness. The truth is, however, that Alice had always repulsed the attentions of her cousin. She had become deeply, although secretly, attached to Charles Maxwell, who was therefore an object of her cousin Macoubrey's most dire hate.

Macoubrey had long suspected that there was an attachment between Alice and Maxwell, and he had spoken to her on the subject, uttering the most fearful threats against his rival, should he dare, as he said, "to come between him and the girl that *must* be his wife." It was Macoubrey who had watched Maxwell at Ballynahinch, followed him in his flight, and then given secret information against him to Captain Hopkins in the manner already related.

Just before Andy Moore reached Alice's father's house, she had been asked by Macoubrey to speak with her in the garden. He seemed greatly excited when making the request. When they reached the garden, Macoubrey said:

"Alice, I want to ask you once more, will you consent to be my wife? I love you, and you know it, wildly. You'll be always near the old people; and I swear this night by—"

"Stop, George," said Alice, interrupting him; "don't swear. How often have I told you that I cannot do what you ask! From my heart I wish you well. But indeed I cannot consent to be your wife. Now don't be angry; don't be so excited."

"Excited!" exclaimed Macoubrey; "you drive me mad, Alice. Why won't you marry me? Have I not loved you always? Have I not always said you must be my wife? But I know why you won't be mine; you love Maxwell. Tell me, Alice—tell me, has he won your love?"

"George," said Alice, "I have no right to answer your questions. But I may now tell you the truth. Charles Maxwell you will probably not see again. You cannot now injure him. He loved his country; he has courageously fought for it; and now he is driven from its shores. He loved me, too, dearly, passionately. And, George, I may now tell you, I do love him—love him as I have never loved, and never can love another."

"Then the skulking vagabond shall die, Alice," cried Macoubrey, frantic with passion. "He shall die. He escaped at Morne; but he shall not escape me. I'll ferret him out. Nor will I have to hunt long or far. Ha! you tremble. If he's not here, yet he'll soon be about the neighbourhood. I'll watch him and his scouts."

Alice fled into the house. She had indeed trembled with terror while listening to her cousin's threats. At first she thought Maxwell's hiding-place was known to him. She was relieved a little, however, when she learnt from his latter statement that in this supposition she was mistaken. It was clear he did not know where Maxwell was. Still she was greatly excited and alarmed lest he should at once begin the search for his intended victim, and perhaps discover him before he had been warned to fly. She determined that night to give him warning. Shortly after she went into the house her cousin followed, and he had only entered when Andy Moore arrived.

"Where do you come from?" he inquired sharply, as Andy sat down by the fire.

"Deed, sir, I'm just come from Down, where the folks are aye guid and kind to me."

"But where do you live?" said Macoubrey.

"Where do I live? Dried I'm like the swallows. I have no settled place, but wander about in all parts. It's lang since I could say any house was my home."

Macoubrey ceased to interrogate Andy further. When he left the house, Alice seized on an opportunity of hearing from Andy his message. She then arranged to accompany him to Audley Castle when the family had all gone to rest and her absence would not be observed by the domestics.

We have said that Alice was a beautiful girl. She was also remarkable for a lovely disposition, characterised by great gentleness blended with resolute firmness. She was the eldest member of her family, and beloved by them all. Her parents were aware of her attachment to Charles Maxwell; and, from his high moral character, they were not opposed to it. Even his close and prominent connexion with the united Irishmen did not lead them to alter their opinion on this point, inasmuch as they, in common with many around them, strongly favoured the movement of the intended revolutionists. They deeply mourned the results of the fatal battle of Ballynahinch, and shared with their sadly-afflicted daughter in her intense anxiety about the safety of her lover. They learnt from Alice his arrival at Audley Castle, and were aware of her meeting with him there.

Alice, accompanied by Andy Moore (who had previously been ordered, to guard against any observing their movements), proceeded to the castle. It was a dark night, and

they were obliged to move along but slowly and cautiously. Maxwell met them near the ruins.

"God bless you, dear Alice, for coming!" he exclaimed, speaking with deep emotion. "This is likely to be our last meeting. Andy has told you that I must be across the bar to-morrow night. The lugger makes direct for the French coast. Oh! how am I to part from you? My heart is crushed when I think of being separated from you—perhaps for ever."

Maxwell's feelings overcame him. The strong man, who had fought like a lion in the midst of death, was totally unarmed, and he wept passionately. Alice, too, was overwhelmed with sorrow, as she clung to him for support.

"But you'll often think of me," he continued, as he recovered somewhat from his emotion. "You'll remember that, wherever I am, till this poor heart of mine is cold in death, I am your own."

Alice had as yet only spoken a few broken sentences. An idea that had much occupied and distracted her mind since Maxwell's flight, now engrossed her thoughts. As he ended speaking, she said:

"Charles, we won't be parted. I will accompany you, if my parents do not object. Come with me this moment to the house. If they consent, the minister can come over from Portaferry, and marry us to-morrow night. I feel I cannot remain behind you."

It is needless to attempt to describe Charles Maxwell's joy as he listened to the heroic resolution of the noble girl. They had a long interview with her father and mother; at length they consented to the proposal of Alice, to be united to Maxwell and be the companion of his exile.

"God bless you both!" said the father. "It's hard to let you go from us, but," addressing fondly Alice, "but it would be sin in us to keep you from him. Andy Moore can go across the ferry in the morning to get over the minister."

On the next evening the clergyman who officiated in Portaferry instead of the Rev. Mr. Dickson, who had been taken prisoner as a rebel, reached Alice's father's. As he left the shore at Strangford he was followed by George Macoubrey, who had no business crossing the ferry. While the clergyman directed his course toward the residence of his uncle, he became violently excited.

"He's going there," he muttered, "for no good. And he's remain all night, I heard him say. I'll watch him. If that skulking villain Maxwell is about the neighbourhood, they may have a meeting when they think other people are in their beds. But they won't deceive me, if I should be cursed out of the country for what I do. Oh, how sweet is revenge, though only enjoyed by anticipation!"

The clock was just striking eleven as Maxwell and Moore reached the house. The servants had retired, but the family were waiting his coming. Moore, as a watch, remained outside in the darkness. He had crossed into an open shed to the right of the house, where he had been standing for perhaps half-an-hour, when he observed a man stealthily approaching the house and attempting to peer through the window of the lighted room where the party inside were assembled. The man then moved to the door, which he noiselessly opened and then entered. Not more than two minutes elapsed when he appeared again. Rapidly he passed the shed without noticing Moore, who saw it was Macoubrey; and as he listened for a moment he heard him rushing hastily in the direction of Strangford. Moore quickly entered into the house, and reached the room just as the marriage ceremony was begun.

"Fly! fly!" he exclaimed to Maxwell; "Macoubrey followed you into the house, and now he's flyin' like a man to the town to raise the guard. They'll be here and on us unless we run smart for it."

Consternation overwhelmed the party; for a moment they knew not what to do. Maxwell cast his arms around his intended bride, as if to bear her off with him.

"Come, darling—come, my own Alice," he cried; "we can reach the boat in safety with God's blessing. In France you will become my wife, and till then—"

"No, Charles," said the father; "she is yours, and your wife she shall be, but not now—now you must be separated. She will remain till better days unite you; but, for God's sake, fly now—not a moment is to be lost."

Her mother used similar language.

"Father—mother!" exclaimed the agonised girl, "I cannot leave him. Let me go. Let my brother James accompany us till he sees us married, and he can return to you. But don't keep me from him: my heart will break if we're parted. I'll go with you, Charles—I'm ready."

The clergyman—who had been conversing hurriedly aside with James and Andy Moore, who left the room—here interposed:—

"It's a great extremity in which we are involved through that wretch, Macoubrey; but I think we may yet escape him, and overmatch his villainous treachery. Moore is off to act the decoy. He will lead the guard to Audley Castle, while James sets off slowly in that quarter with a light, to which Moore will attract the notice of the guard. I will accompany your daughter," he said. "For my own safety, perhaps, it is as well I should, for a time, cross over to France. Once we reach the cutter—which I hope we will without being intercepted—I will perform the interrupted ceremony. Now we must hurry forth."

We need not describe the farewell between the different parties. Maxwell and his noble-hearted companion, and the clergyman, struck at once into the fields in their rapid flight—moving away as far as possible from the way that Macoubrey and the guard might be advancing. It was a dark night, and therefore most favourable to their escape.

Leaving them hastening with trembling eagerness toward the shore, and in more imminent danger than even they anticipated, we shall follow the faithful and devoted Moore in his rapid pursuit after Macoubrey into Strangford. He reached the guardhouse just as Macoubrey, with two of the guard armed to the teeth, were leaving it.

"You're here, Maister Macoubrey!" he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise; "an' I thoct you were in your bed while I might be serving you, and makin' a trifle to my ain hand the night. Whar may you be after goin', sir?"

"You're the fellow I saw in my uncle's the other night? What do you want? Where have you been?" sharply interrogated Macoubrey.

"Deed I'm the same you saw in your uncle's. A quiet man, and a maist kindly man he is, but weak in his way, and much overseen, I'm thinkin'. But it's the officer I want now, and I want him smart, too;" he said, pushing into the guardhouse. "I'm thinkin' I can tell him whar mair than the birds are lyin' the night—for a trifle."

Macoubrey, though boiling to be away, suddenly drew to Moore.

"The officer is not here," he said, "he's not returned from Portaferry; but here's his substitute," pointing to the man in charge of the guard; "tell him and me what you've got to say. Be quick now."

"Then if a body could tak' you to the den of as big a rebel as ever sconced from a hempen cord, what might he get for his trouble? Aye—an' I know whar's the boat that's to tak' him and the silly lass that's been made his wife the night. Deed—giving a sudden start as if the thought had just struck him—"nae doubt they're makin' to his den this minute before they tak' to the boat."

"A hundred guineas is the reward for the man you speak of," cried Macoubrey. "But we know where he is, and will have the bird caged presently. Come along with us, and you'll get your reward."

They pushed on at a rapid pace into the country, Macoubrey in silence, taking the lead. After about a quarter of an hour's walk Moore quickly drew up to Macoubrey.

"See you, maister? Don't you see the movin' light yonder?"

"What is it?" quickly asked Macoubrey.

"Deed, it's the bridegroom and his bonnie partner; an' they don't think we're so near. Ha! ha! ha! it's to the guild

castle they're hurryin' from her father's whar they've been married. I left the house as they were made man and wife. I heard everything through the floorin' of the room I was in, and then run for the guard. I'm thinkin' I'll surely be well feed for my wark this night. Will I, maister?"

"To be sure, to be sure you will. But let us into the fields, men, and after them," said Macoubrey, dashing at once into the direction of the supposed fugitives.

"Tak' a fool's advice, maister," said Moore, "and let us divide. You're weel armed, an' I've a guid freen in this soney thorn of mine. Let these ither men gang away nearer the shore, lest the party yonder beat us in the race an' mak' off in the b— which is lyin' opposite the castle."

"The man speaks right, sir," said one of the guard; "it would be best for us to separate."

Accordingly they parted. Moore followed closely Macoubrey, who, frenzied to madness, dashed on, pursuing the light. He was about making a spring over a ditch, when in an instant Moore struck him senseless to the earth with a powerful blow from the huge staff he carried.

"You'll be quietly there, you murderin' spy, afore you push on further the night. If I kilt you outright, you'd only be gettin' a good rickenin' for your villany. Noo I maun to warn maist James with the light."

He then drew from his breast a pistol and fired it—a preconcerted signal between him and Alice's brother. As the report reached the ear of the latter, he extinguished his lantern and swiftly returned to his father's house. Outside the house Moore waited for him.

"Maister James," said he, "all is right. You did your part bravely, and my soney thorn did its part weel, too, by the villain that's lyin' ayont, and who'll lie there for a while. Gang to bed noo, and let a' be quiet when the guard may come. By this time our freens are safe, I hope, in the boat. I maun look to my ain safety too. I'm off to Annalong, and they'll be handy chieft that grip Andy Moore there."

The young man warily wrung the hand of the faithful fellow as they separated.

Meanwhile, Maxwell and the companions of his flight reached the shore without interruption. Thanks to Moore, Macoubrey and the guard were far from their path. The boat lay waiting for them, and urged on by four powerful rowers, it sped fast towards the bar. All was darkness on the waters, and no noise was heard save the quick plash of the oars, or the whispers of the fugitives who sat close together in the boat.

Suddenly the steersman bent his ear eagerly towards the Portaferry side of the shore.

"Ease, men; ease a moment! Hlist!" he exclaimed, in low tones.

A boat not fifty yards distant was fast approaching them. It was Captain Mathews in his barge, crossing from Portaferry to his vessel. He had run out a little way towards the bar on a tour of inspection and was now returning.

The advance of the lugger's boat was noticed by Captain Mathews, just at the time her crew were alarmed by the appearance of the cutter's barge. He hailed the boat as she shot ahead with redoubled speed.

"Boat ahoy! Who are you? Where are you going?"

"Say we're the 'Funny,' making out to fish at the bar," said Maxwell to the steersman, who gave the answer accordingly. At the same time the oarsmen continued their vigorous efforts, and the boat, like an arrow, sped along. Now it happened that the real "Funny" had reached Portaferry just as Captain Mathews was leaving, and this fact, together with the haste of the boat to get out of his way, convinced him all was not right. He therefore again hailed the boat.

"Hillo, friend, I fancy you've mistaken your name. Pull up till I speak a word. Refuse to ease your ears at your peril, I say."

The boat sped on. The oarsmen pulled now for life and death. There was a sudden bang from the barge, and a report. Captain Mathews was lying on the boat. Instantly Alice lay down in the boat in the direction of Maxwell and

his companions, while shot after shot followed them in their flight. Fortunately the lugger's boat had got out of pistol-range. The chase had continued for more than half an hour, when Maxwell, who had been watching with intense anxiety for the appearance of the lugger, uttered a joyful exclamation:

"Hurrah, boys! there's our lugger. We're safe, thank God!"

A triumphant cheer burst from the lips of the exhausted oarsmen. In a few minutes after, the fugitives were on board the smuggler. Meantime the brave Captain Mathews held on the pursuit until he came within sight of the lugger. The skipper hailed him as he advanced:

"Hillo, Captain Mathews! do you hear? Advance another

boat-length, and I'll blow you out of the water. We have old scores to settle; but to-night you're no fair odds against us, and we spare you."

Fortunately, there was no occasion to fulfil this threat. The anchor of the lugger was quickly weighed; her expanded sails caught the freshening breeze from land, and, dashing through the waters, she was soon far distant from her pursuer, and reached the French coast. On the day of landing, Charles and his affianced devoted bride were united in marriage. He entered the French army, and afterwards became distinguished as a gallant and able soldier. General Maxwell and his wife still live, highly honoured, in the land of their adoption, and blessed in the midst of a happy and united family.

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.



RAFT ON THE OHIO.

There is no parallel in European history to the tale of the growth and progress of such American states as Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, which have sprung up as if by magic. Less than ninety years ago, not a white man breathed within the limits of places which soon were to be covered with cities and the signs of cultivation. Wondrous have been the changes since that day. The rude exuberance of nature has yielded to the patient labour of the woodsman; peaceful flocks and herds are seen, where then were the wild animals of the forest; the busy hum of business is heard, where the yell of Indian warriors but yesterday seemed to awake the echoes. All is changed save the watercourses, the hills, and the traditions which still hover over the land like a mantle of romance.

The red-skins, the prowling Indians, who claimed a sovereignty over these dark deep forests—a sovereignty they strove to maintain by the exercise of every cruelty which the mind can conceive, by the display of a patience, an indomitable energy which might invest them with permanent interest but for their barbarism—are gone; and we can little regret them. It has been truly said, that "pity, which the Indian can feel at another moment as deeply, perhaps as benignly, as a white man, seems, and is, during the torture, entirely unknown—much, indeed, as if it had never entered into his mind." His mind is willingly given up to the intoxication of pain and cruelty, in its most atrocious and fiendish phases, which reigns predominant. The families of a singular Indian

the rack—the buccaneer of the tropics has relented over the contumacious prisoner gasping to death under his lashes and heated pincers; but it is said that there is no instance of an Indian when torturing a prisoner at the stake, the torture once begun, being moved to compassion, or to regard with any feelings but those of exultation and joy the agonies of his victim.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, after a struggle of some fifty years—bloody, fearful, perilous, full of suffering and horror—they have disappeared; nor that this happy region should now, when it is smiling and prosperous, still retain, in memory of its early history, the strange appellation of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

Those were terrible days, when no man could go from home without expecting that, in his absence, the red men, who

together with two adult sons, and a widowed daughter with a baby at the breast; the other room contained two girls between sixteen and twenty, and one about eight.

It was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was busy at the loom. All the others, one son excepted, were asleep. Some signs of strange import had alarmed him. Owls had cried to each other from the adjoining wood most mysteriously. The horses in the pound, near the house, had snorted and shown uneasiness, as if some terrific object were near at hand. The young man felt very much inclined to wake his brother, but he was not certain, and he waited. Suddenly, however, he heard steps in the yard, followed by several knocks at the door, with the usual expression, "Who keeps house?" in plain English. The young man immediately supposed that it was some benighted settlers, and



FARM ON THE OHIO.

spared neither age nor sex, might come down like a wolf on the fold, and deal death on all hands; when, day after day, the colonists were compelled to leave the hoe and the plough, and, clutching the rifle, do battle for their homes and families from behind palisades and logs, or, uniting in large bodies, go forth and fight, with varied success—with fearful loss and slaughter sometimes, as at the Blue Licks.

There is scarcely one spot now inhabited and cultivated on the banks of the Ohio which has not its tale of woe and massacre to tell. To give a faint idea of what this part of America was in the early days of its settlement many tales of massacre could be told. One narrative will, however, suffice. It happened in 1757, at the house of widow Scraggs. This person occupied a double cabin in a very lonely part of the country. One room was inhabited by the old lady herself,

advanced to the door to open it. But the widow Scraggs sprang from her bed, and declared from her long experience of the frontier that they were Indians. She then awoke her other son, and the two young men taking their rifles prepared to do battle.

The Indians now began to thunder with more violence, no longer concealing their true character. A shot from a loophole, prepared for the purpose, started them, however, to cover. But they soon found the door of the other cabin containing the three daughters, and upon this the rifles could not be brought to bear. Some nails from the yard fence enabled the red-skins to force the door off its hinges, and the three girls were at the mercy of the Indians. One, who was in bed, was secured; but the eldest, who had been working at the loom, fought with a knife, and killed an Indian before

she herself was tomahawked. The little girl, meanwhile, who had not been noticed by the Indians, ran out into the yard, and might easily have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled; but, instead of so doing, the terrified little creature ran round the house, wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries without risking everything for her defence, rushed to the door, and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them, and calmly declared that the child must be left to her fate, that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest, without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the little girl shrieked, then moaned, and then all was over. Then the crackling of flames was heard, with a fierce and terrible yell from the Indians, a cry of triumph at their having fired the division of the house inhabited by the daughters, of which they were masters.

The position of the colonists was now fearful in the extreme. The whole house, which was dry and inflammable, was in flames; and it became necessary to abandon it or perish. There was a chance of escape in the one instance, while in the other their fate was certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the widow, supported by her son, tried to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter, carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction.

The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but, in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast, and fell dead. The son, more fortunate, by extraordinary agility effected his escape. The other party succeeded in reaching the fence unhurt; but in the act of crossing were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who, throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sisters gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention on himself, gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the axes of his enemies, and was found scalped and mangled frightfully in the morning. The elder brother, the married sister and her infant, were all that escaped; for those who went in chase of the girl of sixteen, taking unfortunately a bloodhound with them, gave the alarm to the Indians, who slaughtered the unfortunate creature. Not one of the Indians, however, escaped to tell the tale.

Few rivers exhibit more pleasing characteristics than the Ohio; the *Belle Rivière* as it is called by the French. In the early days its pellucid waters, smooth and glassy, glided amid endless forests, vast solitudes and cane-brakes, dangerous indeed to the traveller. But soon signs of life and civilisation were noted. Men in rugged coats and of wild mien landed at tempting spots and began to lay open the forest. The water began to be covered by men moving along in various ways. There was the Alleghany skiff, the *dugout* (formed from a single tree), the *piroque*, the keel-boat, the covered sled, the flat-boat, and every other kind of transport which the ingenuity of man could devise. The broad-horn was one of the most original. It was a kind of floating house, as broad as it was long, with rooms for man and beast, for cattle and horses, and dogs and pigs. It had neither bow nor stern, neither starboard nor larboard, so that if it struck the shore and was pushed off, it was always ready for a start.

There was much travelling on the Ohio, and in spring the scene was delicious. Gigantic sycamores, the growth of ages, trees of varied leaf and hue lined the way, except where, here and there, some little receding cove, some little prairie, covered by wild flowers, varied the scene. There was not a living soul to be seen for hundreds of miles. And yet behind these trees, lurking in these beautiful prairies, were hordes of wild men, troops of savage beasts; and many a terrible adventure might be recorded, of which that river was the theatre.

The roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio, and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captive all who were on board. A sharp look-out was therefore kept, and if the smoke of a fire was seen ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, or floating in thin masses over the bed of the river, that spot was avoided. But the Indians were so cunning that all the precautions in the world did not suffice entirely to defeat them. They would set white prisoners on the bank, who, to save their own lives, would delude others to captivity and death.

Many traders ventured long journeys along the Ohio in boats, and escaped unhurt, but only by persevering in their determination to resist all temptation. But the Indians were not the only dangers of that wilderness of woods and waters. Inundations were common, and it was considered a good joke on the Ohio when Zeph Hagg told of his tying a boat to a tree, and awaking in the morning with himself fifty feet up in the air, the inundation having fallen and left the lofty tree bare. The inundations of the Ohio were very heavy sometimes. The gigantic trees on the bottoms, as they are called in the language of the West, stood midway in the waters; the banks of the river could nowhere be seen; and then, when the subsiding of the waters came, the scene was serious indeed.

It became then a matter of much difficulty to manage the broad-horns. The increased velocity of the current, the eddies, the whirlpools, the new currents caused by the force of the pent-up waters, made them unmanageable. If a village was seen, it could only be distinguished by the chimneys and roofs peering above the waters, while boats were moving to and fro, removing women and children and all valuables to the hills. Those who have witnessed the periodical inundations of the Nile will scarcely form a just conception of the overflowing of an American river bordered by immense forests.

Often a fleet of boats, encouraged by numbers, would go some distance inland, and anchor over some cane-brake or hollow, a good distance from the river, and then encamp on a little hill until the waters showed some sign of subsiding. This scene would present features quite novel to us. There would be seen boats, with pigs and sheep for New Orleans, cargoes of emigrants for Bois Brulé, loads of boards and planks, of cider and whiskey. A fair was knocked up on these occasions, and "a deal of traffic" was done; so that between fighting, drinking, gambling, and trading, the time would pass pretty swiftly. Sometimes they would have a dance, or they have been known to improve the occasion by hearkening to some zealous preacher about to establish himself in the dark backwoods. Then the wooden trumpets would sound, as a signal that the inundation was abating, and away these strange customers would go on their several journeys.

How the scene has changed! Look at that quiet farm-house represented in our engraving (p. 437). That spot was once a thick and tangled wood, the lair of the panther, the hiding-place of the Shawnee. But no more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard in the land. Boats still float on the Ohio, but in peace and tranquillity. Village spires, thatched roofs, open fields, roads, cultivated grounds, and large and populous cities, now stand along the banks of the Ohio; and the sound of village bells, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep are heard, where the shriek and horrid cry of the dark man of the woods was once so frequently distinguished.

Instead of the broad-horn, the steamer now hurries up and down the stream, while merrily sing the boatmen of the Ohio, on the great wood-rafts which they thus convey to the large towns and sea-ports below. The change is pleasing, satisfactory, and agreeable. A fierce and terrible battle-ground has become the abode of peace and plenty; civilisation and her handmaid Christianity overspread the land, which now feeds and supports millions of men, instead of barely giving life to some few hundreds of yelling savages.

The fate of the red man is sad, but it is inevitable. When

he has accepted civilisation, as in the case of the Cherokees, he is saved; he has government and education; he cultivates fields, and wanders no more; and his villages, once the scene of torture and violence, are inhabited by men who, once savages, are now civilised, with churches, preachers, books, newspapers—all the work of their own race. But when the red-skins stick obstinately to their traditions, defend every inch of land to the last—kill, scalp, burn, and destroy the colonists at every opportunity, and play, in fact, the part of wild and savage beasts—they must perish. The creation of new states, where the wearied millions of Europe may find new life and independence, cannot be checked because the Shawnees, Creeks, and Comanches wish to stick to their old habits. They may resist on the frontiers for a while, while fighting against only one or two men, like Boone, or Harrod, or Wurtzel; but they must soon yield as population progresses, and in the course of time their old land shall know

them no more, and every fertile and likely spot of, and on the great continent of North America be as safe, as civilised, as progressive, as rich, and as productive of men and things, as are now the shores of the "Beautiful River"—the banks of the great Ohio.

The state of Ohio is about as large as the kingdom of Portugal. It contains hills, mountains, plains, woods, forests. Its climate is colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than England. It produces Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, tobacco and cotton, English fruits, grapes, and wine. Bears and deer are numerous. Its population is nearly two millions. It was only permanently settled in 1788. Its capital is Columbus, on the Scioto river, on a spot which in 1812 was covered by trees. Its great city is Cincinnati, where a great trade is carried on; its excellent University of Athens is celebrated in America. It contains some ruins very much like those found by Stephens in Yucatan.

ORCHIDS.

THE orchid tribe are, if we may so say, the most eccentric of all the vegetable kingdom. Almost everything about these plants deviates from the usual types and ordinary habits of vegetation. Some—and indeed the greater number—live as parasites on the bark of large trees in the forests of inter-tropical regions. These are called epiphyte orchids; the others, which derive their nourishment from the soil, are called terrestrial orchids.

The epiphyte orchids are the most beautiful ornament of those arches formed by the gigantic trees of the hottest countries in the continents of the Old and New World. The shade and moist warmth are particularly favourable to their mode of growth. In all the cold and temperate climates of the European continent, the oaks and beech-trees of our forests cover their bark with mosses and lichens; in tropical climates, on the contrary, trees of every variety of form and size are covered with orchids, forming, immediately after the rainy season, which takes the place of winter, lovely garlands rich in colour and delicious in perfume. These charms, of which nothing in Europe can give any adequate idea, last unimpaired for several months.

The splendid flowering of the orchid tribe is an object of admiration even to the savage tribes of the New World. When the Spaniards penetrated for the first time into the thinly-peopled districts of Central America, they were struck to see the huts in the villages covered with magnificent orchids principally belonging to the genus *Laela*, the flowers of which are very much elongated; and this kind of decoration subsists at the present day. Many orchids are provided with particular organs which are neither branches nor roots, but are called aerial roots, because they strike out into the air in all directions and derive part of the nourishment of the plant from the atmosphere. The long duration of the flowering of orchids arises from the tardy action of the reproductive organs. Fertilisation is carried on very slowly; indeed it is often not fully accomplished at all. The corolla, which constitutes what is generally the coloured part of the flower, does not fade until fertilisation has been completed, and when this is not done the corolla may last two or three times the length of the ordinary time. Thus in European green-houses it is sometimes rather difficult to get orchids to flower; but when this is effected, all efforts are amply repaid by the extraordinary duration of their flowering time. When cultivated in hot-houses under the influence of a very warm and at the same time moist atmosphere, orchids rarely produce fertile seeds; yet instances of multiplication by seeds produced under such circumstances have occurred within a few years both in this country and in Ireland. The greater part of orchids can only be propagated by the separation of their rhizomes, which are without stems rooting into the ground and each capable of producing a complete plant. When we consider the numerous difficulties and dangers involved in penetrating wild forests and unhealthy regions to obtain new orchids, it is not surpris-

ing that these beautiful plants should always fetch a high price in Europe. There are some wealthy amateurs in this country who pay enormous sums for them.

A year or two ago, Mr. Henderson, the horticulturist, succeeded in getting an orchid, of the genus *Cattleya*, to flower for the first time in Europe. A noble and wealthy duke went, according to custom, to inspect his conservatories, accompanied by a young lady of his family, who was passionately fond of flowers, and whose admiration was riveted by the new *Cattleya*, which surpassed anything of the kind she had ever seen. The duke, going to Mr. Henderson, pointed to the flower, and asked the price. In vain did Mr. Henderson protest that he did not wish to sell it at any price, that it was the only thing of the sort in Europe, and that he was unwilling to part with it to anybody till he had first propagated it. The imperturbable duke, holding out a pocket-book full of bank-notes, replied to all his protestations by simply asking the price. At length the horticulturist, weary of the contest, consented to accept a large sum and allow the duke's fair companion to carry off the plant. We do not feel at liberty to state the exact amount; suffice it to say, it was as much as it would take a clever workman several years to earn.

Though travellers had for many years spoken highly of the singular organisation, beauty, and fragrance of epiphyte orchids, it was not till thirty years ago that horticulturists in this country knew how to cultivate and propagate them with success. One of the first to overcome the difficulties in the way was the late Mr. Cattley, from whom the plant just mentioned derived its name. British skill and perseverance soon met with their due reward, and orchids are now raised by cultivation to a degree of perfection altogether surpassing that which belongs to their natural condition. While before 1820 scarcely any English garden could produce twenty distinct species of this tribe, some of the nurserymen near London can now exhibit more than a thousand. What cultivation has done for roses, dahlias, tulips, and other flowers, has been accomplished with equal success in the case of this remarkable and beautiful tribe. They have been rendered much more productive, so as to contain twenty or thirty blossoms on a cluster, while in their natural state they bore only two or three. They have also been made to assume much larger proportions, a richer fragrance, more glowing colours, and a more beautiful aspect altogether.

The plant represented in our engraving (p. 440) is, as the reader will see, an *Acinetum*, an orchid only lately introduced into Europe, and still rare even in the finest collections. Like many of the genera *Dendrobium*, *Stanhopaea*, and the *Aerid*, the flower-stalk of the *Acinetum* does not spring upwards from below, but in the contrary direction. In its native region its flowers hang in garlands all along the trunk of the tree on which the plant lives as a parasite.

One advantage of cultivating orchids is, that, as they flower at various seasons, the possessor of a moderate collection may



THE ACINIDIUM—A SPECIES OF THE ORCHID TRIBE.

expect always to have some in flower, no matter what is the time of the year. Hence it is not mere caprice that renders objects of so much favour among opulent amateurs.

They are worthy to be prized on several accounts, especially the care and skill required to preserve them in a flourishing condition.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.



STATUE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY GIBSON, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is seldom that an impartial estimate can be formed of the characters of those who have played a prominent part on the scene of politics until a considerable time has elapsed after removal from the scene of their labours. They are viewed in

their own day through the coloured glass of faction, and it is only when time has tempered the fury of the passion engendered by party zeal and antagonism that the real worth of their labours can be discerned and appreciated. But with

Sir Robert Peel the case is otherwise; his measures were of so thoroughly practical a character that common sense is sufficient to form an estimate of them; and this is, perhaps, the highest meed of praise that can be awarded to an individual who labours for the present generation as well as for posterity.

Sir Robert Peel was the oldest son of the first baronet of the name, and grandson of Mr. Peel, of Peel Cross, in Lancashire. The former was a cotton manufacturer at Bury, in that county, and realised a large fortune in business, chiefly by his success in bringing into operation the machine known as the "spinning-jenny." Having strenuously supported the political and commercial system of Mr. Pitt, and presented the government with the munificent gift of £10,000 for the purposes of the war with France, he was, in 1801, created a baronet; and in the following year he introduced a bill into parliament to ameliorate the condition of apprentices employed in the cotton and woollen trades. He was the largest manufacturer of cotton goods in this country, employing no less than fifteen thousand hands; and the fortune which he accumulated enabled him to place all his children in a position of affluence long before his death, which took place in 1830, at the age of eighty.

His eldest son, the subject of this memoir, was born Feb. 5, 1788, and received his education at Harrow and Oxford, at both of which places he was distinguished by the diligence with which he pursued his studies, and the invariable decorum of his manners. At the university he took the degrees of M.A. and D.C.L., and on leaving it, at the age of twenty-one, he was returned for the borough of Cashel, then a pocket constituency, and still notoriously corrupt. His father's wealth and the favour of Pitt caused the young M.P. to be selected to second the address on the opening of the session of 1810, the tendencies of which may be inferred from the political character of a ministry headed by Perceval, Liverpool, and Sidmouth. His talent for debating and his capacity for public business were soon perceived, and in 1811 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, the post now filled by his second son, Mr. Frederick Peel, member for Bury. In the following year he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, a post which he held for six years, his policy being in strict accordance with the despotic and bigoted government which then prevailed, and of which his colleague, Castlereagh, was the congenial representative.

In 1817 he was elected one of the members for the University of Oxford, a constituency to which the ultra-high church and extreme conservative views he then held were recommendations more valuable than any others; and in the following year he resigned the Irish Secretaryship, and undertook the chairmanship of the Bank Committee, in which capacity he introduced his bill for the resumption of cash payments, generally known as Peel's Currency Bill, though the chief merit of the project belonged to Mr. Horner. This measure has been much assailed, both in and out of parliament, during the period that has since elapsed, but its principles have been adhered to by every successive administration. In 1822 he succeeded Lord Sidmouth as Home Secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, and being regarded as the champion of the anti-Romanist party, he, to a certain extent, divided the leadership of the House of Commons with the celebrated Canning. Among many other excellent measures which he brought forward during this period of his parliamentary career, his admirable and humane plans for the reform of the criminal code, which were carried in 1826, must not be forgotten.

Previously to this, in 1820, Mr. Peel had entered the matrimonial state with the daughter of General Sir John Floyd, who was second in command at the storming of Seringapatam; and by this lady he had five sons and two daughters, the eldest of the former, who succeeded to the baronetcy, having been for several years attached to the Swiss embassy. On the dissolution of the Earl of Liverpool's administration in 1827, and the succession of Canning, at that time the brightest star in the political firmament, to the premiership, Mr. Peel and five of his colleagues retired from office. Canning was

avowed hostility to the views entertained by that eminent statesman on the question of Roman Catholic emancipation. Canning, after a very brief enjoyment of the sweets of office, died in August of the same year, and was succeeded by the weak and equally short-lived administration of Lord Goderich, which again gave place, in January, 1828, to the stronger government of the Duke of Wellington. This cabinet must be regarded as representing the school of Sidmouth and Castlereagh, from which Canning was a seceder. Mr. Peel was appointed to the Home Office under the great duke, and almost immediately received from Lord John Russell, then an active leader of the Reform party, a signal defeat on the Test and Corporation Acts, the repeal of which the government, however reluctantly, were obliged to concede. Peel, indeed, opposed but a feeble resistance to Lord John's measure; and it is probable that he already saw the necessity to his future fame of a departure from those worn-out dogmas which had hitherto governed the country, and to which he had thus far closely adhered. In 1829 the Catholic Disabilities Bill was introduced by the government, not apparently from changed convictions on the subject, but, as the Duke of Wellington stated in the Upper House, to prevent the horrors of civil war. In the House of Commons, Mr. Peel expressed himself in a similar manner. — "He should follow the example of the pilot," he said, "who did not always steer the same course to guard his ship from danger, but a different course under different circumstances as they arose, in order to save the vessel from the very dangers which the captain and the crew most dreaded."

The bill was carried, and the excitement produced by it throughout the country was immense. It was a rare and striking instance of a measure of justice and amelioration being brought into operation by a government in opposition to public opinion. The ultra-Protestants laboured to raise the spirit of bigotry, and relume the torches that fired the metropolis in 1780; they accused Peel of having betrayed them; and so great was the dissatisfaction expressed by his constituents at Oxford, that he felt himself called upon to resign his seat. He again presented himself as a candidate, however; but men's passions were too fiercely excited for the voice of reason to be heard, and he was rejected for Sir Robert H. Inglis, who kept the seat till the present session of 1851. By an arrangement with Sir M. Lopez, uncle of the baronet of that name who lately represented South Devon, he was returned for the close borough of Westbury; but his father dying in 1830, he succeeded to the representation of Tamworth along with the baronetcy, and continued to sit for that borough till his death. The outbreak of the French revolution gave such an impetus to the cause of parliamentary reform, that the ministry saw that resistance to the popular demand, weakened as the conservative party was by the divisions created by the Catholic emancipation question, would be ineffectual; and, to avoid facing it, the Duke of Wellington conveniently took occasion, from a defeat on Sir H. Parnell's question for a revision of the civil list, to retire from office.

Sir Robert now became the acknowledged leader of the conservative party, which arrayed itself for the great struggle of parliamentary reform. His opposition to the Reform Bill introduced by the Grey administration, which had succeeded that of the Iron Duke, was able and persevering, but fruitless; the popular cause triumphed, because the people were united and had confidence in their leaders. That confidence was betrayed, and partial success divided one section of the people from the other; for each class becomes conservative as it acquires its share of political power. Grey and Brougham took office in the zenith of their popularity, the latter in particular having enunciated opinions during the Reform agitation that he would now denounce as anarchical and subversive. These men have never been surpassed in violence of declamation while the field was yet unwon; but no sooner were they in possession of the Treasury benches than they began to prevaricate, to belie their solemn promises, and to introduce reactionary policy. Retribution speedily followed; they were

from home to form a new administration. He had reconstructed his party on the basis of the altered constitution of the House of Commons; but ability and organisation did not prevent it from being outvoted on the first night of the session, on the election of speaker; and being thrice defeated on the Irish Tithe Bill, the Peel administration went out in April, 1835, and was succeeded by that of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs. In May, 1839, the ministry were defeated on the Jamaica Bill, and retired for a time from office; but Sir Robert having stipulated that her Majesty should dismiss the Whig ladies of her household, as necessary to his independent action, a feminine conspiracy was formed against him, which obliged him to resign the reins of government almost as soon as he had grasped them. Melbourne and the Whigs returned to office, exulting in the success which had resulted from the machinations of their ladies, but so damaged in reputation, that the conservative leader rose more rapidly in popular estimation as chief of the opposition than he probably would have done at that time as head of an administration.

The retrogressive tendencies and administrative incapacity of the Whigs speedily became so glaring, that when Sir Robert proposed his vote of want of confidence, in May, 1841, a debate of eight nights resulted in their discomfiture—the division giving them a majority of *one*, in a house of 625. Parliament was dissolved, and the Conservative party prepared for a hard struggle to regain the power of which the Reform Bill had deprived them since 1830. Their active efforts in the registration courts, the ruined fame of the Whigs, and the short-sightedness displayed by that party in proposing a fixed duty of eight shillings per quarter on corn, combined to give Sir Robert Peel a large majority in the new parliament; and he immediately availed himself of the advantages of his position to initiate measures which have been of great benefit to the country, and which placed him at once at the head of all the statesmen of the day. In his address to the electors of Tamworth, on his accepting office, he made some observations which shadowed forth his future policy, though their practical drift was not perceived at the time. He said: "If necessities were so pressing as to demand it, there was no dishonour or discredit in relinquishing opinions or measures, and adopting others more suited to the altered state of the country. For this course of proceeding he had been censured by opposite parties—by those who, upon all occasions, thought that no changes were required; as well as by those who, in his opinion, were the advocates of too violent and sudden innovations. He held it impossible for any statesman to adopt one fixed line of policy under all circumstances; and the only question with him, when he departed from that line, should be, Am I actuated by any interested or sinister motive? Do I consider the measure I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?" That Sir Robert was not actuated by interested motives is apparent from the fact, that three-fourths of his large property consisted of land; and that Free Trade was imperatively called for by the exigencies of the country must now be obvious to all. In 1842 he commenced the changes he had resolved upon by the most extensive revision of the tariff that had ever been made—a measure which gained him the confidence of the party of Cobden and Villiers, and the approbation of the country, in proportion as he lost that of his own party and a large section of the aristocracy. His administration divided upon the question of opening the ports to foreign corn, though famine was then threatening the country; and in December, 1846, the secession of Lord Stanley led to a resignation. Lord John Russell attempted to form a cabinet, but was prevented by disputes among his own followers, and Sir Robert was recalled, as the only hope of the nation, unless, indeed, her Majesty had sent for Mr. Cobden.

Shortly after the opening of the session of 1846, the minister announced his intention of complying with the prayer of the people by entirely repealing the obnoxious corn-law. This announcement excited, among his followers and the landed aristocracy, an equal confusion and dismay as the emancipa-

tion of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen in 1829. Again was the minister accused of deceiving and betraying his party and the country; but to all these charges and reproaches he replied with calm dignity, repudiating that inflexibility which is sometimes supposed to constitute consistency, and defending his measures on the ground of their imperative necessity. He persevered, in the most praiseworthy manner, against the bitter but unavailing opposition of the Protectionists; and his policy triumphed in both houses of parliament. Almost simultaneously with the abrogation of the corn-laws, Sir Robert resigned office, an anomalous coalition of Whigs and Protectionists having defeated him on the Irish Coercion Bill. The Whigs succeeded him in the government, and received his support in all of their measures that deserved it; but he always declared that, from that time, he had no wish to resume office. The last time he spoke in the house was on Friday, the 28th of June, 1850, on the foreign policy of the government. On the afternoon of the following day, while riding up Constitution-hill, his horse started and threw him over his head, falling heavily upon him. He was conveyed home, and medical assistance was immediately procured; but all the appliances of science were unavailing; he sank gradually, and expired July 2nd, lamented by all who had experienced the beneficial effects of his commercial and fiscal policy, or admired and respected him as an upright and gifted statesman, and a lover of truth and justice. The most accurate estimate ever expressed of his capacity is, perhaps, that in the Biography of Lord George Bentinck, by the Right Hon. Member for Bucks. According to that great authority, in person, Sir Robert Peel was tall and very good-looking; his forehead was high and broad, indicating mental faculties of no common order, and the general expression of his countenance was mild, grave, and dignified. Endowed by nature with a comprehensive and vigorous mind, his powers of application were aided by a memory remarkably retentive, and the communication of his ideas by a clear and fluent elocution. Method and tact were his in a large degree, two qualities invaluable to a parliamentary debater, in which character he has, perhaps, never been excelled. His memory had accumulated a vast amount of political information, in the use and application of which, and in adapting it to the immediate end in view, he was extremely happy. But successful as he was as a debater, he was far from being a first-rate orator; his style was lucid and fluent, but he had very little imagination, and his speeches were impressed with the manner of the lecturer rather than of the advocate. He had a fine voice, and, with more imagination and warmth, would have been one of the best speakers in the house; as it was, he was inferior as an orator to Canning, O'Connell, Disraeli, and other men of less ability.

What most strikes the observer in glancing over Sir Robert Peel's parliamentary career, is the fact that he was always in a state of transition. He was always learning, and as fast as new ideas became impressed upon his mind, he applied them in the administration, and converted them into realities. Hence the apparent inconsistency of his conduct as a politician. Though long the head of the Conservative party, his tendencies were, in many respects, more towards progress than those of many who stood in the front ranks of the Opposition. He was deficient in foresight, however; and this occasionally led him into error, and made his transitions more marked and palpable than they would otherwise have been. But as soon as he detected the fallacy that had led him astray, or became convinced that the altered circumstances of the country required a change of governmental policy, he shaped out a new course with promptitude and decision. The explosion of 1830 showed him that the system of Castlereagh and Sidmouth could no longer be continued; and from that time he acted more independently of his party than any leader had ever done before. His mind seemed to expand as he advanced; and as soon as he saw his way clear, he acted in his new convictions with a disregard of personal consequences which is rarely met with in the atmosphere of party.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE name of Sir Edwin Landseer is so illustrious, is in so many mouths, is met with in so many books, that the world forgets that he has family connexions as other men—that he had a father and mother just like common people—that he had a brother just as that steady-going, long-haired under-secretary, Mr. Frederick Peel. Yet, strange to say, such actually is the case, and we are guilty of no great breach of confidence in stating the fact. But the fame of the one brother had thrown that of the other, comparatively speaking, into the shade. Such invariably is the case. A man has no chance against his brother. Take another name—get the world to believe that you have no connexion with the artist over the way—and you may do something; but with the same name you have no chance. The one will be successful, and the other

for that picture of "Spaniels at Play," which was the gem of the Exhibition last year, and which one young lady said was nice, and another was charming, whilst another termed it exquisite, and another said it was divine.

Thomas Landseer is the brother that the world does not make much of. It may be that, like Uriah Heep, he is "an 'umble individual"—that he does not aim high—that ambition does not run in his veins—that his blood is cooler than that of Edwin. One thing is certain, that he paints but little, that he follows his father's career, and contents himself with the calling of an engraver. Still he can paint and he does paint, and he has his brother's skill for painting animals. We have already given our readers two engravings illustrative of that fact; we now give them two more. Let us begin with



POLITICAL DOGS.

neglected. The world is a hard world. Its sympathies are sparse and difficult to be got at; it is frugal of admiration; it is getting old now, and, like all old people, it grows cynical and severe. Hence, if it can be got to admire one of a family, it stands to reason that it will have but little of its favour to accord to the rest.

Thus, by the side of his brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer is almost an unknown man. We don't read in the *Court Journal* that he has painted a pug for the Prince of Wales, or a poodle for the Princess Alice. We don't hear that he has been down to shoot with Lord Verisopht on his Norfolk estates, or that he was at the Marchioness of Broadstairs' delightful *déjeuner fourchette* last week; nor that that rich old banker, Mr. Smith, has given him a cheque for a thousand pounds

POLITICAL DOGS.

Pardon us, good sir, for referring to them. The race is nearly extinct now. They have been banished with other vermin of the face of the earth. Men and dogs are now learning the wholesome lesson, that they can be bettered by no Society for the Universal Emancipation of Rascaldom, by no theory of government, but only by their own genuine and honest words and will. But there were snarling, snapping, ill-conditioned curs, like those our artist has portrayed, that at one time thought otherwise. Ill born and bred, they were a constant nuisance in their time, always wrangling and interfering, and minding everybody's business but their own. The whole lot, we'll be bound to say, are not worth a rap, nor worth even

stealing, unless by a skilful artist, who could touch them up a bit; paint here a little black and there a little brown, crop their ears and scandal appendages; add here a little and there a little, give them a faint air of fashion, and so fit them for Regent-street. Otherwise they are fit for nothing; and when doctored for the market, are, like Peter Pindar's celebrated rascals, only fit to sell. You can't trust them. They are as deceitful, fickle, untrustworthy, unprincipled, as it is possible for dogs to be. As to principles, they have not the faintest idea of them. All they care about is the pickings of place. Give them a bone, and they will rush to it from all sides. They realise, "where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." That wild and wondrous tale, told by sage nurses in our younger days, ere we had tasted of the world's wickedness and ways—whilst we yet believed that the London pavements were all of gold—that tale of

"Old Mother Hubbard,
Who went to the cupboard
To fetch the poor dog a bone,"

THE PAUPER'S DOG.

Are there such dogs now? Candidly we confess there are not. But there were. The renegade Alp saw them:

"He saw the lean dogs o'er the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival;
Growling and gorging o'er bone and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.
From a Tartar's skull they had peeled the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh."

But we don't see them now-a-days; they are gone with the political dogs, of which they were the cause. Reform is a question of eating and drinking. All rebellions, as Lord Bacon says, are rebellions of the belly. It is with your lean and hungry dogs as it is with your lean and hungry men; they are always dangerous to the state—always on the eve of rebellion—always plotting treasons, stratagems, and wars. At one time they were a common sight in our land. They were present everywhere as birds of evil omen, and the



THE PAUPER'S DOG.

which proceeds to tell us how

"When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none,"

could never have been true of your political dogs, who would have soon found out the destitute condition of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and would have been off with the celerity of express trains to more hospitable and better-appointed quarters. The only exception we would make, would be in favour of that right honourable gentleman—we beg his pardon, we mean dog—upon his legs. He is a dog of substance and of weight, but he is in a hopeless minority, and the opposition have got Hansard to quote against him. But why? Has not a dog a fair right to change his opinions? Do we not alter every day and every hour, and can our creed always remain the same? Who is to stereotype a dog's political opinions? To say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and shall continue intelligence never advance!" The dog says, "Times change, and we with them."

ery and need of reform came from them. The workhouse and reform had a close connexion. It was the want of the one which helped to create the other. The man who could get no work was compelled to bury his poverty and his sorrow in the workhouse, and the poor dog, that had been the companion of his happy hours, had to starve, and moan, and die at its doors. The pauper's dog! What a miserable life! Always sorrow and want, like a dark shadow on his path, with now and then a faint ray of sunshine—but brief, and scant, and rare! He and misery were companions, and all around him were starved and wretched as himself. Howl, poor brute—howl, with what power there is yet left in thy lean carcase. With thee are our sympathies. Not nature's laws, but man's perversion of them, have made thee the ill-fashioned thing thou art. Happily thy howlings have not been in vain: the pauper tribe is vanishing. Man, all the world over, has ample scope for his energies and powers. He has now breathing-space and vantage-ground; industry has triumphed, and he has come forth from his house of bondage. He is no longer in chains, but free.

PEERS AND M.P.'S,
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

FROM Fox the transition to Fox's guide, instructor, and friend, till the impulsive nature of Burke led him to leave the party with whom he had always acted, is very natural. "The mind of that man," says Dr. Johnson, "is a perennial stream. No one grudges Burke the first place." When Burke entered parliament he burst at once into celebrity. He spoke, and fame at once gathered around his name. He had not, as some men, to woo the coy goddess through many arduous years. The first speech he could be prevailed upon to publish was that on "American Taxation." It is equal in beauty to any speech Mr. Burke ever composed, and in nerve and force—in all the essentials of eloquence—surpasses them. Of his elaborate speech on the subject of American conciliation, Mr. Fox said: "Let gentlemen read this speech by day and meditate upon it by night; let them peruse it again and again, study it, imprint it on their minds, impress it on their hearts. They would then learn that representation was the sovereign remedy for every evil." His speech respecting Lord Pigott's recall from India "excited," we are told, "such sudden and extraordinary bursts of approbation as were not warranted by the usual practice of the house." Of his speech in moving, in 1778, for certain papers relative to the employment of Indians in the American war, no memorial whatever remains; but a competent judge has said of it, that "he who had not heard that speech, had not witnessed the greatest triumph of eloquence within memory." Burke was the greatest master of metaphor the world has ever seen. As an orator he can never be ranked among the very first masters of the art. He was too philosophical and too imaginative for an orator, whose sole aim should be the conviction and persuasion of his audience. His speeches were precisely the same with his pamphlets. They all read well. Many of Burke's most celebrated auditors admit that the very speeches they had listened to with such doubtful interest in the House of Commons inspired them with the most enthusiastic admiration in print. The very fact that Burke's speeches are read with such interest now is an argument against his being placed in the first rank of orators.

Humour has been denied Burke; but that he had some is clear enough. One day, as Mr. Hartley was prosing, and the benches became emptier every minute, he unfortunately asked that the Riot Act should be read. Burke had long been expecting in agony the conclusion of his harangue. It was beyond mortal patience to endure it longer. Suddenly starting up, he exclaimed, "The Riot Act, my dear friend! the Riot Act! To what purpose? Don't you see the mob is completely dispersed?" Another instance of Burke's wit has also been preserved. On one occasion, seeing Lord North asleep—an indecorum of which that nobleman was frequently guilty—just as Burke was tracing certain Scottish tamults to the indifference of the government, he exclaimed, "Behold what I have again and again said; government, if not defunct, at least slumbers; brother Lazarus is not dead, only sleepeth." Yet Burke's wit sometimes failed him in the hour of need. In the new house which met after Mr. Fox's India Bill had been passed, on which occasion Burke delivered another of his celebrated speeches, when Pitt had reduced a formidable majority on the opposition side into a formidable majority for himself, Burke found himself among strangers, and met with a reception as humiliating as it was cold. No sooner did he rise to speak, than the house resounded with coughing and other equally disagreeable noises. So systematic and persevering were the attempts to put him down, that they often disconcerted and sometimes absolutely silenced him. On one occasion, he parenthetically remarked, that he could train a pack of hounds to yell more melody and equal comprehension. An amusing illustration both of the character of the opposition that was manifested, and the want of temper and cool-

ness on his part to meet it, may be related here. He had just risen, on one occasion, with a formidable roll of papers in his hand, when a country gentleman had the impudence to get up and express the modest hope that the honourable member did not mean to read that large bundle of papers and bore them with a speech into the bargain? Burke was silenced; but it was not the silence of contempt, but indignation. He rushed out of the house, unable to utter a syllable. "Never before," said George Selwyn in relating the story, "did I see the fable realised—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass." Erskine, who himself failed in the house, said: "Burke's delivery was execrable. I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on American conciliation—the greatest he ever made. He drove everybody away; I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him, and was afraid to get out, so I squeezed myself down and crawled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing in my escape." When we read this and remember Fox's thick utterance and ungraceful figure, and Sheridan's Irish brogue, we are almost inclined to suspect the eulogies of those men which have come down to us; yet of Burke's wonderful power, at any rate, there can be no doubt—that fact is clear. Gerard Hamilton, when at variance with him, protested that Burke understood everything but gaming and music. Goldsmith, speaking of Johnson, asked, "Does he wind into his subject as Burke does?" Lord John Townshend, after hearing one of his early speeches, exclaimed, "Good God! what a man is this! How could he acquire such transcendent power?" Lord Thurlow is reported to have expressed an opinion, that he would be remembered with admiration when Pitt and Fox would be comparatively forgotten. Fox himself, on more than one occasion, confessed, that all he had ever read in books, all that his fancy had imagined, all that his reasoning faculties had suggested, or his experience had taught him, were not to be compared to one of Burke's speeches; and Dr. Johnson, than whom no man knew Burke better, said of him on different occasions: "Take up whatever topic you will, Burke is ready to meet you; if he were to go into a stable and talk to the ostlers for a short time, they would venerate him as the wisest of human beings;" and "no person of sense could meet him under a gateway to avoid a shower, who would not go away convinced that he was the first man in England." Gibbon says: "Mr. Burke's reform bill was framed with skill and introduced with eloquence. Never can I forget the delight with which that diffusive but ingenious orator was heard on all sides of the house, and even by those (Gibbon himself as a member of the Board of Trade was one of them) whose existence he proscribed."

We now turn to Burke's countryman, Sheridan—an inferior man, and to us, who can only read his speeches, an inferior orator. In his time, however, he produced unparalleled effects. Unlike Burke's, Sheridan's *debut* was unsuccessful. "It is in me, and by — it shall come out," said he to Woodfall, and for once he spoke the truth. He took pains; he altered his style; he dropped the tawdry rhetoric with which he commenced, and became flippant and smart. One of his best encounters was that with Mr. Pitt, in which the young and audacious minister for once got the worst. Mr. Pitt, says the parliamentary report, was pointedly severe on the gentlemen who had spoken against the address, and particularly on Mr. Sheridan. "No man admired more than he did the abilities of that right honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic point; and if they were reserved for the proper stage they would no longer receive what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of his audience, and it would be his fortune *in plausu gaudere theatrici*. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of those elegancies." Mr. Sheridan, in rising to explain, said, that "on the particular sort of equality which the right honourable gentleman and himself were proper to make use of, he need not make any apology. The propriety, the taste, the gentlemanly spirit of the occasion

have been obvious to the house. "But," said Mr. Sheridan, "let me assure the right honourable gentleman that I do now, and will at any time he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour. Nay, I will say more—flattered and encouraged, by the right honourable gentleman's panegyrics on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, the character of the Angry Boy in 'The Alchemist.'" Sheridan's crowning effort was that celebrated Begum speech, whose effect upon its hearers has no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern eloquence. Mr. Burke declared it to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition. Mr. Fox said, all he had ever heard, or that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun; and Mr. Pitt acknowledged that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that art or genius could furnish to agitate and control the human mind. Tributes of a less distinguished character are common enough. Sir William Dolben immediately moved the adjournment of the house, confessing that, in the state of mind in which Mr. Sheridan's speech had left him, it was impossible for him to give a determinate opinion. Mr. Stanhope seconded the motion. When he entered the house he was not ashamed to acknowledge that his opinion inclined to the side of Mr. Hastings; but such had been the wonderful efficacy of Mr. Sheridan's convincing detail of facts and irresistible eloquence, that he could but say that his sentiments were materially changed. Mr. Montagu confessed that he had felt a similar revolution of sentiment. Perhaps the best testimony to Mr. Sheridan's eloquence on that occasion is the following:—"The late Mr. Logan," says Mr. Bisset, in his "History of the Reign of George III.," "well known for his literary efforts, and author of a most masterly defence of Hastings, went this day to the House of Commons, prepossessed for the accused and against his accuser. At the expiration of the first hour he said to a friend, 'All this is declamatory assertion without proof;' when the second was finished, 'This is a most wonderful oration;' at the close of the third, 'Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;' the fourth, 'Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;' and at last, 'Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings.'" Such sentences as the following must indeed have told with tremendous power. Speaking of the Indian Company, Sheridan said:—"Alike in the military and political line could be observed *auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals*; and thus we saw a revolution brought about by *affidavits*—an army employed in *executing an arrest*—a town besieged on a *note of hand*—a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account*. Thus it was they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house—*wielding a truncheon with one hand and picking a pocket with the other*."

With one other great name we close this chapter—William Pitt. The heaven-born minister, as his admirers deemed him, had great advantages over his rivals, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. While Fox was remarkably deficient in all the external qualities of oratory, Pitt was amply endowed by nature with a dignity which seemed to verify the statement of one of his friends, that he was born to be a minister. Like his illustrious relative, the immortal Chatham, his manner was as powerful as his tongue. When Erskine made his maiden speech, Pitt's coolness was too much for him, and the minister broke down. Pitt, it is said, took a sheet of paper and a pen when Erskine rose, as if he expected to find in the latter a formidable foe. For the first few minutes he was all attention; in a short time his attentive air vanished, he threw down the pen and paper with a scornful smile, and shortly after left the house. Poor Erskine was unnerved by such treatment.

Mr. Fox, in 1791, was very happy. As the son of the great Chatham, which was asserted, and the young orator of

twenty-two was equal to the occasion. In the progress of his speech, Sir W. Wrexall tells us, he gave vent to a kind of witicism in which he did not often indulge afterwards, but which derived its strength from a pride of manner and spirit that never quitted him. Lord George Germaine having some verbal communications to make to Welbore Ellis, who sat near him, they entered into a conversation in whispers, which irritated the young orator. Looking round the house, which was all ear, he said, in a tone more impressive than the manner of the reproof, "I shall wait till the Agamemnon of the present day has finished his consultations with the Nestor of the Treasury bench." The effect was electric; even the haughty and supercilious Lord George was cowed, and both he and Ellis sat down in confusion and became silent. As a speaker, Pitt possessed extraordinary powers. He was clear, fluent, and singularly correct in his diction; unimpassioned, and seldom rising into flights of eloquence. His argumentative powers were of a high order, and the clearness and precision of his mind fitted him admirably for those minute financial statements which formed an important part of his official duties. His voice, though wanting in variety, was sonorous and impressive in an extraordinary degree; his action, though awkward and ungainly at first sight, was not displeasing nor unsuited to his discourse. If we doubt whether he was "the pilot who weathered the storm," we must all admit that he had the coolness and nerve requisite in the nation's pilot in those times of difficulty, of danger, and distress. "Pitt," said Mr. Windham, "could speak a king's speech off-hand." As an orator, he deserves far higher praise. Lord Brougham thus describes him: "With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures or even in figurative expression than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed, with little variety of style, hardly any of the graces of manner, he no sooner rose than he carried away every hearer, and kept the attention fixed and unflinching till it pleased him to let it go, and then

'So charming left his voice, that we awhile

Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

This magical effect was produced by his unbroken flow, which never left the hearer in pain or doubt, and yet was not the mean fluency of mere relaxation requiring no effort on the speaker, but imposing on the listener a heavy task; by his lucid arrangement, which made all parts of the most complicated subject quit their entanglements, and fall each into its place; by the forcible appeals to strict reason and strong feeling, which formed the great staple of the discourse; by the majesty of the diction, by the depth and fulness of the most sonorous voice and the unbending dignity of the manner, which ever reminded us that we were in the presence of more than an advocate or debater,—that there stood before us a ruler of the people." The speech on the war in 1803 is supposed to have been his best speech. In his reply Fox said, "The orators of antiquity would have admired, probably would have envied it." Of his printed speeches, that on the Slave Trade, in 1791, was the most admired. Wilberforce tells us, that its effects on Mr. Fox were manifest during the whole of delivery, while Mr. Sheridan expressed his feelings in the most hearty and even most passionate terms; and we have it from Mr. Windham, that he walked home lost in amazement at the compass, till then unknown to him, of human eloquence. A friend of Mr. Pitt's, in the "Quarterly Review," says of his oratory: "Every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and delivery, evidently bore the stamp of his character. All communicated a definite and varied apprehension of the qualities of strenuousness without bustle, unlaboured intrepidity, and severe greatness. The deportment and bearing of Mr. Pitt in debate might not inaptly be compared to those of his countryman, Marlborough, in the field. His courage, always unconquerable, was never busy, impatient, or passionate; and seemed totally independent of the ebullition of mounting spirits or fermenting blood." Daniel O'Connell once heard Pitt, and he spoke of him as having the most majestic flow of language, and the most voice imaginable.

THE FATES.

The cuts we give are a specimen of that grim French wit which often lies behind so impenetrable a veil that we cannot comprehend it. The Bonnarts, during the reign of Louis XIV., published a number of full-length portraits of living personages under allegorical denominations. "The Three Fates," published about 1692, are supposed to be portraits of three well-known court ladies, to whom, as to the famed goddesses, some verses written under them were supposed to apply.

The Parœ, or Fates, were, in the ancient mythology, goddesses who presided over the birth and life of mankind. They were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Nox and Erebus. Clotho, the youngest, presided over birth and held a distaff; Lachesis spun out the story of our lives; and Atropos cut the thread when our time was up. An ancient verse thus describes their attributes:—

of Patroclus, being supposed to yield at times to their sway. In fact, the belief was, that they were the sovereign arbitresses of our fate, ruled our lives, and sent us to the shades below at will. By some they are represented as spirits of heaven, by others as something very different. Pausanias gives them other names—Venus Urania, the goddess of birth, Fortuna, and Ithytia. A fourth was afterwards added—Proserpina, who divides with Atropos the honour of cutting the thread of life.

These goddesses, though supposed to be immutable, were reverently worshipped by the imaginative Greeks. Black sheep were sacrificed to them. They are represented as three old women, with the attributes given in our engraving. Singularly enough, they are considered by Hyginus as the inventors of five letters of the alphabet.

The rare engravings from which the above



CLOTHO.



LACHESIS.



ATROPOS.

* Clotho eolum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropos secat.
The power of the Parœ was great and extensive, Jupiter having control over them; even he, as in the instance

are copied bear the following inscription: "Cœlestia Parœ
visita via Les Mathurins, ou Coq. Aves prius
found in the valuable collection of M. Harpigny.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE history of the House of Brandenburg has been one of the most spirit-stirring in modern history. In a short space of time we find a little province figuring as one of the principal powers of Europe. This result was brought about by its princes. They were all energetic and determined men; one of them especially was conspicuous for the possession of these qualities—the one whose portrait we have given, and who, in

statesman as well as a soldier—a man of the pen as well as a man of the sword. He made his country great. Prussia had scarcely an existence till his time. It made great advances in civilisation under him. Though he was a despot and a soldier, Frederick felt that it was the duty of a monarch to make his people as happy as possible; and thus, in spite of arbitrary laws and army flagellations, a certain degree of



the language of his time, was called the GREAT. Now men's judgments are better than they were. War we have learnt to think a fearful ill, and the men who create it we deem guilty of enormous crime. But the world did homage to the warrior generally called Frederick the Great. And in truth the title was not undeserved. He was something more than a soldier. He had sound economical views. He did much to improve his country. He had liberal and tolerant aims. He was a

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liberalism made its way into the national heart. His father, notwithstanding his savage temper, had bequeathed to him well-regulated finances and an example of severe attention to business; but he had left the people half-barbarous still, as they had been in ruder ages, oppressed by ignorant government officials—in fact, but little better off than Russian serfs at the present time. The reform Hardenburg introduced in 1818, by which the peasantry of the country became proprietors of the

soil—a change which has been productive of unmixed good—was attempted to be introduced by Frederick. The age, however, was not ripe for it; but the fact shows that he was something better than a fighting monarch,—that he sought to win more permanent laurels,—to achieve a more enduring fame.

Frederick was born on the 24th of January, 1712, in the palace at Berlin. His mother was a daughter of our first George. Though his father was German to the backbone, he received a French education. His first governess was a Frenchwoman. He was initiated from earliest infancy into the French language as his mother-tongue. His food and dress were of the simplest kind. He was kept long in petticoats; and as he himself said in the last years of his life, he "was brought up on beer-broth." His constitution was extremely delicate; he was frequently ailing, and his parents, having already lost two infant sons, felt the greater anxiety on his account. The state of his health, no doubt, affected his disposition and manner. In his childhood he was remarkably quiet and dull. On entering his seventh year, Frederick was removed from the tuition of females. His tutors were commanded to make him a Christian, and to pay the strictest attention to his morals. They were commanded not to teach him Latin, but, on the other hand, were to make him master of French, German, and modern history, and, above all, were to excite in him a genuine love for the military profession, and to impress upon him that, as "nothing in the world but the sword can confer honour and glory on a prince, he would be despised by the whole world if he did not love it and seek in it his only glory." Everything that could be done to make him a soldier was done. The king formed a company of cadets, of which the young prince was commander, who was not exempted from any of the duties of his corps, he having frequently to stand sentry before the palace, with his musket and cartouch-box, like any other private soldier. The king strove in other ways to inspire his son with an interest for the military profession. Thus he had a large room in the palace of Berlin fitted up as an armoury, with all the instruments of war. At fourteen, the prince was a captain; at fifteen, major; at sixteen, lieutenant-colonel; and in these ranks he had to do the same duty as any other officer. Never had poor prince a more wretched time of it. His father's harshness and cruelty almost drove him mad. At one time he started for England, but was recovered and brought back. When he became marriageable, his situation was a little improved; but of course the match was a mere state affair:—he married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of one of the petty German dukes, so numerous till the French Revolution; and when he became king, he never seems to have gone near her Majesty at all. But more attractions awaited Frederick elsewhere.

In 1734 he served in his first campaign, in connexion with the Austrians against the French, who had seized Lorraine and Bar. The prince gave excellent promise, but he seems not reluctantly to have returned home to write poetry, and to study Bayle and Voltaire till 1740, when the death of his father summoned the prince to take his place. Frederick began his career well. The courts of justice needed a sweeping reform, and he introduced it. The judges were no longer elevated to their places by purchase—the torture was abolished as inhuman. But in the mean while, war, which he had learnt as a profession, was not forgotten—in a few months he was in Silesia, with an army of 28,000. The first great battle he won was at Mollwitz, where 7,000 Austrians were killed and wounded. At Chotowitz, fought thirteen months after, he was again victorious. When peace was restored, the king found that the war had resulted in adding to his dominion a province comprehending nearly 13,800 square miles, with a million and a half of inhabitants, and yielding a revenue of 3,500,000 dollars. Before entering on his second Silesian war, Frederick found himself still further enriched by the peaceful annexation of East Friedland, in consequence of the extinction of the princes of that line. In 1744, we again find Frederick at war with Austria. The campaign was disastrous; but Frederick was not disheartened. He raised more money, commenced afresh, and with better success—Silesia was

re-conquered. But Austria burnt with revenge, and was determined to strike off his name from the roll of kings. In the hour of danger, however, Frederick was undismayed, and after sixteen months, the second Silesian war terminated as favourably for him as the first. The years of peace were not wasted by Frederick in idle and useless pleasures. His attention was steadily directed to the encouragement of those pursuits which render a state strong and flourishing—to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, arts and commerce—and to the creation of a military adequate to any contingency. But the time thus devoted did not last long.

In 1756, Frederick again commenced his Austrian war. The battle of Prague was fought in the following year, as was also that terrible one of Rossbach. But, as years rolled away, Frederick found himself growing weaker. England refused further subsidies, and his forces had dwindled away. Greatly depressed by the ruin of his country, he spoke very little and took his meals alone. The reader need only turn to the poems which he wrote at this period to see how deeply he was impressed with the idea that it was impossible for him to escape the fate which Cæsar's victory at Thapsus brought upon Cato. Frederick, however, persevered, and triumphed; but the poison which he carried about with him at the time was found still unpacked after his death. It consisted of five or six pills in a narrow glass tube. But in 1762 peace was made, a peace that left all the parties precisely as they were; yet this second war had cost Frederick 180,000 soldiers, and the allied powers 850,000. This bare statement gives but a faint idea of what war does. Achenholtz, the historian of the war, and an eye-witness of the miseries it inflicted, says: "The sufferings of a great part of Germany were immense. Whole provinces had been laid waste, and even in those that were not, internal commerce and industry were almost annihilated, and this, too, in spite of the large sums which France, England, Russia, and Sweden, had scattered over them through their armies or by means of subsidies. Great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was converted into a desert. There were provinces in which scarcely any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others women were as scarce as men. At every step appeared extensive tracts of uncultivated land; and the most fertile plains in Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, looked like the wilds of the Ohio and Oronoko. An officer affirmed that he passed through seven villages in the Hessian dominions, and met with only a single individual—the pastor of one of them." Such are the results of war. It is time now that the world should refuse to call the man who brings about such results, great. On the 30th of March, 1763, Frederick returned to his capital, which he had not seen for above six years. Still Frederick was not unwilling again to have recourse to arms. In 1772 Maria Theresa was compelled to consent to the partition of Poland. The share of Prussia, though inferior in extent and population to that of the other two parties, was of immense importance, as it connected the province of East Prussia with the king's German dominions, and, by giving him possession of the mouth of the Vistula, rendered the trade of Poland tributary to him.

In 1779 Frederick again set his army in motion to prevent Bavaria from being swallowed up by Austria. The campaign was short, but it was not in vain.

Frederick died in 1781. With regard to his personal appearance, Dr. Moore, who saw him in his old age, says: "He was below the middle size, well made, and remarkably active. There was spirit and determination in his look. He had fine blue eyes and an agreeable countenance. He had a slight stoop, and his head was a little on one side—as was the case with Alexander the Great, as all children know well. He was fond of snuff, of lively repartees, of music, and of the company of philosophers, though he might have had a better companion than Voltaire. Frederick made Prussia great. He made himself a name. For years all England admired him. Still he would have done better had he been the lord of war, and more of a philosopher."

MOTHS.

THE butterflies, of some of the principal forms of which, and of their transformations, we gave a short account in a recent article, furnish a very excellent illustration of the order of insects to which they belong. These insects are called *Lepidoptera*, or scaly-winged insects, from one of their leading characteristics, the possession of four filmy wings, thickly covered with minute scales; to which the beautiful colouring of the butterfly's wing is due. This, however, is not the only common character by which these creatures are at once united amongst themselves and distinguished from other insects: the great completeness of the metamorphosis which they undergo, from a crawling caterpillar to a creature whose life is spent almost entirely on the wing, with an intervening state of perfect repose, is another distinction, which, although by no means peculiar to the *Lepidoptera*, yet serves to separate them from several other orders of insects, in which the difference between the form of the creature on emerging from the egg and that which it is destined to acquire is much less. A more important character than the scaly covering of the wings is presented by the peculiar structure of the mouth, which in these insects consists of a long tongue rolled up in a spiral form between a pair of hairy organs, called *palpi* or feelers. Different as these delicate organs appear, at first sight, from the powerful jaws by which the caterpillar gnaws his destructive path through the produce of the garden and the field, the same parts, modified indeed in form, may yet be recognised in the perfect insect that existed in its crawling, worm-like, preparatory state. The strong biting jaws have become very small, although in most cases they are to be found concealed under the other organs of the mouth. But the second pair of jaws, with which the caterpillar masticates his food, have undergone a wonderful transformation—it is from these that the long spiral trunk has been formed. These, in the perfect insect, as in the caterpillar, are jointed organs; but in the former the terminal portion of each is drawn out into a long filament, furnished on its inner surface with two narrow ridges, which fitting exactly to those of the other filament, form by their union a long slender tube, piercing the trunk through its entire length. The lower lip of the caterpillar also shares in the changes undergone by all the neighbouring organs. In the preparatory state it is furnished with a pair of minute feelers and with a fine tube, the orifice of the silk apparatus, by means of which the creature, when ready to pass into the chrysalis condition, attaches itself to some point of support, or encloses itself in a silken bag, in obedience to the instincts implanted in it by nature. This tube, being of course useless to the insect in its last condition, is then no longer to be found; but the little *palpi* or feelers acquire an enormous development, and form the hairy bed in which the trunk is nearly concealed when coiled up in repose. The antennæ, also, which in the caterpillar are very small, are converted in the perfect insect into long organs of very various forms; and the organs of vision, instead of consisting of a few little black points on each side of the head, are developed into those beautiful globular structures which may be seen to constitute the great bulk of the head in any of our common butterflies.

The most striking general difference between the two great groups of *Lepidoptera*, butterflies and moths, is to be found in the form of the antennæ, which in the former are always clubbed at the tip, whilst in the latter they are thread-shaped or tapering, or sometimes thickened towards the end, but afterwards tapering to a fine point. Another distinction, which is of still more importance in a scientific point of view, is that, in the moths, the wings of each side are united during flight by a small bristle attached to the anterior margin of the hind wing, which passes through a little loop formed on the hinder margin of the forewing; this arrangement is wanting in the butterflies.

In the sphinxes, which from their great power of flight are generally known by the name of *Hawk-moths*, the

antennæ are always thickened beyond the middle, but taper afterwards to a fine point. Some of these have trunks of great length, by means of which they extract the nectar of flowers, whilst hovering over them in the manner of a humming-bird. From this habit, and its size and general bird-like appearance when on the wing, one of the commonest of our native sphinxes has received the name of the Humming-bird Hawk-moth (*Macroglossa stellatarum*). A nearly-allied and very beautiful species is represented in the accompanying woodcut (fig. 1). This is the Drone-bee Hawk-moth (*Macroglossa faciformis*), an insect only occasionally found in this country, but which appears to be common on the continent. The general colour of the body is a bright olive green, yellowish at the hinder extremity, where there is also a black tuft of hair on each side; across the middle of the body there is a dark brown band; the wings are transparent with a dark brown border, and the anterior pair have an olive-green patch close to the body. In the Humming-bird Hawk-moth, the wings are covered with scales throughout, but in form and habits the two insects very closely agree.

In the Death's-head moth (*Acherontia atropos*, fig. 2), which also belongs to the group of Hawk-moths, the trunk, instead of being very long, as in the preceding insects, is reduced to comparatively small dimensions, being scarcely longer than the head of the moth, whilst in the Humming-bird Hawk-moth it exceeds the whole body in length. The Death's-head moth is the largest of European moths, measuring sometimes upwards of five inches in expanse of wing; its general colour is a blackish-brown; the fore-wings are irregularly clouded with dull orange, and have a white spot near their middle; the hinder wings are dull orange with two brown bands. The body is banded with orange and black, and the appearance of the insect is generally remarkable by the very singular marking of the thorax. This bears a large dull orange patch, within which are smaller blackish spots, producing on the whole a by no means indistinct representation of the popular "death's head." This peculiar mark, coupled with the generally funereal character of the coloration of the insect, has on some occasions obtained for it an unenviable position in the popular mind, as its appearance in larger numbers than usual has been regarded, in some places, as portentous of an approaching pestilence. Singularly enough, in the year 1733, it appeared in great numbers in Brittany, simultaneously with a very fatal epidemic disease; and so completely did the weaker and more ignorant of the country people consider the insect as the cause of the distemper, that the sight of one was sufficient to produce the greatest fear in the beholder, who regarded it as the messenger of approaching death. The Death's-head moth possesses another curious faculty, which no doubt conspired with the symbols of death with which it is ornamented to raise a feeling of superstitious dread in the minds of those whose attention was called to it for the first time; when irritated or handled, it emits a little plaintive cry or squeak. This circumstance has long been known, but although several eminent naturalists have endeavoured to explain the mode in which the sound is produced, they do not yet appear to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The faculty of emitting a sound is probably connected with a singular habit of this insect, which renders its multiplication in unusual numbers an object of real and well-founded dread to keepers of bees. The moth has a most gluttonous taste for honey, and is one of the most inveterate plunderers of bee-hives. The bees, on its entrance into their domicile, generally disperse immediately, as though in dread of the gigantic intruder, who is thus left to surfeit himself at his ease upon the sweet stores which these industrious creatures had laid up for their winter store. "It is singular," says Mr. Westwood in speaking of this circumstance, "that a creature, with only the advantage of size, should dare, without sting or shield, singly to attack in their stronghold these well-armed and numerous people;

and still more singular, that amongst so many thousands of bees, it should always contend victoriously." It has been supposed that the thick fur with which the moth is covered prevents the stings of the bees from reaching its body, but it seems far more probable that it employs its power of emitting a sound, and perhaps some other means, to spread terror amongst the ranks of the assailants. The caterpillar of this moth is, as might be expected, of great size, measuring sometimes as many as four inches and a half in length, and two-thirds of an inch in thickness. Like all the other caterpillars of the Hawk-moths, it has a longish horn attached to the back of the eleventh segment. It has also, in common with most of its near allies, the habit of raising the anterior seg-

the common lime-trees. This moth has the fore wings much notched at the tip; it varies greatly in colour, but in the variety most generally met with the wings are of a fawn colour, with a broad band at the tip, and two spots, about the middle of the fore wings, olive-green. In this moth the trunk is even shorter than in the Death's-head moth.

The antennæ in the hawk-moths are generally more or less toothed like a comb on the inner surface; but this character is by no means so striking in them as in some other moths, in which the antennæ, at all events of the males, are toothed or pectinated on both sides; the little filaments forming the combs being frequently of such a length as to give the entire antennæ the appearance of a delicate feather. An instance of



FIG. 1.—THE DRONE-BEE HAWK MOTH (*MACROGLOSSA LUCIFORMIS*).

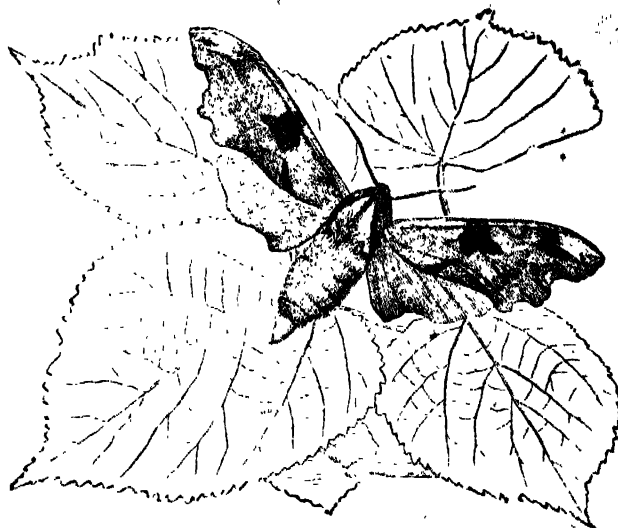


FIG. 3.—THE LIME HAWK MOTH (*SMERINTHUS TILIAE*).

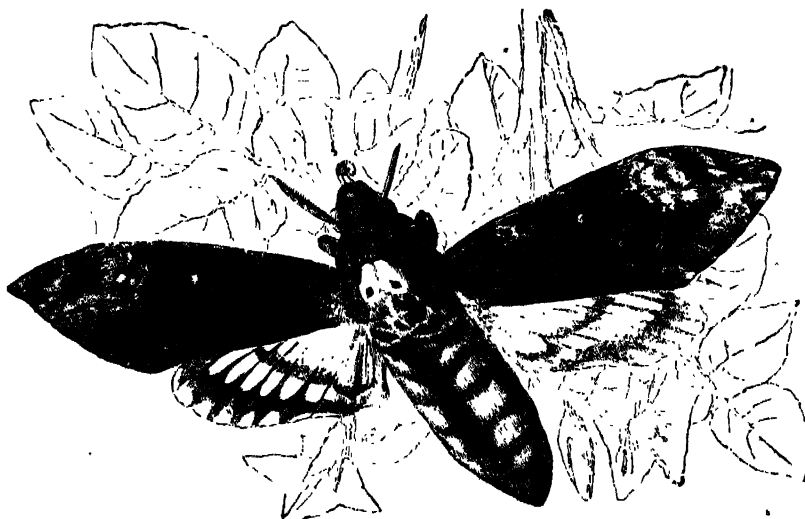


FIG. 2.—THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH (*ACHERONTIA ATROPUS*).

ments of the body, supporting itself by adhering to the branch on which it rests by the membranous feet of the hinder segments. In this attitude these caterpillars present to a fanciful mind a slight resemblance to the sphinx of the Egyptians, and this induced Linnaeus to apply the generic name of *Sphinx* to the whole of these moths. The caterpillar of the Death's-head moth lives principally upon the potato, and the chrysalis are frequently turned up in digging up potatoes in autumn. The moth generally appears in October, but rarely flies by day.

Another very beautiful species of hawk-moth, very common in this country, is the Lime Hawk-moth (*Smerinthus Tiliae*, fig. 3), so called from its caterpillar feeding principally upon

this is presented by the male of the insect here figured, the Gipsy moth (*Hypogymna dispar*, fig. 4), which occurs not uncommonly in some localities in England. In appearance the two sexes of this moth differ considerably from each other; the male is much smaller than the female, and is of a grayish colour, with some blackish lines and spots on the fore wings, whilst the female is white with dusky lines, describing much the same pattern as in the male. The caterpillar feeds on fruit-trees. A very common and beautiful British insect, nearly allied to this, is the great Tiger moth (*Arctia caja*), which is produced from the large hairy bear-like caterpillars, often seen feeding upon nettles and other hedge-side plants.

The *Chelonia pudica*, (fig. 5) is another very beautiful species, nearly allied to the two preceding. The ground colour of the wings is a pinkish white, the hinder wings, especially in the

The feathered structure of the antennæ is also observable in the male of the Lappet moth (*Gastropacha quercifolia*, fig. 6), the caterpillar of which feeds on various trees. This and

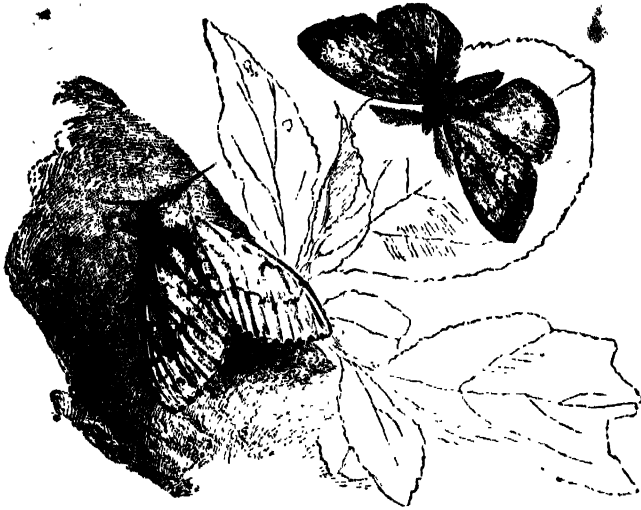


FIG. 4.—THE OILY MOTH (*HYPOGYMNA DISPAR*).



FIG. 5.—*CHELONIA PUDICA*.



FIG. 6.—THE LAPPET MOTH (*GASTROPACHA QUERCIFOLIA*).

female, being of a delicate pink colour. The fore wings are nearly covered with a number of black spots, and the hind wings have two or three similar spots of variable size. The body is spotted or banded with rose colour and black;



FIG. 7.—NEST OF PROCESSIONARY CATERpillARS (*CNETHOCAMPA PROCESSIONARIA*).



FIG. 8.—*FIDONIA PLUMISTARIA*.

some allied species of moths have received from collectors the name of Lappet moths, on account of the curious fleshy appendages attached to the sides of the body of the caterpillar and which completely conceal the feet. These caterpillars

are very hairy, and when handled the hairs penetrate the skin and produce considerable inflammation and itching. The moths are also called *Eggers*, from the chrysalis being enclosed in a very smooth, fine, egg-like cocoon. The Lappet moth (*Gastropacha querrefolia*), represented in the annexed cut, is rendered further remarkable by the curious position assumed by the hinder wings during repose; these, instead of being concealed by the upper wings, as is the case in other moths, project on each side in the form of rounded notched leaves, giving the creature a very singular appearance. The general colour of the insect is a deep reddish brown, marked with blackish lines. The silk-worm, with the manufactured produce of whose beautiful cocoon we are all familiar is the caterpillar of a moth (*Bombyx Mori*) belonging to the same group as the Lappet moth; and many of our common moths also weave cocoons in which to pass their season of repose in the chrysalis state. But the most singular application of this power of silk-spinning is exhibited in the history of some moths, also nearly allied to the preceding, whose caterpillars live together in numerous societies, retiring, after feeding, to a capacious nest of tolerably firm texture, woven by themselves from the materials afforded by their own bodies. Some of these, as the Processionary caterpillar (*Cnethocampa processionaria*, fig. 7), quit their nest, which is generally attached to oak-trees, in a regular and well-ordered procession; one caterpillar takes the lead, and is followed by others in single file generally for a space of about two feet; they then come in pairs for a time, then three, four, and five abreast, and so on, until they sometimes march ten or even twenty in a row. All the movements of the leader are faithfully copied by those who follow.

Another species, the Pine processionary (*Cnethocampa pinyocampa*), attaches its nest to pine-trees, and both these insects have been said to occur in Britain, although upon very doubtful authority. The principal enemy of these moths is the larva of a large and very voracious beetle, the *Calosoma sycophanta*, which breaks into their nests and commits vast havoc upon the defenceless inhabitants; one of these savages is represented in our cut, just seizing his prey in the interior of a nest, which is supposed to be torn open. Occasionally, however, the tyrant pays dearly for his feast; for when gorged, he is no match for more active and hungry members of his own species, who, disappointed perhaps by the vacant nest of their expected prey, feel no scruples about taking it at second-

hand by an act of cannibalism. Nearly allied to these, and especially to the silk-worm moth, is the gigantic Atlas moth (*Saturnia Atlas*), which inhabits the East Indies and China. This moth measures between eight and nine inches in expanse of wing; and other species nearly as large are found in several tropical countries. Many of these insects—some of which furnish a silk which is used in manufactures—have singular transparent spots in the centre of the wings, looking as though pieces had been cut out and replaced by fragments of tulle.

Of the remaining groups of moths our space will not allow us to say much, and we shall only refer to one of the most interesting and numerous of them—the family of *Geometers*, the caterpillars of which are known to collectors by the name of *Loopers*. This name, as well as the scientific one (*Geometra*), is derived from the singular mode of locomotion adopted by the caterpillars. These, possessing only a single pair (and that the hindmost) of the membranous feet on which other caterpillars support the greater part of the body, are unable to crawl like their more fortunate brethren; accordingly, in walking, they stretch the body out to its full length, when they attach themselves by the anterior feet, and then, drawing up the body in the form of a loop, bring the hinder feet close up to the others, attach them, and repeat the process until they have attained their desired position. Hence they appear to be constantly measuring the distance over which they travel; and from this circumstance the name of geometric caterpillars has long been applied to them. They have also a singular habit of adhering to a branch by their hinder feet, and stretching out the rest of the body in such a manner as to present a very close resemblance to a dead twig; and thus, no doubt, they often elude the vigilance of their enemies. The moths produced from these caterpillars, one of which is represented in the annexed engraving (fig. 8), are of a much slighter make than those already described; their bodies are slender, their wings soft and weak, and their flight irregular and fluttering. They are mostly truly nocturnal insects, very few of them being ever seen in the day-time. Space, unfortunately, forbids our entering upon the history of the vast numbers of smaller moths which form the concluding groups of the *Lepidoptera*; but their economy presents much to attract the attention even of the most careless observer; and the singular habits of the leaf-rolling and leaf-mining caterpillars will afford a never-failing source of interest to any one who will take the trouble to study them.

AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC

THERE is, if we do not dream, something more than poetry in the prophecy of the hills and rivers. There is an educational power in the substantial forms of a country, far surpassing that of the finest sculpture. It is only the Peter Bells that see hills and woods and rivers in our earthly patrimony, and no more. (Of only such a one can we say—

"A prunrose by the river's brim
A yellow prunrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

We are free to confess that the scenery of a country is nothing less in our estimation than the furniture of man's temple home. Instead of being the circumstances, or conditions, or even the complements of the national character, it forms at once its elements and model. No people has ever been so creative and independent as to rise above its suggestions and studies. Scenery has an intellectual import and mission. It is a grand and harmonious assemblage of substantial symbols, through which the Almighty, instructs men, and the imagery of which forms all that is grand, beautiful, and permanent, in the languages, traditions, and literature of the world. The mountains have been the nurseries of religious myths and liberty: the sources of rivers have fostered the gratitude of natural piety in all ages.

The free influences of nature have not waited for the tardy awakenings and recognition of the soul. They anticipated consciousness and all human education. They came to

the cradle, they floated about our homes, and bathed the awaking heart in mystery and sweetness; and when we were able to walk alone against the winds, and drink in the wonder and the joy that live in the face of inanimate things, they aided us in giving birth to the beauty and grandeur of human conception. They became part of our being. Nature, we feel, has a varied language, which is admirably indicated by Sydney Smith.

"I, for one," says he, "strongly believe in the affirmative of the question, that nature speaks to the mind of man immediately in beautiful and sublime language; that she astonishes him with magnitude, appals him with darkness, cheers him with splendour, soothes him with harmony, captivates him with emotion, enchants him with form; she never intended man should walk among her flowers, and her fields, and her streams, unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of the hills in vain, or mean that we should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest and dashing over the crumbling rock. I would as soon deny hardness or softness, or figure, to be qualities of matter, as I would deny beauty or sublimity to belong to its qualities." This is a truthful utterance of a great man—one that is to have a meaning beyond the graphic indications of the words by which it is known, in the experience of the American people.

The influences and instructions of nature, the lessons of her

scenery, as thus viewed, are far superior to art. Her schools are more charming and effective than those of the state. Her galleries of the picturesque far transcend, in all the elements and combinations of beauty and power, those of the nations. Like the approach of spring, so happily sung by Schiller, she forbids all familiarity, preserving a sacredness and dignity, while she teaches, caresses, and bestows gifts upon all classes of men—the sullen and gloomy Indian as well as the delighted white man. The secret of all this is strangely overlooked. We speak of mind as being the most powerful agent to influence mind, and wonder how it is that we feel on the top of a mountain such lofty emotions. We forget or strangely overlook the fact, that the Infinite is influencing us in natural scenery, and, in the presence of mountains and lakes and rivers, lending, through the sense of the Infinite, something of His own grandeur to the soul.

Instances that illustrate and confirm what we have said cannot be wanting to any well-informed mind. The character and literature of the Goths, their history and religion, are imbued with the spirit of northern regions—storms, mists, and the dread ocean mingle in all. The Greeks found the elements of their civilisation in their native valleys and on their native hills. The climate that hung upon Olympus and Pelion, and shaded the groves of Academus, yielded to their minds the clear medium through which they pictured oracles on the distant hills and created gods out of remembered heroes. Their philosophy and poetry both partook of the sharpness and distinctness of their scenery, its variety and lovely magnificence. As seen from the Parthenon, it is the physical counterpart of all that Greece has been. "There is no mixture of light and shade, no half-concealing, half-revealing, as in the symbolical cathedrals of the Christian faith. There are no rays of divine darkness, running along the side of the rays of light, and sinking into the ground beneath, the altar of the East. All is open to the unbounded blue ether above, and the vertical rays of a noon-day sun, and the trembling visitations of the unimpeded moon-beams—a very house of light, unstained by painted glass, undarkened by vaulted roofs, unintercepted by columns and arcades, and with the instantaneous perception, unmarred by the cruciform shape." Here is the source of the Hellenic religion and song as known to us. If any additional evidence were wanted to illustrate or confirm the influence of national scenery upon national character, it is furnished in the language, traditions, and character of the American Indians, in which aged forests have left their impressions as manifestly as in the colour and temper of the red-man. Evidences may be gathered up on every hand. The Atlantic slope, the snowy cotton-fields of the South, and the grand West, have given their distinctive features to the American people; each division has its own type of character.

A few instances of the influence of scenery in the formation of individual character will bring the subject more immediately within the reach of all. Artists, poets, and philosophers, have freely acknowledged it; and, indeed, if they should be so ungrateful to the Creator as to deny it, all that we should have to do, to brand them as the ungrateful guests of the Almighty, would be to reclaim the imagery and the thoughts they borrowed from the earth. "There is," says Beerus, "scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know how I should call it *pleasure*—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of the wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and roaring over the plain. It is my best season for devotion." Solger, long accustomed to inland scenes, gives us a fine illustration of the influence of scenery on the mind, in speaking of his first sight of the sea. "Here," says he, "for the first time, I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its full majesty." The works and characters of Humboldt and Audubon are rich in such illustrations. Goethe, whose whole character and writings wear an inland impress, and seldom, if ever, afford an instance of a well-defined sense of the infinite, was conscious of the

formative power of scenery and its distinctive influence. "Perhaps," says he, "it is the sight of the sea from youth upwards, that gives English and Spanish poets an ascendancy over those of inland countries."

Musing on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of national and individual character, we find ourselves looking out over the New World. The savage and classic scenery of America, and especially that of the United States, awaken mingled emotions in our minds. They have a goodly heritage; but few, if we except artists and poets and moralists, are prepared to acknowledge it in its scenic aspect, and lend themselves to its cultivation. The division of labour, the multiplication of inventive skill, and the isolation of men in the absorbing pursuit of one idea or one aim, abandon it to neglect, or, worse still, subject it to the despotism of their utility. Business is engrossing, and daily commits wholesale robberies on the hearts and homes of men. Railroads are marring the picturesque, and mills are drying up their cascades and cataracts. The falls of Paterson are nearly effaced. Even Niagara has been threatened in their daring progress. The terror of his power alone guards his majestic reign.

But what is American scenery? The fact that it is destined to play an important part in the history of that people, and, by the constitution of things, must lend its forms and meaning to their thoughts, invests it with an enduring interest. The historian who forgets this, and stops at the landing of the Pilgrims, the Saybrook Platform, or even the landing of Columbus, as their first historic antecedent, stops short of one of the grandest in their history and character, the physical scenery of America. The character of New England is greatly indebted to New England soil. This is pre-eminently true of the West. Its recognition by statesmen and educators would be a new compromise, and form one of the finest conservative elements in the unity of the country; its improvement by government would be a national benefaction, far surpassing the favours conferred on certain localities by special grants. They need some measure by which the savage and classic scenes of their country shall appear in a national gallery, and be preserved as the true archives of the nation—divine archives.

We return to the question—*What is American scenery?* Its diurnal and seasonal dress wins attention. The howl of winds in the clear winter-sky, the magic verdure of spring, the glowing heats of unclouded summer weather, and the play of dissolving autumn tints in its dreamy haze, as they succeed each other and crown the varied year, give to the broad and bold land-and-water features of the country an unusual richness in picturesque effect.

In such a contemplation, we feel that there is little in the name American. It has not for the people, as Anglo-Saxons, even a historic antecedent. The name is little; the significance of the thing is all. It is unquestionably a grand national inheritance. American scenery is a bold and varied language of substantial forms; and in order to understand it and translate it into the speech of man, it is necessary to examine its structure, distinctive objects, and their disposition in the local landscape and national territory.

American scenery is not the complement of Asia and Europe, but the excellence of both. Its composition is a simple but grand arrangement of the distinctive features of the Old World. The scenery of Asia, like the vast outline of that almost unbroken mass of the earth, presents a massive but little varied unity. Europe, on the other hand, exhibits an endless variety. Europe, by this characteristic, as seen in its contour and relief, performed a noble part in the diverse development of the human race. American scenery repeats the distinctive features of both, and in happy accordance. The structure of the continent is eminently simple, but imposing; its contour and reliefs are favourable to the most extended enterprise, and the disposition of its parts such as secures the union of beauty and utility in an unusual degree. Fertility allies its life to natural loveliness: the farmer plants and reaps in companionship of a friendly grandeur.

The distinctive features of American scenery, as a whole, are



ITASCA LAKE, THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

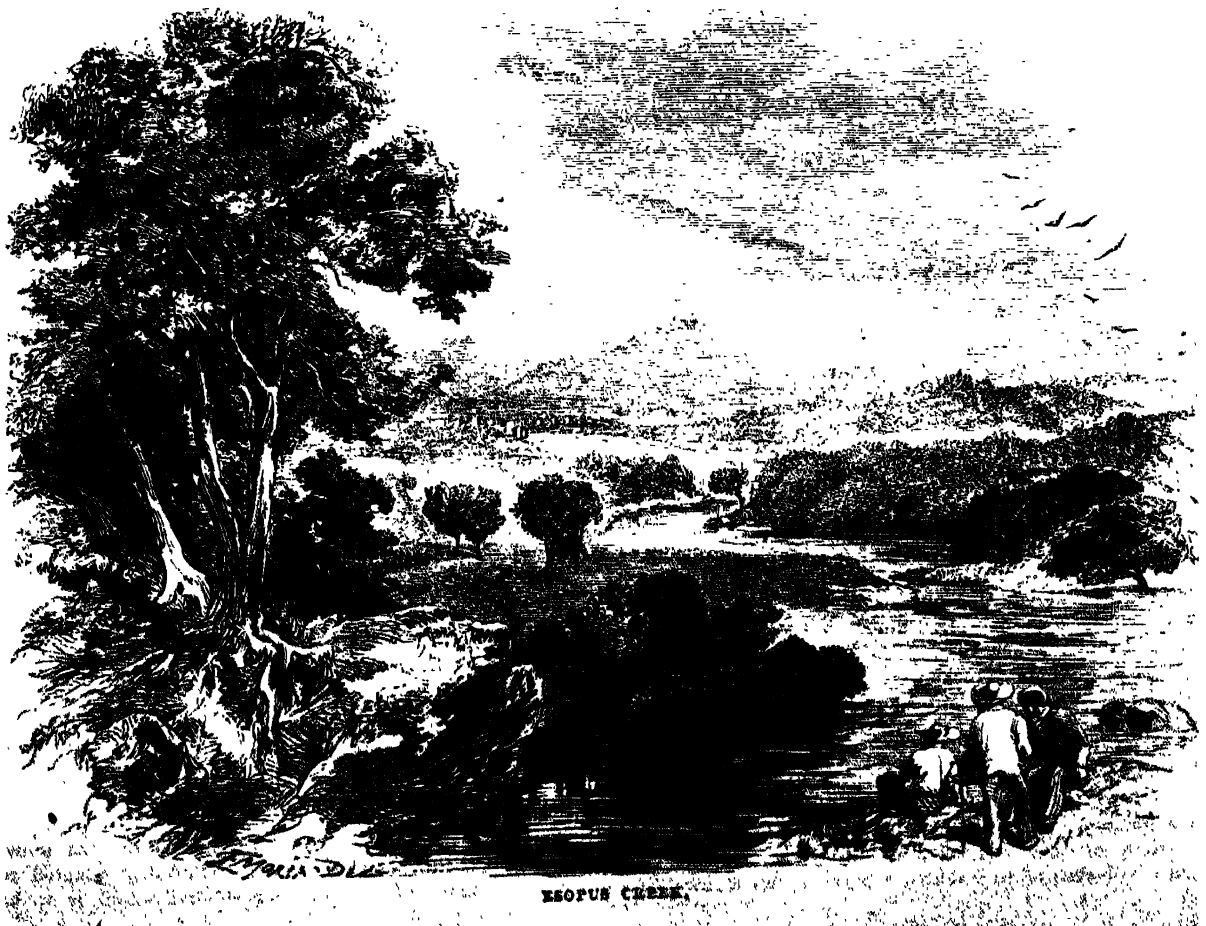


DELAWARE WATER-GAP. A RIVER SCENE.

In our opinion, the unity of its variety, and the variety of its unity. None of those elements, so necessary to the idea of excellence, is permitted to reach an extreme. This feature, so peculiarly North American, forces upon us the not unnatural thought, that the country is admirably adapted to become the home of a people whose civilisation is to be



PRAIRIE NEAR THE ARKANSAS RIVER.



KEOPUN CHIEF.

distinguished by its care of the individual, and the restoration of liberty and union to the human family. Here it is necessary to take into consideration the vastness of the scale on which this feature is exhibited—a scale extending from the Atlantic slope to the sea-board of the Pacific; and in all its range—whether we consider the northern chain of lakes, the mountain ranges, the wonderful scenery of the Potomac, the head-waters of the Mississippi, the peninsula of California, the far-reaching region extending between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, or the wonders that line the banks of the far-off Columbia and the Willamette, wandering for hundreds of miles through an unsubdued but fertile wilderness—it presents a singular unity and variety of all that is necessary to constitute the territory of the greatest of nations.

But it is not the contemplation of the whole that benefits the soul by awakening a well defined admiration, so much as the nearer study of its distinctive parts. The lakes, rivers, mountains, forests, and prairies of North America are the theme of an ever-renewing wonder.

The American lakes are generally regarded as one of the distinctive features of that country. Their magnitude is such as excites the astonishment of Europeans. They lie along the northern frontier like a chain of inland seas. They spread out their waters on the bosom of the middle states, deep and broad enough for contending armaments. Their magnitude, however imposing, is by no means their most effective feature. Their haunts are more impressive to the mind—the mountain and forest scenery in which they echo to the voice of stormy winds, or, burnished by the unmitigated summer-noon, gleam like silver plains through the umbrageous forests that encircle them. Schroon lake, dear to the fine arts, lies embosomed in wild and picturesque haunts. The bases of the Adirondacks are beautified by lakes, quiet and lovely in their leafy solitude. Lake George is a household word of picturesque beauty. Its bold and jutting shores, rampart hills, pure waters, garniture of islands rising like emeralds on its breast, and its bold relief in an atmosphere singularly subject to change and the agitations of violent storms, furnish us with a true picture of loveliness and its antithesis.

American rivers exist in harmony with her lakes. Some of them are vast; others are beautiful; all, with few exceptions, picturesque. They flow for the most part through the fulness of forest scenes, and, in many cases, enliven the almost oppressive terror of mountain gorges by the dash of their waters. Their banks are crowned, in some places, with bluffs, rising occasionally to the magnitude of mountains; in other places they are lined by the waving grass of the far-reaching prairie; and in most places ennobled by wild dispositions of rocks, or the solemn forest. The head-waters of the Mississippi are rich in studies for the artist. The Hudson has already been made glorious in tradition and song and on the canvas. Cooper has spoken of one river as "the mighty Susquehanna, a river to which the Atlantic herself has extended her right arm to welcome into her bosom." Buncau, a tributary of Bear river, runs through a fearful chasm for the distance of some hundred and fifty miles—a chasm more than 2,000 feet deep, and only a part of a country that is little less than an indescribable chaos. The scenery of the main river, in the language of Irving, is truly grand. "At times," says he, "the river was overhung by dark and stupendous rocks, rising like gigantic walls and battlements; these were rent by wide and yawning chasms that seemed to speak of past convulsions of nature. Sometimes the river flowed glossy and smooth, then roaring amid impetuous rapids and foaming cascades. Here rocks were piled up in most fantastic crags and precipices; and in another place they were succeeded by delightful valleys." We add only another instance of river scenery. We only indicate it, and in the language of Jefferson. "The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature."

The river scenery, which we have indicated, although not diversified, yields, in many points, to the scenery of the prairie. In saying this, it is necessary to add, that the creeks

are not European creeks, but rivers in almost any other country than America. The scenery through which they flow, and of which they form the life-like current, are exceedingly varied and pleasing. Now we stop to gaze upon rocky bluffs rising up in front of receding woods, and then ascend an eminence to behold the stream winding through rich valleys and approaching hills. This hour, we are admiring the outline of islands and the pleasing contour of the banks; and the next, looking up the rocks and wood-girt avenue of water to the cascades that sparkle and foam in the distance. As an instance of rich and beautiful creek scenery, we may mention Esopus creek. The accompanying engraving is a view of that creek, and was taken from a study by E. W. Durand, a young artist of great promise, as one who is to give a truthful and vigorous rendering of the lessons of nature.

The mountains of America are, in many respects, the most varied and striking objects in its scenery. They are not, as a whole, so grand in their outline and effect as the mountains of Southern Europe, but they are richer in studies and the details of the picturesque. Their sides are thick in choice recesses, where the artist may find rocks and trees and cascades in imposing dispositions.

The chasms are often terrible; the defiles vast, and the wooded sides always impressive, especially under the influence of an autumn atmosphere. The Catskill raises its blue height some three thousand feet, full of wild and wonderful scenes. The White Mountains furnish many noble rocky views. The Alleghanies are never monotonous. The Rocky Mountains abound in all the elements of savage scenery. The Adirondacks, with their cone-like peaks, jagged ridges, wooded sides, echoing along which is heard the sound of numerous cascades; and the lakes that repose in wooded solitudes at their bases, form a noble feature in our northern mountain scenery. The Adirondack Pass—a gorge between two mountains, filled with huge rocks surmounted with green trees, and the precipice rising on one of its sides to the height of a thousand feet—is a wild and dreadful scene.

Rocks form a feature in the scenery of America, which the lover of nature and the artist cannot very well overlook. They appear solitary or associated, wild or beautiful in the mantling mass of centuries. We do not speak now so much of the solid pyramidal pile, or the crags that range the upper summits of the mountains, as those that guard the gorges and passes of mountain chains, or lie deep within the woods that clothe their sides. There are almost endless recesses in American mountains, and in these, unseen and untold studies for the artist. The gnarled and knotted roots of the maple, big with age, spread out their folds among huge fragments of the rent peaks, now clothed with lichens or moss in their fall, or washed by the playful cascade fringed with inimitable green. Among our fallen rocks, thus beautified and rendered picturesque, there are innumerable haunts and walks of wisdom. There is another class of rocks which the genius of the people, and especially the Puritan descendants in New England, have ennobled by associations.

The prairies are, perhaps, the most distinctive feature of the scenery. They are altogether unlike the steppes of Russia, dreary and cold; the gloomy brown heaths of Great Britain; and the sianos of South America, ever subject to the dreadful dominion of floods or torrid heat. The grassy, the timbered, and the undulating prairies of the West, are vast desert gardens, where the wild flowers flaunt in gaudiness, and unnumbered animals find a playground.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless!
No, they are all unchained again."—Bryant,

THE UNCLE'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

SOME years ago, before this country was so thickly interlaced with trunk lines and branch lines of railway running in all directions, there lived in a small village, not far from Liverpool, a farmer's widow named Stedman, who had been visited with heavy misfortune. Her eldest son had been lost in a shipwreck, leaving four younger brothers and sisters to her care. This unhappy event had postponed and apparently broken off the marriage of her daughter Constance, while it had injured the prospects of her son Martin, who was obliged to leave school before his time in order to work on the farm.

But amid the anxiety and depression into which the family were plunged, a ray of hope suddenly burst forth. A letter, written at Liverpool, announced that a brother of Mr. Stedman's, who went abroad twenty years before, had just arrived in that port, with some natural curiosities from India. The letter gave rise to all sorts of conjectures. Though it contained no precise information, Martin thought he detected, in the easy style in which it was worded, no doubt evidence that his uncle had come back with his pocket well-filled and his heart well-disposed towards the family. "Ah," said the widow with a sigh, "if my poor Walter had been alive, he would now have had a valuable friend." Martin was sure he should have no difficulty in obtaining the post of steward to a neighbouring nobleman through the powerful influence of his rich uncle; for the letter said he would be with them the following day with all he possessed, which, as Martin read it, meant that he would take care not to forget them.

Preparations for the arrival of the expected nabob were commenced forthwith, on a scale of unusual liberality. Scarcely were they completed when one of the children, who was on the watch outside, ran in, crying out,

"He is come! he is come!"

"Who?" shouted the rest.

"Uncle Stedman, to be sure," was the answer; and at the same moment a clumsy, uncouth-looking man stood on the threshold, with a green parrot on his left hand, and a sort of monkey fastened to his right.

The little children ran in terror to hide themselves behind their mother, who herself could not help shrieking with alarm. The rest of the family were stupefied with astonishment.

"What!" said Stedman, smiling; "are you afraid of my little menagerie? Come, shake hands—you have nothing to fear. Yours is a dusty road, and I have had rather a long walk to find you out."

"You don't mean to say you have walked all the way from Liverpool?" replied Martin. "What have you done with your luggage?"

"Luggage! you don't suppose a man like me goes about with more luggage than he can carry on his back."

"But your letter said you had come to reside permanently among us, with all that you possessed."

"Well, you see all I possess," cried Stedman, "my monkey and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" shouted the whole family.

"With a light heart and a good conscience, I want nothing more. But as I am rather hungry after my walk, and I see you have plenty to eat, I will begin at once, if you please, without any ceremony."

Thereupon he commenced operations with a degree of zest that was anything but gratifying to the widow and her family, who looked at each other in mute astonishment. In the course of conversation, which Martin carried on with his uncle during his hearty meal, the latter stated that he had spent twenty years in India, and had now come home without any other possession than a good temper and a good appetite. The effect of this announcement was immediately visible in the look and manner of every member of the family. One of the little ones having been chased round the room by the mischievous monkey, the mother ordered it to be sent to the stable; and the parrot having ventured on to the table, to pick up what he could get from the dishes, Martin exclaimed that this sort

of thing could not be tolerated any longer. Constance and Julia said nothing, but went off out of the room.

The uncle, left alone with Martin who scarcely disguised his sullen disappointment, after emptying his glass for the third or fourth time, stuck his elbows on the table, and looking his nephew quietly in the face, said: "There seems to be a sort of north-east wind in your house. You all look very coldly upon me, and nobody has yet said a kind word. Is this the way you receive an uncle who has been absent for twenty years?"

Martin replied rather sharply, that they had given him the best reception they could with their slender means.

"But at any rate," said his uncle, "you need not have looked quite so sour and behaved so coldly. However, enough upon this disagreeable subject; but mind what I say, you will repent of this by-and-by."

With that he cut another large slice of meat, and began eating again, as though he had not tasted a morsel. Martin was struck with his last remark, which he turned anxiously over in his mind. "My uncle would never," thought he, "have adopted this free-and-easy manner with us, if he really possessed nothing more than this nasty monkey and that screeching parrot. He is only playing a trick to put us to the test. We must immediately try if we cannot retrieve our fault. Full of these thoughts he ran to his mother and sister to communicate his surmise. They both hastened back to the room with smiling looks, and began to pay the uncle all sorts of kind attentions. The latter, gazing attentively upon Constance, who had taken a seat opposite to him, said in a pensive tone: "Ah, how much you are like my poor brother George. This is not my first acquaintance with you. Your name has often been mentioned in my hearing."

"By whom?" replied the astonished girl.

Before her uncle could answer, a voice was heard crying, "Constance!" She turned round in amazement, but saw no one. "Ah! you don't know who it is that is calling you," said her uncle.

"Constance! Constance!" repeated the strange voice.

"It is the parrot!" exclaimed Martin.

"The parrot!" answered his sister; "but who could have taught it my name?"

"Somebody who has not forgotten it," slyly rejoined her uncle, at the same time winking his eye in a very knowing way.

"Was it you, uncle?"

"No, my dear; but a young man born in this village."

"What, Mark?"

"I believe that is his name."

"Have you seen him, then, uncle?"

"Yes, I came home in the same vessel with him."

"And he has spoken——"

"Of you," said her uncle, divining her thoughts, "and often enough, as you see, for the parrot to remember your name."

Constance blushed with delight, and her mother could not conceal her satisfaction, for she had always favoured the proposed match between Mark and her daughter. They were still more gratified when they heard that the young lover was only detained at Liverpool by necessary formalities, and would, in all probability, be with them the next day. Constance could no longer restrain herself; she flew to her uncle's arms in a transport of joy.

"Well, now we are friends, I suppose," said he, smiling. "That you may not be tired of waiting for your beau, I will give you my parrot, which will talk to you about him."

She again kissed her uncle with a thousand thanks, and took the bird, which jumped upon her shoulder and said plainly: "How do you do, Constance?"

The whole family roared with merry laughter.

"You have made one happy, at any rate," said the widow.

"I should be glad to do the same for you," replied her brother-in-law, in a serious tone; "but I am afraid of awakening a painful recollection in your mind."

"You mean with regard to my son Walter," said she, with all a mother's promptitude and fondness.

"I do," he rejoined. "When he was shipwrecked, we were unfortunately separated. If we had happened to have been on board the same vessel, who knows but I might have saved him again, as I did once before?"

"It is true, you did once save him. I ought never to have forgotten it."

"Never mind about that; it was no more than my duty. But this time it was impossible to repeat the service. When our ship came up, Walter's had been wrecked a fortnight. All I was able to do for him was to find out where he was buried, and erect a frail memorial over his grave. I managed, however, to find out where his watch was; and here it is for your acceptance."

With these words he offered her a handsome silver watch,

"No," was the reply, "certainly not. I have brought him up and kept him ever since he was born. He is my servant and companion wherever I go. I would not sell him for ten times his value. But who wants to buy him?"

"A nobleman's son, who was passing just now, saw the animal, and was so pleased with it that he desired me to purchase it, and take it to him."

"Tell him I won't part with it for any money."

"But consider, uncle, what disappointment you are causing by this refusal. The nobleman has promised to make me his steward, and I should be very sorry to disoblige his son."

"Yes, indeed," said his mother; "if Martin can only obtain that situation, he is made for life."

"Then take him, and welcome; only be sure and say I hope they will use him well."



THE UNCLE'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

which she seized with passionate eagerness, and kissed again and again. All the female members of the family wept. Martin himself was deeply moved, and his uncle was obliged to cough in order to conceal his emotion. The coldness and restraint which was before exhibited, completely melted away. He assured them he had come back as poor as he went out, and that, in telling his nephew they would one day repent of their coolness, he merely meant they would regret having unkindly treated a good-natured relative. Yet both mother and daughter continued to lavish upon him those attentions which they had previously paid from mere motives of interest. Just as he was about to bid them adieu, Martin, who had gone out for a minute or two, came back and asked

Martin ran off with his prize, and presented it to the young lord, who prevailed upon his father to make the appointment of which he had long spoken. The joy of the whole family, on hearing this intelligence, may be easily conceived. To atone for her fault, the widow candidly confessed the interested views by which she had been influenced when she first received her brother-in-law's letter. He laughed outright at the joke of their expecting so much from him, when he had brought only two useless animals.

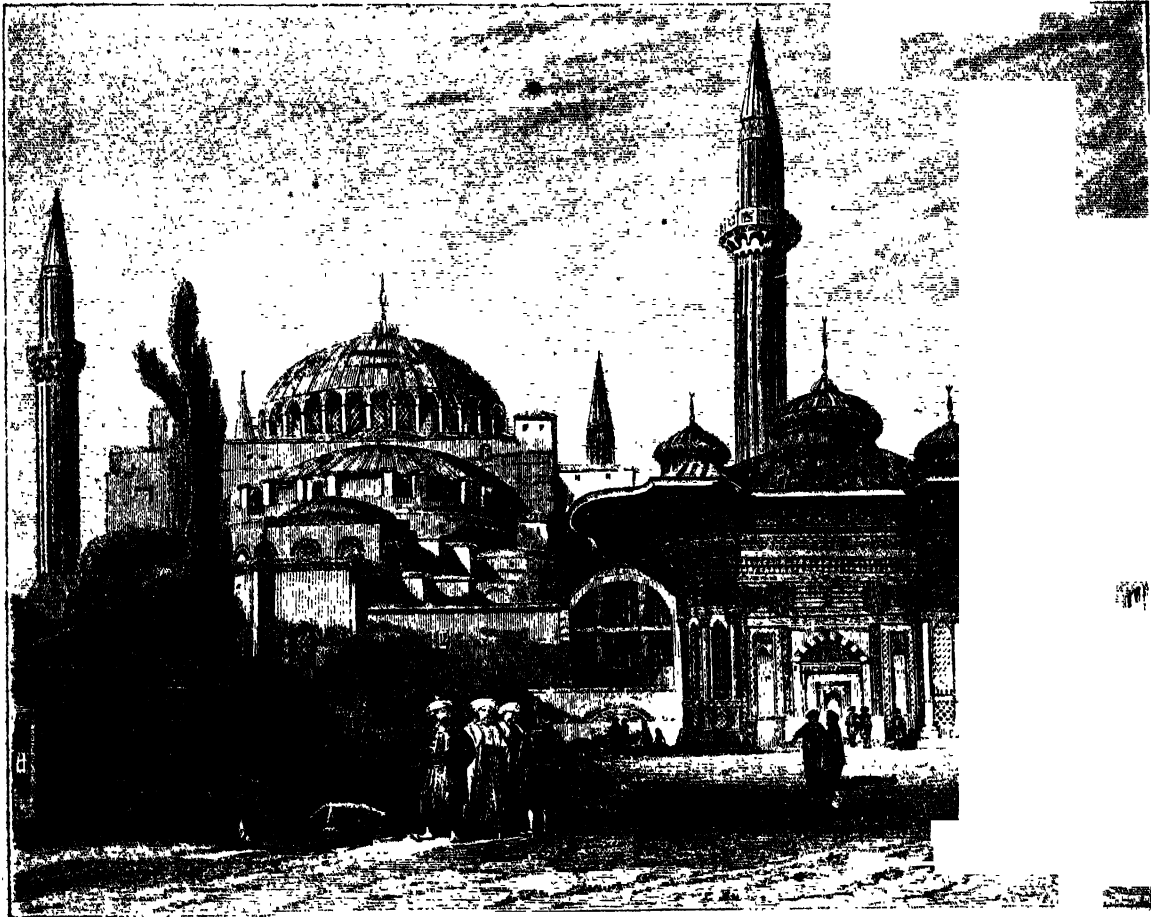
"You are mistaken," said Constance, mildly; "you have brought three invaluable treasures; for, thanks to you, my mother has now a memento of her lost son, my brother has a good situation, and I," she added, hesitating and blushing,

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

One of the most celebrated buildings in the Turkish capital is the Mosque of St. Sophia. Everybody there goes to see it. Some are stricken with astonishment, and come away deeply impressed with the grandeur of the whole design, and the solemnity of the venerable place; some are disappointed—they have thought it greater and grander than it really is, have pictured to themselves a realisation of old Arabian stories, a building that seemed as if it had been erected at the spell of the wonderful lamp—and the reality being surpassed by the ideal, they come away to grumble, and to jest at white-washed walls and Moorish carpets. But whatever may be the result of the visit, the visit is sure to be made. St. Sophia's Mosque

again fell into neglect. There was more sedition, and another fire, and then came the terrible event of the circus, in which about thirty or forty thousand people perished.

The erection of a really splendid building—a building such as Constantine intended, Constantius contemplated, and Theodosius dreamt of—was reserved for the emperor Justinian, who determined, so say the chroniclers, to "erect the most magnificent monument that had been raised since the creation." East and west, north and south, the emperor looked for help. Every country was to be put under tribute; every land was to send some decoration; the emperor would search the world for its treasures and have but one altar for the offer-



THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

is the lion of the place, and really well deserves its proud position.

The original structure was built by the Greeks, and is the largest and most magnificent church ever erected by them. After the emperor Constantine had seen the blazing cross in the air, had shaken off his paganism, and adopted the creed of Christians, and had found that by the cross he conquered, he determined to build at the capital, which had been christened with his name, a splendid structure in honour of the new faith. So he erected a basilica, and dedicated it to the wisdom of God. After this, one or two emperors added to the edifice; but it fell into bad repair, as it was not properly cared for. When the Arians, in a riot about Chrysostom, set it on fire, it was suffered to remain in ruins, and even after Theodosius had begun to see to its restoration, the work

ing. The church of St. Sophia was to rival Solomon's temple; the satraps of Asia and the governors of provinces were to make careful search for marble for columns, and sculptures of every kind which might prove useful in the new building. "Art," says Mr. Christie in his paper on Mosaic work—to which we are indebted for some of these particulars—"was then at a low ebb; they had lost the art of design; they were obliged to steal their brooms ready made; and soon the spoils of temples, baths, and porticoes, which ornamented the Asian and European continents, and even isles in the sea, poured into Byzantium." Ephesus sent the spoils of her beautiful temple of Diana; Baalbec surrendered the glories of its Sun temple; heathen magnificence poured out its treasures before the Christian temple; and along with the trophies of ancient art came workmen from all parts of the world, ten or twelve

thousand men were engaged, and two Greek architects set to work to build the last great wonder of the world—more marvellous than an Egyptian labyrinth, durable as Pharaoh's pyramids, gigantic as the walls of Babylon—more sacred than the tomb of Mausolus or the Jupiter Olympus, and more astonishing than the brazen Apollo—the colossus of Rhodes. It was said, an angel had communicated to the emperor the exact size of the building, had given him an actual, tangible, mathematical ground-plan; so he devoted himself to the work with great earnestness, pressed on the labour with becoming expedition, had a gallery especially erected, from which he might behold the busy scene at his ease. But not content with this, he took an active part in the erection. Peter the Great worked bravely in our dockyards—a timber for a throne, an adze for a sceptre—and in this Justinian somewhat resembled him. His royal hands were busy with the rest; his body clothed in a linen tunic, with a napkin round his head.

When the foundation had been cleared, there was a high and solemn feast. Thousands and tens of thousands of people assembled. The patriarch invoked a solemn blessing on the work, and the emperor put the first mortar to the stone, and so the work began.

There was to be a splendid dome, the final achievement of all architectural glory. It was to surpass everything that ever had been seen, to be for ever the one unapproachable model of all excellence; the admiration of the world was to be aroused, perhaps envy—but impotent envy—that might hope in vain to equal or approach this high triumph of art. How carefully every brick was to be made! how watchful were the emperor's confidants to be that nothing was omitted in their manufacture which could in any possibility contribute to their durability and beauty! This was why Troiloes, Bazilius, and Colcoquintus started for Rhodes to superintend the brickmaking. Every brick bore this inscription:—"It is founded by God; God will give help." Between every layer of bricks sacred relics were placed; and at intervals the workmen ceased their labours, and prayer and praise were offered. All this went on for a long time; no expense was spared, enormous sums were spent, barbarians were spoiled, coffers were emptied, taxes vexatiously increased, salaries omitted to be paid, lands and houses sold, property seized, even the leaden pipes of the city fountains melted down. Money must be had, and there was a woeful want of it. Tertullian, with respect to the prodigality of dress, says:—"A great estate is drawn out of a little pocket; a weak, slender neck can make shift to carry about whole woods and lordships; vast sums of money, borrowed of the banker, and noted in his account-book, to be repaid every month with interest, are weighed at the beam of a thin slender ear; so great is the strength of pride and ambition, that even the weak feeble body of one woman shall be able to carry the weight and substance of so many pounds taken up at usury." Something like this was the condition of the church of St. Sophia. The lamps that swung in the church, with their delicate golden chains, and the elaborate ornamentation of the six thousand candelabra of purest gold, all represented so much shameful pillage, so much fair land pledged, so many woods and palaces sold out and out. Every lavish expenditure was prodigally flung around the building, and £200,000 were paid before the walls were a yard high.

After sixteen years the Basilica was finished. It was a high day in Byzantium. After the fashion of the "good piece of flesh," 2,000 oxen, 10,000 sheep, 600 deer, 1,000 pigs, 10,000 hens, 10,000 chickens, with 30,000 measures of wheat, were distributed to the people. In great pomp the emperor rode on his car of state to the Hippodrome, and then marched to the temple. As he drew near, the doors were thrown back, and as the long magnificent vista met his gaze, the walls and roof covered with gold and mosaics, and so many lamps and candelabra that the place seemed one vast sea of fire, he cried out: "Glory to God, who has thought me worthy of this work! I have conquered thee, O Solomon!"

As a specimen of the magnificence of the place, it may be mentioned that the holy table, or communion table, was, by the emperor's order, made of something which they esteemed

more precious than gold. It was a mixture made of pearls and diamonds, of gold and silver, of tin and copper, all of which were melted together. Cedrenus says, the altar was made of gold and silver and every sort of precious stone, of wood, of metal—in fact, of everything that could be produced by sea or land, and every material that the universe could furnish. The ground on which it rested was laid with plates of gold, and the table itself was supported by four golden columns. Forty large columns—a mysterious number, says Von Hammer (hence "*The Forty Thieves*")—separated the nave on the south and north from the aisles. The pulpit was of precious marble covered with gold and jewels.

When the Turks—so goes the legend—took possession of Constantinople, and the old streets of Byzantium echoed to the cry, "God is God!" the Sultan Mahomet II. entered the church of Santa Sophia on horseback. The Christians were at worship, a priest was celebrating mass, surrounded by deacons and acolytes, when the pavements of the church rang to the hoofs of the horse, and the Turk with his broad scimitar dashed into the holy place. The Christians, panic-stricken, fled, and the priest escaped by a door in one of the galleries; as he disappeared, there was a noise like thunder, and the door was supernaturally closed by a stone wall. The Turks add, when the Christians retake Constantinople, this gate will re-open of itself, and the priest will appear to finish his mass.

The modern condition of the building, although remarkable in general effect for beauty, is marred and spoiled by latter-day inventions. The beautiful marble pavement is concealed under immense carpets; the mosaics which decorated the walls are pitilessly whitewashed once in two years; a beautiful figure on the cupola is taken away, and a verse from the Koran put in its stead—"God is the light of heaven and earth." While the inside of the church has undergone these alterations, the exterior has been strengthened with enormous buttresses and piers. A crescent surmounts the cupola. In the mosque is the superb tomb of the emperor Constantine, for which the Turks have the highest veneration. The dome of the mosque is 113 feet in diameter, and is built in arches sustained by pillars of marble.

The mosques are the principal curiosities of Constantinople, and that of St. Sophia is the principal mosque. Franks are permitted to enter its stately walls on obtaining an order or licence for so doing—not otherwise. The traveller applies to his ambassador, the ambassador delivers the name of the applicant to the diplomatic agent, and a firman is granted, the required sum, varying from three to twelve pounds, has to be paid—this, of course, will be considered sufficient for a party of thirty or five-and-thirty persons—and in company with the deputed official you start for the mosques and the other sights of the city. The mosque of St. Sophia is in the form of a Greek cross. It is about the same length and breadth as St. Paul's Cathedral. The present dome did not form part of the original structure, that having been thrown down one-and-twenty years after its erection. Besides the chief dome there are two others of considerable dimensions, and six smaller ones. The principal dome is of an elliptical form, "much too flat to be externally beautiful, its height not exceeding one-sixth part of the diameter. Twenty-four windows are arranged around it, and it rests upon four strong arches." Four minarets, but each of a different shape, have been added by the Mahomedans. The building has been outwardly so patched and propped up in different ages that it has lost whatever beauty it may have originally possessed, and is now a heavy, unwieldy, and confused-looking mass. It is entered on the west side by a double vestibule about thirty-eight feet in breadth, which communicates with the interior by nine broad doors ornamented with bas-reliefs. The interior is spacious and imposing, not being broken by aisles or choirs—the building is said to contain 170 columns of marble, granite, *verà antique*, etc."

The mosque of the Sultan Achmet, and that of Solymen the Magnificent, are preferred by many travellers to the mosque of St. Sophia. Many of the mosques, like the latter, have formerly been Greek churches. Their incomes are very large.

THE MOLDAVIAN HELEN.

This poet very properly asks, "What laid old Troy in ruins?" To this question but one answer can be given—a woman did it all. What mischief has the sex not done in its time! To please a woman Alexander set fire to his capitol, and Anthony made war with the conqueror of the world. To avenge the wrongs of a woman, monarchy was abolished in Rome; and at a later day they usurped the wealth and power of Spain. Anne of Austria frowned on the libertine addresses of Buckingham, and the result was a war with France. The Duchess of Marlborough ruled Queen Anne, and in consequence we won the laurels of Blenheim and Ramillies. Mrs. Masham became Anne's favourite, and the protestant succession was in such jeopardy, that if Anne had not suddenly died, the Revolution would have been nullified, and James III. would have ascended the throne from which his father had been righteously expelled. Women, then, have done considerable damage. The author of the "Frontier Land of the Christian and the Turk" has given us a new instance of this old saw.

"Moldavia," writes a native historian, "like the Trojan, offered the spectacle of a bloody war fought for a princess; she was as beautiful as Helen, and more innocent." The lady thus referred to was Roxandra, the daughter of Basil Luper, Prince of Moldavia, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of a Mahometan slave of Circassia, whose marvellous beauty had captivated the Christian prince. The daughter was still more beautiful, and five kings and sovereign princes of Eastern Europe disputed her hand. The father preferred the great warrior, Prince Coributh of Poland; but the daughter declared she would consent to no matrimonial arrangement till she had first seen and spoken with her betrothed. Soon after, she was at the church of the Three Saints on Palm Sunday, when it is the practice for every one to carry the branch of a tree. A youth of noble mien, in the disguise of a humble merchant, approached and gave her the branch he held in his hand, at the same time gallantly saying, what every polite young man would under the circumstances, that the fatigues of his long journey were amply repaid by a glance of her bright eyes. The lady, of course, after such a flattering speech, took the branch—it was the least she could do—and on looking at it, she found on it a piece of paper bearing these words: "He, who burns to win thee, swears to succeed or die." The fair Roxandra concluded this burning youth could be no other than Prince Coributh, and gave him a smile which sent him away happy. Poland was then at war with the Cossacks, and being beaten, was compelled to sue for peace; but the Cossacks required, as the first condition for treating, the delivery of Prince Coributh into their hands. The young prince escaped into Moldavia, where he assumed the name of Argyrius. Here, under this assumed name, he became known to Prince Luper, who took him into great favour, and became known to the beautiful Roxandra, to whom he made love without declaring his real name, and by whom he was rejected on the ground that she would never marry any one but Prince Coributh. Meanwhile the Cossack hetman, after humbling the pride of Poland, returned to the Ukraine to consolidate his power, and to demand the hand of Roxandra for his son Timush. The young lady would

not hear of a Cossack husband. The hetman grew furious, and invaded Moldavia; Luper was compelled to yield. But now the scene again changes. The war broke out again; Coributh returned to his country, and by his presence gave new courage to his troops. Fortune was unfavourable to the Cossacks, who were driven back to the Ukraine. The Prince of Moldavia then considered himself at liberty to retract his promise to marry his daughter to the hetman's son, Timush; which she implored him to do; and he now offered her hand to the victorious Coributh, whom she professed to love. The Polish suitor advanced with a numerous and warlike retinue to claim his bride. Timush armed his Cossacks to avenge the breach of faith of the Moldavian prince. The rivals met on their way to Jassy; a long and bloody battle ensued, and Coributh was killed. Bitter were the tears Roxandra shed, and still more bitterly did they flow when Timush summoned Luper to keep his word and to give him his daughter's hand. Roxandra, on her knees, besought him not to do so. Her heart was in the grave with Coributh; she never, never, could be another's. On the other hand, the boyards, fearing the country would be ravaged by the Cossacks, called on her father to save his country by sacrificing his child. The prince was in a terrible dilemma—he knew not what to do. He wished his country well, but he loved his child. At length, however, the crisis terminated, and he resolved to sink the father in the prince. Palm Sunday again came round; and the reluctant bride again went to the church of the Three Saints in procession, and prayed for a miracle to come to her assistance. As she reached the church, she was shocked by seeing those horrid Cossacks again—the very men that had slain the loved one of her heart. Timush advanced from amongst them, and presented the branch he held to the princess, who was considered a patriotic, broken-hearted victim, and who did not dare to raise her eyes from the ground. He said,

"I have won thee, and I claim thy hand."

It was the voice of Coributh, of her brave, and beautiful, and lost one. She looked up and saw, instead of a fierce and savage Cossack, the handsome youth on whom she had bestowed her heart a year ago, who, in the humble guise of a merchant, had made so lasting an impression upon her susceptible bosom.

"You are Coributh," she exclaimed.

"I am Timush," was the reply.

Timush or Coributh, she married him. It seemed that all along it was with Timush she had been in love. Coributh she had never known, not even when he was at her father's court; for he had kept his name secret, in the hope that he would soon return victorious in his real character. The story goes on to say, that when the remains of the Polish prince lay in state before interment, and the features of Argyrius were recognised, she wept for her friend thus suddenly cut down, but less bitterly than she had done for her lover. It is to be hoped that she had no reason to regret his loss. It is to be hoped that Timush made her a good Cossack husband, and that she made him a good wife. If Moldavia had had its Homer, the world would have been familiar with her charms. As it is, her name has long been buried in the forgotten past. All that we know of her is, that she was beautiful; and that for that beauty men fought and died. Nor is it necessary that we know more; imagination will do all the rest.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS II.

PAINTERS have never wearied of subjects connected with the history of their own art, which the more they study it, the more their minds are elevated and made capable of rendering their ideas with truthfulness. Sometimes the story selected is a great historical scene in the history of a great painter and of his great patron. In the present instance, however, the picture is an historical imagination, in which a real event, in the life of Michael Angelo, is developed by the painter's

ingenuity into an episode of romance. We have already* described the circumstances of the quarrel that took place between Pope Julius and the great artist, who afterwards wrought the sculpture at that pontiff's tomb. We have noticed the scene of their reconciliation, to which a lively writer of French fiction has added a story about his holiness ordering a prelate to be thrown out of the window for daring

* WORKS OF EMILENT BARRERE, vol. i. p. 234.

to insinuate an animadversion on the conduct of the very man, who, until that moment, had been in disgrace. However, whether Julius did or did not permit himself to be hurried into this excess of anger, or whether his threat was not altogether an affectation, it is certain his method of patronising art was entirely peculiar to himself. If the artist of the picture we have engraved has not adhered to historical exactness—which, as an artist, who is a poet, or ought to be one, he was by no means bound to do—he has delineated faithfully the characteristic features of the pope, of the painter, of the holy Roman dignitaries assembled round the board, of the attendants, and even of the chamber in which the incident took place. There sits the vain Julius, the haughtiest, the most discontented, the most pretentious, and one of the least noble of the Medici family. Age has heightened the force of his passions; he is angry when any one expresses an opinion

ascertain their sentiments towards his own person, and treat them accordingly. In public dispensations, also, his conduct was animated by a similar spirit. One pope had given a gorgeous roof to a particular chapel; another had filled a gallery with rare and precious sculpture; another had added a splendid wing to the papal palace in Rome; some had employed artists to raise monuments and memorials of their reigns, on a scale of imperial magnificence, in the hope that their works would never be eclipsed; and it was a maxim with all the Medici, that they should never be eclipsed by the past or by the future. Accordingly, the chisel of the sculptor, the brushes and the colours of the painter, were encouraged lavishly to adorn the public edifices of the Italian capital with the triumphal trophies of art. But Julius II. and his successors were pre-eminently fortunate in having the command of such a painter as Michael Angelo. He was the star of their reigns

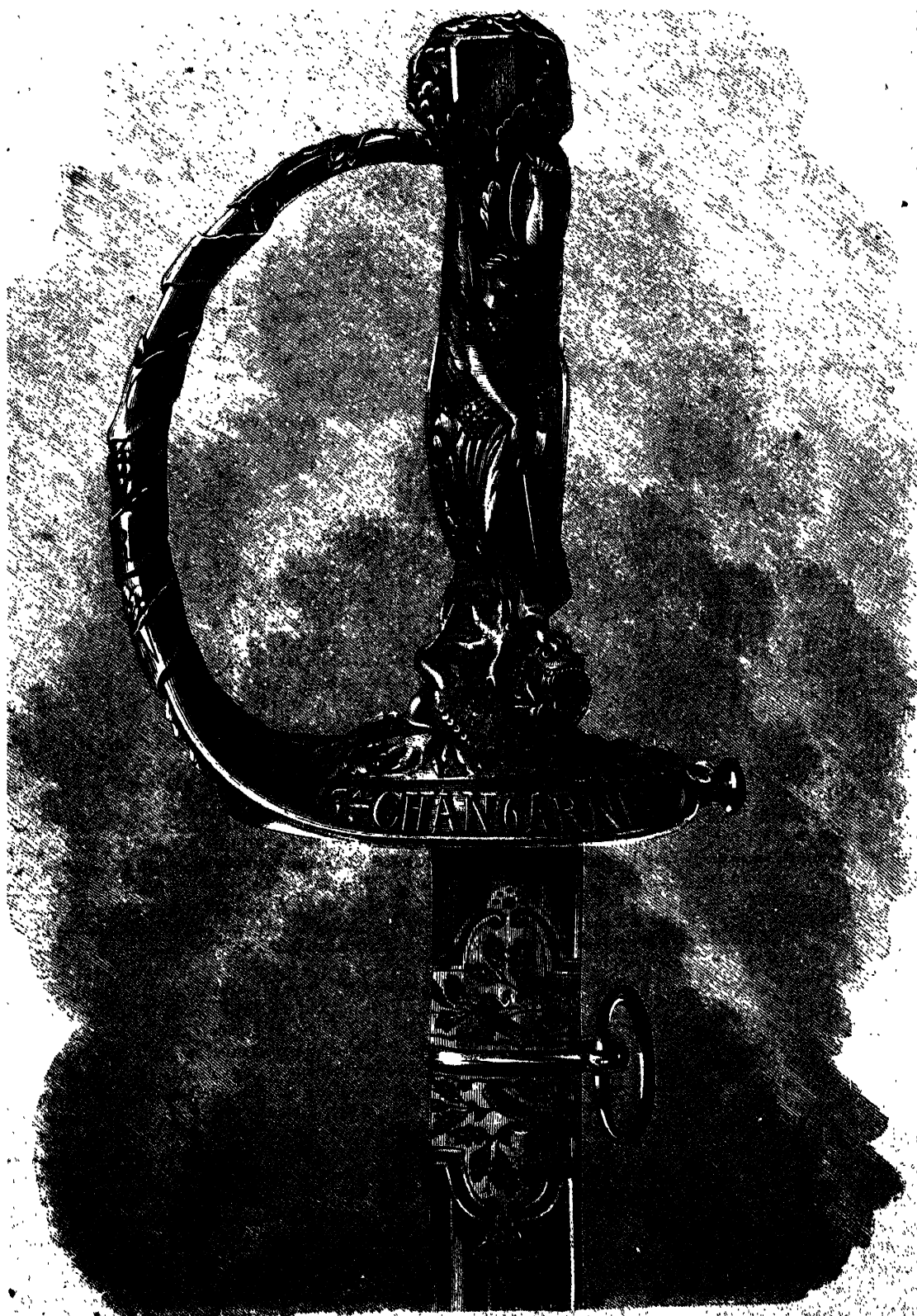


POPE LEO. X. AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

before he has spoken, even though that opinion be consistent with his own; he reverses an unuttered determination, lest he should seem to be influenced by others. His large handsome face is lustrous with the fierceness of his mind, and he bends on Michael Angelo the look of an imperious master satisfied with his vassal's submission. At his feet we see the poorest spectacle that human nature can present—of genius kneeling at the feet of power; of a free, aspiring, generous man, humiliating himself, in a servile attitude, before a pretender to infallible authority. The ecclesiastics and statesmen who sit around gaze on the drama enacted before them.

It was the custom of Julius II., as of all his family, to be excessively patronising to men who consented to yield them complete submission. This, which has been called magnanimity, was, as it appears to us, the most ungenerous policy. He used to visit *incognito* the studios of various painters,

and we doubt if any victory, material or spiritual, obtained by Clement, bestowed such lustre on the period of his rule as the execution of "The Last Judgment." Julius was, perhaps, less sensible of his privilege than Clement, or, at least, was too vain to confess his appreciation of it; for he trifled with the painter, and wasted his heart by empty promises, when he might have been encouraging him to proceed with works that would have conferred immortal honour on the artist's and the patron's name. It is said that he once reproached him with the ambitious character of a painting, the design of which he had conceived. "I paint the portrait of my mind," replied Michael Angelo. He also doubted sometimes whether there was not too poetical a tinge in his delineation of sacred subjects; but this was not one of his serious thoughts. For, with all their errors, the Medici were never ignorant or tasteless enough to be bigots to mere mechanical reality.



SWORD PRESENTED TO GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER'S SWORD.

SOME men win honours, some men have honours thrust upon them. Of the latter is General Changarnier, one of those young African soldiers of France who were brought home in 1818 to serve the Republic, in company with Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, and others. For a time he took no very important part in public affairs; but at last both he and most other soldiers of fortune of the hour saw hope of advancement and of war in the advent of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. When the latter was elected president, Changarnier placed his sword at his disposal.

The republican party took alarm. It was believed that if Louis Napoleon were allowed to last four years he would betray his oath, and overthrow the government the people had fought for. A large section thought that the time was come to move. The secret societies were re-organised. But this was a great mistake. The fearful June insurrection, which was got up by the Buonapartist and Legitimist parties, to destroy sympathy with liberty, had cost Paris so dear, that there was not a shadow of a chance for an insurrection. The blood of the 20,000 slain in June, 1848, was yet scarcely cold; and though dissatisfied, and fully aware of the intentions of Louis Napoleon, the masses were not disposed to do battle again. A certain party of leaders thought otherwise, and determined to hurry on the catastrophe. Small meetings were held in different parts of Paris, arms were collected, an organisation commenced, and at last a day was fixed.

But the insurgents insisted upon having well-known men at their head. On other occasions they had fought, won the battle, and returned to their homes, leaving men who were quietly at home to reap the benefit. This time they wished those they fought for to come and place themselves at their head. Ledru Rollin was asked to do so. He told the men of the barricades that the time was not yet come. The old insinuation of coward was at once hurled at him, and in unfortunate impulse of pique and anger, Ledru Rollin resolved to appear as the man of the insurrection before it commenced. The co-operation of a certain portion of the artillery of the national guard was certain, with Colonel Guinard at its head.

On the 13th June, then, Ledru Rollin and one or two other deputies, followed and supported by some national guard and artillerymen, marched through the streets to a public building in the centre of the district usually the first to make barricades. It was intended that the members of the late Provisional Government should sit at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, while the insurrection thundered around. But there they sat; not a barricade rose, not a mob collected, which was the less surprising, that barricades are seldom commenced, except under great excitement, at any time but dawn. The people were not prepared to do battle with the future emperor; and after a short time, the representatives sitting at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* were compelled to disperse ingloriously and seek safety in La land.

Meanwhile General Changarnier was whetting his sword. A great crowd had collected on the Boulevard, when it was known that there was an insurrection afoot. Near the Rue de la Paix were congregated a mass of men, women, and children, talking of the rumours afloat; some regretting the news, some hoping there was going to be a battle, but all talking, as in the pit of a theatre between the acts. Suddenly up charged the valiant general Changarnier, at the head of a brilliant staff, and a regiment of guards and lancers. The crowd were alarmed at the wild way in which the cavalry rode about, and the chairs which line this part of Paris, were hastily cast across the street to stop the horses, and the crowd fled. The general and his officers and men charged, and cleared "the barricade," as it was described in the *Moniteur*; after which they galloped in all directions, taking many prisoners, and alarming several old women and some nursery maids and children very much. Having executed this manoeuvre, the general and his army of observation rode round to the headquarters of "the insurrection," which, however, was nowhere

to be found. Nevertheless, it was declared that the general had that day saved society, and the sword portrayed in our engraving was presented to him as a memorial of the exploit. The subsequent career of General Changarnier is familiar to all. He is well known to be a royalist, and when he saw that Louis Napoleon meant to cut the Gordian knot of dispute, by taking the crown himself, he left him. When the *coup d'etat* of the second of December burst upon the amazed and deluded Paris public, General Changarnier was arrested and sent into exile, there to ruminate on the proverbial gratitude of princes.

MARRO, THE HINDOO GROOM.

It has been justly observed, by more than one recent writer on India, that the Europeans do not treat the natives of that country with anything like the kindness and benevolence which should characterise the conduct of men leaving a highly civilised community to live amongst a semi-refined, but extremely observant and imitative people. Much as the religion of the Hindoos leads them to put their faith in caste, and to neglect or ignore all higher feelings and aspirations than those presented to them or exhibited in the lives of the "sacred" Brahmins, yet they keenly mark the actions, and listen to the words, of the *Sahabkake*, as they call the Europeans, and this with a view to imitate the one and reproduce the other as soon as possible.

Lieutenant Crawley had left England at an early age to enter the military service of the Hon. East India Company, and, as good fate would have it, he was posted to the Bengal presidency. Calcutta being the head-quarters of government and of Indian fashionable existence, is naturally regarded with more favour by the incipient soldier than Madras and Bombay. Arrived at Calcutta, Ensign Crawley, with a company of other youths of the same rank, was handed over to the tender mercies of an aged major, who took care of the boys on landing, prevented them, when he could, from falling into the hands of sharpers, and in due time posted them, like letters, for the particular station in the Upper Provinces to which they might be ordered.

Crawley soon obtained a second lieutenancy in the 123rd regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Dinapore, a considerable distance from Calcutta up the Ganges, and in due time was delivered there by the steamer—the cranky old major having himself seen him off. The young officer had escaped from Calcutta with as little loss of reputation and money as could have been expected. It was discovered, indeed, that he knew nothing of riding, and this reputation of his preceded him of course to his regiment; and, secondly, he had only become indebted to an old Hindoo merchant for about twelve thousand rupees (£1,200). As to his unsavoury reputation, he hoped soon to remove it by zealous devotion to horse exercise, until he thoroughly mastered its difficulties and dangers; and as to the second, he knew that many other young men were far worse off than he, and that, by paying forty rupees a month, he would be able to keep down the interest, whilst he hoped soon to be able to pay off the principal by the remittances from the "governor," for which he had earnestly written, strongly urging upon his venerable parent that the cost of his uniform was far greater than either of them had anticipated, and that travelling expenses in India were unconscionable.

Arrived in Dinapore, Crawley began, of course, like all second lieutenants, by purchasing a horse—all the officers rode, and he must ride too. A horse necessitated a groom, and for a groom Crawley hired a big mountaineer, who happened then to be in Dinapore in want of service, and who had previously served the deputy-governor of Bengal.

One day he had been out at dinner, and returned somewhat earlier than usual, vexed and annoyed at the jokes which had been passed upon him. When he arrived, therefore, at the

stables, it was in no pleasant mood, and, as Marro did not happen to be there at the exact moment when he was wanted, the young officer was still more vexed at having to call for him two or three times. At length Marro came running to the spot; he had not expected his master home so soon, and was standing in the immediate neighbourhood chatting with a friend or two who had come into the cantonments to see him, when Crawley rode up. A few trees had prevented the swarthy groom from seeing his master, but he recognised the well-known voice at once, and sprang forwards to seize the bridle.

"Why weren't you here, sir," asked Crawley sternly, "when I rode up?"

"Master come home plenty soon to-day," urged Marro meekly. "I not see master come in."

"Well, sir, another time look sharper," said Crawley, who now stood on the ground, having dismounted, "and this, perhaps, will make you remember to do so." So saying, he brought his riding-whip down upon the bare shoulders of the groom three or four times with all his might.

"Master not hit me," said Marro, standing erect, his fine form swelling with indignation, whilst the blood mantled deeply in his cheeks.

"What, sir, are you going to be insolent?" asked Crawley, coming up again. "Take that, and that, and that." And so saying, he brought his whip again and again into contact with the quivering flesh of the tall Hindoo.

Marro, however, offered no opposition; the first flush of resistance and opposition over, he stood motionless and silent, not the less determined, however, to be revenged. His friends witnessed the assault from the parade-ground, and the colonel of Crawley's regiment—a humane man, bent on putting an end to such scenes—saw the whole transaction from his window above.

The colonel sent for Marro next morning. "Go before the magistrate, my man," said he to the groom, "and state your case. Don't be afraid. I'll get you another place, and I'll be a witness."

This was precisely what Marro had intended to do. He went to the magistrates; Crawley was duly summoned, the witnesses attended, and the young officer was fined fifty rupees (£5) for the assault. He returned to his quarters vowing vengeance against all Hindoos in general, and against Marro in particular.

"It's a shame—a thundering shame," said Captain Basin, whom Crawley had met in the verandah, and to whom he detailed the transaction. "It's a thundering shame; we shall be at the mercy of these niggers at this rate."

"It's infamous," said Lieutenant Spoon, joining the pair; "I never heard of anything more disgraceful. Why, you didn't get half the worth of your money."

"I did not," said Crawley firmly; "I certainly did not."

"I should like to see any of my fellows hauling me over the coals," I should," continued Spoon.

"Why, what would you do?" asked Crawley eagerly.

"What would I do?" repeated Spoon; "why I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd take him back into my service, and I'd catch him some time when he had no witnesses, and I'd give him a flogging that he shouldn't forget in a hurry—I would."

"An excellent idea, 'pon my life," said Basin, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and examining it leisurely as he held it at arm's length between the two first fingers of his left hand.

"A capital idea," ejaculated Crawley, rubbing his hands together; "that's just what I'll do."

A servant was forthwith despatched for Marro, who came, unconscious of the trap that was laid for him.

"I am not at all offended with you, Marro," said Crawley soothingly, "and I don't want you to leave my service on that account. You will stay with me, won't you?"

"If master like, I atop," said Marro, wondering at the young officer's clemency and making a profound salaam.

"Of course, you will; you're a very excellent groom, and I don't think a bit the worse of you for what you have

done," said Crawley. "There now, that'll do; go to the stable."

Marro, thrown off the scent by this unexpected kindness of manner, had no idea his master had determined that a notable example should be made of him—an example all the more striking and impressive from his size and strength.

The opportunity for this notable example was at length found. Marro was working in the stable; the other servants were out of the way. Crawley resolved forthwith to have his revenge, whilst his two comrades were to assist by keeping everybody out of the way, and leaving the coast clear for their friend. Whip in hand, Crawley advanced into the stable, and shut the door behind him.

"Now," said he, advancing in a threatening attitude to Marro, "now you scoundrel, there are no witnesses, and I'll take the worth of my fifty rupees." He shook the riding-whip ominously as he spoke, bringing it now and then into contact with his boot.

Marro joined his hands before him, after the manner of his class, and bent his body in a deprecating way to the wrathful Crawley. "Master, forgive all," urged Marro. "Master not hit his slave now?"

"Yes, I forgave all till I had an opportunity to revenge—no longer," said Crawley, bringing his horsewhip down upon the bare shoulders of the big groom. "But now," he continued, "I have taken care you shall have no witnesses; and I'll pay you off, thoroughly."

Blow after blow descended upon the naked shoulders of the muscular Hindoo; but there is a limit to human endurance, and even a Hindoo will sometimes rebel. Without saying a word more, Marro sprang upon his assailant suddenly, and, seizing the horsewhip, speedily disarmed his master; for there was no comparison between the physical force of the two combatants.

It was now Marro's turn. Holding Crawley with one hand, he brought down the other, with the horsewhip in it, vigorously upon the shoulders and legs of the tyrant-master. An Englishman, however, even of Crawley's stamp, will not quietly suffer himself to be flogged by any Hindoo, big or little. There was a struggle, and Crawley fell beneath Marro, who, holding his master down, plied the whip more vigorously than ever, making it resound as he brought it rapidly and repeatedly into contact with the body of his prostrate foe. The friends of the defeated officer heard the sounds of a struggle and even the words of Crawley, as he swore energetically at the labouring Marro; and they congratulated themselves on the punishment which the obstinate groom was receiving for having dared to bring his master before the magistrate.

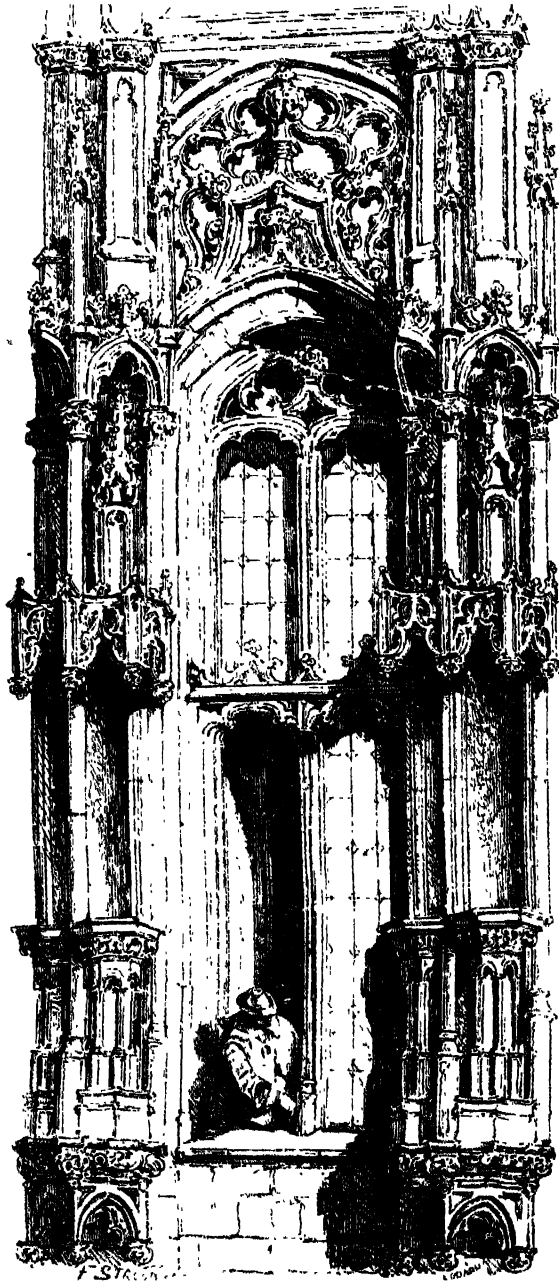
At length, having left the riding-whip behind him in the stable, Marro made his appearance, flying away from the scene of conflict as fast as his legs could carry him. "He has learnt a useful lesson," said Basin, as he watched the retreating groom. "Crawley has to thank me for giving him that idea," said Spoon, congratulating himself on his acuteness. They advanced together towards the stable, from which Crawley emerged, looking most unlike a conqueror—looking, in fact, most like a man who had been thrown down upon dirty straw and a dirtier floor, and who, instead of punishing his antagonist, had been punished himself. "Why, what has been the matter?" asked Basin. "The scoundrel has assaulted you," said Spoon. "I slipped," replied the crest-fallen Crawley, smarting with pain and indignation, "and the villain took advantage of it." It was all that Basin could do to restrain his laughter—it was all that Spoon could do to preserve his gravity. That evening, at the mess, there was no other theme of conversation but Crawley and Marro, whilst the Colonel could not refrain, when he heard of the transaction, from giving "Marro" as a toast after dinner.

Crawley had learnt a lesson that he did not soon forget, and, for a long time, he took heed not to use his horsewhip for any other than its legitimate purpose. As for Marro, he was never heard of again at Dinapore. Thinking he had committed a grievous crime, he fled to Benares, and there, under an assumed name, lived happily and prosperously.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

THIS vast edifice exhibits on its various *façades* the genius of epochs far distant in point of time and altogether diverse in character. The most recent contains nine or ten stories of square common-place windows; another is adorned with classic colonnades of the seventeenth century. The north *façade* is one of the grandest specimens of the Gothic style. One single window, in the pointed style, richly adorned with trefoil-work, rises from the base to the summit of the building.

repute, Dominique de Waghemakere and Rombaut Keldermans, had prepared the plans for it. The civil commotions which agitated the city of Ghent in 1488 and 1540, besides other obstacles, frequently interrupted the building, which was entirely suspended at the time of the religious wars. From 1580 to 1618 the work of construction was carried on without interruption; but as the pointed style of architecture was, under the influence of the classic reaction, considered bar-



ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

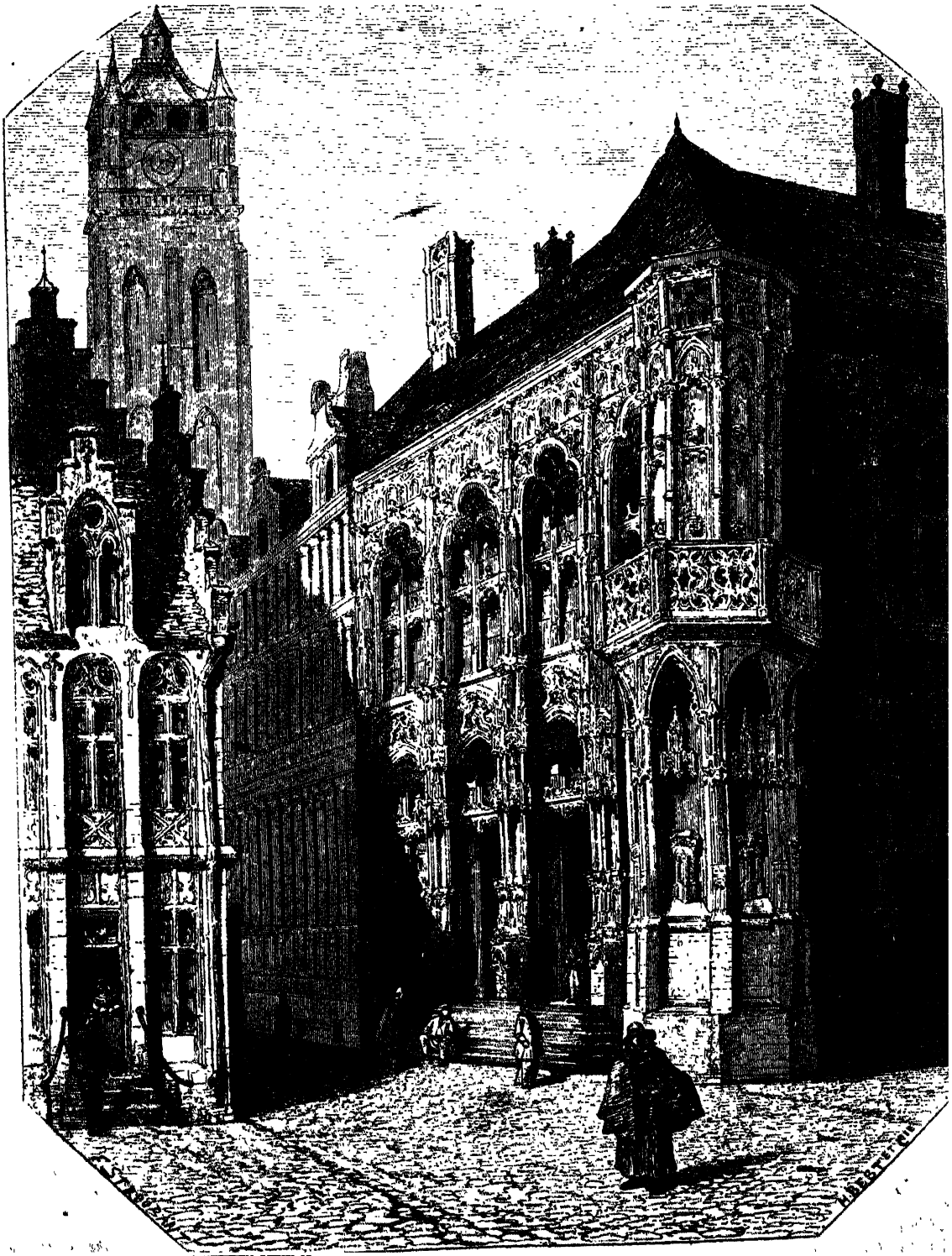
As far back as the thirteenth century, the powerful municipality of Ghent possessed an Hotel de Ville, which then bore the modest title of the court-house. It was rebuilt in the following century; but the new edifice, with regard to the architecture of which we have few particulars, was remarkable neither for its magnitude nor any other circumstance, having lasted only about a hundred years.

The first stone of the present Hotel de Ville was laid on the 4th of July, 1481. Two architects who then enjoyed high

repute, and had consequently fallen into disrepute, the more recent portions of the structure were built in the Romanic style, and even the part of one of the pointed *façades* which yet remained incomplete was finished in that style. This hybrid mixture of two such different styles of architecture is offensive to the eye of a tasteful observer. The ancient portions are in the florid or tertiary style—the richest, but at the same time the most forced and the least pure. As their ornamentation is executed in soft stone, it has suffered greatly from

the effects of time, and it would be no easy matter now to restore it to its original beauty. The *façade* opposite the butter-market, and in the modern style, is about a hundred and thirty feet long and forty in height. There are three

In the interior of the Hotel de Ville the principal object of attraction is the chapel, which was completed in the year 1533. What is called the throne-room is of large dimensions and richly adorned. In another hall there is a very interesting



VIEW OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

rows of rectangular windows with stone cross-bars, fifty-four in number, separated by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. Classical in arrangement, pure in style, and imposing in magnitude, this *façade* has no other defect than an excessive uniformity, which gives it a cold, monotonous aspect.

collection of antiquities relating to the place. The archives of the city abound in ancient documents, some of which belong to a remote antiquity extending as far back as the eighth century—among others, a charter bearing the signature of Eginhard, secretary to Charlemagne.

THE EXHIBITION PICTURE.

Artists and authors have ever been prone to make their first efforts for the attainment of fame and fortune in attic altitudes; a choice which not only offers the advantage of cheapness, but precludes all annoyance from lodgers overhead, to say nothing of unpleasant visits from the landlady underneath, especially where the house happens to be three or four stories high, and the proprietress suffers under the affliction either of asthma or rheumatism. Doubtless, it was for the purpose of securing either one or other of these advantages, that our young artist, Reuben Jessop, took up his abode in the three-pair-front of a house in the retired locality of Myddelton-square, Pentonville. Waiving all ceremony, let us introduce him at breakfast, seated before a scanty fire, suffering his toast and coffee to grow cold while absorbed in scrutinising the merits and imperfections of a half-finished painting that rests on his easel, near the window. It is a fancy sketch, portraying a young female of exquisite beauty, standing at a window open down to the floor, looking out upon a lawn from an apartment elegantly furnished, and displaying a breakfast-table laid in a style that exhibits the most exquisite taste and refinement. It forms a picturesque and fascinating little scene of domestic comfort, rendered doubly interesting by the charming attitude and expression of the female, in whose countenance the artist has happily and strikingly depicted the fond and anxious gaze of a young bride, looking for the return of her loved companion from his morning's ramble. What a contrast to the discomfort and desolation of the poor artist's attic! But such evils were almost entirely overlooked or forgotten by Reuben, whose soul was absorbed in the pursuit of his profession. It was to him a world of beauty and delight so enthralling that he was scarcely conscious of existing in any other. With this intense devotion, the young artist combined an anxious yearning for fame that impelled him to unwearied study of the rules of his art, which he pursued with an ardour so unrelenting as scarcely to allow himself sufficient time for rest; and as "the labour we delight in physics pain," he never felt the want of relaxation. "What a life! and buried in an attic!" some of our readers may, perchance, exclaim—and no wonder; for there are but few persons who can appreciate that purely mental existence known only to those who are able to create a world of their own and live in it. It mattered not to such a man as Reuben whether he was badly lodged in a desolate attic or enjoyed all the cheering and comfortable appliances to be found in a well-furnished first floor. All the external circumstances of his condition were things entirely apart from the man himself. He was so enthralled by his art, so given to abstract fits of musing, that even a meal to which he had sat down was frequently forgotten or neglected, especially when engaged on any fancy sketch such as that we have already described—now suddenly lit up by a golden burst of sunshine. It reveals to us one of those depictions of perfect loveliness which seem to have had no prototype, unless, indeed, it should happily bring to mind some fairy-like vision which has become daguerreotyped on our memory so strongly that it can never be entirely forgotten—a remark which reminds us of the incident that had impelled our artist to his present labour.

It was on a beautiful day in autumn, when the lingering sunshine, like the farewell of an old friend, seems to console us with the assurance of only temporary absence, that a group of gazers, who had been drawn together by the arrival of a wedding *cortège* at Marylebone church, were clustered together on the pavement waiting to see the bridal party return to their carriages. Twelve o'clock struck, and the number of idlers had increased to such a crowd that many respectable persons stopped also; some because they did not choose to be jostled among a mob, and others in the hope of beholding one or more of those glowing impersonations of female beauty, commonly to be found among the daughters of our gentry and aristocracy. The expectant crowd, among whom was Reuben, was to wait long ere the wedding party made their appearance. First came the bride and bridegroom, the former so

heavily veiled that not only her face but the greater portion of her dress was completely hidden. She was leaning on the arm of her husband, a fine, noble, handsome young man, attired in full military uniform, and accompanied by a veteran officer, the bride's father, a bluff, hearty, jovial-looking old gentleman, whose countenance evinced such delight as fully showed how completely the marriage met with his approval. And now came a troop of bridesmaids, all, not only elegantly attired, but more or less possessed of personal attractions; one especially, the last of the train, a dark, bright-eyed damsel, displaying a countenance so strikingly beautiful as to excite the intense admiration of all the by-standers, and particularly of our artist, who, the instant he beheld the maiden, involuntarily expressed his delight by exclaiming rapturously, "What a perfect Hebe!" There he stood, his eyes intently fixed upon her, as she took her seat in the bridesmaids' carriage, and still he remained rudely staring, and endeavouring to get a parting glance at his idol as the vehicle drove off, a rudeness for which the offender was to be excused by his having found, in that enchanting face and figure, almost a perfect specimen of the style of beauty which constituted one of the most delightful of his artistic idealities. Scarcely conscious of anything around him, our dreamer pursued his course homewards, and the instant he entered his "cubby-hole," hurriedly snatched up his sketch-book, and having dashed off a reminiscent outline of the morning's vision, threw himself into a chair, with the dissatisfied feelings of a man who has involved himself in a difficulty beyond the means of extrication; he distrusted his ability to give such a depiction as would be worthy of the original. True, he had long resolved to exert his utmost skill, and endeavour to rise above the rank of a mere portrait-painter; to produce a picture that might raise him above his present poverty and obscurity, by gaining a purchaser among the *virtuosi*, and winning the favourable opinion of the public. He had often thought of making such an effort, but never could decide upon a subject. This arose from a secret consciousness that his ideas were far too great for the embodiment of one who was, at present, a mere tyro in his art, and he felt that to fail in a first attempt might be fatal. Great judgment would be required even in a design of a less aspiring nature. It must be something that would find a response in the hearts of the million, while it admitted full scope for the most masterly exercise of his pencil; a subject of a domestic nature, which, it now struck him, he had found in the scene of the morning, and he resolved to attempt it. The result was the little cabinet picture we have already described.

Despite, however, of his having commenced the work, there were moments when a distrust of his ability to give a full and faithful depiction of the beauty of the original he intended to represent as the young bride, came so strongly upon him that he was almost inclined to abandon his attempt; and it was in one of these moods that we find him at the opening of our narrative—suffering under a sad misgiving, amounting almost to a fit of despondency, from which he was aroused by some one knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Come in!" cried he, and, on turning round, beheld the fat figure of Mrs. Sniggins, his landlady, standing before him.

"Have the goodness to take a seat, madam," said Reuben; in compliance with which invitation, the lady, panting with exhaustion, sank into one of the dilapidated chairs which, in conjunction with a ricketty table, and broken-legged bedstead, constituted the chief furniture of the attic.

"Them stairs is such a height!" muttered Mrs. Sniggins.

"They are, madam," replied Reuben, in a tone of sympathy, though at the very moment he was wishing that they were at least a story higher.

"And your rent is a running up so, Mr. Jessop," continued his visitor, "and there's the collector threatening to seize upon me for taxes."

"Dear me! what, seize upon you!" exclaimed Reuben, scarcely able to suppress a smile at the idea of so daring a capture.

"Yes; such an exposure to the neighbours, you know,

“continued Mrs. Sniggins; “when do you think you will be able to let me have some money, sir?”

“Soon after that painting you see yonder is finished, I hope, madam.”

“That’s a very uncertain chance, I’m afraid, sir; for people has no money to lay out on pictures. But maybe you’ve got a customer for it already?”

“I wish I could say I had, madam; but I hope to procure one.”

“Well, I hope you will, I’m sure, and soon too, though I really cannot wait for that; you must let me have some money this week—you must indeed, if it’s only a trifle.”

“I’ll endeavour, madam.”

“Pray do; if you can get me half-a-sovereign, it will materially help me in making up the man’s money.”

Reuben promised; and saying she should fully rely upon his word, Mrs. Sniggins took her departure. Here was the pressure of poverty, of which he was too prone to be unmindful, stimulating him to the completion of his task; for, in order to keep his promise to Mrs. Sniggins, he would be compelled to borrow from a friend who had kindly offered to assist him with his purse, that he might not be harassed while the picture was in progress.

It was intended for the Royal Academy’s ensuing exhibition; and, by slightly availing himself of his friend’s generosity, he was enabled to devote so much time to the work, and bestow such great pains upon it, that it was not only completed before the required time, but received the highest encomiums from several first-rate judges of art to whom he submitted it for inspection. Within the time appointed for receiving the contributions of exhibitors it was sent in, and shortly afterwards Reuben received an official communication from the Academy, informing him that it had been accepted.

With feverish anxiety he looked forward to the opening of the exhibition; and when at last the day came, he was delighted to find that those whose office it was to superintend the hanging of the picture had disposed of his in such a manner as to admit of a full view being passed upon its merits.

In the course of the season frequent visits to the exhibition, chiefly for the purpose of studying the perfections of those who far exceeded him in his art; though sometimes, with the natural vanity of a youthful aspirant for fame, and elated as he was with the high praise that was lavished upon him by the press, he found himself not only gazing upon his production, but eagerly endeavouring to overhear any eulogium that strangers might pass upon it. Thus again his ambition was gratified; he had gained the first step to fame, and perhaps fortune. During all this time, however, the poor artist, unwilling further to encroach upon the kindness of the friend who had enabled him to complete his task in peace, was secretly suffering such extreme penury as not only to render his meals, dinners especially, very intermittent, but to involve him in the liability of expulsion from his lodging, his landlady having become so importunate that, to avoid her perpetual intrusion, he spent whole days out of doors, which might have been more advantageously employed at home. His only consolation was the daily hope of relieving himself from all such annoyances by the sale of his picture; but day after day passed, by without any offer being made for the purchase, and the time was fast approaching when the exhibition would close.

One afternoon, returning from a long morning ramble, he happened to look in at Trafalgar Square, when the exhibition was so thronged with visitors that it was impossible to avoid the occurrence of an occasional crush among the double stream of persons passing up and down the grand staircase. As the hour of closing approached, the crowd thickened, and just as Reuben had managed to squeeze himself through the open door of the exhibition room leading to the landing, he caught a glimpse of something that was lying on the ground in a corner of the door-way. He managed to pick it up, and on examining it as soon as he had reached the street, found it to be a small bracelet, set with precious stones in a very costly manner,

and having a magnificent ruby in the centre. The back of the clasp was engraved with the initials E. S. B. and a lock of hair, gleaming like silver, was curiously concealed in the gold casing. Reuben was perplexed to know what to do with the trinket, which, on his road home, he ascertained to be worth a considerable sum, and as he had not the means of advertising it, resolved to await the probable announcement of its loss in one of the public journals. The only step he could himself take for its restoration was to leave his address with the porter at the door; in case any inquiry should be made by the owner, who would, of course, be able to give an exact description of the bracelet.

He was preparing to leave home on the following day, when he was met at the door of his room by an elderly gentleman, to whose inquiry for her lodger Mrs. Sniggins had replied by desiring the stranger to walk up, and thus taken by surprise, Reuben was compelled to receive him in his attic. He was a gentlemanly man of about fifty years of age, and having briefly stated the nature of his errand by informing Reuben that his daughter had lost a bracelet at the exhibition only the day previously, proceeded to give an exact description of the one in our artist’s possession, adding that it was a trinket she prized, even far beyond its pecuniary value, simply because it was a keepsake from her uncle, who had been absent many years in India, and whose age rendered his return to England, though he had long intended it, extremely improbable.

“I am delighted that it has fallen to my lot to be the means of restoring it to its owner so treasured a gift,” said Reuben, handing his visitor the bracelet.

“And I,” replied the stranger, “esteem it a most fortunate occurrence that the trinket should have fallen into such honourable hands. Had I failed to gain information at Trafalgar Square respecting it, I should have lost no time in inserting an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a handsome reward for it.”

“A very annoying and unprofitable species of expense,” observed Reuben.

“I should have thought nothing of it,” replied the stranger; and then, opening the cavity in the clasp of the bracelet, he added, “this little lock of hair alone we value far more than all the jewels, and I account myself greatly your debtor, sir, for restoring it. In fact,” continued he, with the hesitation of a man who was fearful of wounding the pride of a gentleman, evidently in very impoverished circumstances, “I shall be delighted if you will allow me to offer you the amount which, to-morrow, would have actually been due to you by reason of my advertisement.”

THE TURKISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Turks, it seems, have a copious literature of their own. M. Von Hammer enumerates two thousand Turkish poets. Till lately, however, they have been almost unknown to the western nations. The most select Turkish poets, says Mr. Morell, are Achih Pasha, Cheikhi, Baki, Nefi, Meschiky, whose “Ode on Spring” was translated by Sir W. Jones, Kemal Pasha, Zadi, amongst the ancients; and the first moderns are, Nebi Effendi, Rihayhyh Pasha, Seed, Keefel Effendi, Aini Effendi, Peitery Effendi, Kiahia Bei. Contemplation and mysticism are the characteristics of Turkish as of Persian poetry. It is almost always adorned with a gentle philosophy, resigned to destiny, and with a wise spirit calmly estimating the shortness of life, and admiring the wonders of creation. Before Constantinople was taken, the Turks had distinguished themselves in literature; and since that period, historians, astronomers, geographers, travellers, poets, moralists, and economists, have greatly enlarged the boundaries of their literature. There are even in Turkish many Ottoman histories, not written after the manner of our histories, but presenting a connected picture of events, rigorously observing a chronological order. One of the most valuable points in their histories is, that they preserve numerous specimens in the speeches of their vipers and

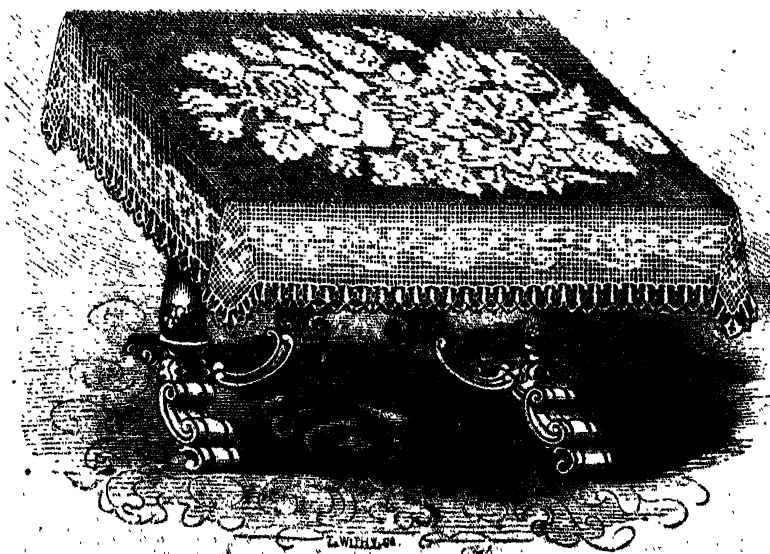
generals, of that manly eloquence whose inspirations once used to electrify the sultan's hosts. The Turkish tongue contains, besides, many valuable translations from the Persian and the Arabic; and some of the manuscripts are said to be much improved in the process, as many hold the "Wallenstein" of Coleridge better than that of Schiller himself. It must be admitted, however, that the Turks, as compared with the Arabians or the Persians, have but few distinguished authors—that they have not one poet comparable to Ferdousi, Saadi, or Hafiz—no philosopher to approach Averroes or Anicenna—that they can boast no discoveries or observations in the exact sciences—and that their literature is chiefly confined to theology, Ottoman history, geography, medicine, and some romances in prose or verse, mostly translated or imitated from the Persian.

As regards the Turkish language, it may be here briefly stated to be a dialect of the Tartar imported to Constantinople by the Ottomans in 1453. Since that period it has become greatly enriched by a large number of expressions derived from the Arabic and Persian, introduced by the Mussulman religion, the necessities of commerce, or the frequent wars of the Turks in Asia. But, instead of modifying its new acquisitions, as the other European languages have done in similar cases, the Turks have received the foreign words without mutilating them. These acquisitions and additions are naturally more frequent amongst the educated than amongst the vulgar, and more common in the written than the spoken language. It is almost indispensable to have some slight acquaintance with Persian, and particularly with Arabic, in order to speak and especially to write Turkish correctly. The latter language is under great obligations to the Arabic. It has borrowed from that its alphabetical characters, system of numeration, and all words expressing religious and moral ideas, as also those relating to science, letters, and art. According to Kieffer and Bianchi, three-fourths of the ingredients of the present Turkish tongue are Persian or Arabic. Mr. J. R. Morell says:—"Regarded in itself, and in connexion with the

origin of the nomades who first spoke it, it is clear that it has no greater affinity to Persian and Arabic than Hungarian has to French; but though we may admit that it is inferior in some respects to the noble tongue of Mohammed, yet it greatly surpasses the Persian in number, harmony, and elegance, and it is one of the most beautiful, and undeniably the most majestic, tongues in the East."

In its favour much may be urged. It is of the greatest moment in a diplomatic point of view, being the only diplomatic language used in the Levant—the only tongue used and spoken in the remotest parts of the empire by public officials—indispensable to all commercial enterprise in European and Asiatic Turkey, in the western provinces of Persia on the banks of the Caspian—even at the court of Teheran, where the shah, the ministers and agents of the Persian government, speak little save Turkish—and lastly, without oriental hyperbole, it may be safely asserted that the traveller can make himself understood in Turkish from Algiers to Candahar on the frontiers of India. A tongue so widely spread must be subject to variations of idioms; hence the Turkish spoken in Roumelia differs much from that of Anatolia, and especially from that spoken in the country watered by the Halys, in those provinces traversed by the Araxes, and near the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates. Yet this difference is incomparably less than that between the different idioms of France. It must also be observed that in Turkey, and in all the regions where these semi-barbarous conquerors penetrated, the language of the aborigines still lives. Thus the masses speak Arabic at Algiers and Tunis, in Egypt and in Syria—various dialects of the Slavonic in Bosnia, Illyria, Servia, and Bulgaria—Wallachian beyond the Danube—and lastly, Armenian and Kurdic in Asia; yet in all these countries you cannot meet a man with any pretensions to education who is unable to speak Turkish. But at Constantinople, the heart of the vast empire, and especially among the court ladies, the softest, purest, and most elegant Turkish is spoken. In England, this language now promises to be a fashionable study.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the 15th of August, 1771, Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh. The house stood at the head of the College Wynd, but was pulled down to make room for the new college. At the age of eighteen months, it was discovered that he had lost the use of his right leg, and he was despatched to Sandy Knowe, his grandfather's residence, to see if fresh country air would do him any good. "It is here," wrote Sir Walter, in his Diary, or outline autobiography, "that I had the first consciousness of existence." Here he had a narrow escape from a crazed maid-servant, who was tempted by the evil one to kill him. Here, various remedies were used for his lameness, but in vain—one was, that whenever a sheep was killed, the little fellow should be stripped naked and wrapped in the reeking hide. Here he learnt the ballad of "Hardyknute," much to the annoyance of old Doctor Duncan, the parish parson, who used pettishly to exclaim, when Walter interrupted his sober converse by shouting out his favourite lay, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." Sandy Knowe failing to remove the lameness, Walter, under care of aunt Jenny, was despatched to Bath, where he mastered the rudiments of reading, and for the first time went to a theatre. The play was "As you like it." Walter was scandalised that Orlando should quarrel. "What, an't they brothers?" asked Walter, to the amusement of his neighbours. From Bath, Walter returned to George's-square, Edinburgh, where the family now resided. Glimpses of childish intelligence now became common. A Mrs. Cockburn chatted with him one day. "Aunt Jenny," said he at night, "I like that lady." "What lady?" asked Aunt Jenny. "Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a *virtuosa*, like myself." "Dear Walter," said Aunt Jenny, "what is a *virtuosa*?" "Oh, don't you know? Why, it is one that wishes and will know everything." Another lady remembers the child sitting before the house when an emaciated beggar came to the door. The servant told Walter how thankful he should be that he was placed in a situation which shielded him from such want; the boy looked up with a wistful incredulous expression and said, "Homer was a beggar." "How do you know that?" asked the other. "Why, don't you remember?" answered Walter,

"Seven Roman cities strove for Homer dead,"

Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The reply was smart for a child of seven. From Edinburgh, Walter went to Preston-Pans for sea-bathing. But as he gets older, it is decided that in his ninth year he goes to school; and accordingly he returns home. Despite the rigours of the Sabbath, that Edinburgh home was a pleasant one. Here was brother Robert, afterwards a midshipman; John, who was a soldier, and died a major in 1816; and "unfortunate sister Anne," an invalid the whole of her twenty-seven years of life. Thomas, who died in Canada, was the favourite. Brother Daniel seems to have been a reprobate and worthless from his very birth.

The High School in Edinburgh, when Walter entered it, contained some remarkably clever fellows. He was three years in Mr. Fraser's class, and then, in the ordinary routine, was turned over to Dr. Adam, the rector, and well-known author of the "Roman Antiquities." Walter's school-life was meteoric. His place in the class was everywhere—as often at the top as the bottom. His successes seem to have depended more upon his ingenuity than his scholarship. "What part of speech is *cum*?" once asked Dr. Adam of an incorrigible dolt. No answer was returned. "*Cum*," continued the doctor, "means *with*." Now, what part of speech is *with*?" "A substantive," quoth the dolt, and the whole class burst into laughter. "Is *with* ever a substantive?" said the rector. The whole class was silent, until the question came to Scott, who instantly replied, in the words of Scripture: "And Samson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I become weak and as another man." Another triumph, not so credit-

able, Walter shall tell in his own words:—"There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day after day came, and he always kept his place, do what I could; till at length I observed, that when a question was answered he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil hour it was removed with a knife. When the boy was again questioned, he felt for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it: it was no more to be seen than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of this wrong." In the usual sports of boyhood, Walter Scott, despite his lameness, took his share. He could run, jump, and "climb the Kittle Nine Stanes" with anybody. When he first made his appearance in the play-ground, he was engaged in a dispute with a boy, who scornfully replied, that it was "no use to hargle-bargle with a cripple." But Walter said that, if he might fight mounted, he would try his hand with any fellow of his inches. An elder boy proposed to lash the two little shavers face to face upon a board; which was done, to the delight of Walter, who ever afterwards, in sets-to, adopted this fashion. The boys of the upper classes in Edinburgh, in Scott's time, had regular pitched battles with the boys of the democracy of that fine old town. In these contests Scott did his part. Yet Scott made progress, and read and appreciated Caesar and Livy and Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Terence. From Edinburgh, for change of air, Scott went to Kelso, where he read Spenser and Percy's "Reliques," the novels of England, and the romances of the South. Here he began the art which led on to fortune. He used to say to James Ballantyne: "Come, slink beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell ye a story."

At the age of thirteen Walter commenced his student life at the Edinburgh University. Here he seems to have made but little progress. The Latin professor had no influence, and the Greek class were far beyond Scott, who was too indolent to undertake them. At this time we find him dangerously ill, and miraculously recovering. In 1786 Scott was articled to his father, an advocate, for five years. These years seem to have been pleasant ones. He disliked, it is true, the drudgery of his office, and detested its confinement; but he felt a rational pride and pleasure in being useful to his parent. He became a great walker—a great antiquarian—became intimate with Jeffrey and other men worth knowing, and for the first time felt the sweetness and the power of love's young dream.

In 1792 Scott put on the advocate's robe, and a few hours after his admission some friendly solicitor retained him. His love of border legends, however, became a passion, to gratify which many an excursion was planned and many a week devoted. Nevertheless, our young advocate belonged to a club, of which, as usual, he was the master-spirit. On one occasion a certain Rev. Mr. McNaught, being accused of habitual drunkenness, dancing at a penny-wedding, and singing lewd or profane songs, entrusted his defence to Scott, who grew so free in the description of the penny-wedding that he was called to order. This so damped his ardour, that when he came to quote a verse of the song spoken of, he was scarcely audible. The club, which had crowded in the gallery to encourage him, shouted, "Hear! hear! Encore! encore!" and were immediately turned out of court. Our advocate got through very little to his own satisfaction, and his client lost his case. In 1796 Scott published his translation of Bürger's "Leonore," which, except in his circle of personal friends, proved a failure. At this time there were fears of French invasion, and Scott became an officer in a volunteer troop of horse. Next year a still more interesting incident occurred. Riding in the vicinity of the English lakes, Scott and his companion encountered a lady on horseback so wondrous fair that they followed her—met her at a ball in the

evening; she turned out to be a Miss Carpenter, anglicised from Charpentier, and in December, 1797, became Mrs. Scott.

In 1797 Scott's father died, and his income was comfortably increased thereby. In December of the same year he was made sheriff of Selkirkshire—an office worth about £300 a-year, which at once set him at ease with regard to his family, and relieved him of the drudgery of his profession. Henceforth literature became the sole aim and business of his life. The result is, in 1799, a translation of Goethe's "Von Berlingen," which Matthew Lewis sold to a publisher for twenty-five guineas; in 1802 and 1803, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which brought in Scott £100 for the first edition, and the copyright of which he sold for £500. He was now fairly committed to his life-work. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nearly completed, and Scott became a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," just established by Jeffrey and Sydney Smith.

Scott had no faith in literature alone—if he had, he might have been saved the sad catastrophe of his later years. Accordingly, he entered into partnership with the Ballantynes as booksellers and printers, and looked out for some easy birth which would increase his income with but little trouble. Such a situation he soon obtained, as one of the clerks of the Session, with £300 a-year. This rendered a journey to London necessary. Of course, he became a lion, but that did not spoil him. He amused himself as well as he could, and when he saw that he was expected to roir, would sit down and tell stories and recite ballads, to the delight of all. Already fifty thousand copies of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had been sold, realising to the author between seven and eight hundred pounds. He returned to Scotland to work at "Marmion," and bring out his fine eighteen-volume edition of Dryden and other books. In 1810 appeared the "Lady of the Lake," the copyright of which brought him in 2,000 guineas. The next year made an agreeable change in his position. As one of the clerks of the Session his salary was made £2,300 a-year; and Scott became a Tweedside laird by the purchase of Abbotsford. Whilst building and planting, and buying and selling, he was still, however, busy with his pen. "Rokeby" appeared in 1813, and the "Bridal of Triermain" two months afterwards; but, as a poet, he had reached his zenith. Byron had appeared, and Scott was deposed. Tom Moore had also hurt the sale of "Rokeby," by writing in his "Twopenny Post-Bag," that Mr. Scott,

"Having quitted the borders to
Is coming by long quarto stage
And beginning with 'Rokeby' (tho' pay)
Means to do all the gentlemen

But Scott had only to shift his ground. If he could be no longer monarch of song, the realms of romance might be his own. He wisely retired from a rivalry in which it was vain to engage, and wrote "Waverley," which appeared in 1814. Scott was now a prodigious lion; he went to London and dined with the Prince Regent. In a few months afterwards we find him at Paris with the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Alexander, and other heroes of that fearful war which terminated in the downfall of Napoleon and the peace of the world. A little while after, Washington Irving visited Abbotsford. He thus describes him: "In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen some service. He came lumping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound of most graye demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott had reached the gate, he

called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand. 'Come, drive down to the house,' said he. 'Ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see the wonders of the abbey.' I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. 'Hout, man,' cried he, 'a ride in the morning, in the keen air of the Scottish hills, is warrant enough for a second breakfast.' Such was the hearty, energetic welcome of a hearty and energetic man. As Scott was now in his prime, we must again quote from Mr. Irving, who says, his "conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit, he inclined to the comic rather than the grave in his stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke or a trait of humour in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked, not for effect nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narrative, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture. His conversation reminded me continually of his novels." The best yet remains. "His nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than there is throughout his works." This was Scott's happiest time. His income was not much less than twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, his literary exertions alone producing him nearly ten thousand pounds. Friends, riches, fame, had gathered around him. The honour of the baronetcy, which was conferred on him in 1820, added nothing to his lustre. The child of genius has a blazonry of his own. For such, the shows of the world are weak and vain and "of little worth." Had Scott cared less for them—had he been free of the conventional desire to found a race of lairds, which made him toil and pour out his heart's best blood, and rendered dark and dreary his latter days—he would have been a wiser, and a better, and a stronger man. But he hastened to be rich, and fell into a snare. The publishing house with which Scott was connected fell, and in the fall, Scott fell never to rise again. On January 21st, 1826, the crash came. Scott writes: "Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Again he writes: "I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad news. I have walked my last on the domains which I have planted,—sat the last time in the halls which I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them." In vain they told him it was the usual mercantile course to become a bankrupt—that Constable would pay but 2s. 9d. in the pound, and Hurst and Co. but 1s. 3d. He was not a merchant, and if God gave him health and strength he would pay all. Nor was this the only trouble. From his pleasant house he had to wander forth alone. From the wreck of his fortune he could not save even the wife of nine-and-twenty years. They bore her to rest in the vaults of ancient Dryburgh, and the gray-haired knight returned to fight the battle of life with decaying strength and a breaking heart.

The remainder of his story is soon told. Friend after friend departed, yet he worked gallantly. In two years he had gained and paid over to his creditors nearly £40,000. "Now, I can sleep," he writes, "under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harness, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned and the approbation of my own conscience." And again: "I am now restored in constitution, and though I am still on troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions in 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me safe into port."

The port was nearer than he dreamt. He complained of loss of memory, of being nervous and bilious, and, finally, of a "the palpitation of the heart, that tremor cordis, that hysterical

passion which forced unbidden sighs and tears. In 1830, on his return from the Parliament House, he found an old lady friend waiting to show him some MSS. He sat down for half an hour, and seemed to be busy with her papers; then he rose, as if to take leave of her, but sank down again in his arm-chair, and a spasm convulsed his face. In a minute or two, however, he got up and staggered to the drawing-room, where his daughter Anne and Mrs. Lockhart were sitting. They rose to meet him; but before they could cross the room he fell heavily forward at full length upon the floor, and remained speechless until the doctor arrived and bled him. Renewed depletions and strict regimen were used, and he slightly rallied; but as soon as he recovered a little strength, he again returned to his toil. That toil was soon to be over for ever. We have already reached the beginning of the end. His eye failed—his hand staggered. He was compelled to employ an amanuensis. But work he must and would. Mr. Lockhart begged him to take repose. Sir Walter replied, "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things; but I am sure that in one point there is no change. I mean, that I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should be mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from." Yet he might have lived comfortably if he would. He resigned his clerkship, and had a pension of £800 a year, and his creditors had unanimously passed the following resolution: "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he continues to make for them." In 1831, Sir Walter gave to the world his last novels, "Courtenay Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous."

It was hoped the feeble flame of life might be kept alive, and the advance of the last enemy destroyed, by foreign travel. Accordingly, in a frigate kindly placed at his disposal by the king, Sir Walter wended his way along the storied waters of the Mediterranean, and amongst scenes fruitful in poetry and romance. He could see Malta, Naples, Pompeii, the city of the dead; Rome, the mother of large empires; Florence, the beautiful; the land of Tell, and the hoary cities and castles of the Rhine. It was all in vain. Death followed on his steps. He could not escape the pursuer. Apoplexy threatened him at every stage. He returned to London, where he lay, speechless and with little motion. One night, Allan Cunningham found a host of workmen standing at the corner of Jermyn-street, and one of them said to him, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" But he longed for home—for the woods of Abbotsford—for the perfume of heath-flowers—for the breezes and mountains of his own loved land. It was there, not in London, he wished to die. Accordingly, they prepared to retrace their steps. Half-dressed, in a quilted carriage, he was lifted into the street. He was more like a corpse than a living man. The hushed and reverent crowd that saw him go felt that the decree had gone forth, and that vain was the help of man. As he neared home, he revived a little. As they descended the Vale of Gala, the old beloved scenes aroused him; he murmured: "Gala Water—Buckholme—Jorwoodle;" and when they rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildon hills arose before him, his heart leaped up within him; and when, in a few more moments, he saw the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprang up and uttered a cry of joy. The river was flooded, and not being able to cross the ford, they were forced to take the longer road round by Melrose Bridge. When he came within sight of his home, it took the strength both of his son-in-law, Lockhart, and the doctor, to keep him in the carriage. Past the bridge, the road loses sight of Abbotsford for a couple of miles, and during these he relapsed into a state of torpor; but when they reached the bank that looked upon his home, his excitement returned, and he became almost ungovernable.

Home, sweet home, could not save the victim from his fate.

In a day or two he was better. One day he asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. "From what book, Sir Walter?" "Need you ask?" said the old man: "there is but one—the book in which the Master tells his mourning flock: 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.'" At the very last, the old instinct came back. He returned to his study and work. Starting up, a few days before his death, and flinging the plaid from his shoulders, he said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my room, and fetch me the keys of my desk." So they took him there. He smiled, and thanked them, adding, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he strove to close his fingers upon it; but the work of those fingers was finished; they refused their office—the pen fell from the hand that could no longer wield it, and dropped upon the paper. He sank back in his chair, and wept big, heavy tears.

But he grew feebler still. They laid him on the bed which he was never more to leave alive. His mind wandered. Sometimes he seemed administering justice as sheriff, sometimes he was planting; but generally his mutterings were holy words—words in conformity with his position—words from the Bible or the Prayer-book—the old Scotch psalms of his youth—or portions of the magnificent hymns of the Roman Catholic church. Often the watchers heard the solemn cadence of the "Dies iræ," and, last of all—

"Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

"Broken-hearted, lone and tearful,
By that cross of anguish fearful,
Stood the mother by her son."

September came, and the end drew nigh. Often he blessed his children and bade them farewell. His last words were: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and his son-in-law asked if he would see his daughters. "No, don't disturb them," was the answer. "Poor souls, I know they were up all night." He never spoke again. His sons arrived, but too late to be recognised; and so they watched and watched him till he died. On the 21st of September, 1832, all that remained of the great Magician of the North was the memory of his kindly heart—of his stalwart presence—of his rare honour, and his genius, rarer still.

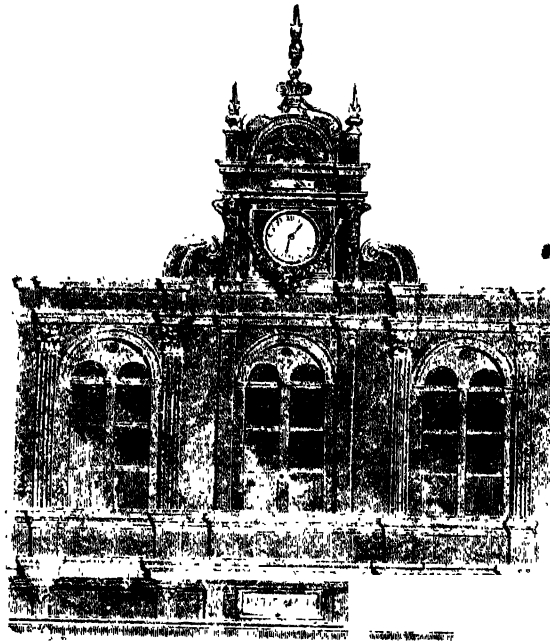
On a cold autumnal day they bore Sir Walter to lay down beside his wife and amid the ashes of his fathers in Dryburgh. His old servants carried the coffin to the hearse, sobbing as they went. His children and kinsmen bore the pall. Thousands and thousands of spectators, nearly all in black, and with their heads uncovered, watched the mournful procession. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity." It was no peculiarity in Scott's case. All his fond hopes of founding a family, for which he toiled and struggled throughout the whole of his life, and which led to his sad reverse, have been signally frustrated. His son Walter, who entered the army, did not long survive him, and more recently his grandson, a son of his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, also died, leaving no other male representative of the poet. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Man proposes, but God disposes. What Scott did he did valiantly and well; but when he stepped out of his path and sought to be the chief of a clan, he fought with destiny and failed. The result was ruin, and now none live to bear the name. Nor has the world any great cause to grieve. As poet and novelist, he will endure as long as his own

"Calcuttous, stern and wild,
Fit nurse for a poetic child."

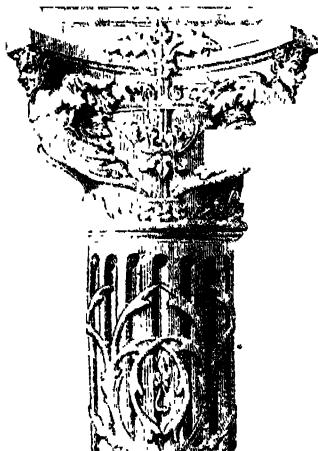
THE CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT.

It is related that in the time of the crusades, a French lord having fallen into the hands of the infidels, begged permission to go to France and obtain his ransom. Relying on the high sense of honour for which the *preux chevaliers* of those days were so renowned, and of which such striking instances are given by the old chroniclers and romance writers, they granted him a year's liberty, on condition that, before the expiration of that period, he would either send them the stipulated sum or return to captivity. He crossed the seas, went to Champaigne, and appealed for assistance to every knight or baron in

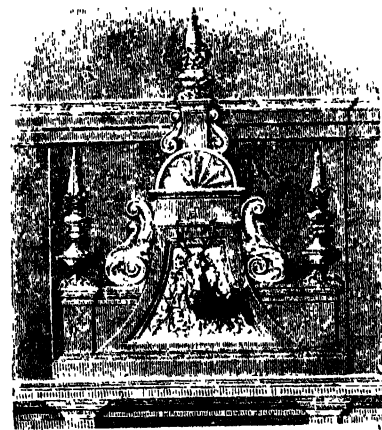
solaces of religion or friendship, and not improbably embittered by every kind of indignity, if not aggravated by barbarous cruelty. Neither the tears of his wife and family, nor the urgent remonstrances of his friends, who suggested all sorts of excuses for violating his promise, had any power to shake his firm resolve. Like the heroic Regulus, so celebrated in Roman annals—who, having been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and allowed to go to Rome, on condition that he should either induce his countrymen to make peace with Carthage, or go back to captivity, urged them to refuse all



CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT—THE TOP OF THE SOUTH FACADE.



CAPITAL OF THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE LARGE SALOON.



ORNAMENTATION OF THE WINDOWS.

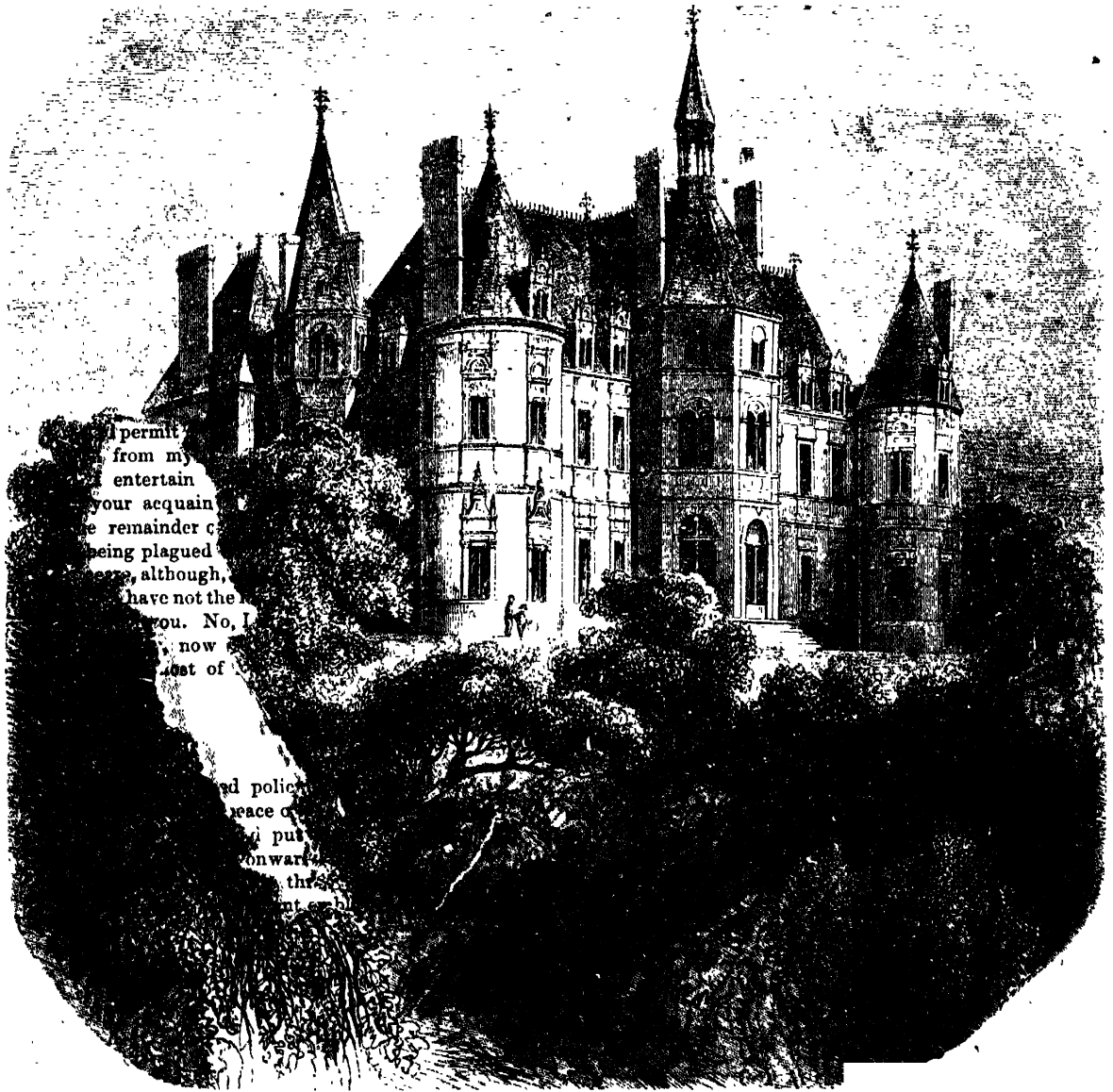
the district, from whom he had any reason to expect a favourable hearing. But all his efforts were fruitless. The sum he had engaged to pay was considerable, and the nobility had exhausted all their resources; first, in building churches, through fear of the end of the world, which was expected about the year 1000; and secondly, in maintaining religious wars. Meanwhile, time wore on. The brave knight, seeing the close of his respite fast approaching, began to prepare for his return to captivity, from which there appeared no prospect of any other release than death—a death without any of the

pacific proposals, and then tore himself from the embraces of his family and friends to fulfil the promise he had made—he turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and hastened to surrender himself once more into the hands of his implacable foes. It appears that the sultan—unlike most of his race—was not destitute of the milk of human kindness, nor without some appreciation of noble conduct. Having never expected to see his prisoner again, he was the more struck with the loyal fidelity to his word which he displayed. More generous than the Carthaginians, who put Regulus to death with horrible

torture, he at once granted him his liberty, begging him, henceforth, to add to his christian name that of Saladin. With this wish he could not refuse compliance, and his descendants, who were long after in possession of the barony of Boursault, in the department of Marne, continued to bear this name as a family title.

A drawing of the year A.D. 1000, represents the ancient château of Boursault in all its strength and glory, with seven towers, a keep, portcullis, moat, and drawbridge. There seems little doubt that it was destroyed by some conflagration,

in 1848. It is situated on the brow of a hill amid living springs and beautiful trees, and commands a fine view of the road to Paris, the Strasburg railway, the lovely valley through which the Marne winds its way, and, at a distance, the town of Epernay. On the *façade* is this brief inscription: "*Natis mater*" (a mother to her children); and it was in order to collect her family near her that a lady, whose name is well and honourably known, had this rich and elegant villa erected after the plans and under the superintendence of M. Arveuf, the able architect to whom was entrusted the task of restoring



VIEW OF THE CHATEAU OF BOURSULT.

for on the soil which was covered with its ruins, a large quantity of cinders and ashes have been discovered. In the course of time, other edifices were raised on the same site, or close by; but among all these, none was so worthy of the original château as that of which a view is given above. It is not, however, a monument built by some nobleman of the court of the magnificent Louis XIV. after the design of a Mansard or a Lepautre. It belongs to an age when, despite the greatest possible merit, châteaux and architects do not excite admiration—that is to say, the present.

This château of Boursault was begun in 1848 and completed

the cathedral of Rheims. The style, as a whole, resembles that of the Renaissance. The ground floor may rival in magnificence and taste the most graceful works of the sixteenth century, which adorn the charming borders of the Loire. The principal dining-hall is decorated with splendid modern tapestry and richly carved wainscoting. In the saloon, which is octagonal, is a monumental chimney-piece of Burgundy stone, upon which a magnificent chronometer is placed. All the sculptures are the productions of the most distinguished Parisian artists. A beautiful avenue leads from the front of the building across a large park to the Epernay road.

THE EXHIBITION PICTURE.

PART II.

ALTHOUGH we must here confess that Reuben had been far from unconscious of the fact that the sale of the trinket, should the owner not be found, would prove a positive source of wealth to a man in his desperately needy condition, and that he had been rather inclined to hope for such a contingency, yet his pride, which had prevented him from entertaining the idea of keeping secret possession of property that did not belong to him, now prompted the refusal of his visitor's offer, which he thankfully but unhesitatingly declined. The stranger said no more, but pocketing his restored treasure, dismissed the subject by entering into a conversation on the Fine Arts; the remarks which he made, upon painting especially, evincing such a refined taste, and so high and just an appreciation of the ennobling nature of the art, that Reuben was quite delighted with him, and allowed himself to be led, almost unconsciously, into a familiar chat respecting the difficulties attending the pursuit of the profession, the course of study he had adopted, and the first attempt he had made, by the painting that had been sent to the exhibition, to test his proficiency and ability.

"I never miss visiting the exhibition every year," said the stranger, "but I have not been yet. I intend going, probably to-morrow, and shall have the pleasure of examining your picture, if I can get my daughter, who wishes to pay a second visit and has come to town almost solely for that purpose, to go early. The day she went there, and lost her bracelet, the throng was so great, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, that she was not able to see a quarter of the paintings. By-the-bye, I shall be glad if you will favour me with the number of your picture."

"Allow me to offer you my catalogue," replied Reuben; "I have it somewhere at hand—oh, here—but you will excuse its being disfigured by pencil-marks,—little notes to remind me of the perfections of the best artists."

"A capital guide, sir, for a mere amateur like myself. You will want these notes though, and therefore I shall do myself the pleasure of returning it quickly. But you have not told me the number of your painting."

Reuben named it; his visitor set a mark against it, then began looking over the catalogue, and after a few desultory inquiries respecting some of the pictures, rose, and handing Reuben his card, wherein was engraved, "Mr. I. R. Benningfield, Bryanstone-square," gave him a pressing invitation "to dinner any day that he was not better engaged, assuring him that he would be extremely glad to have the pleasure of his acquaintance; "but," continued he "I shall most likely take the liberty of paying you another visit, if only to return this catalogue and let you know what I think of your picture."

"I shall be extremely glad," replied Reuben; "but bear in mind, as regards the picture, that it is really little more than a portrait—a sketch from memory of an extremely lovely countenance that I caught sight of for an instant in the street—in my opinion, a close approach to perfection; so much so, indeed, that the critics have all given me credit for a very poetical fancy."

"I shall let you know what I think of it when you favour me by complying with my invitation, if not before; for I have a slight idea that, perhaps, I can render you some little service in your profession."

Reuben expressed his thanks, and Mr. Benningfield departed. A few mornings afterwards, our artist was called down stairs to receive a packet from the hands of a footman, who said that he had been ordered to deliver it to Mr. Jessop personally. On opening the parcel, Reuben found it to contain the returned catalogue, and something more—a note enclosing a cheque for £100, which the writer said he hoped would secure him possession of the painting as soon as the exhibition closed, although the price he had taken the liberty of fixing upon it was far below its value. The note concluded by naming a day for Reuben's visit, which the writer said would be far more gratifying and satisfactory to both than any written communication.

Highly delighted, not only with the munificence thus dis-

played, but with the manner in which it was exhibited, Reuben immediately wrote a reply acknowledging the receipt of his friend's very handsome remittance, and accepting his hospitable invitation. The day arrived; our artist hastened to keep his appointment, and was received by Mr. Benningfield in so cordial a manner as to leave no doubt of the very friendly feeling he entertained towards him. The picture had excited his warmest admiration; he spoke of it not only as a work of art that showed both taste and talent, but said that he regarded it as a positive treasure, of which he esteemed himself most fortunate in becoming the possessor.

Dinner being announced, Mr. Benningfield ushered his guest down into the dining-room, where he apologised for the want of a more social reception by stating that his family were out of town, his daughter having been in London only occasionally for a day or two. She hoped, ere long, to have the pleasure of thanking him personally for the return of her bracelet. When Mr. Benningfield and his guest had finished their repast, and were seated over their wine, the former gradually led his young friend to divulge the present position of his affairs, evidently with a view of being able to ascertain what prospect he had of overcoming the difficulties that were opposed to his advancement in his profession. This led our artist to unbosom himself so freely that, before they rose from table, Mr. Benningfield was in full possession even of Reuben's private history—that of one who had fearfully been bereft of his nearest relatives—and the youth was delighted to find, from the warm-hearted sympathy the details excited, that his confidence was not likely either to be unappreciated or misplaced. The correctness of such surmise was, in fact, speedily proved by Mr. Benningfield's expressing his willingness to render him any service that lay in his power.

A few days afterwards he visited Reuben, which the handsome price he had given enabled him to procure, and afterwards sundry additions to his furniture, without any such intention. Scarcely a day calling; sometimes spending the whole studio, and finally insisting upon

new abode, picture had a present of rising him without his the artist's p. tête home

It so happened that a number of which, to his great surprise, our patron; and at last, thinking he must make a morning call. His footman who opened the door, that the formality of a card, hastened returned in an instant to conduct where he was received by Benningfield, and introduced to a party of ladies, among whom he instantly recognised the lovely original of the sketch faithfully depicted. When he was yet bowing, stammering for something to say, and feeling so exceedingly confused that the young lady could scarcely suppress a smile, her father suddenly turned the tables by introducing the bashful youth as Mr. Reuben Jessop, the artist to whom she was indebted, as well for the restoration of her bracelet, as for the honour he had conferred upon her by making her the subject of his talented pencil.

"A presumption for which I most earnestly entreat the young lady's pardon," observed Reuben.

A smile that lit up the dazzling beauty of the maiden's countenance to a height that might have baffled even the pencil of Titian, conveyed to Reuben the full assurance of his having in no wise offended; and in this he was confirmed by the damsel's father, who, as if to break the awkward pause that now ensued, exclaimed—

"Oh, you need not be at all afraid, my dear sir, of having given any offence; on the contrary, we are all very much obliged to you; but perhaps you will have the goodness to inform us when and where you took that young lady's likeness."

"It was impossible," replied Reuben, "to forget the features of a bridesmaid who far excelled even what a poet might have depicted in describing the beauty of a bride."

"The bridegroom," said Mr. Benningfield, "being a fine young fellow in regimentals, and the marriage taking place at—"

"Marylebone church, sir," interrupted our artist, "where I had the good fortune to arrive just in time to see the wedding party return to their carriages,—an incident I shall ever remember with the utmost delight."

"It only shows to what a trivial circumstance a man may be indebted for exciting him to the display of talent which otherwise he might have been unconscious of possessing," sagely observed the old gentleman, whose *protégé* was puzzling himself for a reply that might render the conversation less personal. He was fortunately relieved, as he fancied at the moment, by the sudden entrance of a very elderly and remarkably yellow-faced gentleman, attired in a morning-gown of an extremely showy oriental pattern; but the intrusion of this personage proved only a source of fresh trial to Reuben's diffidence.

"Allow me, my dear brother," said Mr. Benningfield, "to have the pleasure of introducing you to my young friend, the talented artist with whose admirable likeness of Emily you have been so especially gratified. Mr. Jessop—my brother Robert, whose sudden and most unexpected arrival from India has prevented my intrusion into your studio during the last few days."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Jessop," said Uncle Robert; "I'm delighted to see you. I could never have anticipated such a gratification, sir, as you have afforded me by that life-like portrait yonder," and he pointed to the picture, which, till now, had escaped Reuben's notice, though mounted in a handsome frame, and hung in a conspicuous place near the window. "I never saw such an admirable likeness in my life, sir, never; and permit me to assure you that, from what I have heard of you from my brother, to say nothing of the high admiration I entertain for your talent, I anticipate much pleasure in your acquaintance. I have returned to England to spend the remainder of my life with my family, and save them from being plagued with the sale of my estates in India after my decease, although," added he, casting a facetious look at his niece, "I have not the least idea of dying for a number of years yet, I assure you. No, I am only in my prime at present; and by-the-bye, sir, now I think of it, you shall paint my portrait. I have a host of friends and acquaintances, and if

you make a good likeness, it may be of service to you. You shall begin to-morrow." The artist bowed his assent.

Reuben presently took his leave, but repeated his visit on the following morning, when the old gentleman had his first sitting for his portrait, and thus our artist became a complete *habitué* of the house, and so ingratiated himself with all, especially with the original of the portrait (which proved an excellent likeness), that he at last ventured to make an avowal to Emily of the passion he had long cherished, and was delighted to find himself favourably received.

Reuben had just finished a family group, containing the likenesses of two young ladies who had been Emily's school-fellows, and was submitting it to her uncle for inspection, when the latter exclaimed: "I think it is high time, young man, that you made your fortune, and I have long intended to give you a substantial lift. My friends, however, do not patronise you so handsomely as I could wish, and therefore," added the old gentleman, "I advise you to try something else besides portrait-painting."

"Something else, sir!" exclaimed Reuben, with a look of amazement so excessive that his friend could hardly refrain from laughter.

"Yes; but you need not look so perplexed; it is nothing at all extraordinary that I have to propose to you, though it has been both the ruin and the making of many. What do you think of matrimony?"

Reuben made no reply, but his look was sufficient to convince the inquirer that his intended offer would be rapturously accepted.

"I can see very clearly," continued the latter, "that you and my niece are far from being averse to each other. If I give her ten thousand pounds for her marriage portion, I am sure you will have no difficulty in obtaining her father's consent; and then I think you may make matrimony a sort of helpmate to portrait-painting, without having to plague yourself with such yellow-ochre-looking old fellows as I am."

We think our readers will agree that the correctness of the proposition thus laid down was perfectly undeniable. It was thankfully accepted, and although many years have elapsed since it was carried into effect, it has been found to answer so well, that the friends of the married couple are unanimous in declaring it to have proved a golden idea, by which the greatest possible happiness has been realised.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA.

At a time when the crooked policy of the Emperor of all the Russias has disturbed the peace of Europe, checked the beneficial growth of commerce, and put a stop—for a brief period only, it is to be hoped—to the onward march of human progress, some particulars respecting his throne of state may not be without interest. This magnificent emblem of imperial authority, which is represented in our engraving, is in the hall of the Kreml, or, as it is generally called, the Kremlin, at Moscow. Nearly all geographers and travellers have made great mistakes with regard to this building, some representing it as a monument, and others as a chateau or a palace. The Kremlin of Moscow, like that of St. Petersburg and other Russian cities, is an immense citadel, a sort of fortified square, enclosing within its precincts all that the inhabitants hold most sacred; such as churches, convents, palaces, treasures, arsenals, the holy synod, the senate, the residence of the patriarchs, etc. Erected upon a hill, in the centre of the city, on the banks of the river Moskwa, the Kremlin forms a polygon surrounded by boulevards, the largest of which, a magnificent promenade, has borne the name of Alexander's (Garden since 1822).

Let us enter this heart of the city of Moscow, noticing each portion in detail; make our way through the cluster of churches, convents, and palaces; and penetrate to the Granovitskiy Palace, or angular palace. It is so named because its exterior is cut into a great number of faces. The Muscovites regarded it as one of the wonders of the world two centuries ago. In the present day, however, it is little more than a

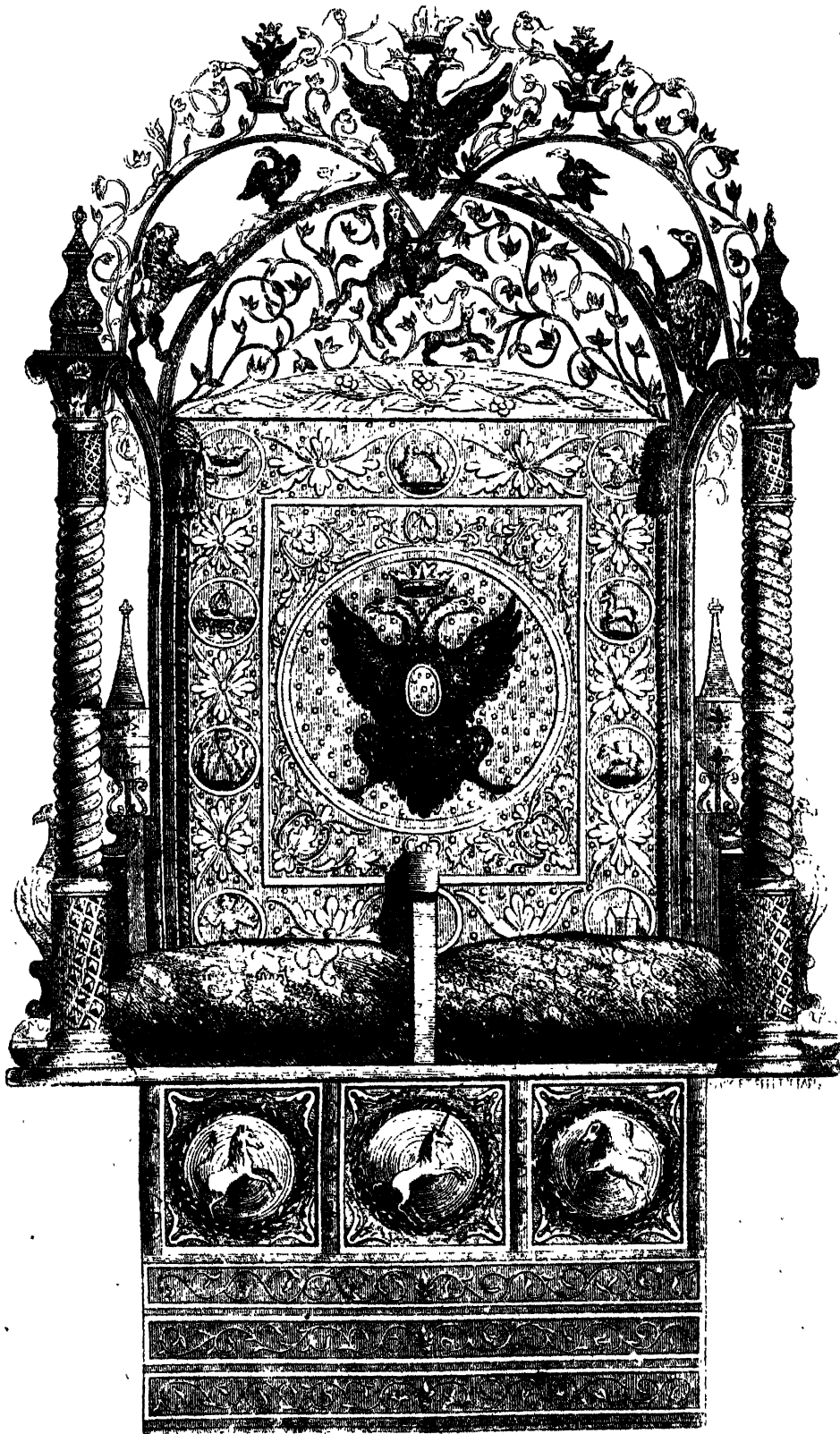
curiosity in their estimation,—though a national curiosity, and preserved with something like the sacredness of a palladium. This strange palace is composed of a singular hall, supported in the centre by an enormous pillar, towards which the portions of the roof technically called *voussures*, or covings, descend and converge.

Historical associations of varied interest cluster round this spot. On the right we see the throne of the Russian emperor, forming, by its magnificence, a striking contrast with the feeble light which comes through the small windows. It has been erected within a comparatively short period in the place of that of ancient emperors. Hence its ornamentation is altogether in the modern style. Our engraving represents the back. The ten circular devices which occupy the sides of the square are the emblems of the states which have been successively incorporated with the empire, which is denoted by the two-headed eagle in the centre, with the imperial crown above. This eagle appears again at the top, over the figure of St. George or St. Michael, which bears some personal resemblance to the present emperor. The richness of the columns, the arabesques, and other embellishments, is rendered sufficiently apparent by our illustration.

It is upon this throne that, after the ceremony of consecration, the czar receives the homage of the clergy, the court, and the dignitaries of state. Thence he goes forth to the grand festival, where, according to ancient usage, he is waited upon by his most distinguished officers and chamberlains. This

throne is to the Russians the symbol of both temporal and spiritual power; for the czar is at once their emperor and

the day in which their emperor shall be the sovereign and pontiff of the whole modern world, just as the Romans of old,



THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

—the sovereign of their bodies and their souls. Towards me, as towards a double sun, the eyes of forty of Slavonians turn with reverence, while they await

after having found a skull in the foundation of the Capital, looked from century to century for the universal domination of their empire.

CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

WATER is one of those articles on which often depend the whole wealth, industry, and existence of a country. What do we not owe to this one element, and how painful would be our position if we were suddenly cut off from communication with an abundant supply of the article? Some countries have suffered much from temporary deprivation of genial showers;

civilised people, wells and tanks and artificial water-courses were made to compensate for the deficiency. These resources have disappeared with the race which made them, and the wretched European governments which followed have not supplied their place. During the rainy season a small supply is obtained from natural hollows and artificial tanks; but



THE CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

drought has brought maladies and devastation; but rarely is there remarked so total an absence of the element as in portions of modern Yucatan. This remarkable seat of ancient empire, this field of ruined cities, where aqueducts and water-tanks are often found, is singularly wanting in natural supplies of water. In past times, when the country was inhabited by a

this over, they would be entirely destitute, were it not for those vast reservoirs which nature has provided in the very bowels of the earth, whence, by the exercise of immense labour and exemplary patience, a scanty supply can be obtained. The difference between a country in the hands of the energetic Anglo-Saxon race and one possessed by the

effeminate Mexicans, is illustrated by a comparison between the great Croton aqueduct and the primitive resources of the Yucatanese.

Mr. Stephens informs us that the village of Telchaquillo is wholly supplied with water from a cave round which the houses of the village have been built, the origin of the hamlet being probably the fact of the existence of the cave. From a little distance the spot appears level and flat, and the traveller is often startled to behold women walking across the square with cantaros on their heads, and disappearing as if by a stage trick. A closer inspection, however, shows a vast orifice, like the mouth of a cave, and down this five hundred steps, descending beneath a huge arched roof, sixty feet high, to the water, are discerned. The whole is illuminated from the entrance. The well is apparently exhaustless, but never rises or falls, except a little during rain. Women, who in savage and semi-savage states are always the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, are continually ascending and descending to supply the wants of a whole community. Swallows fly in and out, and give additional life to the scene.

At the ruins of Xcoch, there is a well, even more curious, which was, it is believed, the sole dependence of a large and populous city. The people in the neighbourhood knew little of it, but described it as a vast subterraneous structure, adorned with sculptured figures, an immense table of polished stone, and a plaza with columns supporting a vaulted roof; and it was said to have a subterraneous road, which led to the village of Mani, twenty-seven miles distant. Stephens visited it, and brought a true account. In the centre of a grove of trees, so thick as to be close and sultry, without a breath of air, is a great circular cavity or opening in the earth, twenty or thirty feet deep, with trees and bushes growing out of the bottom and sides, and rising above the level of the plain. It was a wild-looking place, with a fanciful, mysterious, and almost fearful appearance. This cavity was the entrance to the *pan*, or well. At one corner was a rude natural opening in a great mass of limestone rock, low and narrow, through which rushes constantly a powerful current of wind, agitating the branches and leaves in the area without. This is the mouth of the well; and so violent is the wind as to cause the incautious intruder, who is unprepared, to be driven back gasping for breath. Long strips of the castor-oil plant are used to visit it. The entrance is about three feet high, and four or five wide, descending at an angle of about fifteen degrees; and it must be entered on your hands and knees, with this strong current of air against you, like the crocodile mummy pits of Egypt. A single track in the floor, worn inches deep by the treading of thousands and thousands of the citizens of the ruined city, and the roof blackened by myriad torches, prove the well to have been, at one time, the only watering-place of ancient Xcoch. A hundred and fifty feet in advance, the passage widens, and rises to twice a man's height, while the air is still and the temperature warm. Vast stalactite pillars round a huge vaulted chamber succeed, after you have passed many passages, and a stone the Indians call a *mesa*. Further on, you climb a high broken piece of rock, and then crawl through a long narrow fissure, leading to a rugged perpendicular hole three or four feet in diameter, with steps worn in the rock, where the heat is terrific. Descending this, you reach a ledge of rocks, with a yawning chasm on the left. Some rude logs, laid along the edge, with a pole for a railing, serve as a bridge; crossing this, the passage turns to the right, narrowing to three feet in both height and width, and descending rapidly. The air is now close and faint. The labour, fatigue, and exertion, are awful. At the end of fifty feet it again doubles, contracts, and descends to a spacious cavern, after which there is another perpendicular hole leading, by means of a rude and rickety ladder, to a steep, low, crooked, and crawling passage, descending until opened into a large broken chamber, in which is a deep hole or basin of water, with a pole over it to lean on to fill the gourds. This watering-place is now not used, as there are no inhabitants in Xcoch, but there are two others in daily use quite as extraordinary.

The first visited is that of Chach. We have said that

women in Yucatan draw the water. But in Chach the labour is too great for the fair sex. You first descend a hole by a perpendicular ladder, at the foot of which is a great cavern, then a second almost perpendicular descent, a resting-place, then a hole two hundred feet deep, then a low narrow passage which enlarges and contracts, a great chasm, another perpendicular hole, another low crawling passage, and then a basin of water, which is the well. The toiling Indians bearing their torches, some above and some below in the deep hollow-sounding shafts, give the place a strange unearthly appearance. The whole length from the mouth of the well is fifteen hundred feet, and the water-carriers having to crawl, do not carry the calabashes on their shoulders, but suspended from their heads. This well was the sole means of obtaining water in Chach.

At Bolnchen (*Boln*, nine, and *chen*, wells), the population during the rainy season is supplied from nine circular openings of no great depth in the rock, which have collected the population around. But in the dry season there is no resource but the great well of which we give an engraving (p. 481). The entrance to this cavern is broad and lofty, under a bold ledge of rock, following which for about sixty feet by torch-light, you descend twenty feet by a ladder. All light from the entrance is now lost, but the edge of a vast perpendicular descent is reached directly, to the very bottom of which a strong body of light is thrown from a hole in the surface. A huge ladder, of the most primitive description, descends to the bottom of the shaft. It is seventy feet by twelve, and fashioned of the trunks of young pines, lashed together, and supported all the way down by horizontal trunks, fastened to the rock. The ladder is double, having two sets or flights of rounds, divided by a middle partition, and the whole fabric is lashed together by withes. "It was," says Stephens, "very steep, precarious, and insecure. Our Indians began the descent, but the foremost had scarcely got his head below the surface, before one of the rounds slipped, and he only saved himself by clinging to another. The ladder having been made when the withes were green, these were now dry, cracked, and some of them broken." Mr. Stephens soon reached the foot of the ladder, as represented in our engraving, but this is only the beginning of the cave. We now quote the words of one who himself visited the place since Stephens, and on whom we can fully rely:—

"We are as yet but at the mouth of the well, which is called Xtacumbi Xunan (La Señora Escendida), and here we must pause to explain these words. Every year, just as the nine wells are at their last gasp, the ladders undergo a thorough renewal, which done, a great *fête* is held in the cavern at the foot of this ladder. The walls of a lofty chamber, with overhanging roof and level floor, on the side leading to the ten wells, are ornamented with branches and hung with lights, and the whole village comes out with refreshments and music. Now be it told, that in the town of Bolnchen dwelt, many years ago, an Indian lady of great wealth and many possessions, who had, however, above all, a pretty and interesting daughter. Of course many fell in love with the lady, and, equally a matter of regular occurrence, the most ardent lover and the most favoured suitor on the part of the damsel was a poor fellow of the name of Saebeq, who had naught save a handsome face to trade with. The mother would not even speak to him, and forbade her daughter holding any communication with Saebeq. The village *fête* of *cuerpa* came round; Saebeq and his fair mistress were of course present, but at the close of the day these persons were nowhere to be found. For a whole month they were sought in vain, at the end of which period Saebeq presented himself very gravely before the angry mother, and asked permission to marry her daughter. It was given, and, at Saebeq's request, the lady and the priest went with him to the cave. In a secret chamber which Saebeq had discovered they found the bride, with just enough provision left for one day. They were married on the spot."

On the side of the cavern is the opening in the rock, which leads by an abrupt descent down another long and trying

ladder; this past, and moving along by a slight ascent over the rocks, at a distance of about seventy-five feet, you come to the foot of a third ladder, nine feet long; two or three steps beyond, one five feet high, both of which you go up; and six paces further, a fifth descending, and eighteen feet in length. A sixth is passed, and then comes a seventh. This is laid on a narrow sloping face of rock, protected on one side by a perpendicular wall, but on the other open and precipitous. You then follow a broken winding passage two hundred feet long, and descend a ladder, eight feet long, at the foot of which is a low stifling passage. Crawling along this on your hands and feet, at a distance of about three hundred feet you come to a rocky basin full of water, fourteen hundred feet from the mouth, and five hundred feet perpendicular in the earth. This basin is the Chacha, which means *agua Colorado*, or real water.

From the open chamber above alluded to, several passages

diverge, and following one of these, by a weary and tiresome way, you reach the *paduelha*—a basin of water that ebbs and flows like the sea. It recedes with the south wind, and increases with the north-west, and the Indians add, that when they go to it silently they find water; but when they talk or make a noise, the water disappears. The Indians also say, that forty women once fainted in this passage, since which they have not allowed them to go alone. The third basin, in another part of the cave, is called *sallab*, which means spring; the fourth *akahba*, on account of its darkness; the fifth *chocoha*, because it is always warm; the sixth *osihu*, which means milky; the seventh *chinaisha*, because it has insects called *ais*. This is the only watering-place of a city of seven thousand inhabitants. Nothing better than this can explain the difficulties under which the inhabitants of this part of the world labour.

BEAR HUNTING

BEAR-HUNTING is a favourite amusement both in the Old and the New World. In Europe it is made rather a matter of mere fun and merriment than anything else; but in America the animal is hunted also for the purpose of procuring nutrition and favourite food. "Bear's meat" is well known on every border. It is eaten with rare gusto by the hardy borderers, who, give them venison, bear's flesh, corn-juice, and tobacco, are as happy as the day is long.

Bear-hunting has some time been unknown in this island; though every now and then we are made to believe that the animal is not so rare as we fancy, by the exuberant announcement of some speculative hairdresser—or, to speak in more modern style, of some *coiffeur*—that another bear has been slaughtered. We may occasionally also see one of these animals in a show; or, if we pay a visit to the valuable Gardens of the Zoological Society, we may also gaze on one or two fine specimens. All the great polar travellers, Ross, Parry, and the ever-memorable Franklin, demonstrate the way in which the Arctic Regions are peopled by these brutes. They are there apparently at home, and many a deeply-exciting narrative of adventure, recorded in the journals of these adventurous sailors, proves how dangerous such creatures are to man. The great polar bear, however, is very different in his characteristics from the black bear of the German forests, of the Pyrenees, of Bohemia, and other places, where they still linger in spite of the progress and advance of civilisation.

Dogs that would fight the bear were wont to be great favourites with chase-loving monarchs; but for a good, hearty, genuine bear-hunt the reader must go to America. Some of the virgin forests of that vast and even now half-unknown region contain so large a collection of these animals, that there are men who devote their whole existence to bear-hunting. They are not found in such plenty and with such ease as they were in the days of Boone, but still the hunt is tolerably productive to the persevering hunter.

On the borders of Tennessee and Kentucky was once a place rich in bears—it was a perfect paradise of bruins. Passing over a country of a level character, rich and lovely, dotted here with flowers, there with Indian corn and tobacco, the traveller soon reaches a wilder country, a perfect wilderness, with cliffs and gorges and streams. Nowhere—and we speak advisedly—nowhere is scenery of a more striking character to be seen than round the Pilot Knobs of Kentucky. The keen lover of sport would start up to this cold and desolate region, camp out beneath a tent under a tree, or perhaps take refuge in a cabin built by one of the old class of hunters. A fine pack of dogs, fit for either deer or bear, ready for a peccary pig at a pinch, were collected, and with these and a rifle, the young men would go forth as of old, with horn and hound to the wild and exciting chase.

The favourite time for hunting, among the gentlemen of Kentucky, is when the first snow-storm is on the ground. Then

their enjoyment is in perfection, for they are sure of their game, and that game is in a goodly condition—as killers of another sort, in more civilised regions, would say. It is very singular to follow the game, the panting hounds driving them out upon the soft snow, in which you sink over your ankles at every step. The difference of such sport from that pursued in this island by more scientific sportsmen, is the subsequent result. No warm house, no groaning board, with good things of every kind smoking and shining, no soft voices to welcome the huntsman home. But the camp fire has its charms. It is pleasant at even, when wearied and exhausted with the day's work, to see its warm glow amid the distant trees; it is pleasant to sit with your comrades around it, and enjoy with a zest—only known on such occasions—the broil, or the roast, or the stew, cooked with a hunter's skill and consumed with a hunter's appetite; it is pleasant, when eating and smoking and talking are over, to lie down before the genial fire, and rest and sleep the heavy sleep of the woodsman. There is something of the excitement of the bivouac about it, without any of the terrible, sad, and ruthless images which are attached to the picture of war, that fearful scourge which civilised man submits to only from sheer necessity.

Up one starts then at early morn, as the first streak of dawn falls warm upon the tree tops, and snatching a hasty meal, away we go, over hill, over dale, over plain, over stream, there, where the dogs lead us. The dogs are far a-head, away in some barren or rich bottom. Hark! as they open. Man and beast are equally eager for the fray. The dogs which have been far a-head have turned the prey, and nearer and nearer they come with a louder and louder wail, and the excited huntsman starts as he catches the glimpse of some huge black bear, bowling by at a pace and in a way which would be ludicrous to a dispassionate spectator. But the hunter only sees the game. His rifle is discharged, the beast is wounded; if slightly, to make it move quicker; if severely, to induce it to seek a tree. The hounds, now wild with excitement, dash at it, and it disappears from sight. But its pace slackens, and the hunters are near it again.

It is up a tree. The able author of the "Hunter Naturalist" informs us, that it has been known to roll into a ball, drop among the dogs, and make away. But in general, when once it is treed, it is all over with it. Nothing can stand against the rifle of the Americans. A few shots and it is down, and the chase is over.

In America and in Europe, it very often happens that the animal will turn at bay. It is then a scene of terror. Such clamouring, such noise, such growling, such yelling. The dogs will fasten on the brute, and only let go their grasp with death—they fight until dashed to the ground sprawling and helpless. The contest is now a fearful one. The weight of the bear gives him a great advantage. He crushes the hound in his horrid hug; he tears them with his teeth; he dashes

them to the ground with his paws; he tosses them almost as a bull would, until they fall around. Our engraving represents rather the episodes of a European bear-hunt, just when the dogs fasten on the animal, and one already has paid the penalty, and while the hunters are yet distant, than one of those with which we are personally familiar. But the scene is very similar in character, differing only in the usual way in

is much prized by the Indians. These people, before fire-arms were much known amongst them, were as much afraid of a great black bear as the inhabitants of Algiers were of lions, until Giraud, the celebrated lion-hunter, made such havoc among these animals. The claws and skin of the bear were marks of bravery and naturally of rank among the red-skins, who selected their chiefs rather for their personal qualities than for



A BEAR ATTACKED BY DOGS.

which events are unlike, from the nature of the country and the people.

In Europe, bear's hams are celebrated among many epicures, and few persons deny the utility of a bear's skin; but the meat is not in such general use as it is in America, where in some places it is so favourite an article of food that pork has been palmed upon the buyer for the genuine game of the forest and hill. Texas, up towards the frontiers of Mexico, where there are rocks, gorges, and hills, is a famous place for this sport, which

their names. But now the rifle is common with the copper-coloured natives also; and in the most memorable bear-hunt we recollect, the Indians, by their knowledge of locality and the signs of the forest, played by far the most important part. We have, however, said sufficient, without narrating a personal adventure, to give our readers an outline and idea of this very favourite, though somewhat dangerous, amusement. All bear-hunts not being so comic as that of poor Friday in "Robinson Crusoe."

HUNGARIANS.

ALTHOUGH the brave struggle for Hungarian independence, which about five years ago attracted the attention of Europe and enlisted the sympathies of many ardent spirits, is now a recollection of the past, fading into oblivion through the all-absorbing interest of a yet mightier conflict, nevertheless a few words with reference to the Magyar race may not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. The illustration which we present to their notice is descriptive of a class belonging to what may be termed the working population of that race, and it is to this class that we shall chiefly confine our observations. It must not be supposed that there is any essential distinction between the noble Magyar and his less wealthy fellow-countryman. However diverse their present condition, their origin is the same, and their character radically identical. Of the two, the poor Magyar possesses even more

despises the population of cities, and would consider himself guilty of effeminacy if he were to avail himself of the various conveniences which modern improvement has introduced. He is the *lazzarone* of the desert, accepting thankfully the life which Providence has given him, and sleeping wherever he can find a resting-place—in a shed, under a waggon, or exposed to the sun, wind, and rain.

The poor Magyar can only be a tiller of the ground, a shepherd, a soldier, or a fisherman. For every other employment he has a profound contempt. He regards the soil with veneration and cultivates it with pride. As a shepherd, he passes whole months without going under cover. He may be seen wrapped in his large white cloak, seated Tartar-fashion by the side of the road, following with his eye the smoke as it ascends from his pipe, stroking his long moustaches, and



HUNGARIAN BOATMEN.

interest for the traveller, as retaining more completely the traces of his original condition. He is a recollection of the ninth century living in the nineteenth. He has preserved the national costume—in all its purity, we were going to say but it would be more correct to say, in all its barbarism and primitive impurity. Ten centuries have passed over this people without materially affecting their character. The Magyar of the present day is a worthy son of the ancient barbarian. His physiognomy, like that of his ancestor, is hard but full of expression. It combines nervous energy with great physical insensibility. Like his forefather, he wears his hair long and well greased; and for dress has a vest made of polished leather, which often serves him instead of a shirt, large trousers, and a sheepskin of many colours, called a *bunola*, which he wears with great dignity. Hardy and careless, he

leading a most contemplative sort of life. He has all the dignity of the oriental character. Like the Turk, he is grave in exterior and manner. Nothing short of a dance to the sound of his national music, or a plentiful potation of the wine of the country, is sufficient to excite him to activity. It is not, however, till after the cares of matrimony press upon him that he exhibits this gravity in perfection.

"In the East," says Madame de Stael, "when they have nothing to say, they smoke together, and bow to each other from time to time, with their arms crossed over the breast to testify their mutual friendship." The Hungarian acts in a similar manner. He is sober in his language, and never free with strangers; but he is frank and faithful, and if he finds a friend in you, will open his heart without any reserve.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—III.

—, 1853.

It is really wonderful to hear the details with which one is favoured on all hands in relation to the Russians in this city. Their cunning, their foresight, their intrigues, must have been something truly Machiavellian. The Russian embassy appears to have been a centre of operations of a very singular character. Money was no object. The minister had unlimited power of action, his subordinates looked upon him as a kind of deputy majesty. They were very numerous and existed under all forms. Russia never asked who a man was; all she required was, that he should be capable of doing her dirty work. Poles, Jews, Greeks, Italians, Maltese, Franks, were employed without scruple. They lived in every corner of the town. Their duty was to wheedle, to coax, or to buy over the officials, to get influence at any price, to seem to be the great protecting power, and to force weaker nations to appeal to her. The stories told of her duplicity and crawling patience are really incredible.

That the Turks gave her plenty of occasion to use her cunning, is no defence. If the Turks were weak, and she only made slow progress in the arts of civilisation, that could in no wise justify the acts of Russian agents.

The Turkish custom-house, based on the French principle, was an admirable institution for the Muscovite to work upon. Redschid Pacha, the head of the French party, had brought with him from France several notions by no means advantageous to the country or wise in themselves. He imported passports, a censorship, and an *octroi*. He it was that organised the custom-house. Like all other Turkish institutions the custom-house is badly managed, because its clerks are ill-paid. It is almost impossible for them to live on the pittance they receive. Here then was an opening for Muscovite fraud and cunning. The Russian embassy became at once the centre of operations of bands of smugglers and contrabandists. The Russian agents bought over certain officials, and by their connivance 3,000 bales of silk were passed as 400 bales of cotton, and other such nefarious practices carried on, to the great personal advantage of certain merchants, custom-house clerks, and Russian officials. Even during the festivals of Beizam and Ramadan, they could get goods passed with ease. Their influence was such, that the importation of Protestant Bibles was almost impossible. The censorship over books in the customs was held by a low Armenian, as no Turk could tell one book from another. The consequence was, that bibles, prayer-books, etc. were stopp'd, while immoral French novels, and all kinds of trash were permitted freely to pass.

The lower order of Turkish officers made money openly by fees, which they insisted on. A merchant who had just taken up his residence in Constantinople, once consigned a cargo of 447 bales of cotton to Alexandria. Before the ship could leave port, it was necessary that a *teskere*, or declaration that the description of the goods exported was correct, should be signed by some clerk. The merchant came to the custom-house, found the proper officer, and addressed him:

"Abdallah," said he, "here is my declaration. It's all right."

"Is it?" replied the Turk, taking it in his hand and looking at it upside down.

"I am quite sure of it," continued the merchant.

"Allah kerim! God is great! Think over it again, Christian. It's all wrong."

"I assure you, Abdallah, you are quite mistaken." ●

"I have said," replied the Turk, smoking his pipe with profound gravity.

The merchant went away in a great hurry, overhauled his cargo, obtained the written declaration of captain and mate, and rushed back. Near the bridge he met a friend. In his hurry he nearly knocked him down.

"Whither away so fast?" said the other, laughing.

The merchant briefly explained; and his friend laughed no less heartily.

"What is the matter?" asked the new arrival in Stamboul.

"My dear fellow, you will find, if you are not careful, that it is still all wrong. Did you give him a present?"

"No!"

"Then make haste and do it. That was all he meant. He was too much of a diplomatist to ask for it; but you give it, and try the effect."

The merchant thanked his friend, and entered the custom-house with a grave and solemn step.

"Abdallah," said he in a low tone, "you were right. There is something wrong; but I am in a great hurry, and cannot remedy it now. If you will look over it this time, why I will be more careful next."

And he dextrously slipped a small paper parcel into the man's hand.

"Mashallah!" said the Turk with profound gravity, after examining the amount with great coolness, "did I not tell you there was something wrong?"

The loss to the treasury by this system is immense; but now a searching examination promises to probe the evil and lead to a remedy. The coming of so vast a body of civilised Europeans to this place is producing its effect; and as Russian gold and Russian corruption are no longer at work—at all events so far as we know—there is some hope of a better state of things.

Passports, in a country where, out of Stamboul, scarcely a native official can read, are very provoking things. I have found them unpleasant enough in France, Italy, and Austria; but they are even worse here. The officials all pretend to be able to read them, and it is ludicrous to see a grave old Turk in a small village looking at your document upside down. On the road between this city and Adrianople, the soldiers of the guard-houses used to make a good thing out of them. They started coffee-shops in the guard-house. Under pretence of examining the passport, the traveller and servants were summoned inside. An order for coffee smoothed all difficulties, and you were allowed to proceed unmolested. Turkey, however, will now be opened up to the eyes of thousands of civilised travellers, and their suggestions will have weight with the government, which, I must say, seems decidedly to mean well, and would be far more liberal if it could. The priests of its religion, however, stand in the way of everything. The priests, the great, and the ulemas, mufitis, and others, by unfurling the flag of the Prophet, and giving money to aid the war, have gained singular popularity. This new power will be used to oppose everything enlightened, especially everything emanating from a Christian country.

But a large number of the Turks have seen through the delusions of the Koran, and only keep its outward observances because of the danger they would incur were they not to do so. There is a strange fact, which I have on the highest authority, and which explains many things. One or two unscrupulous Turks have, of gold, been bought by Russia. Base men will be found in all countries, and though the Turk is generally strictly honourable and veracious, this may yet be believed. They, of course, pretend to work with the reformers one day, and with the conservatives the next, as Russia orders.

Turkish society is divided into the "Old Turbans," who still wear flowing garments, and are wedded to prejudice, hatred of the Christians, and every old idea of Islamism; and the "red caps and tight trousers," who wish to advance on the road of reform. In Stamboul they are pretty equally divided, though one day priestly influence gives predominance to the one, while the next, Western diplomacy raises up the other. There can be no doubt that recent events will give ultimate victory to the radical party in this country, and the radical party is that which will give equality in every form to the Christians. The right to hold property unmolested, is the one boon the Christians ask in the first instance. This will probably be conceded and carried out. It will double the wealth of Turkey. Now every Christian who makes money goes away. There is little doubt that when the projected reforms are carried out here, that Turkey will be able to defend herself, unaided by the Western powers. All she wants is a pure executive, good laws, and a wise system of finance.

PEERS AND M.P.'S,
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.
PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

WE now come nearer to our own times. We have been with the giants of English oratory—men whose names are familiar in our ears as household words. Our notices now must necessarily be scanty. We have already passed by many names well known in parliamentary annals. We can say nothing of Lord North, of Wedderburn, of Murray, of Windham, of Dundas, of Percival, of Wilberforce, of Tierney, of Lords Holland and Grey, and of Earl Wellesley, because these men, though they were statesmen, were not orators. They do not stand in the first rank. It was theirs to win honour in their age; it was theirs to command the applause of listening senators; but they have done their work and gone. Posterity will not ask for them again. We make an exception in favour of George Canning. Fortune favoured Pitt and Fox at their very birth; we now speak of a man who made a position for himself, who, born in an obscure rank, became the first man in parliament, and won that position by his splendid oratorical powers. Canning's humour was irresistible. Wilberforce went crying home with laughter, after his account of Lord Nugent's journey, to lend the succour of his person (Lord Nugent was not a light weight) to constitutional Spain. The passage is a capital specimen of the best-humoured political railery. We give it entire.—"I was about the middle of last July, that the heavy Falmouth coach (loud and long-continued laughter) that the heavy Falmouth coach was observed travelling to its destination through the roads of Cornwall with more than its usual gravity (very loud laughter). There were, according to the best advices, two inside passengers (laughter); one a lady of no considerable dimensions (laughter), and a gentleman who, as it has since been ascertained, was conveying the succour of his person to Spain (cheers and laughter). I am informed—and having no reason to doubt my informant, I firmly believe it—that in the van belonging to the coach (gentlemen must know the nature and uses of that auxiliary to the regular stage-coaches) was a box more bulky than ordinary, and of most portentous contents. It was observed that, after their arrival, this box and the passenger before mentioned became inseparable. The box was known to have contained the uniform of a Spanish general of cavalry (much laughter); and it was said of the helmet, which was beyond the usual size, that it exceeded all other helmets spoken of in history, not excepting the celebrated helmet in the Castle of Oltranto (cheers and laughter). The idea of going to the relief of a fortress blockaded by sea and besieged by land, with the uniform of a light cavalry officer, was new, to say the least of it. About this time the force officered by the honourable gentleman, which had never existed but on paper, was in all probability expected; I will not stay to determine whether it was to have consisted of 10,000 or 5,000 men. No doubt, upon the arrival of the general and his uniform, the Cortes must have rubbed their hands with satisfaction, and concluded that, now the promised force was come, they would have little more to fear (laughter). It did come—as much of it as ever would have been seen by the Cortes or the king; but it came in that sense, and no other, which was described by a witty nobleman, George, Duke of Buckingham, whom the noble lord opposite (Lord Nugent) reckons among his lineal ancestors. In the play of 'The Rehearsal' there was a scene occupied with the designs of two usurpers, to one of whom their party entering says:—

The army at the door, but in disguise,
Entreats a word with both your majesties."

very loud and continued laughter). Such must have been the effect of the arrival of the noble lord. How he was received, or with what effect he operated on the councils and

affairs of the Cortes, by his arrival, I do not know. Things were at that juncture moving too rapidly to their final issue. How far the noble lord had conducted to the termination, by plumping his weight into the sinking scale of the Cortes, is too nice a question for me just now to settle." Loud cheers and laughter greeted this conclusion. Yet Canning's wit, while it sparkled and amused, seldom offended. Lord Nugent was long afterwards one of his warmest supporters. "Canning's drollery of voice and manner were," says Mr. Wilberforce, "inimitable. There is a lighting up of his features and a comic play about the mouth, when the full force of the approaching witticism strikes his own mind, which prepares you for the burst which is to follow." Neither Pitt nor Fox had this quality of humour. Mackintosh said of Canning, that he incorporated in his mind all the eloquence and wisdom of ancient literature. He thought Canning and Plunkett the finest orators of their time, and that Canning especially excelled in language. Johnson, speaking of Burke's *début*, says that probably no one, at his first appearance, ever obtained so much reputation before. "His immortality," said Grattan, "is that which is common to Cicero or to Bacon, that which can never be interrupted while there exists the beauty of order or the love of virtue, and which can fear no death, except what barbarity may impose on the globe."

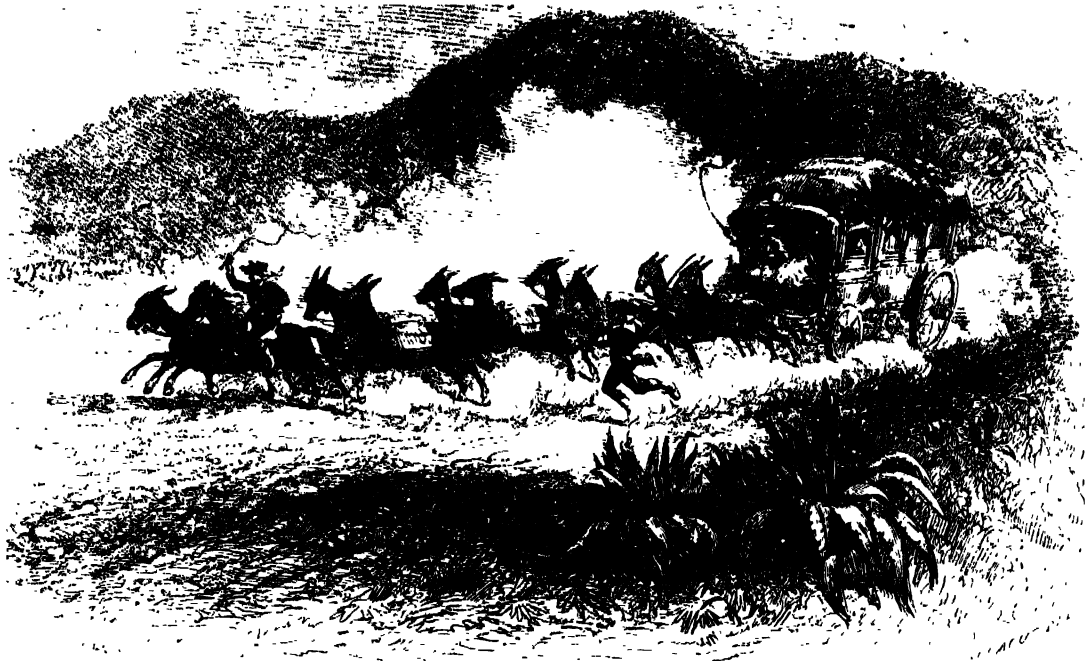
Canning's speech on the North American Provinces was an era in the senate, wrote an M.P., applying what was said of the eloquence of Chatham, "It was an epoch in a man's life to have heard him. I shall never forget the deep moral earnestness of his tone, and the blaze of glory that seemed to light up his features." That fine sentence, in which Canning spoke of the part he had acted, must be familiar to our readers, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old." Canning took his stand not only between contending nations, but contending principles, in that marvellous speech. In its delivery, we are told, his chest heaved and expanded, his nostrils dilated, a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were forgotten in the ardour of youthful genius. All the while, says an observer, a serenity sat upon his brow that pointed to deeds of glory. Canning's remarks in vindication of himself, after the Liverpool election in 1816, ought never to be forgotten. "There is," said Mr. Canning, "a heavier charge than either of those that I have stated to you. It is, gentlemen, that I am an adventurer. To this charge, as I understand it, I am willing to plead guilty! A representative of the people, I am one of those people, and I present myself to those who choose me only with the claims of character, be they what they may, unaccompanied by patrician patronage or party recommendation. Nor is it in this free country, where in every walk of life the road of honourable success is open to every individual—I am sure it is not in this place—that I shall be expected to apologise for so presenting myself to your choice. I know there is a political creed which assigns to a certain combination of great families a right to dictate to the sovereign and to influence the people, and that this doctrine of hereditary aptitude for administration is singularly enough most prevalent among those who find nothing more laughable than the principle of legitimacy in the crown. To this theory I have never subscribed. If to depend directly on the people as their representative in parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence—if that be to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge, and I would not exchange that situation, to whatever taunts it may expose me, for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of a hundred generations." Canning rose, wrote Eliot, the Corn-law Rhymers:—

"He rose—a veteran proud of honest scars;
He stood—a bard with lightning in his look,
He spoke—Apollo had the voice of Mars;
His form all hope from phalanx'd faction took,
While flashed his satire like a falchion barbed
On all who meanly thought or basely dared.
He spoke and died."

THE SPANISH DILIGENCE.

THE days of diligences on the continent, like those of stage-coaches in this country, have well-nigh passed away for ever. Those cumbrous vehicles—which were a heterogeneous compound of coach, van, and waggon, and looked as if they were made up of a brougham, half an omnibus, and a coach all stuck together, with a sort of canopy over the whole—are now things of the last generation, and will soon become antiquarian curiosities. They have disappeared to make way for a much more rapid means of conveyance. Instead of the French diligence, with its *coupe*, *interieur*, *rotondi*, *imperiale*, we have the first, second, or third class railway carriage. But in Spain, the march of improvement is far less speedy. There, the antiquated mode of travelling still exists, not merely in mountainous and unfrequented districts, but along the principal roads through the country. Our engraving

obliged to put up the windows to keep out the dust, which is thick enough to suffocate one, I will take the opportunity of describing our equipage. In the first place, we have eight, ten, and sometimes twelve mules, without guides, two and two. On one of the first pair sits the postillion; on the box is the *mayoral*, who drives the two wheelers; and by his side is seated the *zagal*. The *zagal* is the attached friend of the *mayoral*—like Pylades to Orestes, or Euryalus to Nisus. He is his right-hand man—his aide-de-camp. If a trace is broken, the *zagal* is down from his seat in an instant. If a mule falls or turns aside, or if it is necessary to whip the team and get them into a gallop, the *zagal* is the man for the emergency. He follows the mules, runs by their side, whips them, hollers at them, and addresses speeches to them, such as Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles, delivered to his



SPANISH DILIGENCE.

gives a good representation of diligence travelling in Spain. Those of our readers who may have gone from Boulogne or Calais to Paris in the old days of diligences will observe that, though we have here mules instead of horses, yet the general aspect of the vehicle, the postillion and the driver keeping up a constant gallop, and the clouds of dust rising on all sides, together make up a scene with which they are quite familiar. The following extract from the letter of a recent traveller, contains a lively and amusing sketch of the characters which figure in it.

"The names of the travellers have been called over; the postillion has mounted the foremost mule; the *mayoral* and the *zagal* have shared the box between them; the smack of cartilage is heard, and we are on our way towards Aranjuez. "What is dreary, we cannot see a single tree, and as we are

horses. He calls them by name, puts them upon their honour, encourages and reproves them. At one time we hear him crying out '*Copitana!*' at another, '*Coronela!*' and when he has once got them into a gallop, he catches hold of the traces, jumps up at a single bound to the box, and takes his seat beside the *mayoral*, who has observed all he has done with a majestic impassive silence. The *zagal* is peculiar to Spain, and flourishes on no other soil. He is generally little, vigorous, and active. He spends his life in jumping up, getting down, and running along by the side; and I question whether, since the days of the Olympic games, when the victors rubbed themselves with sand, it has been possible to meet with any one more dusty, more dirty, with the hair more firmly clotted by sweat and dust, than he is when, panting and exulting, he mounts the box, after running with the mules for a quarter of an hour."

LORD ABERDEEN.

HAS our kind reader ever been in the House of Lords? If he has not, we must for once place him there. We will not detain him long—the lords meet for the despatch of business at five, or a little after, and generally break up a little before six. Generally a dozen lords make a good house, and half-a-dozen speeches are considered a very animated debate. On the benches on the left, are seated the Earl of Derby and Lord Malmesbury—on the opposite side are ranged half-a-dozen middle-aged gentlemen. These are her Majesty's ministers; there is nothing very wonderful in their appearance. They are very solid-looking men. Disraeli makes one of his lords say, the House of Peers looks like a "house of butlers." We don't go quite so far as that; but, certainly, if you imagine a lord is a much superior-looking and talking person to ordinary men,

lege, Cambridge, where, in 1804, he took the degree of M.A. But before then, his lordship had tasted the pleasures of foreign travel. Having succeeded to the title by the death of his father, while yet a minor, the young earl, in 1801, proceeded on a tour through the classic lands of Greece. That he drank deeply of the inspiration by which he was surrounded is clear from the fact, that when he returned, he founded the Athenian Society, the fundamental condition of which was, that no one should be a member who had not visited Greece. His lordship did more than this, he wrote a review in the *Edinburgh* of "Gell's Topography of Troy," creditable alike to his learning, to his power of observation, and his taste. This was enough for Byron, who was preparing to avenge himself, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," for



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

you will be very much disappointed. Perhaps in the course of the evening, after chatting with the red haired youthful Scot, known as the Duke of Argyle, an elderly, plainly-dressed, sedate gentleman, in excellent preservation, with a massive frame and head, will say a few words in the coldest and most unimpassioned manner imaginable, and you will see the reporters taking down every sentence as if it was worth its weight in gold. You are naturally anxious to know who the speaker is. If you ask, you will be told that he is George Hamilton Gordon, fourth earl of Aberdeen, and First Lord of the Treasury.

Statesmanship and longevity seem quite compatible. At any rate, they are so in his lordship's case. He was born in Edinburgh in 1784, educated at Harrow and at St. John's Col-

lege, where he had received from the *Edinburgh*, and was doubly delighted thus to have a chance of gibbeting a rival author and a brother peer. Accordingly in his burning satire we read:—

"First in the out-fid phalanx shall be seen,
The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen!"

Aberdeen, however, did not take much harm from the ill-natured couplet, for in 1806, we find him elected as one of the sixteen representative peers which Scotland, by the Articles of Union, is entitled to send to Parliament. This honour he held till, in 1814, he was called to the British peerage by the title of Viscount Gordon.

Lord Aberdeen's *début* in public life was not a very brilliant one. For five years he was a silent supporter of Mr. Perceval. It was not till 1811 that he ventured to address their lordships, when he made his maiden-speech, by moving the address in the House of Lords, in answer to the Prince Regent's speech. Two years after we find him engaged in diplomacy. We were then at war with France. It was desirable, if possible, to get Austria on our side. This was a task of some difficulty, and Aberdeen was sent to Vienna to negotiate; for a long time Austria hesitated, but at length the councils of Aberdeen and Metternich prevailed. The former remained with the Austrian emperor till the conclusion of the war, and accompanied the advance of the Austrian army to Paris, where he signed the Treaty of Peace on behalf of England, on the first of June, 1814. Nor was this the only negotiation in which he was engaged. It was thought Murat, whom Napoleon had seated on the throne of Naples, could be weaned from the man to whom he owed so much. Aberdeen was employed to detach him, and succeeded. We have already mentioned the diplomatist's reward—he was made a peer of the realm.

Peace accomplished, his lordship retired from the stage. For this absence from public life two reasons may be assigned—his retiring disposition and his attachment to domestic society. Soon after he became of age he married the daughter of the first Marquis of Aberdeen. That lady died in 1812. It may be, that to dissipate his grief and to obtain change of scene he entered upon public life. In 1815 he again became a married man, the object of his choice, this time being the widow of Viscount Hamilton, and mother of the present Marquis of Aberdeen; and possibly he may have preferred the language of the domestic hearth to the applause of listening senates. It was quite as well that his lordship thought so. Liberal principles were abroad, and his lordship was not prepared to support them. The people demanded—justly and respectfully demanded—reform, but his lordship was not prepared to grant it. An accused alliance—blasphemously calling itself “holy”—had been established by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, for the purpose of keeping down their respective peoples by brute force, and it was understood that his lordship heartily supported it. Canning, as it was said, sent him foes to contend against in that bitter struggle which ended in his death; and when Canning was deserted by the Tories, Aberdeen went into opposition with the rest. When the Iron Duke took office, with “No surrender to the liberal tendencies of the age” for his motto, Lord Aberdeen entered upon official life. This was in 1828. At first he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but that office he did not hold long. He soon became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

At that time considerable interest attached to foreign affairs. The battle of Navarino “an untoward event,” as the ministry termed it, had just been won, and the Turkish fleet, for a time, completely destroyed. Don Miguel had seized upon the throne of Portugal, and when appealed to by the friends of Donna Maria, Lord Aberdeen refused to avenge her wrongs. More to his credit, however, was his non-interference, when the three days of July swept from the throne of France the Bourbons, to place whom there we had so lavishly poured out our treasure and our blood. This was right enough. But it was felt that the English foreign minister was too closely connected with the promoters of the Holy Alliance to sympathise with the people of the continent in their onward struggle for right and might. Whatever might have been his prejudices as regards the continent, his lordship, however, was compelled to bow to the spirit of the age. As a Presbyterian, we can imagine he shed no bitter tears over the abolition of the Test and Corporation acts; and though a Scotchman, he supported Catholic Emancipation, when it was found dangerous longer to refuse the boon. So far he deserved well of the country; but the time was coming when that country was about to refuse confidence in him. The question of reform had reached its maturity. Men were clamorous for it from one end of England to the other; a

House of Commons pledged to it had been returned. The Duke of Wellington quailed, and Earl Grey became premier in his stead; of course, Lord Aberdeen went into opposition, but his opposition was not of a very active character. However, when the question of foreign policy was discussed, Lord Aberdeen was a severe critic of Palmerston and the Whigs. It is not clear that his lordship was altogether wrong. It is not clear the non-interference in the affairs of other states, for which he contended, was not the proper course to pursue. It is not clear that Palmerstonian policy always shines when contrasted with his own. These matters, however, must be reserved for graver pages than ours. Let us pass on to another incident in his political career.

In 1837, or thereabouts, the Church of Scotland was in a crisis. She had two great difficulties to contend against. Her machinery was unequal to the overgrown population of her towns, and her people were deprived of the power of choosing their own ministers. The church had asserted that right. The General Assembly of 1831 enacted, that while the lay patrons of churches should retain their right to present ministers, the communicants in a parish should have a right to say whether they approved of the choice or not; and if they dissented, their dissent, without cause, should be conclusive as to that particular appointment. That right had, however, been contested by the civil courts. But the assertion of it had won over the people to the side of their national church. The ardent and eloquent Chalmers fanned the rising flame. The people became zealous. Everywhere churches were erected. Government was asked to endow the churches thus liberally built; government, instead, issued a commission, which ended in a vague and unsatisfactory report. The Earl of Aberdeen took the matter up in the House of Lords. In a speech of considerable skill, evincing perfect knowledge of the subject in all its details, he set forth the claim which the Church of Scotland had to presentment, and strongly and pointedly criticised the evasive course which the government pursued. But we must now return to the Veto question. The civil courts, one after another, had decided against the church; the House of Lords had been referred to as the final court of appeal, and that also had given a similar decision. In her distress and dismay, the Church of Scotland turned to Lord Aberdeen. It was true that, as a conservative and a patron, he had been opposed to the passing of the Veto law in the General Assembly; but his opposition had always been courteously conducted, and he had taken no part in the legal proceedings by which the nullity of that act was pronounced. Besides, he had shown his interest in the church by the speech which he had already made in the House of Lords. Accordingly, his lordship was requested to act the part of a mediator. His lordship undertook the task, and a long negotiation ensued. However, he might have saved himself the trouble. It appears the church leaders misunderstood him and he them. They went down to Scotland asserting that the reasons of the majority of communicants were in all cases to be valid, even though to use his lordship's own illustration—the only objection they could urge against a man was that he had red hair; but when, in 1840, his lordship's bill actually made its appearance in the House of Lords, loud and bitter were the complaints his lordship's conduct had excited. He had betrayed the church, was the universal cry. Instead of allowing the majority of communicants to decide, the bill decreed that the presbytery were to be the judges, and might, if they saw fit, set aside the reasons given by the communicants as frivolous, and ordain the presentee, however ungrateful to the majority that act might be. The church leaders in the General Assembly declared that his lordship had deceived them. He, in his turn, defended himself in the House of Lords. The bill was scornfully rejected in the General Assembly, and was allowed to drop. It was well that it was so: one of the most glorious acts of modern times was the result. On one day, led by Chalmers, seven hundred ministers, consisting of the very flower of the Establishment, abandoned its altars, dear as they were to them, and became the Free Church of Scotland. The act was heroic. It was a

fine thing to find the old grand heart of Scotland beating as true to conscience and to God as ever. Far and near men sympathised and applauded and thanked God. When the question had lost its interest, Lord Aberdeen succeeded in carrying a bill founded on that of 1810; but it was too late, the partition had taken place, the national church had been rent in twain.

In the meanwhile Lord Aberdeen had again resumed official life. In 1841 a vote of confidence in the Whigs the Whigs never seem to have confidence reposed in them—was carried by a majority of about ninety. Sir Robert Peel came into office, and Lord Aberdeen again became foreign minister. The result was a good understanding with France, with which country we had been on the eve of war, and the memorable visit to Eu, where Louis Philippe bestowed upon our foreign minister the flattering epithet of "*Ce bon Aberdeen*"—a phrase afterwards applied in irony to its object, when it became manifest that the wily old monarch, in marrying his son to the sister of the Queen of Spain, had overreached the English cabinet. While Lord Aberdeen was in office, he was also successful in bringing the Chinese war to a close, though he had disapproved of the steps which had led to the rupture. Another question, more important, was the definition of the boundary line between the British possessions in North America and the United States, both on the north-east and the north-west. To settle the first, Lord Ashburton better known as Alexander Baring, of the house of Baring and Co.—was despatched to the United States, with full power to conclude a treaty, by which it is to be hoped this question has been set at rest for ever. The north-west boundary, or Oregon question, was settled in an equally satisfactory manner. There was considerable bluster on the part of American statesmen at first; but at length a treaty fairly providing for the rights of all parties was happily negotiated, the ratification of which arrived in this country in 1846, just as Sir Robert Peel's ministry were quitting office.

We must say one word on this crisis. In 1846 the Anti-corn-law agitation became irresistible. Sir Robert Peel felt that it was in vain to oppose it. Accordingly, he resigned office; but as Lord John Russell was not prepared to form a cabinet, the Peel ministry, with the single exception of Lord Derby, returned to power, merely for the purpose of carrying through the repeal of the Corn-laws. Lord Beaumont, in the Lords, undertook to ask Lord Aberdeen how he could explain the anomaly of noblemen and gentlemen resigning office one day rather than carry through a particular measure, and the next resume office for the express purpose of carrying that measure. Lord Aberdeen stated that, as far as he was concerned, he had long been anxious to have the Corn-laws repealed. This reply so astonished their lordships, that they let the matter drop. The repeal carried, his lordship again retired into private life.

From 1816 to 1853 we seldom read his name in the entertaining columns of Hansard. Lord Aberdeen rarely spoke except when foreign affairs were debated. In 1850, on the Don Pacifico affair, he delivered a powerful speech against Lord Palmerston's intermeddling and mischievous and exasperating policy. The next year, when all England grew delirious with the fear of the Pope—when old ladies thought St. Paul's would be used for the celebration of the mass, and the fires of Smithfield would be again relit—he objected to legislative interference, and strongly opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. When, in consequence of their conduct in this matter, the Whig cabinet was *in articulo mortis*, Lord Aberdeen was sent for, with a view to the formation of a new one. In his speech in the House of Lords, February 28th, he stated that, in obedience to the commands of her Majesty, he had met Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, and had discussed the basis of the proposed cabinet. On some questions they agreed entirely; on others, there was a probability of their accommodating their sentiments to each other; but there was one to which he had an invincible repugnance, namely, any penal legislation against the Roman Catholic subjects of her Majesty in respect to the prohibition of eccle-

siastical titles. To any legislation of that kind he was opposed. No doubt the noble lord had proposed certain modifications; but all legislation of such kind must necessarily be inefficient. For two hundred years they had tried by persecution to limit the numbers of the Roman Catholics, and the only effect had been to increase them. But while deprecating legislation on the subject, he had not been the less sensible of the arrogant assumption of the pope and cardinals, though he did not think that afforded any grounds for legislative interference with the religious liberties of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects; and, therefore, he and Sir James Graham had declined to join Lord John Russell in the reconstruction of the ministry. Her Majesty had then requested him to form an administration; but when he considered that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was before the other House of Parliament, and had been approved of by a large majority, and that it would most likely meet with the approbation of a majority of their lordships, he felt that he must decline the task which Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to impose on him, but to which he had never felt himself equal. Perhaps his lordship felt that the pear was not ripe, and that he could bide his time. At any rate he was wise in doing so. Lord John soon went out of office. Lord Derby then came in, and after his administration was utterly broken up, Lord Aberdeen became the head of the new cabinet.

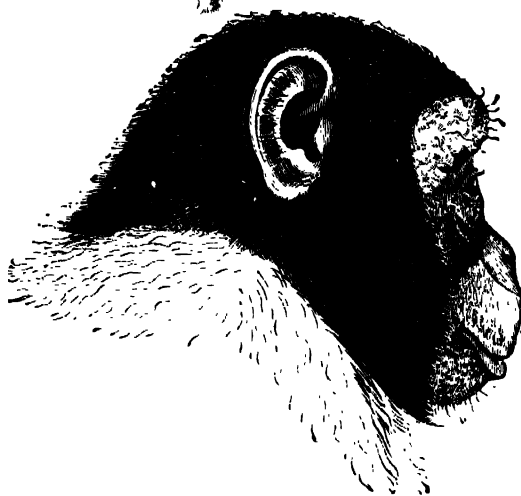
The history of his administration has yet to be written. Composed of nearly all the ablest statesmen of the day, and based upon the broad principles of safe progress at home and peaceful policy abroad, it entered upon the responsibilities of office under most auspicious circumstances. Public feeling was strongly in its favour, every political section—save only the followers of Lord Derby—being represented in the government. The highest expectations of future improvement were indulged. That they have not yet been completely fulfilled, is rather matter of regret than surprise. No ministry ever yet succeeded in gratifying the wishes of all their adherents, and, in the present instance, untoward circumstances have occurred which no one could have foreseen or prevented. Against his will Lord Aberdeen has been plunged into war. It does not seem clear that his lordship's attachment to peace has materially impeded the successful prosecution of the war. But it does seem clear, that the fact of Lord Aberdeen's assumption of office was deemed by the *Czar* a favourable time for him to put forward claims, founded on fraud, and to seek to gratify an ambition not more disgraceful to himself than ruinous to the best interests of the world. It is to be hoped that Nicholas misunderstood the Premier. But his lordship is so calm and impassive a man—sits so still and says so little—that he is almost as much a mystery as the Sphinx of old. The real truth is, that, after all, it does not much matter who is the leader of the cabinet in the House of Lords. England is a democracy, with oligarchical institutions. The cabinet is but the National Executive. Your great statesmen often come from the democracy, as Peel and Canning did. It is, in the estimation of many, a misfortune to a statesman to be born a peer, and now Lord Aberdeen is too old to get over that defect. Why did Sir Robert Peel always refuse a seat in the Lords? Why was it the great Sir Robert Walpole said to his old opponent, Pulteney, whom he had pitched into the upper house: "Here we are, my lord, the two most insignificant men in the United Kingdom?" Why is it that Chatham shines on the historic roll as the great commoner? One answer does for all. The House of Commons is that which determines the decision of the senate. The House of Lords does little more than register that decision.

We may add here in conclusion, that Lord Aberdeen has never been unmindful of the claims of science and art. In 1812, he was elected president of the Society of Antiquaries, which office he resigned in 1816. In 1823, he appeared before the world as the author of a work on "*Grecian Architecture*," in which he criticises Burke's theory of the association of ideas in his celebrated "*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*." As lords are but rarely authors or critics, this of itself is something in his favour, though Burke still retains possession of the place of honour.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

Monkeys, from their human-like form and the ease with which they mimic many human actions, have attracted the attention of mankind in all ages. Nay, there have not been wanting those who, pretending to the title of philosophers, have maintained that man himself is only, as it were, a better sort of monkey, or at all events merely a creature produced by the more perfect development of the type of structure presented by the highest of these animals. The Chimpanzee, say the supporters of this doctrine, is by no means so far removed from the negro as to render the conversion of the one into the other at all impossible. But if we compare this creature, which is admitted by all zoologists to make the nearest approach to its

in an upright position, as the sole of his foot cannot be brought flat to the ground, and he is obliged to walk merely on the outside of it, with his toes drawn up in a very cramped and uncomfortable position. The thumb of these hinder hands is by no means so perfect as that of the true hands of the anterior members; but even these, when compared with the same organs in man, will be found very inferior in point of perfection. The thumb is much shorter and incapable of being brought into those varied relations with the other fingers which enable the human hand to perform such a vast variety of operations with so much delicacy and precision. In the form of the head, too, the difference is, perhaps, even still more



HEAD OF THE CHIMPANZEE.



HAND OF THE CHIMPANZEE.



FOOT OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

structure to the physical conformation of man, with the very lowest and least intelligent of the human race, we shall find the differences so great, as vastly to outweigh the resemblances and render several intermediate gradations of development necessary, before we can arrive from the most man-like monkey at the lowest and most ape-like of human beings.

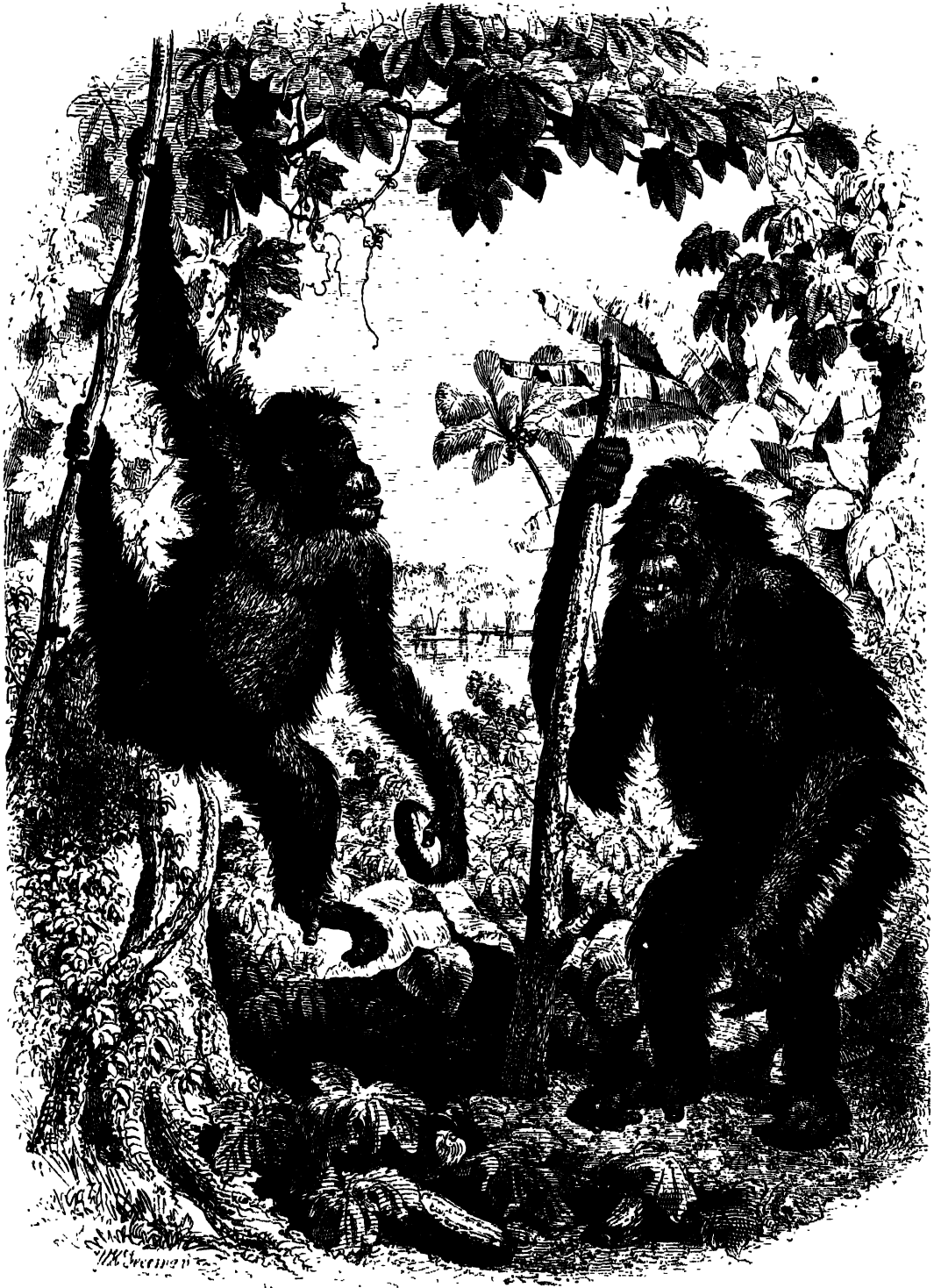
Like other monkeys, the Chimpanzee possesses four hands, that is to say, the hinder feet, instead of being fitted as in man for walking on the ground, are converted into hands to assist in climbing trees, his ordinary place of abode being amongst branches. He progresses, in fact, very awkwardly when

striking. Instead of the large cranium required to contain the brain of a human being, the adult Chimpanzee, like his congeners, has a flat retreating forehead, with a large ridge over the eyes for the attachment of the strong muscles of the jaws. In the young animal the forehead is higher, and the ridge just mentioned far less distinct, so that the creature has then a much more intelligent and amiable aspect than at a later period of its existence; and as most, if not all, the specimens which have been brought alive to Europe have been young, a false impression of their intelligence and docility and also of their external resemblance to the human race has

been produced, for it appears that when arrived at maturity they acquire, along with great powers of mischief, every inclination to employ them.

The Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*) is a native of the west

huts to protect them from the burning heat of the tropical sun and from the violent rains which are equally characteristic of those regions, and to make use of heavy sticks or clubs in their combats among themselves or with the other in-



THE CHIMPANZEE (*TROGLODYTES NIGER*).

coast of Africa, where it is said to attain a stature equal to that of man. Travellers who have visited these countries relate many curious stories of the chimpanzees. They are said to live in large societies in the forest, to walk erect, build

habitants of the forests. They are also said occasionally to carry off negro women and children into the woods, and instances are related in which the people so abducted were detained amongst them for a considerable time. Most of these

Extraordinary tales are probably, however, to be ascribed entirely to the imaginations of the natives, who would be very likely to invest an animal so nearly resembling the human race in appearance, with many of the attributes of humanity, and would certainly be by no means reluctant to relate these marvellous stories, perhaps with some extemporaneous embellishments, for the edification of credulous strangers.

Two thousand years ago, Hanno, a Carthaginian voyager, brought with him, on his return to Carthage, the skins of three specimens, either of this, or of the newly-discovered nearly-allied species, the Gorilla (*Trigloptes Gorilla*).^{*} Under the name of "wild women," they, no doubt, made a great figure in the "yarns" of Hanno's sailors; and it is curious to find nearly the same term applied to them even in England in the present day; for a specimen, which was exhibited some few years since in this country, was honoured by its owner with the appellation of "The Wild Maid of the Desert," and doubtless endowed by him with many wonderful qualities.

It would appear from the evidence of trustworthy authorities that the Chimpanzee does not live in large communities, forming rude villages, but rather in pairs, building a rude habitation in the trees, at a height of thirty, or even forty feet from the ground. They feed on fruits, and on the bunches of young succulent leaves in the centre of the heads of palms, known as the "cabbage" to English settlers in warm climates. They climb with great ease, swinging themselves from branch to branch with astonishing agility. Their human-like form does not prevent their being eaten by the negroes, who regard a well-cooked Chimpanzee as an exceedingly palatable food, in spite of a tradition which is said to prevail amongst some of them, that the Chimpanzees were once members of their own tribe, but were expelled for the filthiness and depravity of their habits.

The Chimpanzee is thickly clothed with long black hair on the back of the head, the shoulders, and back. All the four parts of the body are very thinly clad. The face is brownish and nearly naked. The limbs are covered with shorter hair than the back, and the hairs of the fore-arm are very curiously turned back towards the elbow. The arms, although long, are not so disproportionate to the size of the animal as those of some of the nearly-allied apes. The hands in the Chimpanzee only reach the knees when the animal stands upright, whilst in the Orang-Outang and the Gibbon, or Long-armed ape, they nearly, if not quite, touch the ground. The animal is quite destitute of a tail, and possesses only a trace of those callosities on the buttocks which form so prominent and disgusting a feature in many monkeys, especially the baboons.

In the adult Chimpanzee the canine teeth are very large and strong, and although not nearly so powerful, in proportion to the size of the creature, as those of some of the large baboons, they constitute most formidable weapons of offence, and an unarmed man would stand but a poor chance in a contest with one of these animals.

In captivity, especially when quite young, the animals are exceedingly docile, and imitate many human actions to great perfection. They will take their food with knife, fork, and spoon, and sometimes even appear to prefer using these implements, to conveying the food to their mouths with their hands. They drink from a cup or glass, like a human being, and occasionally evince a very human predilection for intoxicating liquors.

THE READING-ROOM OF THE FISH MUSEUM.

If the reader is of an inquisitive turn of mind, and has passed along Montague-place, Russell-square, he cannot fail to have observed a small iron gateway, with a sentry-box attached, through which gateway were constantly passing individuals of both sexes, some of them exceedingly seedy. These individuals are principally engaged in literary pur-

suits—that is, in the composition of new books by tremendous appropriations from old ones—and the place to which they resort is the Reading-room of the British Museum. Fortunately, there is no resurrection of old authors—once dead, they never again can be restored to life—so modern writers pillage without fear or shame.

Supposing for once you have got a ticket of admission—which is generally granted for six months, and which is easily procured from Sir Henry Ellis, the principal librarian, upon your written application, with a recommendation from some gentleman, whose position in society, reputation, or public appointment may serve as a guarantee for your respectability—you are at liberty to follow the individuals to whom we have already referred. The gateway passed, a few steps bring you to a door, which you enter, where you are civilly requested to deposit your walking stick or umbrella, as the case may be. Having done this, and received a ticket for the same from the attendant Cicerone, a short flight of narrow steps, ending with a glass-door, at once conducts you to the Reading rooms. They are two in number, and of considerable dimensions, measuring respectively 55 feet and 62 feet in length, by 26 feet in breadth, and are lighted from above, and warmed, during the winter season, by means of pipes. The tables, twenty-six in number, are arranged in such a manner as to leave a free passage down the centre and round the sides of the room; chairs are placed for the accommodation of eight visitors at each side of the table; and bookstands, pens, ink and blotting-paper are gratuitously furnished for their use. The walls are lined with presses, containing a large and valuable collection of books of reference. The catalogue are placed upon shelves at a moderate height from the floor, those of the manuscript collections being kept distinct from those of the printed books. These rooms are open every day, except Sundays, Ash-Wednesdays, Good Friday, Christmas day, and any Fast or Thanksgiving-day ordered by authority; except, also, between the 1st and 7th of January; the 1st and 7th of May; and the 1st and 7th of September, inclusive. The hours are from nine till four in the months of November, December, January, and February; from nine till five in the months of September, October, March, and April; and from nine till six in the months of May, June, July and August, with the exception, that on Saturdays in these last months it closes at five.

The Library owes its origin, in common with the Museum, as our readers are aware, to Sir Hans Sloane, of Chelsea, in 1753, and three years after was established in Montague House. It is said, but probably the statement is somewhat exaggerated, that Sir Hans Sloane collected together 51,000 volumes and manuscripts. Of these, 4,100 were manuscripts, consisting principally of medical and alchemical treatises, with the addition of a small collection of rolls and charters. In 1756 were added the magnificent libraries formed by Sir Robert Cotton and Lord Harley, together with the royal collections, extending from the time of Henry VII. to that of George II.; and from time to time constant additions have been made. The manuscript library has been pronounced by competent judges to be the most numerous, and probably the finest, in the world; the number of volumes at this time amounts to 31,131. The printed volumes, in May, 1851, were 135,000 by this time we may fairly suppose that their number has very considerably increased.

The first room appropriated to the readers was situated in the basement in the west corner of the building. Here they continued to assemble till 1810, when they were transferred to a larger and much more commodious apartment upon the second story, at that time forming part of the manuscript department. This state of things continued till 1827, when another transfer took place to two rooms situated at the southern extremity of the east wing of the new building, which were temporarily devoted to the service of the then rapidly increasing body of readers. In 1838, the erection of the north part of the present structure was brought to a completion, when the third and last change in the situation of the Reading-room was effected. Better rooms it is impossible to

^{*} See ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 124; and HISTORICAL EDUCATOR, vol. i. p. 8.

have, though they are sometimes inconveniently crowded, and the bustle occasioned by the presence of so many persons makes one glad to get away, and gives to one's own quiet closet or studio, as the case may be, a double charm. How the public appreciate the advantages of the Reading-rooms the following returns show :—

Number of persons admitted.	Number of persons admitted.
1843 70,931	1848 65,869
1844 67,511	1849 70,371
1845 61,427	1850 78,533
1846 66,781	1851 78,211
1847 67,525	1852 72,226

Such are a few facts and figures connected with what has been facetiously termed our "National Workshop." We cannot do better than close this short sketch with the following extract from the late Sir Harry Nicholas :—"The Reading-room of the British Museum," wrote that gentleman, "is in truth an establishment of which every Englishman has reason to be proud. It does honour to the country, and in the liberality of its regulations, as well as in the facility and continuity of access to its contents, it challenges a comparison with the public libraries of any other nation, and serves as a model, by which all public institutions in Great Britain, containing materials for the illustration of British history, ought to be regulated; but to most of which, however, it forms, alas! a striking and melancholy contrast."

AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC.

IN the contemplation of American scenery, we may, with advantage, turn aside from the consideration of its distinctive objects and features, to meditate upon the condition of its scenes, as affected or unaffected by the encroaching steps of man. We may regard them as savage, or classic, and examine their efforts separately in the formation of character. In doing this, we may pass the barrier of eternal frost and barrenness, or retrace the steps of civilisation till we cross its bounds. History and art, happily for us, have been faithful to their trust, and have done much to preserve the natural features of our country. It is to be hoped that art will do more, and receive and transmit fresh impressions of the West to posterity, before the hand of culture shall have changed the native face of things.

The savage scenes of America are varied and vast. Neither in the valley, nor on the mountain sides, nor yet on the prairie, has the toil of busy and all-subduing man broken up the solitude of wild nature. Savage scenes abound. When we speak of such scenes, we use the word "savage" in its natural sense the unshorn earth. In doing so, however, we do not wish to be understood as saying, that by savage scenes we mean wild and terrible ones—such as would please the dark pencil of Rembrandt. They may be beautiful—spots where "the culprit faye" might find a seducing loveliness. They are the uncultivated places of the land—the untamed wastes of the earth.

Savage scenes, as thus defined, are rich and varied within our national domain. There is scarcely a river head that does not know them. They line the banks of the rivers, they cluster along the margin of the lakes, and as noble studies, allure artists to the mountain-side. They have a noble mission, and like the solitary audience-chamber of prayer, are admirably fitted to cherish the sense of God in the heart, impress one with the mystery of being, and withdraw man from inordinate devotion to business and art. A gallery of them would do much to give grandeur to the American character. It would be a noble benefaction to the people.

The transition of savage scenery to classic, is, in that country, a pleasing object of study. It is gradual, and is made through the walks and hunting-grounds of the Indians. We cannot look upon them as an element of the classic. They are not the antecedents of the Americans. Neither do they belong to the savage. They are elevated above such scenes by human associations.

Indian scenes, as thus viewed, present some striking points of interest. "They are peculiar, and belong to a transplanted Asiatic civilisation. The historic traditions that invest them, the wars that give them a bloody character, and the singular and strong sympathy that subsists between the Indian character and the primeval forests, furnish studies of no common interest for the statesman, the artist, and the educator. The Indian and the wilderness deserve a higher place in literature. The primeval homes of the red-man, rich in the traditions of his simple and daring life, are instructive subjects for pens than those that have yet touched them."

Thus, we are introduced to the *classic scenes* of America—scenes in which it is by no means poor, although they are a young people. Links of startling associations connect the cradle-homes of the States with savage and Indian spots, hallowed by endurance, stern faith, and the indomitable Saxon will; and the national birth with a patriotism and heroism almost free from the stains of wrong and unnecessary outrage that have marked the convulsions of the Old World.

When we speak of classic scenes in this connexion, we mean something more than a cultivated valley, or a garden reared on the hill-side. Culture alone does not make a scene classic. The savage scenery on the Willamette would not be changed, so as to assume this new character, by the addition of a hut, or even a mansion, adorned with all the appendages of comfort. A classic scene is one that has been raised above rude nature, and the walks of ordinary men, by noble deeds or associations—the deeds or associations of representative men, or those dear to fame. Such scenes have an instructive significance, and do much to form the character of a people. Plymouth Rock is a tower of strength, and to it the descendants of the pilgrim fathers will turn, as the Jews turned to Moriah. The birthplace and family residence and grave of Washington have a classic interest for them, which Stratford-upon-Avon never can have for England, nor Abbotsford for Scotland.

The classic scenes of that country, like all its other features, are distinctive. They are fresh, and gather about them, not the memories of extinct or crumbling institutions, but the associations of the first noble deeds of a free and hopeful people. Few traditions overshadow them in a cold and gloomy atmosphere of wrong and outrage. Few deeds of cruelty people them with the dread spectres of blood and superstition. Wyoming, and the fancies of witchcraft, and the trails of Indian warfare, are little more than the incidents that waited on their national birth. They are ennobled by deeds of heroism and the lives of true and honest patriots; by free and promising institutions, and by the recorded and living elements of a civilisation, in which individual man has gained his long-sought position, and is the central interest of the state. Humanity takes to itself institutions as things made for it, and goes forth in "freedom, loosened from the world," to render classic the scenes of its encampments.

At this point the principle with which we opened our remarks, and which pervades their several parts and illustrations, returns upon us. There is a formative power in the physical scenery of a country that impresses itself upon the hearts of the people, and imparts its distinctive features to their character.

This, we feel, is the point of greatest importance to the statesman and educator, and, if we mistake not, the point which the artist, in self-forgetfulness, should render prominent in all his lessons. For what are lakes and hills and forests, or their varied disposition in the wilds of nature, or on the canvas, unless they have a meaning for us—unless they represent to us the character of beauty and grandeur and power and happy relations impressed by God on our country and affected by our climate?

But how is the principle to be defined, and its application studied in America? We confess there are difficulties here. She has no historic antecedents to which she can look. The notions of the Old World grew up from barbarism, in the scenes which witnessed their subsequent civilisation. They grew up, too, in the gloom of spectral and crushing traditions, more hurtful to the mind than the malaria of untilled marshes to the body. They grew up in passive subjection to the forces of nature, and, in the early stages of their existence, peopled the woods and mountains with terrors that have ever haunted them like passions. Our cousins, on the other hand, entered upon their inheritance as a civilised people, armed from their cradle with scientific power to subject the forces of nature. They have grown up in free mastery over mountain and stream. The frame saw-mill is reared on the upland plateau, and beside the mountain torrent prepares timbers for the thunder-

national and individual character. Definite and discriminated scenes are to be brought to view, as illustrations of this great subject.

We desire to preserve, at least, the memories and associations of American scenery as it has been, and enable subsequent generations to see the written and pictured shadows of the scenes in which the national character was formed. The childhood of a nation, like the childhood of an individual, originates its distinctive features. And as with the individual, the influence of external objects is greatest in infancy, so nations are most open to impressions from surrounding scenery in the earlier stages of their history. Nor can it be doubted that natural scenery is at all times operative upon national character, and generally for good. The truant heart of a people may be recalled from the engrossing cares of business and the sensuous shows of humbled and debased



A MANDAN VILLAGE. AN INDIAN SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

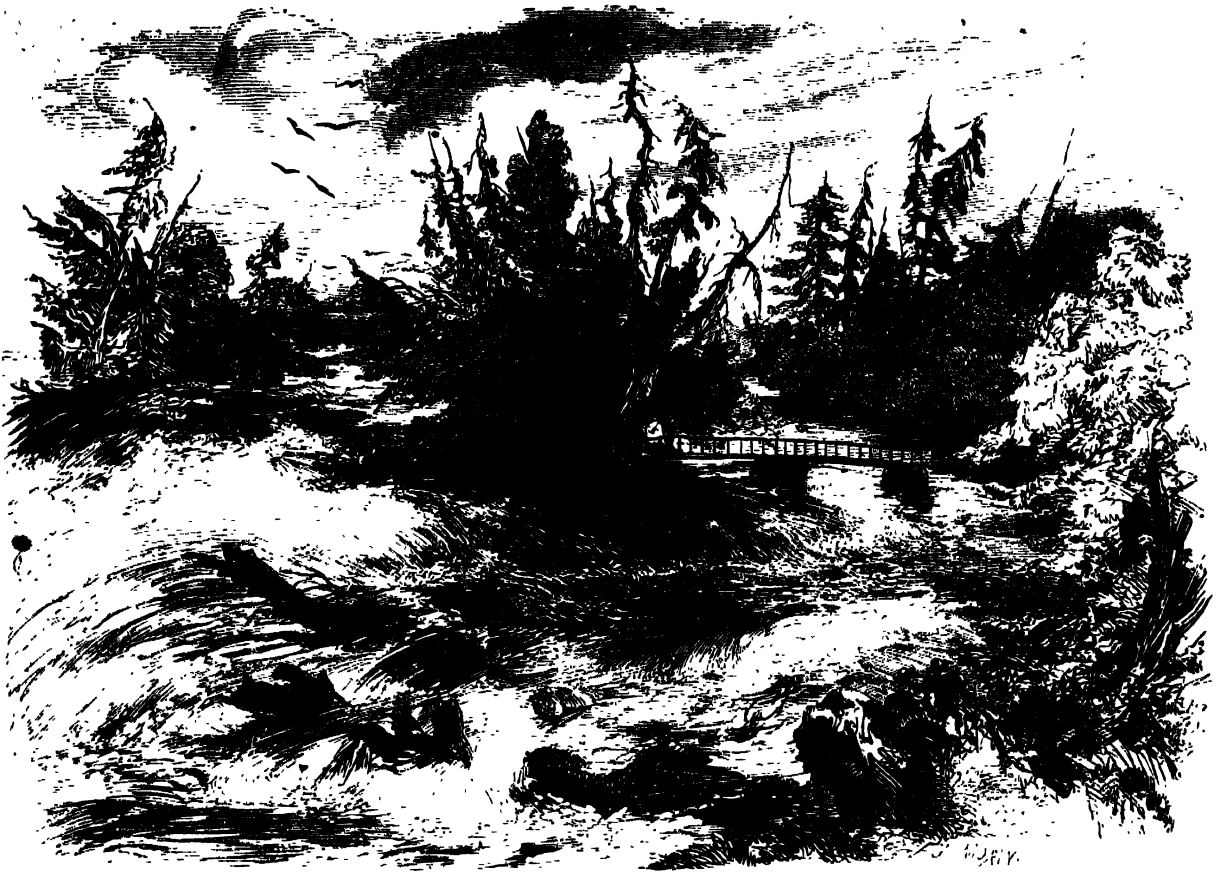
ing car. As a natural consequence of this state of things, and the relation of their national character to their national inheritance, when they entered upon it, they are a people unusually free with nature. The rich, bold, varied, fertile, vast, and picturesque scenery of the country is transferred at once to the mind and heart, and is used with a restle and inventive activity in building up a character strikingly distinguished by free, daring, individual action. The man and the resources of the man are about to be developed on a scale that will unite the distinctive features of Europe and Asia, and perfect them by the restoration of unity to the human race.

This train of thought, which we now draw to a close, we do not wish to be regarded as a descriptive survey of American scenery, or a critical comment upon its beauties and grandeur. It is no more than an indication of these things—an introductory lesson on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of

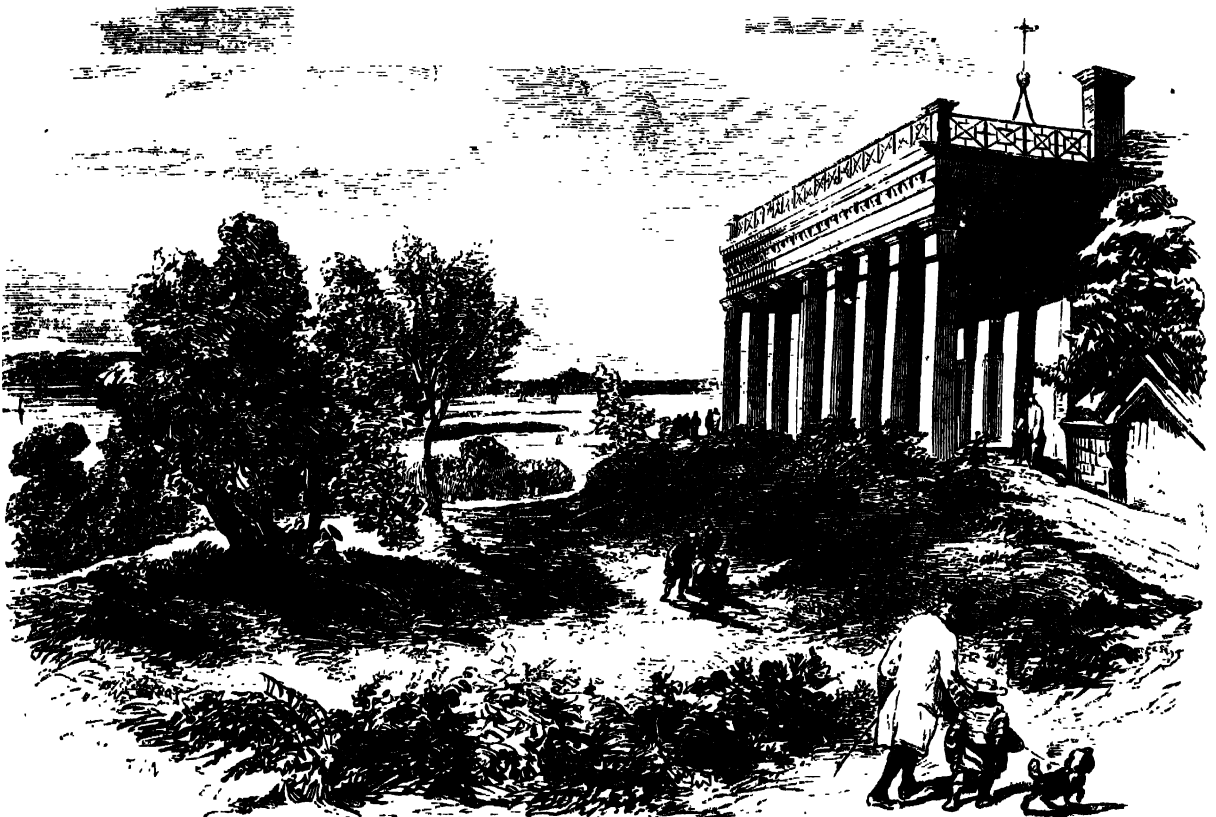
art, to their first love for the rivers and lakes and mountains of their native land, so much and so long forgotten.

"O my native land,
How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country."

These truthful sentiments of Coleridge cannot without emotion.



THE RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA, ABOVE THE FALLS. A SAVAGE SCENE.



WASHINGTON HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON. A CLASSIC SCENE.

THE WATER-CRESS HOLLOW.

BY SILVERPEN.

It is a March day: after cold winds and drenching showers, the sun shines forth towards the afternoon, and throws a softened yellow light upon a little, fuzzy, solitary hollow. Round it runs a shallow rivulet fringed with trees, which flows into a pool half-hidden by budding alders and a dense hedge-row. A picturesque country lane leads to this hollow, and in it, midway, is a cottage.

It is a Saturday afternoon. The door is open to let in the sunlight, and a young girl sits by it at needlework; and in the distance, partly shaded by a tattered green baize curtain, is a bed, in which lies a poor bedridden old woman. Everything about her is exquisitely clean, and the content and cheerfulness on her serene face read like a text of Scripture wrought in human clay.

But that of the girl is full of sadness. She knows that the five shillings her brother Ben will bring home at nightfall will not suffice for a third of their wants. He is but a lad of nine years old, and the farmer who employs him will give him no more; her own necessitated attendance on her grandmother keeps her from earning more than a few weekly pence by washing and mending for the farmers' servants round. Thus they are very poor. To hide her tears they are the deeper that her grandmother never murmurs—she takes up her work and goes out of doors, mechanically towards the Water-Cress Hollow. Even *she* thinks it beautiful; she sits down on a stone, and sees that the primroses begin to peep, and that the water-cresses grow fast in the limpid pool.

As she sits she hears a horse gallop down the lane, and stay before the cottage door. She hastens back, and finds it to be one of the ducal servants from the great abbey near. He is a decided Plush of the first water, and throwing his horse's bridle over the garden wicket, has already entered and ensconced himself in an easy chair.

"Miss," he says, addressing her as she enters, "part of the family be at the abbey, and cresses is wanted for a salad. Gardener says there be some herabouts. If so, get them, and be quick, for dinner's early to-day."

"Yes, sir," replies the girl, "there are plenty. I'll get them directly, sir."

Mr. Plush likes to be sirred, and takes snuff with great complacency. The girl departs, and soon returns with a plentiful bunch of cresses.

"Shall I carry them to the abbey for you, sir?" she asks.

"No, no, thank you. Our cooking measure is, as usual, in a hurry. But you *can* paper them, or put them in a small basket, if you like. A gentleman doesn't like to carry *such* things in his hand."

A very small basket is found, into these they are crushed, and Mr. Plush asks what is to pay. The girl is about to say that he is welcome; but Mr. Plush, thinking he may as well behave aristocratically—for the "sir" has mollified him immensely—throws down a shilling and takes his departure. But when he has ridden a few yards, he returns for an instant.

"Girl," he says, "you might be looking up our way every morning whilst the family is here. Unlike me, they have a taste for them things."

The shilling is an El Dorado, and confers marvellous happiness. The bedridden grandmother will now have her ounce of tea, some fresh butter, and a rasher of bacon, for they have been too poor to keep a pig the past winter.

"Grandmother," says Nan, for that is her name—"I did not know gentry cared for these poor sort of things."

"Oh, yes, my dear; cresses be partic'lar good in salad. Why, if we lived anywhere nigh Lunnon, that pool 'ud be a fortin to us. For poor and rich buy 'em there—and folks as be gardeners, grow 'em in ponds, nigh all the year round."

"What, do poor folks like 'em?"

"Ay! that they do, Nan. Many's the pen'orth I've seen—when I lived in service in Lunnon—working men carry

home to their wives on passing by from work at evening time—partic'lar a night like Saturday."

"Well, they dunna buy and sell 'em i' these parts."

"No; I supposen none a thought it worth their while to take things to market as be had for gather'n. Though I canna see how the pit and forge folks a' time to be seek'n places like our hollow. Ay; it be a pretty place as any for miles; and thy grandfay'ther as built this cottage on the waste, was nigh ask'en my Lord Duke to let it go with the holding."

A thought has struck Nan, and she at once proceeds to make it practical.

"Grandmother," she says, "I think, as I 'an time to-night, I'll go down Oaken Gates way for thy bit o' tea, for Timmis's i' th' shop be so bad. I'll make the fire, and put the kettle by, and Ben can make thee a cup o' th' leaves i' th' pot, if I baint back before thee need it."

The old grandmother dissents at first, for the Oaken Gates lie some miles off; but presently remembering how cheerfully Nan assents to all *her* desires, she bids her go. The kettle is, therefore, soon on the hob, the tea-cups set, her shawl and bonnet on, and she is off. She has said nothing about her real intention, but taking a large basket from an out-house as she passes by, she proceeds at first to the water-cress hollow. Here she partly fills it with cresses, plucks carelessly a lovely tuft of primroses as she passes by—for she is very fond of flowers—and then returning quietly up the lane, proceeds with rapid steps on her way. As she expects, she meets her brother Ben, tells him her intent, and bids him "keep grandmother easy if she be a bit late, but not to tell her errand."

When she gains the great pit and forge district, forming a part of Ketley, and so running on for miles, the men are beginning to stream homewards from work; lounging as they come; most of them disappearing in the beer or truck-shops, whilst others stay to make purchases at any price—so that they have a luxurious meal on the morrow—at the shops, and stalls, and carts, which line the endless street of dirty-looking houses. There is a crowd everywhere; men and lads, women and children; all are thronged together in the lurid blaze cast down from the forges and the paler gas-light. The girl takes her stand with her basket in the quietest spot she can find, but where people pass to and fro to butchers' carts and hucksters' flaming stalls. She is soon noticed; children crowd round to see what her basket holds; pitmen's wives on their way to the truck-shops, stop to question her, and the men joke as they pass by.

"Thas be something new to bring to market," says a forgerman's wife.

"Ay," cries a black-faced collier, "they be a bit cold, I take it, and would r'a do for me." But some buy; some stop to look at her comely face; some drop a penny in her hand, but take no value. In a short time Nan has a heap of coppers in a corner of her basket.

"Well, lass," says one young collier, who is about to step into an adjacent beer-shop, "thee'st coome far, I reckon."

She tells him she has; and by degrees, as he questions her, goes on to speak of Water-Cress Hollow.

"Well, gi' me thy last cresses, for thou has n'a many I see, and I'll take 'em home to my old woman—aunt she is—in m' han'kercher; and here, tak' this, a bargain's a bargain."

Nan refuses, for the money is sixpence.

"Nay! tak' it, lass. It'll only go o'er the bar o' the Red Lion if thou hasn't a it; but if thou hast, both on us'll be the better for't. Nay, tak' it, and let me hav' thy posy." He gathers up the scattered primroses from the bottom of the basket as he speaks.

"But ain't it a pity," she says—for she likes his good nature—that thou goest to the Red Lion at all? Grandmother says that beer-shops be the ruin o' th' pit folks; for there they spend their money and learn the road to sin. So go home wi' thy cresses, and keep thy money."

"Not to night, lass; there's Jones and Smith, and our butty, Harris, 'spectin' me." So saying, he nods and departs. Nan, weary, now prepares to go, for her basket is

empty, and she has cleared two shillings. She purchases the tea and bacon, and pays the first weekly instalment towards a blanket her grandmother has so long wanted, and which, as she is known, she is allowed to take home. It is late when she reaches there; but joy and surprise soon banish anxiety.

Now, week by week, Nan attends the Saturday night's market, as well as supplies the Ducal Abbey with cresses; but in a little while her supply in the hollow begins to get scant. She is in some consternation, for the weekly pence brought in have proved quite a help and blessing. Another bright thought at last crosses her mind. So she mentions the matter to one of the under-gardeners at the abbey, an intelligent Scotchman, whom she has often encountered in going thither.

"Can you read?" he asks.

"Yes, sir; father was one of the Duke's colliers, though killed i' th' blast of a pit, and so I went to my lady Duchess's school, till grandmother needed me."

"I'm glad of it, for I can lend you a book where you will see how gardeners, near London, keep cresses in stock nearly all the year. What's more, if you want a bit of help at any time, come to me."

But she does not like to trouble anybody; so she puzzles the matter out for herself; dams up the rivulet here, lets it flow there, sets shoots in the moist earth, attends to them whenever her grandmother can spare her, and, by good luck, has soon a fresh crop ready.

She has been absent from the Saturday night's market for some weeks; she now goes again. She misses the young collier, and, whilst selling her cresses, inquires after him.

"Oh! he's bin in jail these three weeks; and h'an just got a sentence for six more. The matter came out on a brawl at th' Red Lion, for he's a sad chap to drink. Ay, it be a pity; his aunt takes sadly on about it, for his bit o' pay be all she h'an to keep her."

"Where does she live?"

The collier, whom Nan has thus questioned, points to a gully down the narrow street in which they stand.

Here, in a miserable tenement almost destitute of furniture, she finds a better sort of old woman, cheerful, clean, but very poor. The girl's visit is made under the kind plea of taking her a few cresses, and they talk, as a matter of course, of the absent man.

"Eh! it be a pity, for Dick's a good lad, and earns a deal of money; but the drinking spoils him. If it were na' for th' beer-shop, he'd be sich a lad as ain't i' these parts. But I'm hoping th' gaol 'ill be teaching him a lesson; for he took on mightily to go, most because not o' seeing thee, these Saturdays."

"Me?" interrogates Nan.

"Ay, thee; he says he loves thee as he never loved afore."

"Well," replies Nan, "if I did think anything o' marrying and leaving Ben and grandmother—which I don't—it wouldn't be to him, as wastes his money in drink."

"Thee art right, lass; but Dick does love thee, and may be thou'lt hearken a bit to him, if only for the sake o' making him better."

Nan makes no promise; but she never comes to market with her cresses but she visits the old woman, and takes her some trifling present. When Dick is liberated, he is ashamed at first to meet Nan's home-gaze; but by-and-by, as he gets to work, he takes courage, and at last tells his love.

"Nay," replies Nan, "I have nothing to do wi' thee whilst thee drinks and wastes thy money in beer-shops."

"I won't, I tell thee again, though I must h'an a pint sometimes."

"No, that won't do—one pint begets another. Let me see thee save thy money afore thee talks of marrying."

She is firm, and will have nothing further to say to the young collier. He can bear this no longer than a few weeks; so on Saturday nights he brings part of his wages, and bids her keep it for him—it is the part he would otherwise spend at the Red Lion. She does so with beautiful and quiet faith,

and her good influence grows: there seems reason to think that Dick will eventually become a sober man.

In the meanwhile, the rector of the parish and his wife—both of them enlightened and excellent Christians—hear of the young girl's industry, in trying to cultivate the Water-Cress Hollow. They have already noticed, in visiting her grandmother, her modest and excellent conduct. Without saying a word, they drive over to the Water-Cress Hollow and inspect it for themselves, and are astonished at the skill and industry with which she has cultivated the little marshy brooklet. Dining some few days afterwards at the Duke's table—for the ducal family, inclusive of Mr. Plush, are again at the abbey—they mention this little fact to the Duchess, who repeats it to the Duke. His Grace, who is an excellent landlord, and likes to give encouragement to his tenantry, sends down his steward to inspect the Hollow; and the result is, that both it and the adjacent strip of land, which joins it to the cottage garden, are let to Nan at a merely nominal rent, and a gardener is employed to dig, trench, and make it fitting for the growth of such vegetables as are likely to meet with a ready sale among the collier and forge population. But the Hollow, much to Nan's delight—for it is a lovely spot—is left in its primitive state, save for the better cultivation of the brooklet cresses. It is impossible to describe the girl's delight, or that of her grandmother—more especially as there will be work enough at home for Ben now, and with some few hours to spare each evening, so that he may go to the night-school of the district.

A year passes by. Nan and Ben have worked hard, and the produce of their large garden is now carried twice a week to market in a donkey-cart. It meets with a ready sale, for Nan has become known and is a favourite.

Dick, in the meantime, has grown steady, though he *does* break out now and then, and Nan has saved several pounds of his heretofore wasted money. Its value is now seen. There is a terrific explosion in the pit in which he works, and he is seriously injured; and for many weeks lies a cripple on his bed. The little money which the girl has saved, she now returns with noble faith; and when it is spent, assists him and his poor old relative with some of her own. When Dick does recover, it is found that he is no more fitted for pit work; but the good rector places the matter before the Duke's steward, who gives him work of easy superintendence at the mouth of the pit, and promises him a better place if he will keep steady, and add, through attending the adult school, further to his knowledge of reading and writing.

Matters thus progress for two years more. Nan's garden is wonderfully productive, and she has been enabled to save money. Dick, too, has become thoroughly steady, has improved his little learning, and been promoted to the place of overseer to several pits, at good wages. There is nothing now to defer his marriage with Nan, excepting that the Duke has promised to build them a good cottage on the prettiest upland of the Water-Cress Hollow. This is done—and they are married.

The old grandmother and aunt are now both dead; but young children, well trained, supply their place. Ben is unmarried, and lives happily with Dick and his sister, and has become quite a scientific gardener.

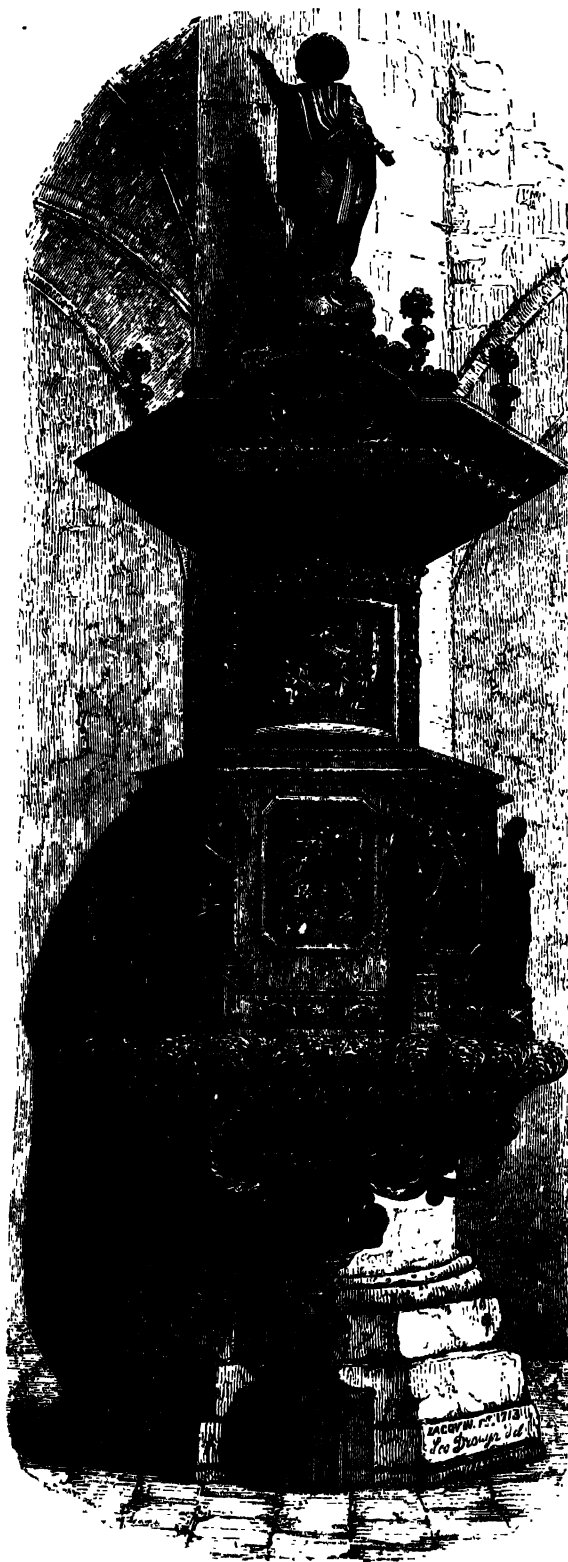
Indeed, reader, if you were here with me in this region of coal-pits and forges, I would take you with me to the Water-Cress Hollow. We would go in the evening of these sweet spring days, just when Dick has returned from his work—a long walk of five miles; when Ben sits reading in the sunny porch, and Nan prepares tea. We would take a cup. We would walk round the lovely garden and gather some daffodils, some violets, and some polyanthus; and wait to see the sun sink golden on the Hollow.

Then, perhaps, as we walked homewards, you would converse with me, and coincide in my idea that sobriety is one of the great practical wants of the working population; that as it increases, their moral and physical blessings will progress too; and that no object, however humble, is to be despised, for industry and knowledge may find in it the means of honest and honourable independence.

THE PULPIT AT LIGNY.

ONE of the beautiful specimens of art to be found in Roman Catholic churches is the pulpit represented in our engraving. It is in a church at Ligny in France, and is of carved oak.

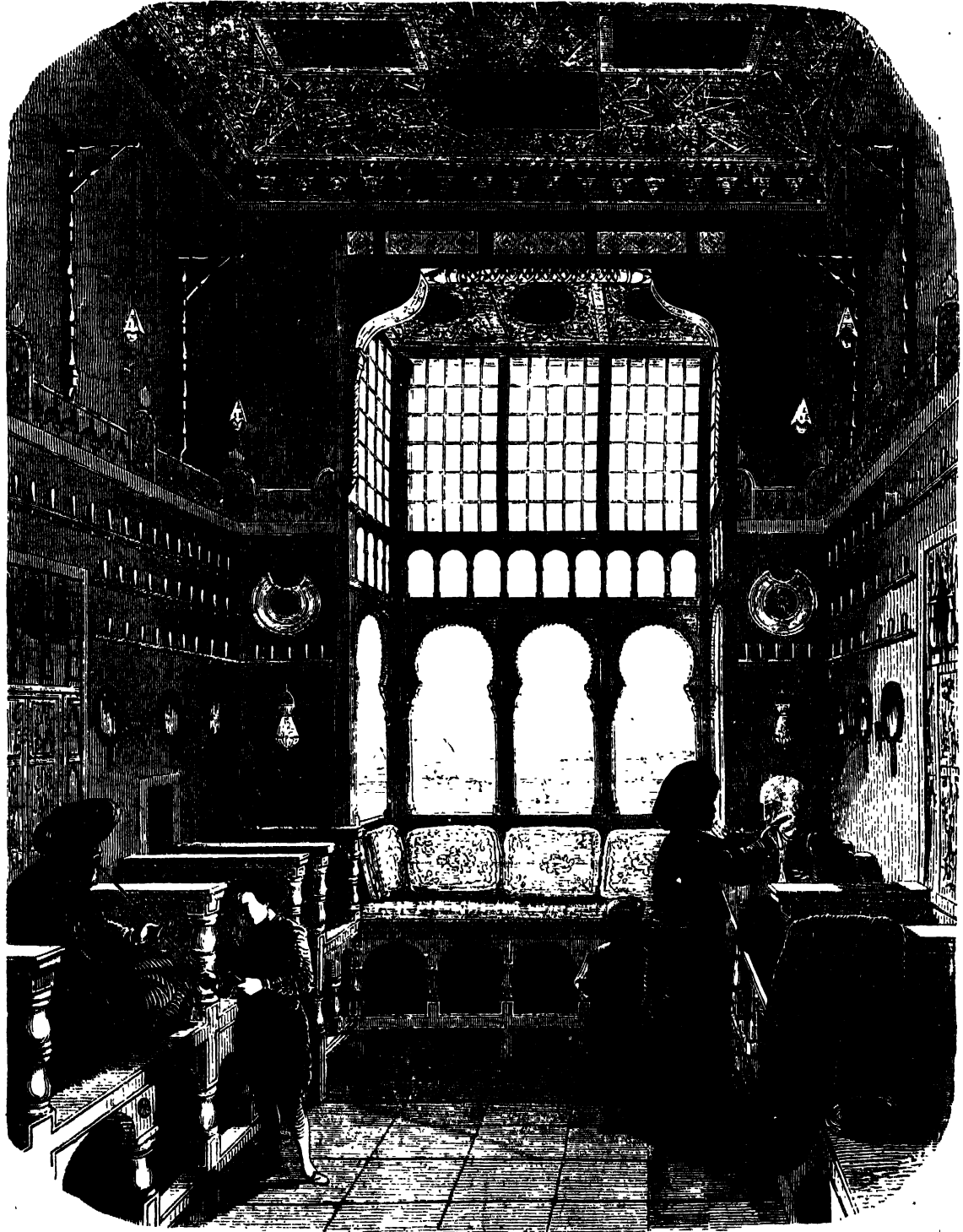
On the top is seen the Virgin Mary borne by angels, representing the Assumption. The four statues which adorn the angles of the pulpit are about two feet high. They appear to represent



tion, the Presentation of the Saviour in the temple, and the woman bruising the serpent's head. It is to be regretted that the heads of these bas-reliefs are mutilated and three statues of angels destroyed, one at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and two

others near the Virgin, to whom they were presenting a crown. The remaining statues are in good condition, but the whole pulpit appears to be hastening to ruin. It has been found necessary to prop it up with iron bars.

TURKISH BARBERS AND THEIR SHOPS.



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH BARBER'S SHOP.

BARBERS' shops in Turkey are coffee-houses, but these coffee-houses are no more like ours than their occupants resemble our barbers. Four walls without paper, sometimes ornamented with arabesques, but more frequently whitewashed; a large

high window-frame; a wooden ceiling with mouldings and designs in a strange style; an inlaid floor covered with mats to wipe the feet; a wooden bench running along both sides of the shop for persons of greater consideration; or an elevated

platform at the end covered with cushions and carpets; or sometimes small wooden seats before the door, from which the customer may get a good view of the country and what is going on outside; in the way of furniture, a stove where are prepared the coffee, sherbet, and other drinks allowed by the prophet; a collection of chibouks, pipes, narguilles, and perfumes; a small fountain playing in summer, and a chafing-dish with a heap of coals burning in winter; the master of the place calmly setting an example to the smokers and drinkers; and his Armenian assistants attending to the customers with the utmost possible deliberation—such are the principal objects and characters which together make up the scene usually presented to an observer on entering a Turkish barber's shop.

Some of these establishments are distinguished by greater splendour and importance, and are really elegant models of Byzantine architecture. This is the case with that depicted by our artist, but such instances are exceptions to the general rule.

On entering a Turkish barber's shop, the first thing to be done is to take off one's shoes or slippers. You then squat down on a mat or climb up into a stall of the wooden seat which runs along the sides of the shop, and is covered with cushions. They bring you a pipe and a cup of coffee; the pipe is as large as the cup is small. You fill the pipe again and again, and take as many cups of coffee as you choose. The Moslems carry out the precept *Kastou kade* (hasten slowly) to perfection. There are some who spend two hours in emptying a chibouk, drinking in the mean time fifteen or twenty cups of coffee.

When you have finished smoking and drinking, the barber's man comes up stropping his razor on the leather attached to his girdle. He then covers your face with the lather and commences operations in good earnest. Beware of opening your eyes, and breathe through the nose if you can—if not, you will stand a good chance of being strangled, for the performer is as slow and impassive as he can well be. He passes his razor over your skin with as much indifference as if he were scraping a board. He seizes you by the nose, the moustaches, and the hair; knocks your head against the wall; turns it to the right, to the left, forward, and backward; pulls and pinches your cheeks; and cuts the beard down to the flesh, passing over it again and again without paying any more regard to the blood which he sheds than if he were a butcher skinning a sheep. If you groan, he is deaf; if you cry out, he does not relent; if you struggle, he heeds not, and if you storn, he says not a word. All you get for your pains is to be held still tighter, handled more roughly, and grazed and gashed more

pitifully. At last you are out of your misery, and you see your executioner wiping his razor between his finger and thumb. He makes you a slight bow as he shakes his fingers, at the risk of bespattering you with soapuds; after which, taking out a new implement from his bundle, he catches hold of your ears, pulls them out, blows in them so as almost to deafen you, and then picks them as a cook would scrape the bottom of a dirty saucepan.

For a European, the crisis is now over; nothing more remains to be done but to look at himself in the glass which is brought him and give repose to his distorted muscles by smoking his final pipe, accompanied by a few draughts of coffee.

But in the case of a Mussulman, the operation is only half over. After the face, the head must be shaved. The reader will see in our engraving a sort of funnel hanging over the head of the patient. From this the barber pours a stream of tepid water over his head and face. If the poor wretch is drenched, that is his look out. The man gives him a basin in which he must catch the cascades as he best can. Now, as he is compelled to shut his eyes to keep out the stinging soap and water, the pretended reservoir only receives a few drops, while the rest goes over the tunic and the trowsers. But the Mussulman resigns himself to his fate. It was so ordered, is his remark, and this notion carries him safely through all his troubles. When the head is shaved, the barber perfumes it with scented oil and gives it the polish of a new doll. The pipe and the coffee conclude the whole business.

It is related of an Englishman who was staying in Constantinople that, on going to get his hair cut, he was horrified to find they had shaved his head before he could avert the calamity, and ran in a great fury to an officer of the police who was smoking in motionless silence at a coffee-house. The *civis Romanus*, as Lord Palmerston would say, laid his complaint before the official with no lack of words and plenty of vehement gesticulation, and concluded by calling for summary vengeance upon the offender. There was not a word of reply. He raised his voice to a higher pitch, he swore, he stormed. Still no answer. Yet the officer understood him, for he spoke in French, as he had been brought up in Paris. At length the Englishman, driven to distraction, vowed he would go and inform the English ambassador, the matter would be brought before the Sultan, and Great Britain would demand satisfaction. To all this there was no more answer than before. The officer merely uttered an exclamation between two whiffs, a sort of *push*, and then sank back into his impassive state. The Englishman, struck with astonishment, ran off, but whether he ever obtained redress, is more than we can pretend to say.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE enterprise and energy of the American people and government bid fair to make Japan ultimately as well known as our own Indian provinces. But at present it is comparatively unknown; the Dutch having by no means exhausted all that might be made public relative to this country, which, while owing something to its mystery, is likewise of itself interesting. Instead of waiting for the day, then, when we shall have yacht voyages to Nippon and Kiushu, as we have yacht voyages to Texas and China, we continue to give our readers, from the most recent and best resources, some account of Japan as it is known. As the materials exist almost exclusively in huge and expensive Dutch works—a language not so familiar to the general public as French—our information must prove valuable.

The social, political, and religious characteristics of the country are very curious. It does not appear that their present seclusion has been a thing of all time. The timidity and mystery of the rulers of Japan is of modern growth. During the days of early intercourse, it was marked by high-bred civility on their part, combined with refined liberality and without questions as to circumstances, rank,

calling, or nation.* When a governor of the Philippines was wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honours, which were continued during his residence. Every assistance was given him to depart. The poor boy Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to master Nicholas Diggins of Linnchouse" to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. For a whole century trade was free and unshackled, and profits were enormous. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great.† The missionaries succeeded in making two million converts to Christianity. They were allowed to build temples and to teach the tenets of Rome. Toleration was extended to the religion of Buddha, the votaries of which now outnumber those of Sinto. There are

* See "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited, with notes, by Thomas Hart Hall. London: for the Hakluyt Society.

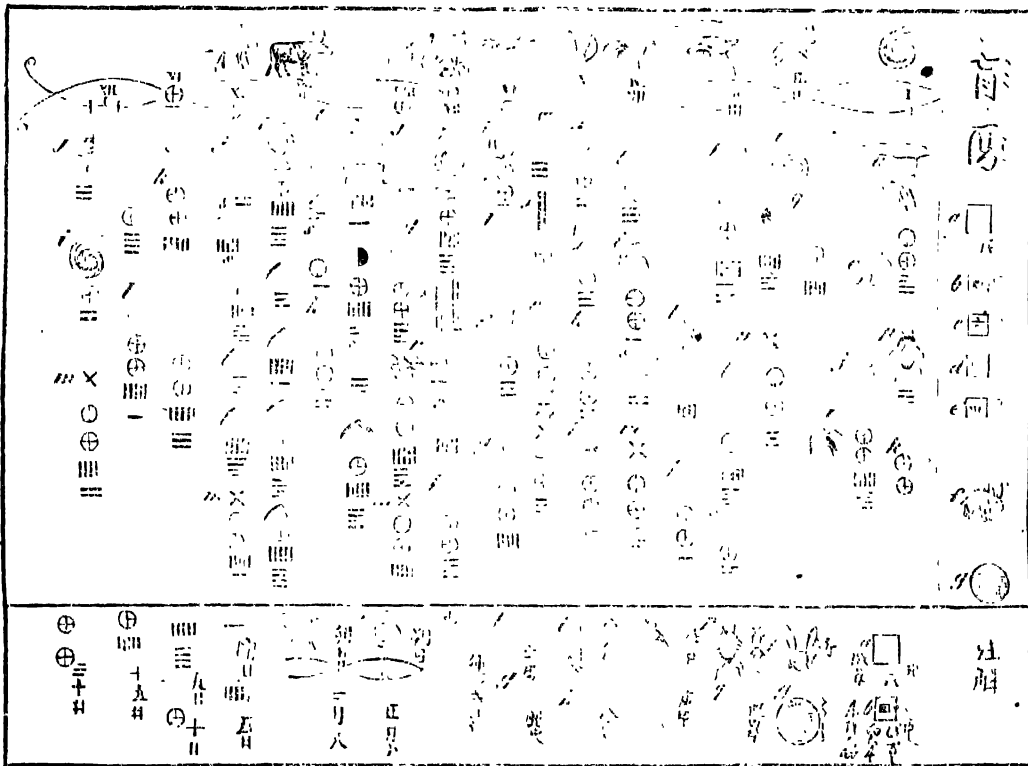
† See "Summary of the Narrative of Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco," in Appendix to Memorials, etc.

besides thirty-four other sects, which are all tolerated and live in great harmony. Adams never recanted from Christianity. The English and Dutch factors were kindly used. But the Spaniards and Portuguese opposed with great energy the presence of rival nations. They declared the Dutch to be rebellious subjects of Portugal. Minno-motto-no-yes-yes, or Gongin Sama, the emperor who gave privileges to the English, always refused to listen to the intolerant Portuguese, declaring that all people were alike to him, and that Japan was an asylum for people of all nations.* A change has since taken place. The government of Japan is now exclusive and barbarous. But the change may be explained.

The Portuguese first visited that empire in 1512; the Spaniards a little later. In 1587 occurred the first disagreement. The Spaniards interfered too much with religion; while the Portuguese stole some of the Japanese and sold them as slaves, and also ate the flesh of oxen and cows, which was offensive to the Japanese. The Portuguese tried to explain, but with little success. A decree was published, expelling the missionaries, and pulling down all crosses. But

In 1805 the Japanese had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Russia. At the suggestion of Count Resanoff, two officers of the Russian imperial navy, named Chowstoff and Davidoff, made a descent on one of the Kuriles. They landed within territories dependent on the government of Japan, inhabited by Japanese subjects, and governed by Japanese authorities. Pillage, slaughter, incendiarism, and crimes of every hue, marked their track. They took away many prisoners, and threatened to return.

On the present state of affairs there is a curious extract to be made from a native writer. He says:—"The ancients compared the metals to the bones in the human body, and taxes to the blood, hair, and skin, that incessantly undergo the process of renewal, which is not the case with metals. I compute the annual exportation of gold at about one hundred and fifty thousand kobans: so that in ten years this empire is drained of fifteen hundred thousand kobans. With the exception of medicines, we can dispose with everything that is brought us from abroad. The stuks and other foreign commodities are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and



ALMANACK FOR THE BLIND

the decree was very nearly a dead letter. It was, however, to the over zeal of the priests that the exclusive system was entirely due. Christian revolts took place, which were put down with a ferocity and cruelty unexampled in the history of the world. The Dutch, too, succeeded in persuading the government that the Portuguese meant to conquer the empire. All Christian nations were thereupon expelled, a price was put on the heads of priests and Christians, and Christianity banished. All natives were prohibited from leaving the country, under penalty of eternal exile. Japan was, to use Kämpfer's phrase, shut up.†

The Dutch have retained their position by the exercise of the arts of patience and submissiveness. The English retired honourably from Japan in 1623, and then sent a mission in 1673; but Charles II. being married to a daughter of Portugal, it failed.

* See Charlevoix "Histoire du Japon," t. iii. ed. 1751.

† See Kämpfer, vol. i. p. 317—18.

copper, extracted from the mines during the reign of Gongin (Ogoshi-Sama) and since his time, is gone, and what is still more to be regretted for things we could have done without."

There may be two opinions on this point, as the Japanese appear very much behindhand in most of the arts of civilised life. Still the country is rich. There is an extensive and lucrative trade between the provinces. Extensive tracts of land, each with its own climate and its own peculiar productions, separated from each other by ranges of rugged mountains, by impervious forests, or by broad arms of the sea, promote an immense coasting trade, by which the various productions are disseminated and circulated, to the great comfort of the population and the no small gain of the trader.

One of the means of transport is represented in our engraving, (p. 505), which portrays the bearers who carry goods over

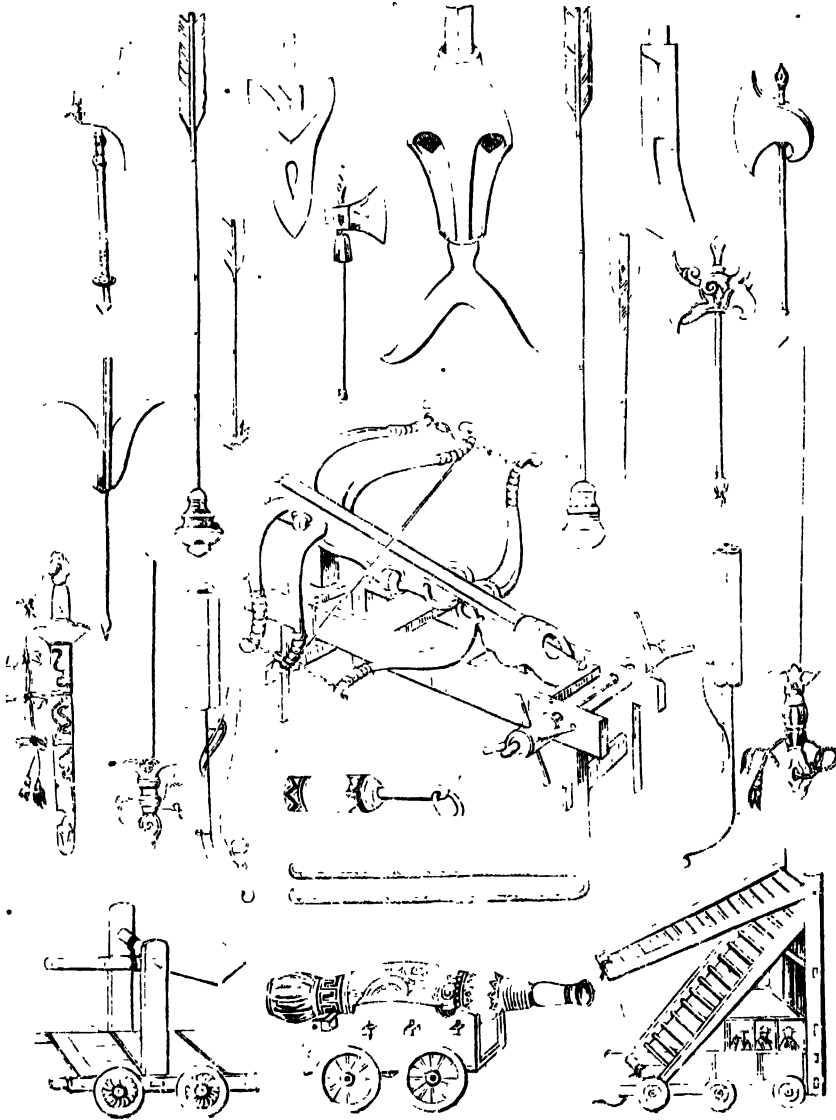
‡ A treatise composed in 1708 by the prime minister of the Emperor Tsouna-Yosi, in Jetsingh's "Illustrations of Japan."
§ £2,500,000.

the fords of the river Wata-Si-Mori. It is certainly a very primitive way of conveying goods. The articles of trade are very varied. Much attention is given to the manufacture of arms. Swords they excel in.

The Japanese are very ingenious in manufacturing almanacks for the blind, and other almanacks for general use. Their porcelain has degenerated from its former superiority, owing to a deficiency of the peculiar clay necessary to make it. Their most beautiful silks are woven by high-born criminals, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, their property confiscated, and themselves obliged to pay for

and their outlines are clear, and their drawing as good as can be expected without a knowledge of perspective and anatomy. They are unable to take correct likenesses, and so the professional portrait painters devote themselves to the dress and general appearance rather than the features. In buds and flowers they succeed better; and two folio volumes of paintings of flowers, with the name and properties of each written on the opposite page, the work of a Japanese lady, and by her presented to Herr Tillsing, are highly spoken of. Delicate finishing is their art.

Landscape and figures they do not shine in, though the



JAPANESE ARMS.

their daily food with the produce of their manual labour. The exportation of these silks is prohibited.

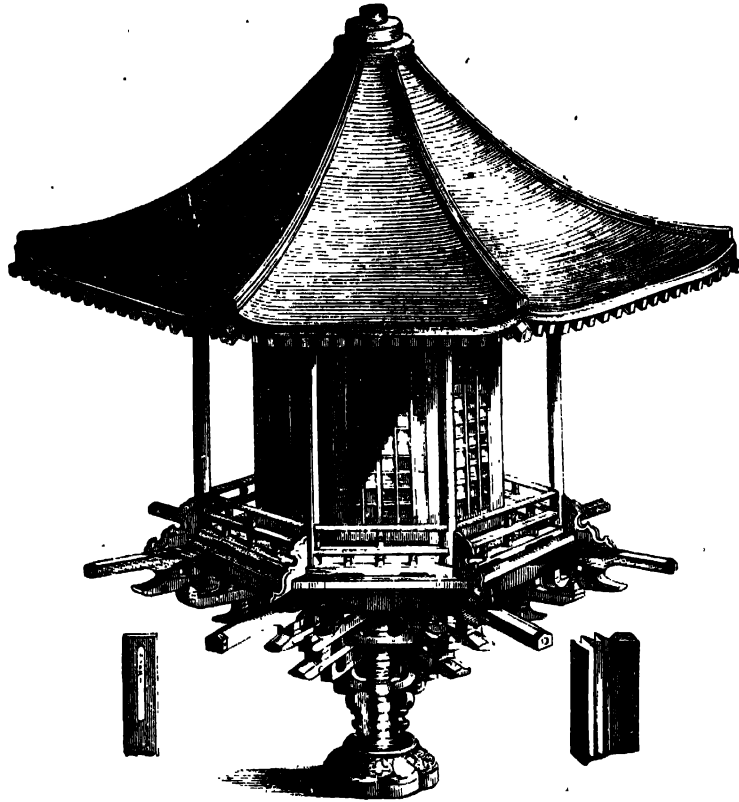
The circulating medium is gold, silver, and copper; but the gold and silver alone can be properly called coin. They bear the mint stamp, and have a fixed value. Small silver pieces and copper pass by weight. They use paper money and bills of exchange.

The arts are very much in arrears among them, though this is a point on which there is a very great difference of opinion. They are, however, very fond of painting, and are collectors of pictures; are said to sketch boldly in charcoal and even in ink, never having occasion to efface;

are in Japan some of the most wondrous scenes which the eye of man has ever beheld. The paintings in their temples are very inferior, though some of the articles of show are elaborately carved and lackered (p. 505). They do not understand oil-painting, but use water-colours with ease. They prepare these from minerals and vegetables, and obtain tints of remarkable beauty.

Wood engraving is well known, and engraving on copper has been recently introduced. Sculpture is only known to the extent of a few carvings for ornaments. But they have, on the other hand, a very good idea of the art of casting metals. Their bells, which have no metal tongues, but are

sounded by being struck with wooden mallets, are remarkable for tone and beauty. Of architecture, as an art, they have that there is little fear of conquest being attempted, the throwing open of this country to the commerce of the



CABINET IN A JAPANESE TEMPLE.



FERRYMEN OF THE WATA-SI-MORI

no conception. The art of cutting precious stones is quite unknown.

It will be seen that, on the whole, Japan has more to gain than to lose from mixing with civilised nations. Now

world must be productive of much advantage. We shall have a new system of civilisation to study, and if we are but wise, a new ground wherein to sow the seed of the gospel.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION IN THE EAST.

At the present time a brief sketch of Russian aggression in the East may be valuable and interesting. One of the great and secret designs of this mighty power has been to obtain by diplomacy—which, in her case, means cunning—a powerful influence in our India. No true policy guides her, no scruple is respected, no humanity is known. With exiles perishing on the Kuban, agents sapping the Porte, tyrants in every province, a war establishment in Bessarabia, spies and friends in every country in Europe, her designs are apparent. In sixty years she has advanced from the Don and the Volga to the Aras, and from the Aras her influence is felt in Afghanistan.

She respects not treaties. Her conquests are like the raging of the plague or the cholera. Her arms are like the pestilence or the hurricane; and when she makes peace, it is because there is a desert where millions lived. When the Romans advanced their eagles and arms, they spread a rude kind of civilisation, the hordes of Scythia became civilised by the races they conquered. The Russians destroy the very landmarks and signs of civilisation. They erect a dungeon here, a palace there; they have whips for the slavish, swords for the brave; they are without arts learning, or literature, except a few borrowed lights.

When by art and cunning Russia made progress in Persia, it was by mingling Gothic with Oriental barbarism. Russia made Persia pay tribute. The English were wont to pay a subsidy to Persia. The government wanted to give up the practice, which in days gone by seems rather to have filled the pockets of worthless ministers than made its way to Persia. But the opportunity was now given to get rid of the impost. England engaged to pay the Shah's debt to Russia, if he would amend the article of the treaty by which they engaged to subsidise him, as well as that respecting the Russian frontier. He consented, though with an ill grace.

The public is aware of how near, by Russian influence, Persia was upon the verge of war with her Mussulman ally, Turkey. But the connexion of Russia with Persia is old. Peter sent an ambassador to the Shah, and then, under the usual pretence of aiding him against some rebels, occupied, and then seized several fine provinces of his kingdom. At the death of Peter, the fate of the state was all but sealed, and the ancient domains of the lofty dynasty were divided between the Afghans, the Turks, and the Tartar hordes of Moscow. Nadir Shah, however, arose, and though cruel and merciless, being possessed of energy and courage, drove out all the usurpers, and became ruler of the whole region to the foot of the Caucasus. But at his death the Russians again seized Georgia, and by a long career of cunning and secret intrigue, almost ruined Persia in the same way that they nearly ruined Turkey and kept back Greece.

England became uneasy. Judging from the past, we looked with dread to the future. We felt confidence in the strength of our Indian empire. But with the cabinet of St. Petersburg ruling in Teheran, in Kabul, and Kandahar, strange things might be expected to occur in the Punjab and the vale of Kashmir. We had watched the little insignificant state of Muscovy, once unrecognised, now take a bold front in advance of nearly all nations, while it was quite easy to suppose that influence, which was paramount from the Volga to the Caspian, extending from the Caspian to the Indus.

From Sweden she had taken half her territory; from Poland, plains as vast as the whole Austrian empire; from Turkey in Europe, a slice as large as Prussia; from Turkey in Asia, as much as the Lesser Germanic Confederated States; from Persia, a territory as large as England; from Tartary, a space equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Spain, and Portugal. It was impossible, after this, not to mistrust and suspect Russia. There was no wavering sign in her history, no intimation that she would stop. Persia was utterly unable to check her.

In Afghanistan appeared a barrier. That country was always ruled by a usurper. Timur, son of Ahmed, was suc-

ceeded by Zeman Shah, a younger son, who blinded his brother, Humayan. He was deposed in the same way by another elder brother. Mahmoud, who succeeded him, was deposed by Sujah-ul-Mulk, who did not, however, blind the man he overthrew. But Mahmoud escaped from prison, dethroned Sujah, and sent him to the Punjab. Runjit Singh, king of the Five Rivers, welcomed him and robbed him. He appealed to the English, who protected him. Mahmoud had been successful through the ability and activity of his minister, Futteh Khan, whom he allowed to be hewn to pieces at the foot of the throne. His brothers rose in arms, were victorious, and divided Afghanistan among them. Mahmoud fled to Herat, where he died.

Dost Mahommed was the ablest of the brothers of Futteh Khan. He was a bold, bad, wicked man, and by unscrupulous means gained great power. But the country was devastated by civil war. Sujah meanwhile attacked him twice, and Runjit Singh seized upon Peshawar.

It was by this means that Russia hoped to carry out her designs upon the East, of which the possession of Constantinople is only a part. That the Czars have always had an eye on British India is undoubted. The idea is widely spread in Russia. It is the constant, daily, and hourly talk of the army; civil and military servants discuss it. Potemkin and others devised ingenious plans to bring it about, and for many years circumstances have been coming to light which leave no doubt on the minds of politicians and statesmen of the fact. The actual conquest of India by force of arms, and at once, could never have entered the head even of a Nicholas—because the difficulties are such as to be all but insurmountable—and without a powerful navy it could not be held. But she moves on slowly and assiduously to the attainment of her object. She tries to become to the populations of our north-west frontier in India what she is to the deluded Christians of Turkey. Her agents, spies, and friends seek to undermine our influence, and spread discontent. She wanted some provinces in Afghanistan, to give employment to those predatory hordes which compose her armies on the frontiers. Some notion of this kind must have incited her to claim dominion over some of those desolate tracts to the south of the Heavenly Mountains, where battalions of her army annually perish amid glaciers—bare and arid plains, adorned with sand-reeds, garlic, yellow jujube flowers—utterly worthless, in fact. But such plains and hills fill up space on the map of the world, and are therefore coveted by Russia.

We have seen the advances of the Czar through the wilderness to the borders of China; they form probably a long vista, with Peking at the end. So the tracts of Central Asia and the gullies of Afghanistan are but steps on the road to the ultimate conquest of British India. One mode of conquest was proposed through Khiva, up the Oxus, to Bokhara and the Balk, over the Hindu Kush to Kabul, then by Peshawar, to Attock, Lahore, and Delhi. It would be necessary to reduce Turkestan to subjection, and Kharism and Bokhara must be Russian provinces. But to carry an army over such a space is beyond the power of Russia, if we judge her from the past and present.

But still, though there be no immediate fear of an armed invasion of India, the designs of the Czar are well known and dangerous. Russia threatens, unless present events check him, to become undivided master of Persia. The Czar has spent millions to be paramount at Teheran. This once completely attained, an army might be pushed to the banks of the Indus, Afghanistan attacked, and our north-west frontier be continually assailed.

It will be seen from the above, that, extensive as are the designs of Russia in Turkey, they are not less so elsewhere. When we reflect upon what has been the universal policy of Russia in what she calls colonisation, but one hope can be expressed relative to the future Progress of Russia.*

* Sir John Macdonald: "Remarks on the Invasion of India." Sir John Malcolm, Thornton and Horace, St. John's British India. Wilson.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE, FOR HANGING TO THE HEAD OF A BED.

MATERIALS.—"Use Brook's Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet." No. 4 Penelope Hook; 1 long strip of Whalebone; 1 yard of Satin Ribbon 1 inch in width. 2 yards ditto, 2 or 3 inches wide.

1st row: Make a chain of 261 stitches, turn back, and work 87 squares.

2nd: Turn back, and work another row of squares.

3rd: Turn back 8 sq., 6 l., 22 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 8 sq., 21 l., 21 sq., 9 l., 6 sq. The cotton must now be cut off at every row.

4th: 7 sq., 12 l., 10 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 5 sq.

5th: 7 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

6th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

7th: 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 6 sq.

8th: 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

9th: 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

10th: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

11th: 6 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

12th: 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 8 sq.

13th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 1 sq.

14th: 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 3 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq.

15th: 4 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 21 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 5 sq.

16th: 5 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 21 l., 21 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 8 sq., 21 l., 7 sq.

17th: 8 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 51 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

18th: 7 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 18 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

19th: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 49 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

20th: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 51 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq.

21st: 5 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 58 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

22nd: 4 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 58 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

23rd: 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 58 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

24th: 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 15 sq., 3 l., 40 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

25th: 6 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 15 sq., 3 l., 41 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 5 sq.

26th: 6 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 17 sq., 3 l., 42 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq.

27th: 7 sq., 12 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 4 sq.

28th: 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq.

29th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

30th: 3 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq.

31st: 2 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 6 sq.

32nd: 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 21 sq., 3 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

33rd: 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 18 sq., 3 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

34th: 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 8 sq., 3 l., 12 sq., 3 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq.

35th: 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 15 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 23 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

36th: 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 15 sq., 6 l., 21 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

37th: 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 41 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 5 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 5 l., 3 sq., 5 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

38th: 2 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 41 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 6 sq., 12 l., 7 sq.

39th: 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 61 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 6 sq.

40th: 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 65 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

41st: 7 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 56 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

42nd: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 56 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 sq.

43rd: 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 58 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq.

44th: 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 58 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 5 sq.

45th: 4 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 54 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

46th: 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 49 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

47th: 5 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 3 l., 48 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

48th: 5 sq., 3 l., 6 sq., 3 l., 54 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 15 l., 8 sq.

49th: 7 sq., 21 l., 8 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 21 sq., 21 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 5 sq.

50th: 5 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 18 l., 3 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 12 l., 4 sq.

51st: 4 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 3 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq.

52nd: 4 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 6 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 3 sq.

53rd: 8 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 4 sq.

54th: 3 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 8 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 6 sq.

55th: 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 3 sq.

56th: 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 8 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 18 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

57th: 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 7 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq.

58th: 6 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 21 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l.,

64th: Turn back, 4 double l., made by first twisting the cotton twice over the hook, then 4 double long to come in the 1st 4 loops, which will exactly fill up the 4 loops over 1st sq., then 5 ch., miss 2 squares, 4 more double long in the 4th loop of next sq., repeat, the row will end with 1 long stitch, turn back.

65th: 5 d.c. under the 5 ch., 4 ch., repeat. This forms the front of the case.

For the Back. Commence on the wrong side of the foundation chain, and work 41 rows of squares, then work as at 42nd row, and continue working till the end of 62nd row.

Now 2 rows of squares.

Now a row of double long stitches the same as the row on the other end. Turn back.

1 double l. on l., *5 ch., 4 double l. on the l., repeat from*.

Now a row of long stitches, not double long.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE, FOR HANGING TO THE HEAD OF

1 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 9 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 6 sq., 9 l., 5 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 2 sq.

59th: 5 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 12 l., 1 sq., 24 l., 6 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 15 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 9 l., 5 sq.

60th: 5 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 2 sq., 15 l., 4 sq., 9 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 3 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 12 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 3 l., 2 sq., 3 l., 7 sq.

61st: 5 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 5 sq., 15 l., 3 sq., 21 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 3 sq., 6 l., 1 sq., 6 l., 2 sq., 6 l., 4 sq., 6 l., 10 sq., 12 l., 7 sq.

62nd: 6 sq., 9 l., 21 sq., 24 l., 8 sq., 3 l., 5 sq., 9 l., 22 sq., 6 l., 8 sq.

63rd: 1 row of squares.

Now work 3 d.c. into every space up both sides, then crochet both sides together on the right side, by working 1 d.c. stitch into every loop of both sides, first doubling it at the foundation chain, consequently the back will be a trifle higher than the front.

Now, up the side and along the top of the back, work thus: 1 l. in 1st loop, *9 ch., 1 l. into 7th loop, repeat from* and at each corner make 2 l. into 1 loop; with 9 ch. between each l.

Next row, 9 d.c. under every 9 ch.

Cover 2 strips of narrow whalebone the exact length of the back of the case, with coloured ribbon, and run it into the 2 open rows; for the front, cut a length of whalebone two inches longer than the pieces for the back, and run in the front row, then add ribbon and bow as in engraving. *

END OF VOL. II.

THE
WORKS
OF
EMINENT MASTERS,
IN
PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,
AND
DECORATIVE ART.

VOL. I.

LONDON :
PUBLISHED BY JOHN CASSELL, LUDGATE HILL.

1854.

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ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.



PAINTING is a sort of freemasonry, which has its mysteries and its gradations. Certain men of the world, from the mere influence of their love of art, have acquired a vague and rudimentary notion of it; have learnt a few proper names, and some historical facts, without connexion and without continuation. They know just enough of it to make many

throw a great light upon the æsthetic or historical parts which they have preferred to explore: this is the second degree of initiation. Some, finally, have resolved to unite the pleasure of the love of painting with the pleasure of making it a study. They have dug deeply into the matter. By dint of seeing and comparing, by dint of sagacity, attention, and love, they have found the cause of their emotions; and in ascertaining this by an analytic process, they have discovered the great principles which compose all the poetry of the art: these are of the highest grade. These alone can appreciate Adrian Van Ostade, one of the most profound masters, the most learned and the most original who has existed since Rembrandt.

Adrian Van Ostade belongs to that generation of painters who, in the seventeenth century, left Germany, their country, in order to settle in the Low Countries. Holland, peopled with amateurs, and filled with picture-galleries, was at this epoch a sort of Italy of the north, which attracted by turns Adrian and Isaac Ostade, Backhuysen, Lingelback, Gaspar Netscher, all originally from Germany. Adrian was born at Lubeck,* in 1610. We are ignorant of his family; and



mistakes; but they are already in the first stage, for it is no small thing to speak of art, even with some blundering. Others have multiplied and generalised their knowledge; they have attempted to form arbitrary inductions; they have created for themselves a mode of seeing founded upon first impressions; they have taken their temperament for a judge. These rank among amateurs; their province is to
VOL. I.

* Born at Lubeck, Adrian Van Ostade would be classed, legally and geographically speaking, among the painters of the German school, as well as the other artists whose names we have cited. It is well here, for the pretensions of some writers, such as Huber and Brulliot, that their nationality renders them little suspected. Deschamps eludes the question by comprising, without saying a word on the subject, Adrian Van Ostade in the generic title of his work—"The Lives of the Flemish, German, and Dutch Painters." Dargenville himself is not undecided; he classes the two Ostades with Albert Durer, and Holbein among the German painters; as he also ranks Petilot, the famous miniature-painter on enamel, well known by his portraits of the women of the court of Louis XIV., among the Swiss artists. Bartsch, on the contrary, preserving a prudent silence upon the question, as became a wise German, describes the works of Ostade in his first volume of the *Peintre graveur*, consecrated to the Dutch school. Amateurs have

scarcely anything is known of this skilful master, as of so many others. Who, then, was occupied at this time in collecting the materials for a history of painting? Strange, truly, that an art so charming has not found among so many admirers one serious, interesting historian, worthy of some attention. The life of Adrian Van Ostade only commences for us at the moment when we meet him at Haarlem, in the studio of François Hals, called Franck Hals. This was a bold, vigorous painter, of free manner, and strong colouring. He represented the Flemish traditions; he even went beyond them, to such an extreme, that Vandyck advised more wisdom and moderation. Adrian, on the contrary, was by his nature, and in spite of his origin, a true Hollander. He was so as much in his exterior physiognomy as in his genius. His grave appearance, the benevolence and simplicity of his countenance, declared the purity of his soul and the regularity of his life; the precise arrangement of his pictures, and the precious finish of their execution, speak of the conscience of the artist, his scrupulous care, his patience.

But why attempt a portrait of Van Ostade, after that which he has so marvellously painted of himself in the celebrated picture which is in the Louvre, where he is represented with his numerous children? The genius of Holland is wholly here, —family feeling, tranquillity of mind, interior life, rigid, and simple. And here the method of the painter exactly corresponds to the thought of the picture. Ostade, his wife, and eight children, are here disposed in a large space softly lighted, the furniture of which consists solely of an avenue of columns; the tone of the walls is of a fine gray, mingling a little with the green, which serves as a basis to the harmony of the picture. Upon this agreeable tint stand out the white necks and black vestments of all the members of the family. The girls and the boys, the youngest about eight years of age, have the flat features, the rounded nose, the projecting chin, and the sharp eye. They resemble their parents, as becomes well-born children, and are equally remarkable for the uniformity of their ugliness and of their costume. All the heads are uncovered, with the exception of that of Van Ostade, the father, who wears his hat as the king of this race, upon whom he looks with paternal regard. The house is neat and simple, nothing is seen upon the waxed inlaid floor but two or three flowers, fallen perhaps from the bouquet which the children have come to offer to their father; for by the expressions of the faces, the Sunday dresses and correct deportment, it may be imagined that it is a fête day with the family, a domestic and friendly fête. The drawing is sober, the light softened. There is no coquetry in the choice of the tones; scarcely is the monotony of the black drapery interrupted here and there by tobacco-coloured petticoats, or by trowsers of a hazel tone; the contrast of the black and white at first appears abrupt, but it is conceived on a scale so skilfully tempered, that it enlivens the picture without being glaring, and arrests the attention without offending the eye. It is a charming composition, which breathes tranquil emotion, the peaceful felicity of a united family, from the father who holds in his hand that of his wife, to the youngest child, who offers cherries to its little sister!

As soon as the very name of Van Ostade is mentioned, it brings some masterpiece to memory. Before he had arrived at this degree of perfection, the young Adrian had long worked with his master Hals. Wise and industrious, he was not seduced, as many others have been, by the love of travel. Italy, whose name alone then excited the artists of all nations, as formerly the name of Jerusalem had fascinated whole nations, Italy had seen only Rembrandt. In the studio of Franck Hals, Ostade formed a friendship with Brauwer, who was also called Adrian, and who had already, without being aware of it, sufficient talent to be made by his master the

out short all these uncertainties, and, without regard to questions which concern the art less than the custom-house, they have declared the two Ostades, Backhuysen, Lingelbach, Gaspard, and some others, to be Dutch in style and talent; and fulness of their assumed authority have classed these eminent among the painters of that school.

subject of what is now called an *exploitation*—a new word to express a very old thing.

Franck Hals was avaricious, and his wife so well seconded his views, that the unhappy Brauwer, who was retained in prison, worked on his master's account, painted charming pictures, and received scarcely sufficient food. Ostade, who witnessed this shameful treatment, showed Brauwer that he was sufficiently skilful as a painter, and advised him to take flight. Brauwer followed this advice and fled—by the door of celebrity. Leaving, in his turn, the studio of Hals, Adrian Van Ostade devoted some time to discover his own style. First he attempted to imitate Rembrandt, to whom François Hals occasionally bore some resemblance,* but in the triviality of this great master—we speak of Rembrandt—there was a sublimity, an incomparable poetry, far beyond the humble genius of Van Ostade. He then turned to Teniers, whose nature and talents he better comprehended, and who, besides, although of the same age as Ostade, had preceded him in painting village scenery. Brauwer, who had become a master, found his old comrade in the midst of these perplexities; and quickly proved to him that Rembrandt was inimitable; and that, after all, the name of Ostade was worth as much as Teniers'. The friend of Brauwer then resolutely took his own stand, although he still retained something of his first tendencies. In abandoning Teniers and Rembrandt he preserved the impression he had received from the genius of the two masters, and became what Adrian Van Ostade is to us, a familiar Rembrandt and a serious Teniers.

• The large and fine city of Haarlem, which holds the second place among the cities of Holland, offered to Van Ostade all that could please his taste for comfort, regularity, and employment. At some distance he could find in the large villages of Hemstedt, Sparenwou, or Tetrode, studies of the rustic manners of which he so often reproduced the picture. The beer of Haarlem was in great repute throughout all Friesland and the country of Drente; the drinkers and the smokers, the other models so familiar to the pencil of Ostade, would not, therefore, be wanting. Besides, he had early married a daughter of the great marine painter Van Goyen, and we have already seen that his family increased rapidly enough to oblige him to lead a laborious and sedentary life. Ostade was one of those philosophers who care to hold but little place in the world, and to change it rarely. Nothing less than the rumour of neighbouring wars could have decided our peaceful artist to leave his residence and his habits, and return to Lubeck, his native city. "He passed through Amsterdam," says the historian Houbraken, "intending to go to Lubeck; but an amateur named Constantine Sennepart induced him, by his fair words, to remain with him. He pointed out to him the advantages of residing in so considerable a city, where his works were esteemed, and where he would find numerous purchasers who could afford to pay him well. It was about the year 1662 that he arrived at Amsterdam. He commenced a great number of designs, which were purchased by M. Jonas Witzer, with some by Battern, for 1,300 florins.†

At the period when Van Ostade settled in Amsterdam, this rich and fine city was filled with amateurs, and the most celebrated painters flourished there. There was not a class of Dutch society, not a variety of the Batavian race, not a single condition, which had not in Amsterdam its chosen painter. Lingelbach there displayed his lively fairs, his hunting-pieces in the style of Wouvermans, and his charming sea-ports. The

* There is in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch a superb portrait of François Hals, which was long attributed to Rembrandt, as we learn from the learned author of the catalogue of this famous gallery, M. George.

† Arnold Houbraken, *La Vie des Peintres des Pays-Bas*. *Die Grootte Schouburgh der nederlandsche konstschilders en schilderessen*, Amsterdam, 1718. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV. having taken place in 1672, it is possible there may be a mistake in the figures 1662, given by Houbraken, and repeated by Deschamps. In this case, it would have been the rumour of the invasion which decided Van Ostade to return to Lubeck.

citizens went to Gerard Douw for small and delicately finished portraits, and to Abraham Van Tempel for those noble full-length portraits worthy of Vandyck, brilliant with flesh colouring and satin. Gabriel Metz represented the wealthy interiors of Holland, ladies at the toilet or the harpsichord, young gallants writing love-letters or practising the graces in the drawing-room, or, better still, pretty waiting-maids pouring water for their mistresses from a silver ewer. Adrian Brauwer was the painter of alehouse brawls, of libertines, of gamblers, and of drunkards. Paul Potter was privileged to wander with his shepherds and their flocks. Finally, the old Rembrandt, in the depths of his mysterious studio, reigned over the crowd of amateurs, impressing his genius upon them, and exciting their admiration. In the midst of all these great artists, Adrian Van Ostade came to seek his place, and found it. He did in protestant Holland what Teniers had done in catholic Flanders. And, without carrying this idea too far, it appears certain that the diversity of the two nations, so apparent to him who had come from Antwerp to Amsterdam, is very evident in the difference between the two masters. It is only necessary to have seen the Low Countries, to be struck with the sudden change as we pass from Belgium to Holland. The farmer of the neighbourhood of Mechlin does not in the least resemble the Dutch peasant. The fair of Flanders is full of joy and clatter; the rural fêtes, in the neighbouring countries of Haarlem and Amsterdam, are less noisy and more dignified. There the rustic smokes and laughs, gets drunk and sings, and gives expression to his joy in vulgar sallies; here he remains serious, meditative, at least in appearance, and even taciturn; he drinks conscientiously and in silence. But who knows what he absorbs, what liquor he swallows! In this respect Van Ostade, in painting reality, expresses the grotesque ideal of Rabelais, and the debouches of his fancy. In the inn, as well as in the interior of their cottages, the peasants of Ostade display the pleasures of drinking in frightful proportions. Men and women hold enormous fantastic glasses; the servants ascending and descending the cellar stairs can hardly supply these imitators of Gargantua. "A butler should have a hundred hands, as Briareus had," said the curate of Mendon, "for this incessant pouring." And truly we see it on looking at these red faces, these eager eyes, these enormous mouths, which, finding the glasses too small, though broad and deep as wells, seize the pot itself, and drain it to the bottom. A century before, Rabelais, in his artistically coloured style, had painted the models of Van Ostade—those drinkers with diapered nose spangled with purple blotches, enamelled, embroidered with gules, "of which race few loved *pitisan*,"* but all were lovers of strong September. Ah! these lovers of "strong September." Van Ostade has made portraits of them, and so true to life, that his compositions would well adorn a Dutch edition of Rabelais, in that part of the book where Gargantua feasts brother Jean des Entommeures, and cries, "How good is God, who has given us this good wine!"

It is not known whether Van Ostade took lessons of Rembrandt; but it is certain that he yielded to the influence of this great master, and that he adopted his *chiaro-oscuro*, especially when he painted interiors. With Rembrandt, light has a dramatic effect, his shadows are imposing and awful, as if inhabited by phantoms. If he throws a fantastic ray in the obscure abode of a recluse, it speaks to our imagination, and we perceive unknown poetry hidden in this mysterious marriage of the day and the night. The simple Ostade did not rise to the conception of these poems of light; but he borrowed of Rembrandt his gradually receding lights, those marvellous gradations which give transparency to shadow, interesting the eye and even delighting the thought. This single ray of light introduced into the cottages of the poor, through the lozenge casement, frequently falls only upon subjects and objects most strikingly trivial. The heroic gleam of Rembrandt falls with Van Ostade only upon prose, misery, and ugliness;

it, nevertheless, adds a serious interest to the humble personages whom he represents. Observe "The Rustic Household" † (p. 216). While the children are playing with the house dog, their little sister, holding by the knee of her mother, stretches her hands towards a toy which she wishes to have. The father and elder son look with delight upon this simple action: this is all the plot of "The Rustic Household." ‡ But even this simplicity is charming. We would not wish to leave this cottage without going over its numerous details, without counting the utensils scattered about in the most picturesque disorder. We look with interest upon the wicker cradle from which the child has just been taken; the half-cleared table with the old-fashioned pitcher chequered with blue stripes; here the grandmother's wheel, there, in the embrasure of the window, the cage with canaries; against the wall some glasses and plates stand upon a wretched plank in form of a dresser; higher up, hanging from the beams of the ruined ceiling, the basket full of straw in which the fowls are carried to market; here and there some clothes drying upon the line or upon the wooden balustrade which leads to the loft; not forgetting the barrel of beer which completes the provisions of the family, nor the engraving fixed upon the wall, showing that the idea of art is not absent even from this miserable cottage. Well, it is the *chiaro-oscuro* especially, which gives to this humble scene its principal value. The light enters freely through the large casement, but it is soft, warm, and caressing; it leaves a great part of the picture in the repose of shadow, and falls only on the principal objects. From the window to the cradle the ray meets all the figures, including the dog, who is also of the family; each of them stands out with vigour and clearness. Then follow the details of the furniture, which the light distinguishes according to their degree of importance in the mind of the painter; that is, as they may serve for effect by throwing back the light, or contribute to the general harmony of colour, by the happy distribution of their tone.

In contemplating these interiors, where we breathe domestic peace and simple happiness, we may judge of the character of Van Ostade and his private life. He has painted himself here, rather than in smoky alehouses, where neither his tastes nor his genius could penetrate. The history of art offers more than one example of the contradiction between the style and tastes of a painter. We have seen that Teniers lived as a gentleman in the castle of Trois-tours, and had nothing in common with the habits and feelings of the subjects of his pictures. Adrian Van Ostade was neither a drunkard nor a gambler. While his friend Brauwer, living in the midst of his vulgar models, spoke their language, drank their wine, and shared their drunkenness, Van Ostade himself preserved the dignity and gravity of his manners. If he occasionally painted the same subjects as Brauwer, it was doubtless to satisfy the demand of purchasers, or from caprice and as an exception. We easily recognise, on looking closely at the picture painted by Ostade, called "Pleasure interrupted," (which was engraved in the last century by F. David, and the print dedicated to Voltaire!) that the angry players in vain draw their knife and frown their passion; we feel that the peaceful talent of Van Ostade, has not sufficient violence of gesture or ferocious expression in the drunken figures, and that he must leave to Brauwer the representation of these brutal struggles, where the drinkers slay each other amid the cries of the servant, and mingle their blood with their wine.

A simple and profound observer, a perfect painter, an harmonious colourist in the originality of his tints, Adrian Van Ostade was never more admirable than in his rural pictures. There he combines his charms and places them in a true light. Under the arbour of hops, before the village inn, behold the strolling singer, who scrapes upon his shrill violin

† This plate was exhibited at the *Salon* of 1849, and the jury decreed a gold medal to its author, M. Adrian Lorrveille.

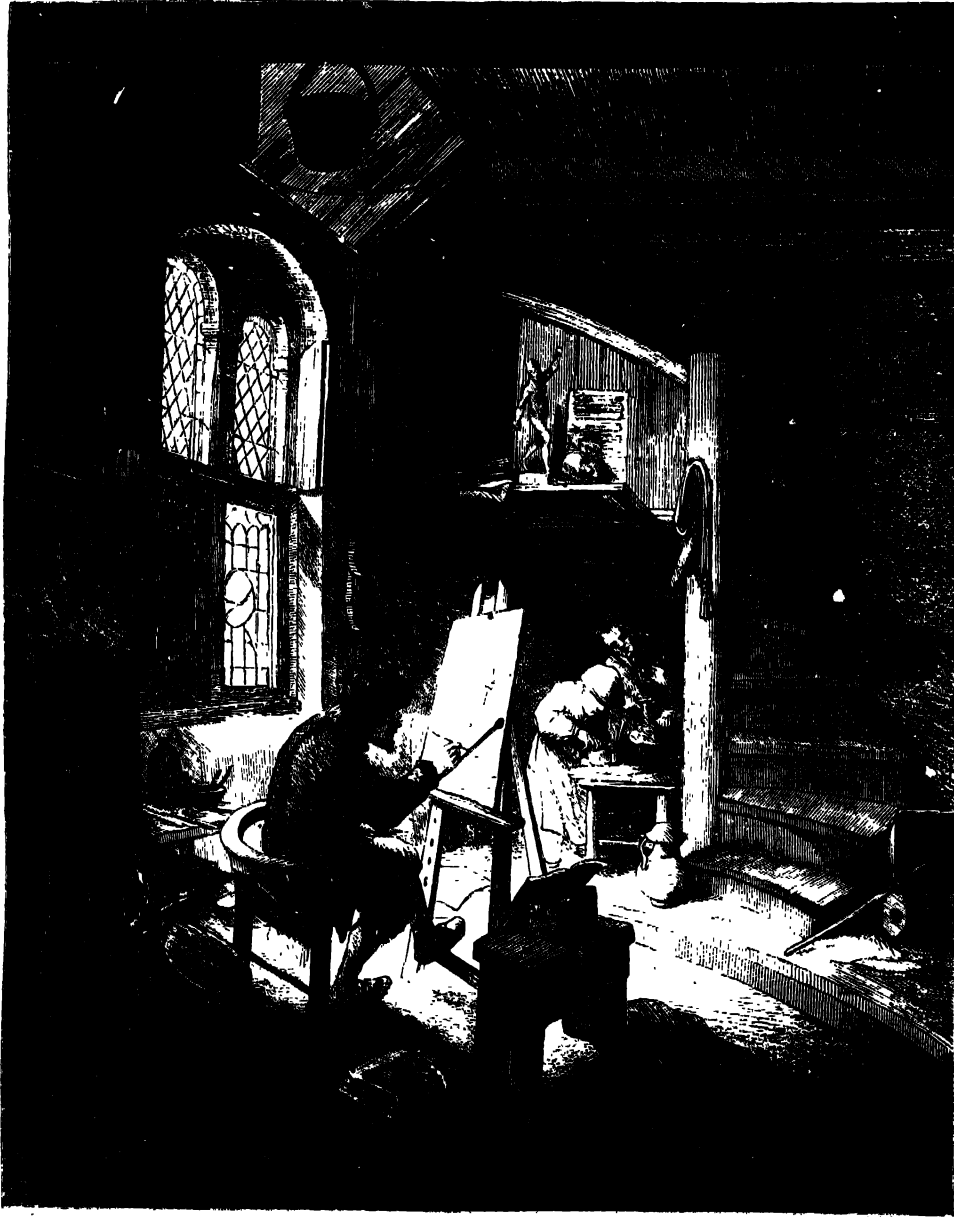
‡ This exquisitely-finished picture is now in London, in the valuable collection of Mr. Holferd, Russell-square, where we recently saw it.

* *Pisan* is a medical drink made of barley, boiled down with raisins and liquorice.

a gay strain from his collection. To cover his lank and withered body he has borrowed the tinsel of a comedy lord; a cock's feather in his nether button-hole waves in the wind. Near him a little boy, seen from behind, standing as proudly as a *primo uomo* upon the boards of a great theatre, seems to accompany him upon an instrument, though we cannot see it. The countenance of the singer—sharp, mocking, merry, and almost impudent—leaves no doubt as to the nature of the words which he utters: he carries to the village the ways of the town; he has just uttered a vulgar jest, and lends to the

picture, playing with a dog. Within stands the hostess, grave and modest; her serious countenance forbids a laugh, and behind her two men are listening, partly concealed in the half-tint—one would smile, but disdainfully; the other, without standing on ceremony, enjoys it heartily and freely, and freely yields himself to a half-stupid admiration.

Is not this truly a little scene of rustic comedy, of comedy of manners, full of free gaiety? Has not the most learned analysis of human sentiments dictated the details of a composition where unity of effect rules variety of expression?



PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

ornality of his features the mimicry of his profession. The varied expression of the personages is rendered with rare truth and skill. First, there is the jolly fellow in a fit of laughter sliding from the stone bench on which he sits. Two children are seated by his side; one appears scarcely to comprehend what he sees, while the other, about the age of the boy who accompanies the singer, with open eyes profoundly admires the precocious talents of the young artist. Further off, a little girl holds by the hand a young frightened infant, while the last of the family sits on the ground in front of the

And what idea may we not form of this masterpiece, if we remember what the pencil of the colourist has added to charm the eye by the harmony of his tints and the disposition of the light! "The place of the scene," says a clever critic, "is shaded by a tree, and by the bushy stalks of the hops climbing over the poles. The light introduced through the

* Musée Robillard. This picture, painted on wood, was in the Musée Français in the time of the empire; it was taken back in 1815.

branches strikes vividly upon the wall in the centre of the picture, and spreads over it in delightful gradation. The general tone is clear; the transparent foliage throws upon all the objects a greenish reflection which mingles softly with the strong colours. This greenish tint, which was familiar to Van Ostade, has become here, as in many of his works, a great beauty, on account of the foliage over which it is spread, and the strong light which animates the picture. The wall, the door, and the ground, offer a true colour, lively tones, fine half-tints, and careful details. We see here the perfection of art, so far as this kind of painting is concerned."

pressed by exterior objects, should be able to draw upon copper the passing scenes which strike them. For example, a ray of sun-light, passing between two clouds, falls by chance upon the hump-backed violin player, who stops at the door of the inn;* or upon a baker who cries his hot bread;† or rather upon a group of grotesque beggars in great hats here is a picture complete, but without the delay of painting, the artist vividly traces his impressions upon the varnish, he takes notes with his graver as the poet takes his with the pencil, and it afterwards happens, that this rapid sketch interests us so much the more, inasmuch as he has here expressed,



THE HUMP-BACKED FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

How many things could we not add here respecting the effect of the picture, the idea, the original order of the design,—in a word, the sentiment of the whole. What proves that transparency of colouring, is not with Van Ostade the only merit of his works, and that this time the colourist is, so to speak, above the market, is the inestimable value of the prints derived from his pictures, especially those which he etched himself, and in which, notwithstanding, we find his peculiar defects—careless handling, and occasionally a feeble design. Like almost all Dutch painters, Ostade was an engraver. It is necessary that artists, who are easily im-

with more freedom and vigour the impression received. The etching of Van Ostade is distinguished by great sobriety of

* This print, which we have engraved above, is numbered 44 in the catalogue of Bartsch.

† Gersaint, in one of his precious catalogues, explains the local custom represented in the picture of Ostade which bears this title: "The Baker who trumpets his hot Bread." "It is a custom in the Low Countries," says this amateur, "often to eat hot bread, in which they put some butter; but almost always on Saturday evening among the citizens. This day is generally devoted to

workmanship. The white of the paper here performs an important part. Not a line is without purpose, not a hatching which is not there to give expression to the features, to arrange a fold of the drapery, or to indicate a movement. The parts of light and shade are neatly cut, and when the half-tints are multiplied it is entirely exceptional. The print called "A Painter in his Studio" is an example of this. For the rest, Van Ostade is, in his own style, what Berghem is in his: he understands picturesque forms best, he gives character to the slightest details; in truth, he lends unknown grace to the falling boards of a damp, green, rotten pent-house. An old roof where grass is growing, an ancient casement window, the remains of an old basket, and even the lizard on the wall—all with Ostade are invested with charms, attract notice, and, as amateurs say, are full of *raison*.

Adam Bartsch reckons fifty etchings of Adrian Van Ostade, not including a doubtful piece.* If we now reckon the precious, highly-finished pictures which we see from his hand in the galleries of Europe—so many interiors, alehouses, fêtes under the vine arbour, as well as the portraits by this master, for he executed some superior ones—we shall see that the life of Ostade was that of an artist of great industry and extent. It is even curious to notice the kind of moral seclusion in which nearly all the great painters of Holland lived. It is said that they carried with them a sort of atmosphere, impervious to rumours and events from without. In their pictures we seek in vain for any trace of the great facts of contemporaneous history. The youth of Rembrandt and that of Van Ostade was spent in the midst of the disasters of the Thirty Years' War; and the former remained all his life wrapped up in an exalted dignity, most foreign to the outer world; from the depths of his cavern where he painted his philosophers in meditation, he heard not Count Mansfeld's cavalry passing. The other, more troubled by the war since he fled from it, did not once regard the soldiers who defiled under his windows, did not go out of his rustic inn, or his silent smoking-houses.

If by history we understand a picture of the movements of nations, the recital of their quarrels with foreigners, of their negotiations, and of their battles the works of Dutch masters, and particularly those of Van Ostade, have nothing historical. But on the other hand, how they show us the interior of things, how clearly these little canvases, these vivid etchings tell us the other history, that of the feelings, the habits and the manners of the nation! How they assist us to penetrate into the inner life and thoughts! No part of the Dutch character has been more clearly expressed. Let us, for example, turn our attention to the celebrated picture by Adrian Van Ostade, which they call the "Inconveniences of Play;"+

cleaning the house; and as it is supposed that the servant is occupied all day in this work, and that she has not time to prepare the evening meal, they are content with hot bread and butter, which is quickly prepared; therefore, at a certain hour, the bakers of each quarter announce by a trumpet that their batch is ready for distribution, and each then hastens to make provision"—*Catalogue raisonné des différents effets curieux et rares contenus dans le cabinet de feu M. de la Roque, par E. F. Ger-saint. Paris, 1745.*

* The catalogue of Rigal (pp. 277, 278), speaks also of two other prints attributed to Ostade, one of which is marked with the letters "A. O. S." The safest course is to refer it to Bartsch. The work of Adrian Van Ostade is usually accompanied by a portrait of the painter, engraved by J. Gole, after Concville Dusart, and a copper plate, upon which is engraved this title: *Werk compleet van den vermaarde schilder Adrian Van Ostade, alles door hemzelf geïnvanteert en geest*; the complete works of Adrian Van Ostade, the celebrated painter, designed and engraved by himself. This work thus complete, in proofs, from worn-out plates, would scarcely be worth £6; but a work composed of first proofs, which they call *proofs de remarques*, would not be worth less than £600 or £800.

+ This picture was in the Musée Napoléon in the time of the Empire. It was refakon in 1815.

a board serves for a table, two men are playing at cards. One of them, a bad player no doubt, and, alas! always having the contrary chance, is out of humour, and throws the cards upon the ground. The other rises indignantly, and with his hand resting upon the edge of the board, leans towards his companion, and sharply reproaches him for his bad faith. Evidently a violent quarrel is about to follow this contest, as yet peaceful. Every one around the players is watching their quarrel. A woman, whose glass and pot of beer stood upon the board, hastily removes the precious objects; a smoker has taken his pipe from his mouth, and looks gravely upon the scene; the violin player, whose bow mechanically continues the air already commenced, is looking at nothing but the two actors of the drama which is preparing. A critic is astonished that this work should be known by the name that we have quoted. Everything in the scene seems to breathe a peace which would not be troubled by the trifling altercation which has taken place between the two players. No doubt there is profound peace under this fine green foliage, the violin of the fiddler rejoices the ears of the tranquil drinkers and the ecstatic smokers. Nevertheless, in a corner of this picture, a man is standing with flashing eye, clenched fingers, and hat over his eyes. In rising, he has violently thrown down the bench on which he was sitting. The struggle has not yet commenced, but it is inevitable. And it is precisely in having chosen this moment when peace still continues, that Van Ostade has shown himself the ingenious and profound observer. In a French tavern the bottles would have flown about without any explanation. But the Dutch painter has been able to represent a man highly irritated surrounded by people who are interested in his emotion, and whose physiognomy, notwithstanding, is placid, because this slowness to throw off his habitual calm is natural to the Hollander. There is a very considerable interval between the moment when he is moved and that in which he allows it to appear. Sober in movements as in words, he speaks fewer words, and makes fewer gestures in the course of a whole year than a Parisian in one day. We may mention, while on this subject, that in Haarlem, just by the city of Van Ostade, two masons were one day seen pulling a rope in order to raise a large stone. Presently the two men, exhausted by the enormous weight, found they had not sufficient strength to raise the stone to the required height. The stone remaining suspended a few feet from the ground, the two masons turned towards the passers-by, showing them by a look that they needed assistance. Immediately two or three men advanced from among the people without speaking, assisted the masons, who spoke not a word to them, and then withdrew, still preserving the silence. As the task was long, several persons succeeded them, still without a single word having been exchanged, and without a single gesture having been made, beyond the movements by the manœuvre.

At all times amateurs have recognised in the works of Adrian Van Ostade two perfectly distinct styles; one which is a little that of François Hals, that is, a bold, free, and decided manner; the other soft and fine, resembling a painting on enamel, not, however, what is depreciatingly called the porcelain style. There is in the Louvre a celebrated specimen of this—the picture of "The Schoolmaster." Although fineness of execution in small works is a law in painting, and there is a law as imperative requiring bold execution in large works, it cannot be denied that Van Ostade here deviated in practice from what his master had taught him, and he himself practised with such success on other occasions. We need only notice as examples the portraits of small dimensions, which, without speaking of the character and expression of the heads, are marvels of touch. The pencil is there managed with circumspect and abundant freedom, the folds of the skin are sharply defined without roughness, the details are marked without any reserve, and in a head where nothing is wanting the whole dominates, nevertheless, to that degree that this head may

† See what Hagedorn says in his *Lettre à un amateur de peinture, avec des éclaircissements historiques.* Dresde, 1775.

serve as a lesson to a painter who executes large portraits. It is not, then, easy to conceive why Van Ostade has occasionally thrown himself into the manner of which we speak, and why he should even go so far as to polish his painting with processes of his own invention, as is thought by M. Paillot de Montabert :—"I suspect that Van Ostade, who represented 'The Fish-market' which is seen in the Museum of Paris, and in which we perceive upon the tables various kinds of fish, arranged in order one above the other ; I suspect, I say, that he obtained this transparency from colours ground with oil alone, and laid on with particular art, an art which consisted not only in the touch, but in a certain polish which resembles the effect that block marble receives from the burnisher, which renders it brilliant and as clear of tarnish as it was at first. The custom of rubbing a painting to polish it has been noticed by several Flemish writers."

However that may be, the touch of Van Ostade, whether deeply marked or softened, firm or smooth, was always obedient to the will of the painter when he wished to display one of the most precious qualities of his art—expression. How many times, in going over the gallery of the Louvre, have we not been arrested and powerfully retained by the little picture of **Adrian's** which represents a Dutch merchant reading a letter. The man seems so attentive that in turn he compels our attention. But what is contained in this letter which he holds in his hands, and devours with his eyes ? What, in our simple imaginings, have we not read there ? No doubt, he is the rich owner of a privateer, who has received news from a distant country. The letter which interests him so deeply relates the unforeseen adventures which have happened to his ship, perhaps inauspicious, but the immovable Dutchman reads this serious correspondence with apparent calmness. Sensibility in this Batavian is latent, it has not wrinkled his forehead, marked his cheeks, nor weakened his eyes ; the expression of it leaves him not less tranquil and vigorous. Also, in spite of the vulgarity of the features, the countenance of this model interests us : it is elevated by the manly lines which the pencil has so vividly marked, it is ennobled by the philosophic character which distinguishes it, and, in a word, by the presence of thought. In this the master is seen.

Adrian Van Ostade died at Amsterdam in 1685, at the age of seventy-five years. He had his brother Isaac for a pupil, one of the most astonishing landscape painters that ever existed. If so many writers have declared him very inferior to his master, it is, because they have found it more convenient to copy the four lines devoted by Deschamps to Isaac Ostade, than to go to see his landscapes, full of golden mist and rustic poetry. Corneille Dusart, Corneille Bega, and David Ryckaert, the younger, were also the pupils or the imitators of Adrian. Like him, their subjects were the conversations of the peasantry, the interior of their houses, their simple pleasures, their artless emotions, their quarrels. Some have often been pleased to compare Ostade with Teniers, and we acknowledge the justice of the parallel which has been drawn by the good Deschamps, to whom we must now and then render justice—a parallel which has been developed, continued, and completed with skill by Emeric David. Teniers, say they, grouped his figures better, and knew better than Ostade how to dispose his plans. In fact, the latter sometimes placed the point of light so high that the apartments appeared odd, and would have been ridiculous if he had not known how to fill up the vacancy by details which interrupted the large spaces. The colouring of Teniers is clear, bright, silvery, and altogether very varied ; that of Ostade, with the same transparency, is vigorous, warm, and often florid.† The one has a light, vivid, and spirited touch ; the other is sustained, flowing, and soft. The one manages the light, in order to soften it, bringing it across the thick bushes, or allows it to glide into the cottage of the poor only through the climbing plants with which the window is shaded ; he

charms us, in fact, by mysterious and striking effects. The other, on the contrary, places his figures in open air, and without expressive shadow, without betraying his learned combinations, he gives to his picture the tone, the interest of life. In imitating nature Teniers represents her amiable, smiling, and especially admirable for her variety. If he paints a rustic fête, we recognise in the games of the peasants, in their joy, in their anger, in their quarrels, the diversity of their characters. Each state, each age, has its manners. By the side of a stupid drunkard are shown persons who adorn the fête by the dignity of their attitude and their bearing. Van Ostade, contracting the circle of his models, chooses only the figure and the actions of the peasantry of Holland from the most ignoble and the most grotesque that nature and manners offer. "A satirical author," said M. Emeric David, "Ostade makes his personages ugly, in order to render them more pleasing and more ridiculous." The latter sentiment appears wanting in justice. It is for the jester Teniers to ridicule his world. No, the kindly Ostade should not be transformed into a satirical author. The painter of dull cottages and of peaceful smoking-houses, has not made his peasants, his poor and his silent smokers, ugly in order to please ; he has not mocked his models, he has copied them seriously ; and under the rags which cover them, in the profound misery into which they are plunged, he has many times made us feel the presence of the soul. Teniers has sought the comic, Ostade has perhaps found it, but without knowing it. He placed himself at his window framed with honeysuckle, and saw human comedy pass by. If you desire to hear drinking songs and indulge in a roar of vulgar laughter, enter, without ceremony, the alehouse of Teniers ; but if you prefer to mingle with the poor villagers, and in smoking round the hearth forget, as they do, the labours, the hardships of life, go see that little picture by Adrian, which represents the entrance to the village inn. Upon the wall hangs a bill where the painter has written these words :—"House to be sold : apply to Van Ostade."

The work of Adrian Van Ostade holds an important place in the portfolios of amateurs. It is composed of fifty prints. The best, according to Bartsch, are "The Hurdy Gurdy Player," "The Family," "The Barn," "The Father of the Family," and "The Quack," all very superior to No. 16, which has for its title "The Doll demanded."

The art of well detaching the figures is particularly seen in "The Quack," "The Dance at the Inn" (p. 221), and "The Luncheon." "The School" and "The Singer" may be noticed as the least successful engravings of the master.

The pictures of Adrian Van Ostade are rarely to be met with among amateurs : They are nearly all in museums or in very rich private galleries.

The Louvre reckons no less than seven of the finest. "The Schoolmaster," "The Family of the Painter," and "The Fish Market," are true masterpieces.

In the Museum of Munich are five pictures by Ostade. "A Still Life, with vases, fruit, fish, and a dead cock." "A Dutch Inn," where peasants are fighting, and their wives, modern Sabines, come to separate them. The three others represent drinkers and young villagers ; charming compositions of feeling and method.

In the Dresden Museum are five pictures by Ostade, besides two copies of this master. It is not uncommon to meet acknowledged copies of the great masters in the museums of the North. Is it not the finest homage that can be rendered to the talent of these painters when we cannot procure the originals ?

The Musée Royal of Berlin only possesses a single Ostade ; it represents an old woman under a vine arbour, believed to be the mother of Ostade.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains no less than twenty works of Ostade, among which a series of "The Five Senses," and some charming interior scenes.

The heirs of Sir Robert Peel possess, in their collection in London, "An Alchemist," by Adrian Van Ostade. The execution of this picture is of rare perfection ; and Waagen

* "Traité complet de la Peinture," tome 8. Paris, Bossange, 1829 ; p. 234.

† Musée Robillard, tome 2.

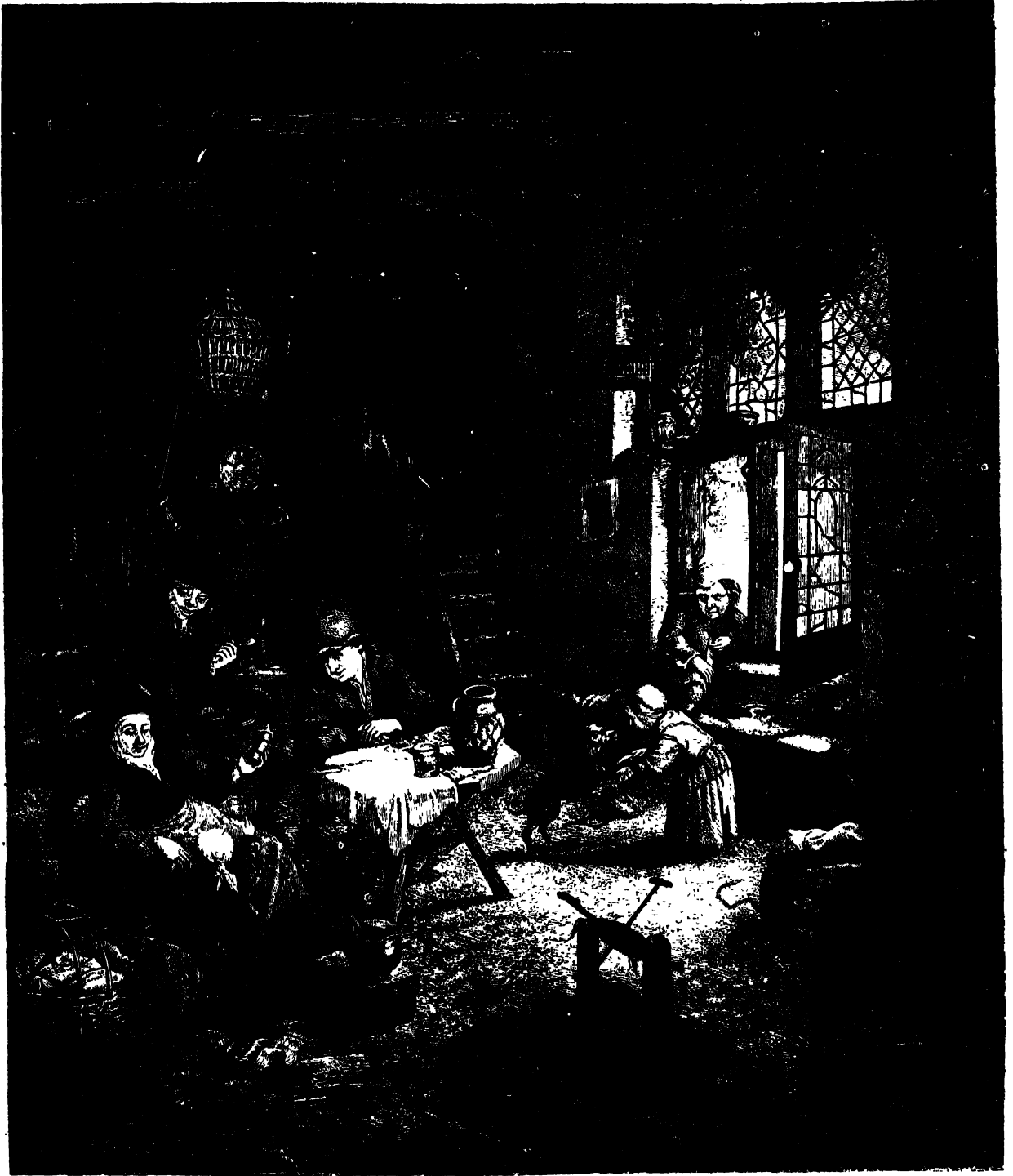
says, in his "Voyage Artistique en Angleterre," that this work cost at least 800 guineas.

In the Bridgewater Gallery there is "A Game at Backgammon," by Adrian Van Ostade, played by two peasants.

In the collection of Lord Ashburton there is, by the same master, "A View of the Village," ornamented with thirteen

the preceding, from the collection Braamcamp, represents "Three Peasants drinking, smoking, and playing, round a Table."

In the collection of Mr. T. Hope, a picture by Ostade represents "An old Peasant Woman leaning against an open door, talking to a Boy."



THE RUSTIC HOUSEHOLD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

figures, a cart drawn by a white horse, some pigs and poultry ; dated 1676. This charming little picture was formerly the ornament of the Blondel de Gagny, Trouard, Praslin, and Solirene collections. There is another, representing "A Man and a Woman at a Table," and a third, which came, as well as

Among the pictures composing the collection of Mr. Beckford, in London, is a fine picture by Ostade, representing "Six Peasants round a Table." This picture was sold for 400 guineas, at the sale of M. Delahante.

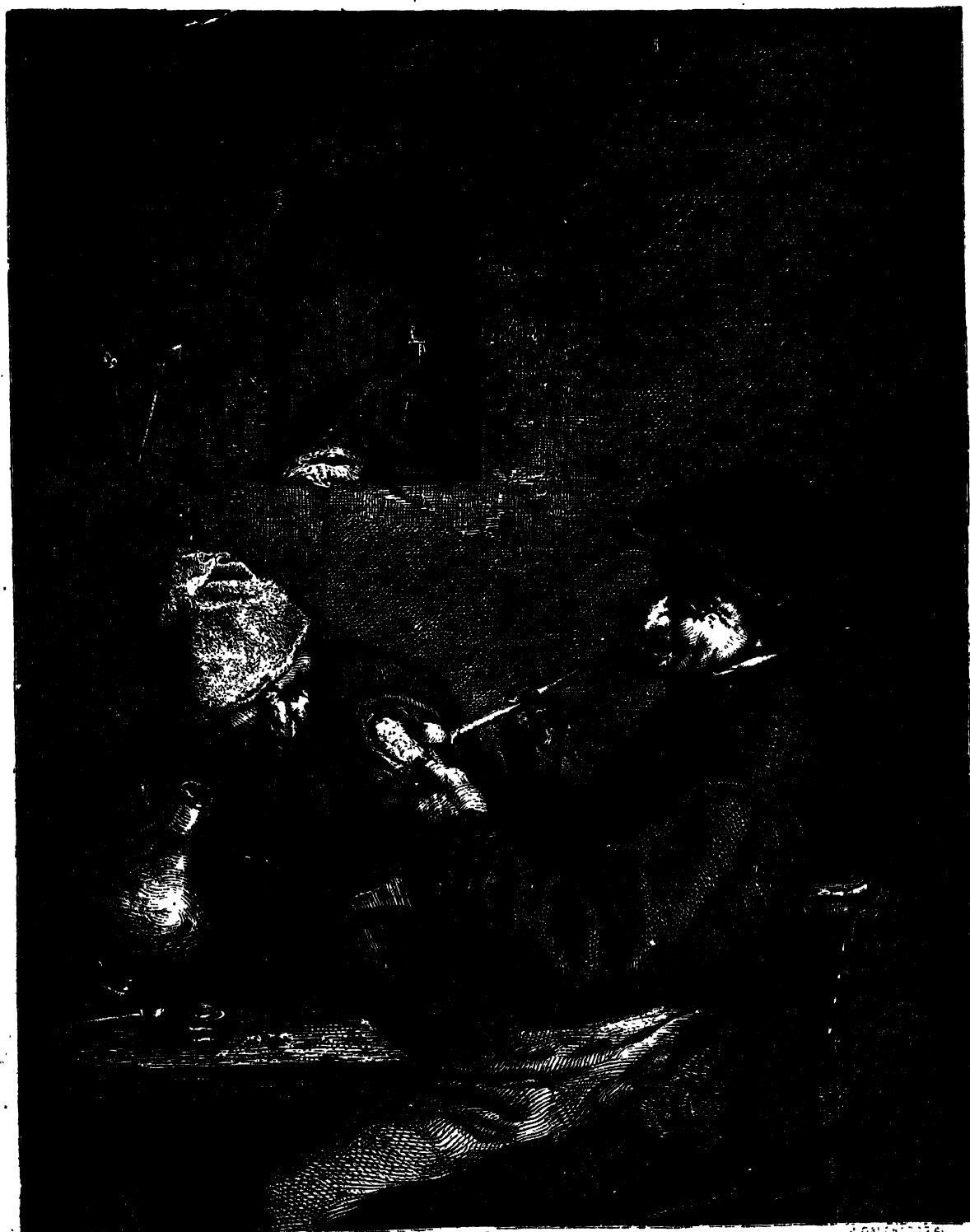
In the gallery of the Marquis of Bute, at Luton House,

there is a small picture by Ostade; it represents "A Man of Law in his study, reading a Manuscript."

There are in the Royal Museum of Madrid some little

eyes; in the second impression a lower bonnet nearly touches the eyes.

"A Family of Peasants at table saying grace. 1047.



A. J. OSTADE. P.

BAUCOURT. D.

J. G. ALLEN. 156.

THE DUTCH SMOKING-ROOM.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

pictures by Ostade, full of spirit and gaiety; they are interiors of cottages.

"The following are his most esteemed prints:—

"The Painter seated at his Easel. The first impressions of this plate are with the high cap considerably above the

"An Assemblage of Peasants, occupied in killing a Pig; a night-piece, producing a fine effect of the *chiaro oscuro*.

"A Mount bank surrounded by several figures.

"Several Peasants at the door of a Cottage, with a fair in the background.

"Several Peasants fighting with knives.
 "The Cottage Dinner. 1653.
 "The Cobbler's shop. 1671.
 "A Man standing on a Bridge angling.
 "The Interior of a Dutch Ale-house, with figures drinking and dancing.
 "The Inside of a Cottage, with a Woman suckling a Child.
 "The Spectacle-seller.
 "A Man, Woman, and Child at the door of a Cottage. 1652.
 "Several Peasants at a window; one of them is singing a ballad, and another holds the candle."
 "A Man blowing a Horn, leaning over a hatch.
 "A Village Festival, with a great number of figures diverting themselves at the door of an ale-house. His largest plate."
 We now turn to a list of prices of the pictures of Ostade, furnished by the public sales.

In 1744, at the sale of Lorange, "The Backgammon Players" was sold for £17. At that of M. de la Roque, in 1745, two little pictures representing half-length figures, one "A Sailor," the other, "A Peasant," were valued at £4 the two; another, representing "A Baker, who trumpets hot Bread," at £5.

At the sale of M. de Julienne in 1767, there were offered five pictures by Ostade; the first, painted in 1661, represented "The interior of a Chamber," in which, near the fire, are a woman and child, and four men, each holding a pipe, the fourth, sitting in the chimney corner, holds a pipe and a pot; to the right, near the casement, are a woman and two men standing. This picture, painted upon copper, was sold for £300. The second, dated 1662, represents the famous "School-master," which is in the Louvre; it sold for £260. The third, representing "The Players at Ninepins," by the side of a violin player, fetched £100. The fourth represents "A Man, a Woman, and two Children," one sitting in a chair, while the mother is feeding it; dated 1667, price £40. The fifth is "A Lower Room, lighted by a large casement," in which there are five figures, price £103.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, several pictures of Ostade:—"The Game of Shuffle-board," which we have reproduced (p. 220), sold for £186. "The interior of a house of Peasants" (the great smoking house, engraved by Wisscher), four principal figures, one with his back to the fire, fetched £356. "An Interior;" upon the table, which is covered with a cloth, are plates, bread, and glasses, near it a man and a woman, further off two children under a window, a third sitting in a chair, in the foreground a large spindle; price £120.

At the sale of the Prince of Conti, in 1777, an "Interior of a Peasant's house," dated 1668; the same, which at the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £356, now only realised £283.

In 1812, at the sale of the cabinet Clos, was put up, "An Interior of a Farm;" twenty figures, men, women, and children; advance to the sounds of a bagpipe; a child sitting upon a bench. This picture sold for £242. It came from the cabinet Servad of Amsterdam, where it was sold in 1778 for 2,430 florins, or about £243.

At the sale Laperière, in 1823, the same picture fetched the price of £613; "A Rustic Interior," £168.

In 1825, at the first sale of the Prince Galitzin, was sold for £520 a picture by Ostade, representing "An Interior of a Smoking-house."

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, was sold "The Dutch Smoking-room" (p. 217); a woman and four men by the side of a violin-player, accompanying a woman who is singing, other persons talking or smoking; price, £100. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," which Ostade is said to have painted on the birth of one of his children, produced £470.

At the sale of the Duke de Berry, in 1837, was offered "The Village Dance," No. 14 of the catalogue. This very capital picture, dated 1660, has been engraved by Woolett; it was valued at £380. In 1768 it made part of the collection of Gaignat; in 1777 that of Randon de Boisset; in 1801 that of Tolosan.

At the sale of Paul Perrier, 1843, "The Fish-market" was valued at £440; "The Empiric" at £240.

Adrian Van Ostade signed his etchings and his pictures as indicated below:—

AO AO

A. ostade

PICTURES IN EDINBURGH.

LONDON has splendid galleries and magnificent pictures. The National Gallery and Marlborough-house contain priceless gems. Then in the halls of our nobles the works of the immortals are to be seen. Also, for those who have time, there are Hampton-court Palace and Dulwich with their treasures, rich and rare. You need not travel to Venice, Vienna or Rome. There is much amongst us for the stay-at-home traveller to see and admire.

Edinburgh has, also, a collection of pictures, but little known, but which will well repay a visit to that beautiful and romantic city. Though of recent growth, it promises to do credit to the country, and to supply that deficiency in the study of art in Scotland which has hitherto been almost neglected. This fine collection, to which we beg to call the reader's attention, consists of that class of the genuine works of the great masters which are more especially of an instructive character to artists, rather than such as are usually selected with a view to the adornment of a gallery as a public spectacle. The directors wisely seek pictures which may be relied upon as safe models upon which the student may advantageously form his taste and correct his practice. Although these may prove less attractive to the cursory observer, or be less calculated to dazzle by the brilliancy of subject and effect, the advantages of such a course of instruction are too obvious to require much detail in this place, as its tendency is to exalt and purify public taste, to moderate the extravagancies of the untutored aspirants in arts, to check the dangerous precipitancy with which they are too apt to overstep the slow and certain measures by which alone excellence in art is to be obtained, and to assist the artist in subduing the delusive estimate of his own powers which he is so ready—especially if he be very inexperienced—to form; for it is true, as has been well remarked, that "those accustomed to teach in the academies of painting, have generally found that the slow and laborious student was more likely to rise to eminence, than those who pressed forward in the confidence of genius." After everything is acquired that experience can teach, an ample field will yet remain for the exercise of genius and invention. The scope is boundless. But the basis of painting ought to be laid in study, in an intimate knowledge of the works of the best masters, in acute observations of nature, and unwearied combat with the difficulties of execution. These are the substantial promoters of the art, and in so far as associations or private patronage can supply facilities of employment, and objects of emulation and study, they have done their part.

The Royal Institution, in which the Edinburgh collection is placed, stands in Princes-street, not far from the finest of Scotch monuments, that erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The original collection, acquired at considerable expense by the directors of the Royal Institution from various private collections in Italy, has, from time to time, been enriched by additional pictures, the gift of persons friendly to the advance of art in Scotland. There are also added some pictures of modern artists, acquired by or presented to the institution; but the most important addition is that of the valuable collection of paintings, marbles, and bronzes, the property of the late Sir James Erskine, Bart., of Torric, which, by an arrangement recently entered into by the Board of Trustees and the trustees nominated by the late Sir James Erskine, are not deposited in the galleries of the institution. On his death, Sir James Erskine, of Torric, bequeathed to his brother, Sir John Drummond Erskine, his whole property

under burden *inter alia*, "That at his death he make over to the College of Edinburgh, to be entailed upon it, all my pictures, bronzes, and marbles, in the House of Torrie, for the purpose of raising a foundation for a gallery for the encouragement of the fine arts. And for the better security of this, I nominate and appoint my next heir of entail and the succeeding heirs of entail to the estate of Torrie, chancellor of the college—the sheriff of the county, and the provost of Edinburgh, to be trustees." Sir James died in 1825, and his brother died in 1836, when the trustees removed the collection to the College of Edinburgh, and by special agreement in 1845, between them and the Board of Trustees for arts and manufactures in Scotland, the entire collection the pictures of which are in the finest preservation, and have been collected with much judgment as choice specimens of the works of the different masters, especially in the Flemish and Dutch schools, were placed under the charge of that Board in the Royal Institution. The institution, comprising the two collections, is open gratuitously to the public, two days each week three days being set apart for the accommodation of students of art, who are supplied with tickets on applying at the office. On entering, the first picture that attracts the eye is "The Lomenilli Family," one of the most distinguished in the Republic of Genoa. It is on canvas nine feet square. This is, perhaps, the finest specimen of Vandyck's pencil now in Great Britain. It is in good preservation, and abounding in all the peculiar excellencies of that great master; in the rich and mellow tone of colouring, the delicacy of touch, and above all, in the power he possessed of displaying character in his portraits. The principal figure is probably the most successful example Vandyck ever produced of masculine beauty, and noble and unaffected bearing in attitude and expression. Another picture of Vandyck's, is the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which has always been esteemed one of the best historical works from that master. The attendants, five in number, are binding the martyr to a tree; two are Roman soldiers on horseback. The landscape and background are in beautiful harmony. It is the sketch for the finished picture now at Munich, which Sir Joshua Reynolds saw at Dusseldorf. He says, "He never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring, it kills everything near it." Behind it are figures on horseback, touched with great skill. This is Vandyck's first manner when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the sun in the room. In his pictures afterwards, he represented the effect of common daylight. Both were equally true to nature, but his first manner carries a superiority with it and seizes our attention; whilst the pictures, painted in the latter manner, run a risk of being overlooked. A picture of Titian's, on a panel, called "A Landscape," is a fine specimen of that great master. It is one of four panels, painted by Titian, to ornament the bed of his patron, the Emperor Charles V., representing morning, midday, evening, and night. Jerome Buonaparte, when the bed came into his possession, removed the panels and had them framed as pictures. After his departure from Spain, the bed and the four pictures were restored to their original owner, the Duke of Vivaldi Pasqua, from whom the one in the collection was purchased. A "Madonna, Infant, and St. John," is one of the finest specimens of the master which has been exhibited in this country. The "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," of Tintoretto are bold but somewhat extravagant sketches. There are two very fine specimens of Barbieri; one representing the repentance of St. Peter, and the other the Madonna, Infant, and St. John. One of Huisman's pictures, entitled, "Landscape with Cattle and Figures," fully bears out the criticism common on Huisman—that his pictures generally have a striking effect of light on the foreground. In the same collection there is a woodland scene, in the fresh, juicy manner of Robbenia, with a river-bank in the foreground, on which appear some small figures. Another Robbenia is a woody landscape, has the remarkable light pencilling of the foliage for which that artist was celebrated. A picture of a young lady, richly attired, presenting flowers to the Infant Saviour seated on the knees of the Virgin, is attri-

buted to Titian, on account of the splendour of the colouring and the exquisite truth and transparency of the flesh in shadow. At any rate, it is of the time of Titian, and belongs to his school. There is one Cuyp, which appears to be an early picture. The scene is a sunset, in a Dutch landscape. In the middle is a river with several groups of nude figures; some are about to plunge in—others are already immersed. They are principally in shadow, with strong gleams of light on their shoulders, producing a peculiar yet harmonious effect that tones well with the view of a distant town, and the softened tints of a serene evening sky. There is one fine picture by Jacob Ruysdael: it is apparently a Flemish view, with a river in front, a richly wooded and broken bank in the middle distance, and the lofty towers of a church more remote. On the left is a group of gnarled oaks, for delineating which Ruysdael was so famous. The figures are painted by P. Wouvermans. It is an harmonious and forcible picture. There are two pictures by Francis Snyders; the one called "A Wolf Hunt," is a very large forcible picture, in which the fierce rage of the wolf, surprised in feasting on a slaughtered deer, is energetically displayed in seizing one dog by the buttock, while his own fore paw becomes the prey of another courageous hound; the other, "A Boar Hunt," in spite of some spirit in the dogs, is a very inferior picture. There is a beautiful Italian landscape by Richard Wilson, affording an exquisite specimen of the skill of the English Claude in aerial perspective and clear sunny effect. The scene is on the borders of a small lake, on which rises a steep bank covered with wood, and crowned by a village. A "Salvator Rosa" will also please his admirers. The scene is the shore of a wild lake on which appear several armed banditti. A rocky boundary on the further side occupies the middle distance on the right, and declines so as to give a distant view towards the left hand. There are a few straggling trees, but the whole composition is grand, solemn, and forcible, with the utmost clearness of aerial tints. There are several pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters for those who admire that homely and faithful style of art for which those painters are so famed. A picture of Poussin is one of the gems of the place. It is a "Land Storm," with beautifully designed figures in the foreground and middle distance. The conception is poetical, full of vigour and genius. The branches of the trees, the drapery of the figures, and the action of their muscles, proclaim the violence of the tempest, before which man and cattle are succumbing. A dark lurid tone presides over the scene in unison with the scorching heaven and the allied lightning that strikes on the castellated cliffs in the distance. One of Guido's pictures also adorns the place. It is an "Ecce Homo," or a Christ crowned with thorns—one of that artist's favourite subjects. The mild resignation of the picture triumphs over mortal agony. The colouring is of that lucid softness that gives a charm to the principal works of this master. One other picture also we must allude to—one of Backhuysen's. It is the "Return of small Craft into Harbour during a brisk Gale." Figures on the jetty are observing the entrance of a vessel. The water is broken with his usual skill, and tones well with the lowering sky. But, after all, the pictures we like best in the collection, are some of the moderns. We believe as much in the present as the past. Old art, like old wine, is not necessarily good. There are exceptions, occasionally, in favour of what is new; and Edinburgh can boast of some of the exceptions. Among them are some of Etty's pictures. If we go into our own Vernon Gallery, we almost forget that Etty painted anything but *genre* pictures. We forget that he started an historical painter—a calling he forsook when the British public fell in love with his women—nude, large-eyed, and black-haired. But of his historical power Edinburgh has some splendid specimens, superior to the "Joan of Arc," another of his pictures in the historical style, exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition. There are five of his pictures in Edinburgh. We give them in the order of their merits. The first is "Conibert—Woman interceding for the Vanquished," then "Benaiah slaying the two lion-like men of Nob," and a series of three pictures

representing the story of Judith and Holofernes—the last especially is a gorgeous and striking picture. Judith, and Holofernes, and the maid are very fine. In one picture we have the maid listening at the entrance to the tent, while Judith within is doing the bloody deed; then we have in another the terrified appearance of the maid as Judith issues from the tent with the head of Holofernes in her hands. Etty in this series of paintings has succeeded in telling the entire story with wonderful accuracy, and fidelity, and power. It will be long before we gaze upon three such magnificent pictures again. Turning away from their terror and splendour, there are two pictures of a different description which you will do well to look at before you leave the rooms. The one is a delicious picture of Paton's, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." Mr. Phelps may tell us we cannot put the creatures of fairy mythology upon the

up with life and beauty was soon seized by a stronger. Another fine modern picture, also, is "Christ teaching Humility," by Robert Scott Landé. This with Paton's picture, was purchased by the Society of Arts in Scotland, and was presented by them to the collection. This society was the first of the Art Unions established in Scotland, and has an income, we believe, of about £4,000 a-year.

One advantage you will have in the Edinburgh gallery is, that you will have plenty of time and room for the study of the pictures. You will not be jostled or inconvenienced by your company. A thing that will strike you with amazement is, that in the modern Athens—the home of all that is elegant and refined—you should be requested not to spit. It is strange that in such a place, such a notice is necessary. We mention the fact with profound respect. It is said the arts refine the manners; let us hope such will be their effect in



THE GAME OF SHUTTLE-BOARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

stage—our machinery and art are too gross and sensual for that, is at once apparent, whenever managers try to act the "Midsummer-Night's Dream;" but it is different with the plastic arts. What the one cannot, the other can. You can paint them, and Mr. Paton has done so in one of the most delicate and delicious pictures we have ever seen. Every inch of it is alive with faeries—dancing under mushrooms—drinking from acorn cups—sleeping in flowers. Faeries with light-blue eyes and ruby lips gleam on you from every corner. The canvas is crowded with incidents. It is a picture you might gaze on for hours. The other picture to which we refer, is a noble fragment of the genius of Scotland's great painter, Sir David Wilkie, being an unfinished picture of "John Knox administering the Sacrament at Calder House." It is an outline, nothing more. The hand that was to have filled it

Edinburgh, and that in a few years the obnoxious notice may be taken down.

Spend then a happy hour in the Edinburgh gallery. If you be no artist, your contact with art will lure you out of yourself into a nobler and larger sphere—and if you be an artist, your soul will burn purer, and your aim will be higher than before. In the words of Barry Cornwall:—

"There is Raffaele still before thee, Titian, Michael, Rembrandt all,
Now for a vigorous effort; trust thy sinews and thou shalt not fall.
In thy land is Hogarth's glory; side by side with Reynolds' fame,
Much to spur thee, naught to daunt thee; DARE, and thou shalt do the same."

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING.

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING, no less distinguished as a landscape than an historical painter, the grand-nephew of the celebrated Theophilus Ephraim Lessing, is, like that illustrious poet, one of the most gifted men of his age. He was born on the 16th of February, 1808, at Wurtemberg, in Sillesia. From his early youth he displayed a much stronger propensity towards the study of nature than the learning of the schools. Nevertheless, his father placed him at the Berlin academy when he was hardly fourteen years old. His intercourse with young painters, and a journey to Rugen, during which he had an opportunity of seeing the ocean and vast rocks, awakened in his mind an irresistible impulse towards painting; but his father strongly opposed every entreaty for permission to indulge this propensity, and would not yield to the urgent remonstrances of young Lessing's patrons, who discerned his

Schadow to copy some landscapes by Reinhard. The copies were so excellent, that the professor at first took them for the originals—so fresh and lively did they appear—and he was quite indignant because he thought Lessing had attempted to impose upon him. But when he had ascertained the true state of the case, and perceived the great merit of the young artist, he took him at once into his studio, and acted as mediator between the father and son. Schadow, who possessed the rare talent of quickly and accurately discerning ability in others, as well as penetrating with keen critical insight into their peculiarities, deserves honour for having advanced Lessing to his high position and contributed to his versatility of talent. For scarcely had Lessing acquired a certain skill in the drawing of figures, when a vast number of compositions proceeded from his creative imagination; but Schadow succeeded, by strong representations, in convincing him that in this path he would accomplish nothing really solid



THE DANCE AT THE INN. --FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OUDE.

remarkable talent. After a long conflict between his filial duty and his inclination, he abandoned the instruction of the academy without his father's knowledge, and declared with firmness that he had already become a painter, and would not be kept back by anybody from following the calling to which he felt he was destined by nature. He now applied himself to his art with the utmost diligence, and his progress completely amazed his instructors, Professors Kollman and Dähling. His first pictures, "A Church-yard with Tombstones," and "A Church in Ruins," painted in 1825 and 1826, immediately excited general attention. But though even his father now became convinced of his superior talent, and a complete reconciliation between the two took place, an earnest, melancholy tone lingered in his mind after this period, and is still often perceptible in his works.

In the year, 1826, Lessing was ordered by Professor

and worthy of fame. Lessing now closely applied himself to his "Silberchloss," his first great work in the Wagner collection at Berlin. When the hall at Bonn and the court of justice at Coblenz were adorned with frescoes, Count Sree had scenes from the life of the emperor Barbarossa painted for his saloon, and Schadow instructed Lessing to prepare a cartoon for a panel. This last was "The Battle of Iconium," the grandest and most vivid of all these productions. At this time, the poems of Uhland were the principal study of the Düsseldorf artists, and they suggested to Lessing two of his finest works—"The Castle on the Sea-coast, by Moonlight," and "The Royal Pair in Sorrow." German art had never before displayed so grand and profound an earnestness, or produced an oil-painting so finished in every part. At the exhibition in 1830, it was without rival; everything else appeared to a disadvantage by its side. This invaluable gem

of art is no longer in Germany, but at Petersburg. A very successful lithograph from it, by Jontzen, was spoilt; but there is still an excellent copper engraving by the master-hand of Lüderitz.

About the year 1829, the well-known poet Von Uechtritz began to exert an influence over Lessing. When Professor Schadow, in 1830, went to Italy, with other artists, he entrusted Lessing with most of his duties, and from this time his works exercised a most decided sway over the tone and character of landscape painting. In the year 1830 also, his "Leonora" was completed. The two following years successively witnessed the commencement of his "Hussites Preaching," and his "Council at Costnitz." The former of these pictures, which was completed in 1836, and is in the possession of the King of Prussia, has met with the greatest success in most of the principal towns of Germany, as well as in Paris, and it procured for the painter the cross of the Legion of Honour from the King of the French. By this work he gave that protestant direction to art, which is still his great characteristic. The same tendency is prominent in his "Kzzelin," where the wounded man spurns the consolation of the monks, and refuses to allow the representatives of the court of Rome to interfere with his communion with God. It is well known that Schadow, on observing this strong protestant tone, found great fault with the design, and did his utmost to dissuade Lessing from completing the picture. But art, and Lessing's inward impulse, triumphed; and the noble *chef-d'œuvre*, which was painted in 1841 and 1842, is now the principal attraction in the gallery at Frankfort. No previous or subsequent painting attracts such universal attention, and justly excites such warm admiration. The number of Lessing's noble productions is too great to admit of a detailed description within our limits. Those we have mentioned are among the chief.

Lessing's figure and appearance are of a grand and noble character, his features are distinctly marked, and their expression is full of meaning and interest. With art he also successfully cultivates hunting sports. His usual dress is a green over-coat and a green cap, which give him the appearance of a forester. He is a most affectionate and attentive husband and father. It is rather difficult to get acquainted with him, but he is a faithful and constant friend to those with whom he is on intimate terms. The slightest deviation from truth gives him great pain. He is a noble, genuine German in the fullest sense of the term, and demands fidelity and truth in life as well as in art. Every year he goes on a journey for improvement in his profession that he may constantly repair to nature as the source of his inspiration. In the pursuit of his studies he is unwearied and discriminating. He does not consider study from nature really useful unless the student copies striking objects with the utmost fidelity and fulness of detail that art and skill will allow. He willingly communicates the benefit of his advice and assistance to all young artists. To many he answers the purpose of an ideal model, and Düsseldorf owes much to him both in his personal and artistic character.

Germany is with good reason proud of the grand creations of this genial and real German artist; for every new historical work is a fresh triumph of art. He has studied the development of the reformed religion from his youth up with great interest, has grasped the subject with considerable power of mind, pursued it with a deep sensibility to its stirring incidents, and drawn from it the materials for some of his finest efforts. The composition of his "Hussites Preaching," and his "Luther Burning the Papal Bull," displays a strength of belief and a peculiarly religious tone which prove him to be not merely an artist, but a man of deep religious convictions—a Christian hero of the grand order. Each of his superior works has for its groundwork, not only a great historical event, but a profound idea, which serves as a central point for the whole. His "Hussites Preaching" admirably depicts the tendency of the time in question. His Huss, who appears before the pile on which he is about to be burnt, who is condemned to the flames as a heretic, and whose ashes are to be scattered to the four

winds, that no trace of him may remain—this Huss, Lessing has pictured kneeling before the pile, and by the warmth and earnestness of his devotion irresistibly compelling even his enemies to pray with him.

Similarly Luther stands forth, in his large painting, as a mighty hero, with his head raised to heaven, attracting towards himself the animated gaze of the bystanders, and looking just as we may easily imagine he did look when he uttered those well-known words at the Diet of Worms—"Here I take my stand, I cannot alter, God help me, Amen!" Close behind Luther appears the church in all its glory, for Luther struggled not against the church, but against what he considered the corruptions of the church. No artist has ever yet succeeded in portraying the impetuous reformer with so much power. All the interest is concentrated upon that part of the picture where his figure appears; and the mind of the spectator is absorbed in the contemplation of the impressive scene before him, and the mighty results which have flowed, and may yet be expected to flow, from this significant event. On the right of the picture are youthful students engaged in stirring the fire; on the left Melancthon, Duke George, Carlstadt, and other eminent Protestants. In the first sketch, which Lessing made in 1848, Luther stood as in the finished picture; but in the group on the left were several distinguished nobles in military attire, and on the right students and people.

In the large Indian ink cartoon-drawing, which was executed in January, 1852, Luther has his head turned towards the fire, preparing to throw the bull into the flames. While the attitude is admirably appropriate to Luther's fiery temperament and impetuous mode of action; the expression of the face indicates a firm, warm confidence in God, and a lofty animation of soul. On the right of Luther stands a young, richly dressed student; on the left, in the foreground, we see Duke George, wearing an expression of evident dissatisfaction with the proceeding. The figures are about two-thirds the size of life. The picture has, it is true, neither academic style, nor regular arrangement according to artificial rules, but is so pure, so smooth, so true to life without any exaggeration, that not only is the beholder struck with the truthfulness and living force of each figure, but the whole composition exhibits a perfect harmony and unity which cannot be too much admired.

Even before the completion of this great work of art, London, New-York, Brussels, and Rotterdam were competitors for it. It is now the property of Herr Notteboom, of Rotterdam, and will form one of the chief attractions in the exhibition of German (particularly Düsseldorf) paintings, which is about to take place in London, next July. The Germans, not unnaturally, feel great regret at the loss of a painting which excited so animated a competition all over the world, so to speak, even before it was finished. All that they have left is the cartoon drawing of the sketch, which belongs to Dr. Lucanus, of Halberstadt, and is open to the public. The right of engraving it has been conferred by Lessing upon Jansen, of Düsseldorf, the copper-plate engraver, who has already acquired great fame by his engraving of "the Rescue from Shipwreck," by Jordan, and who expects to complete his task within two years.

C. A. FRAIKIN, THE BELGIAN SCULPTOR.

AMONG the sculptors of the present time who are flourishing in the full vigour of their artistic power, Fraikin deserves to be mentioned with honour as a genuine artist of the highest order. He belongs to that class of men who are worthy to attract the attention not only of their own countrymen, but of all who take an interest in art and artists.

C. A. Fraikin was born at Herenthals in the year 1818. His father was a public notary in that town. Even as a boy he gave evidence of a strong and even irresistible inclination towards art. Drawing was his fondest, his constant delight. His father was too wise a man to offer any opposition to this evident indication of natural genius. Hardly had his son received an elementary school education, when he was sent to Brussels, at the age of thirteen, to pursue the course of study

in that academy with a view to perfect himself as an artist. The young aspirant fondly hoped he had now attained the object of his desire; but his dreams of artistic greatness were destined to be soon disturbed. Only a month after the commencement of his career at Brussels, he was called to fulfil the melancholy duty of accompanying the remains of his honoured father to the grave. With him all Fraikin's plans were buried, for his practical guardians would hear nothing of his talent, his irresistible propensity, his brilliant expectations of artistic celebrity, and the bitterness of his disappointment if he were prevented from continuing his course. The lad was peremptorily ordered to decide upon a calling which would ensure him worldly prosperity and a respectable position in society.

Fraikin was obliged to abandon his pursuit of art and prepare for the study of medicine. Such was the fixed resolve of his guardians, and he could not but comply. The time for preparation passed by, but with his Virgil, his Homer, and historical compendiums, pencils and chalk were frequently in his hand. So also during his professional studies at the university, which extended over four years, he was busily engaged in increasing his artistic skill. The hours which could be withdrawn from the study of *Æsculapius* were devoted to art. In these stolen moments he completed a vast number of drawings from copper-plate engravings, and drew portraits of all his fellow-students with whom he was on friendly terms. At length the young disciple of *Æsculapius* had completed his curriculum; he passed his final examination with success; and went and settled down in a small town near Brussels to obtain his livelihood as a medical practitioner. As may be easily imagined, he had many leisure hours, all which, according to his custom and inclination, he sedulously devoted to art. He drew various heads and figures in chalk; but of models in clay the young doctor had as yet no idea. At length it came into his head to make a full-size bust of himself. He procured some plaster of Paris, moulded a block, and set to work to cut the bust out of the plaster of Paris, for as yet he was completely ignorant of the ordinary procedure of sculptors. In spite, however, of all difficulties, the perseverance of the young artist brought the work to a state of completeness. The bust was finished, and, what was more, bore a strong resemblance to him.

Fraikin not unnaturally looked upon this as a great triumph. He sent the bust to his brother, who was residing in Brussels. His brother lost no time in showing the work to some of his acquaintance. All were more than surprised; they were at a loss to conceive how such a bust could have been made by a young man who had never handled the sculptor's modelling tools, nor made sculpture his special study. They supposed that it would require at least five years to complete such a bust as the young medical practitioner had cut out of plaster of Paris, with no other instruments than his scalpel, knife, and file. Scarcely had Fraikin been made acquainted with the unexpected success of his first attempt at sculpture, and the warm encomiums that were lavished upon it, when he resolved to abandon the medical profession, and devote himself entirely to art, which he felt deeply convinced was the calling for which he was by nature intended. He bade farewell to medicine, and at once repaired to Brussels, where he commenced a regular course of study under a sculptor. In three months he had learnt the art of modelling, was entrusted with important works, and attended constantly at the Brussels academy. He rapidly passed through, or for the most part leaped over, all the different classes, and after five months' most diligent application, obtained the first prize in composition and modelling from nature.

This took place in the year 1842. The young artist immediately went to work, and modelled "*Venus and the Doves*." The charming statue attracted great attention, and made so favourable an impression, that he forthwith resolved to go and take up his residence at Brussels. By his earliest considerable productions, which were finished one after the other in rapid succession, he soon acquired a European celebrity. His reputation was at once established; for all recognised in his

works a highly gifted artist, who was in the fullest possession of the antique gracefulness of line and form. His fine talent met with support and encouragement, while he was plentifully supplied with commissions to execute some of them of considerable importance, both from the government and the town of Brussels; for which latter he, with others, ornamented the noble portal of the town hall with eleven statues of great artistic merit.

In a contest of plastic art appointed by the Belgian government, Fraikin came off victorious over many very able competitors, by his well-known and greatly-admired sculpture of "*Love*," which he worked in marble for the public museum by order of government. This work, in delicacy of outline and gracefulness of posture, is one of the most beautiful that have been produced in any country during the last ten years.

The artist was now able to gratify a wish he had long cherished of visiting Italy. In the year 1846 he repaired thither, and remained there a year, studying and labouring with the greatest perseverance and assiduity. He returned home enriched with new views of art, having a better knowledge of his capabilities, and more skilful, if possible, in the practical part of his art. Scarcely had he arrived, when he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and the Fine Arts. Similar expressions of admiration for his rare talents and his exquisitely graceful productions were lavished upon him from all sides. In the year 1848 he completed his celebrated "*Psyche*," as a companion to his "*Love*," and was made a knight of the Order of Leopold.

His talent met with equally deserved recognition in foreign countries. The petty envy of rivals may have been excited by his appointment to prepare a statue for the Ostend civic authorities in memory of the Queen of Belgium, shortly after her lamented decease. But the result has proved the wisdom of those who selected him for that purpose. With cheerful courage and a genuine artistic inspiration, Fraikin set to work, and what he has achieved affords striking proof that he perfectly understood the task he had undertaken, and knew how to give perfect development to the beautiful conceptions which he had formed in his mind. The artist had the high satisfaction of learning that the committee appointed to examine his work pronounced it completely successful. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? It strikes every beholder at once as the production of an artist animated by a spirit of genuine devotion, and impressed with a deep sense of the dignity and importance of his art.

The queen, whose figure is an admirable portrait, strongly resembling the original, is on the eve of dissolution, and, in anticipation of future glory, is rising from her couch to grasp with her right hand the heavenly crown which an angel is bringing her from on high, with the golden palm of victory in the left hand, and overshadowing her with his outspread wings. The earthly crown has fallen off the queen's brow, who is striving with her right hand after the crown of immortality, which the heavenly messenger has brought. Her left hand, sinking down by her side, throws back the royal mantle which partly covers the couch, and out of it fall flowers and fruits, emblems of the deeds of her beneficent gentleness and philanthropy.

At the feet of the queen sits an earnest female figure, the hands folded in an attitude of devotion, looking up at the dying queen with an expression of intense grief. It is an allegorical representation of the city of Ostend, which is seated on the stern of an ancient vessel bearing the arms of the city. The head of the figure is adorned with a species of helmet in the shape of the national cap of the Ostend women, and surrounded with reeds. The mantle, which falls in richest folds, half covers the breastplate.

The whole group breathes an artistic harmony of the loftiest character. It bespeaks the simplest, and yet the noblest majesty; the several figures are particularly successful in elegance of outline, natural ease of attitude, and the subordination of the purely sensual, without, however, at all trenching upon the beauty of the sculpture.

The head of the queen is no less remarkable for its won-

derful fidelity than its beauty as a work of art; the posture is most pleasing and life-like; the attitude of the arms is at once pleasing and true to nature, and the whole drapery light and graceful. A mild and tender expression clothes the brow of the angel; the figure of whom is no less elegant in form

out all its parts, finely conceived and skilfully executed down to the minutest details. It is a real masterpiece of sculpture, which conveys the idea of the artist in the most expressive manner to all who are susceptible of artistic impressions. Both as a successful realisation of the sculptor's conception



deux MARX

A. VAN OSTADT P.

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THE STROLLING MUSICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADT.

than natural in attitude and drapery. The almost masculine earnestness in the head of the female figure which represents Ostend, forms a most striking and effective contrast to the other figures, and gives wonderful life to the whole group. In this figure a calm earnestness of pious resignation is most powerfully expressed.

The whole work is executed in a masterly manner through-

and in itself an exquisite piece of workmanship, it is a noble monument, well worthy of the object to which it is devoted. For centuries it will remain a fit emblem of the veneration of the Belgians for the departed queen, an honour to the state which cherishes her memory, and no less honourable to the established reputation of the artist whose creative genius and skilful hand gave it existence.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.



The number, the magnificence, and the vigour of the works of Peter Paul Rubens, tell us more of his life than any bio-



ographies ever can; yet, to write a complete history of that happy and brilliant life, which was one continual flow of prosperity, that never saw its course once troubled by the
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calamities of the civil war which desolated the great painter's country, it will be necessary to speak of the enlightened scholar, the skilful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world, as well as of the consummate artist.

Generally speaking, the life of a painter furnishes but very few materials for the pen of the biographer, and the anecdotes of the foibles and eccentricities that may be gleaned from inquiring into the domestic habits of most artists, are often too unimportant to interest the reader. It is, however, quite different with Rubens, whose life abounded in prominent events, and who, at one time, was seen exercising his art as a painter, and at another engaged in the cabinet, or on some important diplomatic mission; now admired and praised for the excellent productions of his pencil, and now honoured and dignified by sovereigns and potentates for his conduct as a statesman.

According to one account, Rubens was a native of Antwerp, but others say that he was born at Cologne. At the latter place, the traveller's attention is drawn to two German inscriptions on stone tablets, inserted in the front wall of a plain-looking house in the *Sternen Gasse*. The first of these inscriptions says that Peter Paul Rubens was born in this house; and the second, that Marie de Médicis, Queen of France, came to end her days there, in the very chamber which had witnessed the painter's birth.* Mockery of human greatness! The widow of Henri IV.; the daughter and

* It was M. Wallraff who had these two inscriptions put up in 1822. In the first are the words, "Our Peter Paul Rubens, the Apelles of Germany, etc.," which aroused the national jealousy of Belgium to the highest point.—(See for this an article on these inscriptions in the Ghent "*Messenger des Sciences et des Arts*;" bks. 9 and 10 of the old series, 1823).

mother of a king; the woman whom the painter delighted to represent, surrounded by the emblems of imperishable greatness, was destined to fall, one day, from the height of her grandeur and to die in exile, the sorrow attendant on which was still more embittered by poverty. At present, the house in the Sternens Gasse shelters the family and the bales of a merchant; and vulgar reality now sits behind a counter, in the place of the poetry of recollection.

The birth-place of Rubens long gave rise to much animated controversy. In order to prove that he was born at Antwerp, great stress has been laid on a passage in the life of Philip Rubens, brother to the painter, and celebrated as a learned antiquarian. We read in this biography, written by Jean Brandt, that the town-council of Antwerp sent to Rome for Philip Rubens, in order to confer on him the post of secretary; but that this office could only be filled by a person enjoying the freedom of the city, which was granted to natives of Brabant alone. It was, however, urged that an exception might be made in favour of so learned a man as Philip Rubens, though he was not born at Antwerp, which was the birth-place of all his brothers, of his sisters, of his father and mother, and ancestors; *ubi fratres* (and consequently Peter Paul Rubens) *sorores, uterque parens, aliiqve retro majores hunc aere primū hauerūt*.*

"There has been much discussion," says M. Emile Gachet, of the Royal Commission of History of Belgium, "about the mutual claims of Antwerp and Cologne, with respect to their being the birth-place of Rubens. It has been urged in favour of Antwerp, that if the church registers contain no record of his baptism, it is owing to the religious troubles in the midst of which he was born. It has also been asserted, that the most convincing proof that Antwerp was the birth-place of Rubens is, that, otherwise, he would not have been able to enjoy the freedom of that city, nor to belong, in consequence, to the corporation of painters. All these reasons yield, in our eyes, to the following facts: in the first place, the absence of any record on the church registers of Antwerp and of Cologne is explained, not only by the troubles which agitated the country, but also by the religion to which John Rubens, the father of the painter, belonged, and for which he expatriated himself.

"Secondly, with respect to the freedom of the city,—which we consider the more specious argument, it must certainly be allowed that it would be possible to find exceptions to the general rule, and that Rubens, on his return from Italy, merited more than any one else to have this rule infringed in his favour; and those who have read attentively the registers of the corporation of St. Luke, are well aware of this fact. Again, and this seems to decide the question, since it is true that John Rubens quitted Antwerp in 1568, and settled at Cologne, where he had, in 1574, a son named Philip, who was the elder brother of the painter (for this is an incontestable fact, which Jean Brandt has himself stated, in his biography of Philip Rubens, written and published in 1615), who will believe that Maria Pypelincx returned to Antwerp in 1577, for the express purpose of giving birth to Peter Paul Rubens, when it is stated that she only returned to that city, after the death of her husband, John Rubens, in 1587, and after it was restored to tranquillity? In a word, what plain-dealing man will not be satisfied with the contemporary testimony of Rubens' nephew himself, the author of the biography of the great artist, attributed for so long a time to Gevartius, but proved at last, by the Baron de Reiffenberg, to have been written by Philip Rubens.

"Peter Paul Rubens wrote as follows to George Geldorp, the painter, who had been commissioned to ask him for an altar-piece for St. Peter's church at Cologne:—'If I were to choose a subject to my taste, relating to St. Peter, I should take his crucifixion with his head downwards. It seems to me that I could accomplish something extraordinary out of this. But I will leave the choice of a subject to him who

defrays the expenses, and defer it to the time when we know what is to be the size of the picture. I have a great predilection for the city of Cologne, where I was brought up till the age of ten; and, for many years past, I have often felt a wish to see it again.' This letter," adds M. Emile Gachet, "clearly proves that Rubens did not present the picture of St. Peter to the church of Cologne, out of consideration for his having been baptised there, as has been pretended; but it is also far from furnishing arguments to those who maintain that Rubens was not born at Cologne, and however the expressions used by the painter may be turned and twisted about, it is impossible to translate, *Ich aldaer ben opgeroedt tot het tienste jaer myns levens*, otherwise than by *I was brought up at Cologne till the age of ten*. If this way of speaking does not imply that Rubens was born at Cologne, it, at least, renders his birth there very probable. Yet these are, at most, but puerile discussions."

In order to discover, in the life of the man, the secret of the works of the painter, the numerous critics and biographers of Rubens are divided in their opinion respecting his origin. Some say that he was a descendant of a noble family of Styria; that Bartholomew Rubens, his grandfather, accompanied Charles V. to the diet of Worms, and made a conspicuous figure among the first gentlemen of the emperor's court at Brussels. The sumptuous style which the painter has thrown into his works is, according to them, a sign of his noble origin, which, too, is further indicated by his constant presence at the different courts of Europe.

In speaking of Bartholomew Rubens, Smith says, in his "Catalogue Raisonné," that he "joined the suite of the Emperor Charles V. upon the occasion of his splendid coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1520; at the conclusion of which ceremony he accompanied the emperor to the diet at Worms, and subsequently took up his residence at Brussels." The court of Charles was then the most magnificent and brilliant in Europe; and the young Bartholomew, having the advantage of a good education, and possessing all the fashionable accomplishments of the time, attracted the admiration of such a court. He found no difficulty in forming an advantageous union with a lady of noble family, named Barbara Arens, surnamed Spirinck. The commerce and opulence of the city of Antwerp, at that period, brought together a confluence of merchants from all countries, consequently such gaiety and amusements as were well calculated to excite a disposition in the young couple to remove to that city: to this they were further induced, by its being the residence of some of their relatives. Of this union, in the month of March, 1530, was born John Rubens, the father of the artist. Gifted with a ready disposition to study, his acquirements in the knowledge of the sciences and polite literature were extensive; at the age of twenty-four, he went to Italy, where, during a residence of six years, he perfected himself in the several universities for the profession of a civilian, and took the degree of doctor of civil and canon law at Rome. Soon after his return to his native city, he married a lady of distinguished family, named Maria Pypelincx, daughter of Henry Pypelincx and Clara Tolon, and established himself at Antwerp, in the profession of the law. His erudition and prudence shortly acquired him distinction, and, in May, 1562, he was elected a councillor of the senate. About this period, the Low Countries were agitated by the Iconoclasts, whose zeal for the destruction of images was attended by persecution, pillage, and every description of disorder, creating dissension and misery among all classes. These disasters continuing for some time, induced John Rubens to quit the official situation which he had held six years, and to remove with his family to Cologne, preferring peace and tranquillity to the prospect of wealth.

Other writers assert that Rubens belonged to that semi-commercial, semi-plebeian race, which was characterised by its intelligence and its sensuality, its fondness for work, eagerness in the pursuit of gain, and greediness of honours, but whose fertile and vivacious genius was always void of elegance, or of anything approaching the ideal. It was owing to this,

* "Nouveaux Mémoires" of the Academy of Brussels, vol. vi.; "Généalogie de la Famille de Rubens," by the Baron de Reiffenberg.

† "Lettres inédites de P. P. Rubens," Brussels, 1840.

say the latter writers, that the activity of Rubens procured him such great riches, and enabled him to use such speed in the execution of his paintings, of which the number is so prodigious, and the dimensions so vast, that, if they were all joined together, they would suffice to decorate, so to say, the largest street of any large city. This, too, was the reason why Rubens was so fond of such red, fleshy forms, and such herculean muscles; why he evinced an exaggerated love for action, that smothered the thought of the artist beneath the weight of the matter; and produced saints with the forms of athletes, and women and virgins with the lusty, rubeund beauty of those viragoes of the people who fatten on the vapours of blood inhaled in the shambles.

But of noble or mean birth,* the origin of the painter will not suffice to explain his works. Genius may, doubtless, yield sometimes to the influence which surrounds it; but it is always strong enough to resist everything puerile.

The artist has, properly speaking, neither country nor family, when his works make the round of the world; for his soul is everywhere in each of his pictures. There exists a more influential power, which must have ruled the painter as it rules the world, and that is the organisation and temperament which are peculiar to every one.

There are two principles which are at constant warfare in man: his mind and his body. The strongest part of us subjugates the other, exaggerates its victory, and proclaims it in our works. Every religion has experienced that antagonism which Horace called the double man. Among the Pagans, matter predominated; and they consequently deified their physical enjoyments, Bacchus being identified with wine, and Venus with love. The Christians, on the contrary, by making the flesh subservient to the mind, showed their desire to glorify all austere virtues and to substitute elevated thoughts, free from matter, for the brutish personifications of Paganism. Thought had superseded animalism, and art was rising to moral grandeur. But every power tends to run into excess; and, in this case, nature, outraged by the too violent reaction of Christianity, was soon compelled to uphold the rights of the flesh. This struggle is still going on; and this is the cause of our difficulties with respect to art, of which the real solution is some day to be made apparent by the reconciliation of all the faculties of man.

It is a pretty general custom to divide the talents of mankind into intelligence and temperament, into men of thought and men of action. This is true with respect to painters. We must, therefore, examine their peculiar organisation and character, in order to discover the secret of their works, which, properly speaking, are nothing but true mirrors.

Rubens is Pagan by nature, temperament, and action.

The Flemish school of painting had preserved an original grandeur through the whole of the fifteenth century. Charmed

* Michel, De Piles, Van Grinberghe, and a crowd of other biographers, assert that Rubens was of noble origin. Deschamps, Felibien, Dargenville, Houbraken, etc., say nothing of his ancestors. The Baron de Reiffenberg read to the Academy of Brussels, in 1833, a genealogical memoir, of which the following is the title: "*Généalogie de la Famille de Rubens, tirée des Manuscrits et des Ouvrages imprimés de Rutkens Van der Leene, Le Roy, Foppens, de Vesiano, Hellin, etc.*"

It is there said that Bartholomew Rubens, of noble birth, a native of Styria, and who had settled in the Low Countries before the year 1528, married Barbararens, surnamed Spirinck, a native of Antwerp, by whom he had a son, named John Rubens, on the 18th of March, 1530. John married Maria Pypelinx. Their seventh child was Peter Paul Rubens, etc."—"Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles, vol. iii."

M. Gachard expresses himself as follows, in his pamphlet entitled, "*Particularités et Documents inédits sur Rubens, Bruxelles, 1842.*" "As Rubens was not noble, he could not be made Chamberlain, and as for the dignity of Councillor of State, it was reserved for the most eminent nobles of the country, such as the Prince of Orange, the Duke d'Archoot, the Count de Solre, etc." M. Gachard is right. We shall see, in the course of this biography, with what insolence the noble Duke d'Archoot treated the plebeian Rubens,

with simple doctrines and the beauties of Gothic art, it buried itself in contemplation at the bottom of cathedrals, full of intoxicating visions and mysterious terror. Painters having discovered, through their faith, the secrets of Christian art—the enemy of worldliness—had in consequence evinced great dislike for profane subjects. Their pious images, with their chastely arranged drapery, presented a double character of stiffness and *harshness*, which faithfully expressed the Christian religion, composed of severity and tenderness. The thin and transparent bodies of the apostles, the saints, the virgins, and the martyrs, seemed to be made of spiritual essence, while their soul shone like a sun in their features, surrounded by glories. But the troubles of the sixteenth century came to arouse art out of its mystic dreams; and the Flemish painters soon became realists and travellers. If a fervent master of the Flemish school had formerly undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land: its disciples henceforth preferred wandering through Italy, and plundering, like a swarm of bees, in every school. Abandoning themselves entirely to the inclination of their individual tastes, they imitated in turn Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Veronese. In his enthusiasm for Michael Angelo, Francis Floris exaggerated his forms, and, so to say, erected in painting the colossal figures which the great sculptor had carved in stone. Martin de Vos applied himself to the reproduction of the colouring of the Venetians, and Otto Venius strove to imitate the magic lights and ineffable softness of Correggio.

Such was the situation of Flemish painting at the time when Rubens appeared in the history of art.

In 1566, John Rubens, who was a councillor of the senate, lived peaceably at Antwerp with his wife, Maria Pypelinx, whom he had married on his return from a long stay in Italy. At that time, Philip II., king of Spain, was opposing, in the Low Countries, with the most barbarous oppression, the advances made by freedom of opinion, which the Belgian nobility, who were secretly leagued with the nobility of France, Germany, and Holland, defended against the Holy Inquisition. A murderous revolution was fermenting in the very heart of Flanders; the reformers, watched, followed from city to city, and tracked through the country and even into the very retreats afforded them by the woods, rose up in exasperated bands; fanatical orators excited their minds, and the orgies of revolt replied to the excesses of oppression. Reduced to exercise their condemned religion in the open air, in ravines and secluded places, the proscribed reformers gave vent to their feelings in the bosom of nature, that filled their wounded hearts with its wild inspirations. Their fury reached its highest pitch at the sight of the magnificent cathedrals where their implacable persecutors exercised a religion, the opulence of which formed so strong a contrast with their own misery. City artisans, mariners, and peasants, armed with scythes, hatchets and muskets, overran western Flanders, and carried devastation into the churches and convents; the altars of the churches were destroyed, the statues mutilated, the pictures carried about at the end of pitch-forks, and the books burnt, by order of preachers standing in the pulpits with a torch in their hands. St. Omer, Ypres, the Abbey of Wemelghem,† Menin, Communes, Warwick, and Lille, saw the work of destruction pass by like a torrent of lava, which, increasing as it went along, arrived at last at Antwerp. The feast of the Assumption was being celebrated in the midst of an immense assemblage of people, when the cathedral was suddenly invaded, the statue of the Virgin dragged, with a cord round its neck, about the building, and then decapitated, while a beautifully sculptured Christ was broken into a thousand pieces. The ground was watered, and shoes were cleaned with the wine and oil intended for religious purposes, and the sepulchres were broken open, so that the bones they contained might be scattered abroad, to the exclamation of *Long live the Queen!* which was the rallying cry of the infuriated crowd. The fine organ fell to pieces with a sigh; the large tapers of the cathedral lighted up the scene with their mystic

† Van der Wyck, *Histoire des Troubles des Pays-Bas.*

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

flames; the tocsin sounded; Antwerp trembled in the dark, and the sun rose on the ruins of seventy altars. Four days had sufficed for the spoliation of four hundred churches in Brabant and Flanders alone.

On hearing of these events, Philip the Second's rage was ungovernable; he sent into the revolted provinces the Duke of Alba, a man of the most implacable character, who carried extermination with him. At this juncture, the Belgian nobles, rising resolutely in arms, placed themselves at the head of the civil war; blood flowed in torrents in the public places and

On this occasion, the Prince de Chimay wrote to him as follows:—†

“Monsieur Rubens,—Le roi d'Espagne nous subjugue derechef par son barbare et tyrannique gouvernement dont ma mémoire est encore si fraîche, j'aimerois mieux de ma part d'endurer toutes traverses du monde, pour nous défendre jusqu'à la dernière goutte de mon sang, etc.”‡

John Rubens, who had a numerous family, preferred retiring, however, to Cologne, which he did in 1568; and it was



SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS. FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

on the battle-field; and the heads of Counts Horn and Egmont, with those of a great number of nobles and citizens, fell beneath the axe of the executioner. There was no longer any safety in the Low Countries for those suspected of attachment to the liberties of the public.* John Rubens felt that he was in danger. He was suspected of entertaining secret sympathy for the Martinists or Lutherans, and of conspiring with William the Taciturn.

* Van Hasselt, Hist. de Rubens.

there, in the ninth year of his exile, that his seventh child was born, on the 29th of June, 1577; and as this was the day on which the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul was solemnised,

† Biblioth. Antwerp.

‡ “Monsieur Rubens,—The King of Spain has again subjugated us by his barbarous and tyrannical government, of which I have so vivid a recollection; as for me, I would endure all sorts of hardships, in order to defend ourselves to the last drop of my blood, etc.”

the infant was baptised, in the name of both saints, at the church of St. Peter.

A great painter had been born, who, by his astonishing fecundity, was destined, not only to repair the disasters with which revolutionary times had visited the arts in his country,

executed everything he undertook in after-life. His aptitude for learning was cultivated with great care by his father, whose whole attention had been directed to the education of his children; but in 1587, Rubens lost his anxious parent, and Antwerp had now been enjoying tranquillity for two



THE SONS OF RUBENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

but also to enrich the churches, the museums, and the galleries of all Europe, from Rome to Paris, from London to St. Petersburg, and from Madrid to Vienna.

Peter Paul Rubens commenced his studies at the college of the Jesuits at Cologne, with the same facility with which he

years, his widowed mother returned to her native city, where she displayed the greatest skill in the recovery of a part of her husband's property, which had been seized and confiscated, at one time by the royalists, and at another time by the Iconoclasts, under the pretence that his emigration, without a

regular permission, was sufficient to implicate him in the conspiracies which then prevailed. It was, doubtless, from his mother that Rubens inherited that order, sagacity, and vigilance over his own interest, which, though they were the cause of his being so often accused of avarice and duplicity, made him so useful, in a political capacity, to the princes of the time, and above all to himself. On his approaching his sixteenth year, "he had made such progress in Latin, and other useful languages," says Smith, "that he was considered qualified to commence the study of the law, for which profession he was intended. At this period, an opportunity occurred of introducing him to the noble family of the Countess de Lalain, in quality of page, where he would have the advantage of observing the manners of polished society, and of obtaining that patronage which would tend to promote his future interests. His good sense and docility rendered a conformity to the rules of the establishment an easy task, and his quick apprehension enabled him to familiarise himself readily with the ceremonious style of the lofty Spanish nobility who figured at that period. This situation, however, was not to his taste; his predominant inclination for drawing, which had hitherto been indulged in only as an amusement, began to develop itself more decidedly; he became disgusted with the servility of his situation, and resolved to quit it, and pursue the study of the arts and polite literature. This resolution he took an early opportunity of communicating to his indulgent mother, who expressed unwillingness that he should follow a profession which she considered unworthy of his birth, observing that he was yet too young to choose for himself, and that his superior education entitled him to higher distinction than the pursuit of painting could procure. Notwithstanding this admonition, his natural attachment to the art, accompanied by a spirit of independence, induced him to reiterate his solicitations to his mother, to open to her his thoughts and anxious wishes, and, in conclusion, emphatically to declare that the situation of a page accorded so little with his tastes and feelings, that, however it might lead to honours and distinction, the summit of his ambition was to be a great painter, and in the pursuit of this object he would enjoy a life of liberty dearer to his heart than all the charms which his present situation might promise.

"This declaration made a suitable impression upon his parent, who was well acquainted with the predilection of her son for the fine arts; and it was agreed, after consulting the rest of the family, that he should be permitted to pursue the bent of his inclination. Having decided upon this, their next object was to find a suitable instructor for him, when a painter (whose only recommendation probably was an acquaintance with the family) of the name of Tobias Verhaert was accepted; but the penetrating scholar soon discovered his master's deficiencies, and quitted him to enter the school of Adam Van Noort," a painter of history, celebrated at Antwerp as a colourist.*

Van Noort was naturally of a rough temper, which alienated him from the love of his disciples and friends; Rubens studied under him for four years,† but being at last unable to bear his brutality any longer, he left this surly master to enter the school of Otto Venius, painter to the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, and to his consort Isabella. Otto Venius had received a learned education, which had been improved and rendered still more brilliant by his constantly residing at the different courts of Europe. Too erudite to be a man of originality and inspiration, Otto Venius was but a feeble imitator of Correggio, and it may be safely asserted that Rubens learnt hardly anything from him, with the exception of polished manners, an excessive love for letters, and a false taste for allegory. Rubens had been

* Ad picture studium impulsus a matre impetravit ut Adamo Van Noort pictori Antverpiensi instituendus traderetur.—Phil. Rub., Vita P. P. Rubenii; see "Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles," vol. x.; "Mémoire de M. le Baron de Reiffenberg."

† Sub hoc magistro (Van Noort) prima artis sue fundamenta per annos quatuor posuit.—*Ibid.*

working for nearly four years under his second master,‡ when, feeling a desire to commence more extensive and bolder studies, he resolved to set out for Italy. He was also urged to this step by Otto Venius himself, who had long since inflamed the young student's mind with a desire to visit that classic land, by his glowing descriptions of the glories of the great Italian masters. The value and importance of the contemplated journey were therefore duly laid before the young artist's mother, and her permission eagerly solicited, which, after some deliberation, was granted. On this, Otto Venius presented his pupil to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, who were so delighted with the elegant manners of the young painter, that they gave him letters of recommendation to several sovereigns. But, according to Bellori, Rubens possessed qualities which would have found him protectors wherever he went. "He was," says this writer, "tall, well made, of a fine florid complexion and a strong constitution; both mild and proud too, noble in his manners and distinguished in his dress; and he generally wore a gold chain round his neck, etc."§

Rubens quitted Antwerp for Italy on the 9th of May, in the year 1660, taking the road to Italy through France. "It would not be difficult," says Smith, "to imagine what was the subject of the thoughts of the young traveller during his long journey from Antwerp to Italy; they were doubtless fixed on the bright prospect before him; he was hastening to that classic country whose riches in art all concurred in praising, and which his imagination dwelt upon with delight. Plans were laid and resolutions formed for the regulation of his future conduct; these all related to his beloved art,—the idol of his constant adoration."

On arriving in Italy, it was Venice, which artists, poets, and travellers had, in their enthusiasm, pronounced to be the finest of all the cities of that country, that first attracted his ardent curiosity. While he was there studying the master colourists, a gentleman of the court of the Duke of Mantua, and who resided in the same hotel as the painter, expressed a wish to see him at work in his studio. The sight of a few half-finished pictures, and the conversation of the artist, quite fascinated the gentleman in question, who, on his return to Mantua a few days after, spoke of the talent and character of Rubens to the duke in such high terms, that the latter determined to send for him and to engage him in his service. Rubens therefore quitted Venice for Mantua, where the duke possessed a gallery full of the works of Giulio Romano. According to some biographers, and especially M. Van Hasselt, author of a conscientiously-written life of Rubens, but replete with national enthusiasm, the Flemish painter applied himself to imitating whatever fire the pictures of the duke contained, that is to say, those parts of them which spoke to his own feelings.

But where is there any fire to be seen in the works of Giulio Romano, and does this quality, which Rubens is generally admitted to possess, exist even in him? What connexion, too, is there between imitation and fire? The exclusive privilege of inspired natures, fire suffices of itself for the creation of the originality and glory of the greatest masters. Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and the modern Delacroix, are men of fire. In the intoxication of thought, the storm of the passions, the tumultuous ardour of everything that breathes, and the mysterious violence of all inorganic natures, fire torments alike man, animals, and the elements. It pours itself out of our hearts in love, hatred, and grief; starts from the bowels of the earth through the crater of the volcano, rushes along with the torrent, and traverses the heavens on the wings of the tempest. It was fire which made the hair of the sibyls stand up with holy horror, and which has, in all times, given audacity to the warrior, inspiration to the poet, exaltation to

‡ Deinde sub Ottonis Venii pictorum Belgicorum illo tempore principis disciplina alios quatuor annos ferè exegit.—*Ibid.*

§ "Fu egli di statura grande, ben formato et di bel colore, e temperamento; era maestoso insieme ed humano, e nobile di maniere e d'habiti, solito portare collana d'oro al collo, etc."

the believer, and heroism to the martyr. Giulio Romano never knew what fire was. With all his imagination, he never succeeded in freeing himself from the influence of Raffaele, his master, whose tranquil genius sought after the idealism of order and the harmony of lines. Of a calculating character in everything, cold in his disposition, and deprived, by his active life, of the benefits of retirement and contemplation—the source of all exalted thoughts,—Rubens possessed no more fire than Giulio Romano did. Excessive love for mythology and paintings of unlimited dimensions, admiration for Michael Angelo, and above all, that false grandeur which characterises the works of all the masters belonging to the epochs of decay in the arts, form the only analogy that it is possible to find existing between Rubens and Giulio Romano. The former is more life-like than the latter. His village fêtes, his hunts, a few scripture subjects, and his "Battle of the Amazons," possess, if not real fire, at least a material freedom and a boldness of execution which approach it. The first three pictures of Rubens were placed in the church of Mantua, and three others, "Christ crowned with Thorns," "The Crucifixion," and "St. Helena discovering the real Cross," were painted at the request of the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, to ornament the church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme, at Rome; the prince having borne the title of cardinal of that church, previously to his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. Following the generally forced conceptions of Tintoretto, Rubens has placed no nails in the feet of the Saviour; but has sacrificed Christian tradition to the wish of showing the convulsions of physical death as energetically as possible.*

While Rubens remained at Mantua, the duke's treatment of him was most flattering. From his first interview with that prince, the painter had produced on the former's mind a very favourable impression, which was afterwards augmented by the learning displayed by Rubens in conversation. Endowed with great quickness of apprehension, having an extensive knowledge of foreign languages, and possessing a handsome person and elegant manners, he quite gained the esteem of the duke, who often honoured him with his visits. On one occasion, as he was engaged in painting a picture of the history of "Turnus and Æneas," and, in order to warm his imagination, repeating with energy the lines of Virgil, commencing—

Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet, etc.,

the duke suddenly entered the room, and exclaimed: "Bravo! Rubens, the subject is excellent."

Some time after, he was employed by the duke on a secret mission to the Court of Spain, and set out under the pretext of offering a splendid carriage and seven superb horses to the king, Philip III., and some rich presents to the Duke of Lerma, his prime minister.†

Rubens' reception at the court of Madrid was highly flattering. The king entered freely into conversation with him on the subject of his mission, questioned him on the motive of his journey to Italy, and took a survey of the state of affairs in the Netherlands; and Rubens spoke so eloquently on each subject, that his Majesty, in his letters to the Duke of Mantua, expressed his satisfaction of the envoy in the highest terms.

During his stay at Madrid the king sat to him for his portrait, and so did several of the nobility. When he took leave of his Majesty, the latter gave him assurances of his high satisfaction, and sent him some costly presents by the Duke of Lerma.

* These three works afterwards found their way into England. The second, which was bought by Count de Woronzow in 1821, was lost at sea. Van Hasselt, "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Rubens," in 8vo. Bruxelles, 1849; page 19.

† Missus est in Hispaniam . . . ut regi catholico Philippo redam pulcherrimam et septem generosissimos equos offerret, etc.—(Philippe Rubens, Vit. P. P. Rub. in the "Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles.")

The ability Rubens had displayed in conducting the secret mission entrusted to his care, had prepared him an honourable reception from the duke, on his return to Mantua. But, however flattering the honours heaped upon him might be, they did not detach him from the principal object of his journey to Italy; and having now passed more than three years at Mantua, he felt desirous of visiting the other cities of that country, and particularly Rome. During his stay in the last named city, he painted several pictures for the Pope, the Cardinals Chigi, Rospiglioso, Colonna, the Princess of Scalamarre, and the fathers of the oratory. The influence produced on him by the grand style of Michael Angelo was so immense, that he never after succeeded in freeing himself from it. From Rome he went to Florence, where his appearance was hailed with delight by many celebrated persons; he also received a hearty welcome from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who honoured him with a long audience, and finished by asking him for his own portrait, to be placed in the public picture gallery of the city, as it was customary to have the portrait of every distinguished painter, executed by his own hand, hung in that gallery. During his residence in this city, he painted several excellent pictures for the grand duke, and was also much employed by a great many of the nobility. The magnificent Florentine gallery of paintings and antique statues excited in him the most enthusiastic admiration, and frequently engaged his pencil; but although his subsequent productions possess but very few of the beauties of the antique, his notions of form having been vitiated by early impressions, "yet there is," says Smith, "occasionally in his works sufficient to prove that he was not insensible to the grace and majesty of the Greek sculptures." The same success which had hitherto waited on him everywhere else attended him here; and, on his departure from Bologna, the grand duke expressed his satisfaction to him in the highest terms, and presented him, among other valuable things, with his own portrait suspended to a gold chain.

Rubens did not stay long at Bologna, for the correct outline and the solemn composition of the Carracci had nothing in common with his genius, which had a horror of simplicity.

He now returned again to Rome, in order to fulfil some previous engagements, and terminate some unfinished paintings. The Flemish school of painting seems to have been greatly admired there, either for its colouring or its novelty. By order of Pope Paul V., Rubens now executed a painting for the oratory of the church of Monte Cavallo, representing "The Virgin and St. Anne adoring the infant Saviour." He also painted several pictures for the palaces of many cardinals and noblemen.

Being desirous of visiting Milan, he left Rome for that city in the beginning of 1607, where he executed many magnificent paintings. He copied the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, and painted for the Ambrosian library a picture of "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus," which his friend, Velvet Breughel, encircled with a garland of flowers. He then hastened to Genoa, the opulence and activity of which reminded him of Antwerp, and urged him onward in his pursuit of gain. His reputation had preceded his arrival: senators, nobles, and merchants, all invited him to splendid banquets, and contended with one another for the possession of his pictures and portraits, for which they offered enormous sums. The artist painted the churches and palaces of Genoa, which were afterwards engraved and published at Antwerp, under the title of "Palazzi antichi e moderni di Genova raccolte disegnati da Pietro Paulo Rubens." He also painted, for the Jesuits' church, two large pictures representing "The Circumcision," and "St. Ignatius healing the diseased."

The immense number of portraits and historical pieces which he painted in this city, caused him to make a longer stay there than he had made in any other place, with the exception of Mantua. But while thus engaged, the melancholy intelligence arrived that his mother was dangerously ill. He immediately set off for Antwerp; but arrived too late ever to see her again. A tomb in the church in which she was buried records that she died on the 14th of November, 1608, at the age of seventy.

Rubens had passed eight years in Italy, under the constant protection of the Duke of Mantua, in roaming from city to city to visit every school, and to inspect every *chef-d'œuvre*. Endowed with great activity, a capacious memory, and with such power of assimilation as was unknown perhaps before his time—an Italian in Italy, and a Spaniard in Spain—his flexi-

never possible for him to prevent himself from feeling the greatest aversion for those whose temperament was opposed to his own. After the death of his mother, Rubens, in order to give free vent to his grief, withdrew for four months into the Abbey of St. Michael, where she had been interred. He was then seized with profound melancholy, was harassed by a con-



PEACE CONCLUDED.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

bility of character never changed his Flemish nature, nor diminished in the least his native originality. Though he has often employed the greatest skill to give the appearance of creative genius to recollection and imitations, though he has sucked, so to say, the marrow of the greatest masters, while still remaining himself, it must also be owned that it was

tinual yearning to see Italy again, and was preparing to return there, when the Archduke Albert—who was desirous of keeping near him the painter, and above all the diplomatist at a time when Spain was in so difficult a position with respect to Holland—attached him to his service by a good pension, or a gold chain, according to the expression of Philip

Rubens; his nephew and biographer.* In order to escape the bustling gaiety of the court of Brussels, Rubens reserved himself the right to reside in general at Antwerp, where he promised to keep himself in readiness to answer the first summons of his prince, and as the truce of 1609, signed at Antwerp and the Hague, gave him hope that his country, so long disturbed by war, was at last about to enjoy a few years of tranquillity, he married the daughter of a rich senator of

reached by a regal staircase, the artist placed all the rich objects of art he had accumulated in his travels; pictures, antique statues, busts, bas-reliefs, medals, onyxes and agates, were all collected there; and, to the end of his days, the painter kept faithful correspondents in Italy, who were constantly making fresh acquisitions for him. Duquesnoy, the poet, his countryman and friend, was more particularly entrusted with the care of making these selections. The fortune



THE VISITATION. - FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

Antwerp, Isabella Brandt, a robust beauty, whose portrait has too often usurped in his works the place of elegance and grace. Rubens bought a large house in the place de Meer, and had it entirely rebuilt in the Italian fashion; between the court-yard and the garden was a rotunda with arched windows, surmounted by a lantern tower. In the museum, which was

of the painter increased with his fame, and "there was no prince or amateur who was not desirous of possessing something executed by him."†

The construction of his house was the singular cause which gave birth to one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, namely, "The Descent from the Cross," for the cathedral of Antwerp. About the

† Sandrart.

* Aureis vineulis ligantur.

year 1610, Rubens bought part of a piece of land which belonged to the brotherhood of Gunsmiths. In order to enlarge his ground as much as possible, and at the least possible cost, the painter encroached on the land of his neighbours. The consequence was that an action was about to be brought against him, when his friend, M. de Rockox, who had been burgomaster, and was then captain of the brotherhood, exhorted his fellow-members to a reconciliation, and it was agreed that the painter should execute a picture for the chapel they had in the cathedral. The subject chosen was one of the principal features in the life of St. Christopher, the patron-saint of the brotherhood. Adhering to the etymology of the word Christopher (from the Greek *Χριστὸν φέρειν*), Rubens conceived the idea of his "Descent from the Cross," in which are assembled all the personages who have carried Jesus in the course of his mortal life; on the interior of the doors which cover the painting are, the "Visitation of the Virgin to Elizabeth," and the "Presentation in the Temple;" and on the exterior of the doors are, "St. Christopher and a Hermit" attempting, by the aid of a lantern, to pass the ford of a river.*

* Extract from the registers of the brotherhood of the Gunsmiths of Antwerp, respecting the transaction with Rubens about the picture of "The Descent from the Cross," placed over their altar in the cathedral:—

On the 7th of September, 1611, the deed concerning the said picture was signed by Peter Paul Rubens, and the above gentlemen, in presence of Nicholas Rockox, their captain and former burgomaster.

Spent in wine for the pupils, at the three visits paid to the panels, in the house of the aforesaid Rubens	fl.	kr.
.. .. .	9	10

In 1612, the said picture was removed from the house of the aforesaid Rubens, into the chamber of the aforesaid brotherhood.

Item: paid at different times for the removal of the aforesaid panels; for the carriage of the materials for the scaffolding; for the removal of things from the studio to the vestibule, etc., and from thence into the chapel, etc.; and for the delivery of the materials, the wages of the workmen, the appraisers, and contractors	176	14
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Item: on the 8th January, 1615, an agreement was made with Peter Paul Rubens and David Remecus, gilder, concerning their works and labour in presence of the brotherhood, and were then expended	46	18
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Item: on the same day, paid as an instalment to the aforesaid Peter Paul Rubens	1000	0
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Item: paid to David Remecus, for gilding the frames of the picture and nearly the whole of the two doors	110	0
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Item: paid, in the year 1615, for 323 pots of beer, consumed by the workmen while constructing the wall	40	2
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N.B. Of the above sum, the aforesaid Peter Paul Rubens is to pay the half, but nothing more.

Item: paid, in the year 1615, for a pair of gloves, presented to the wife of the aforesaid Peter Paul Rubens	8	10
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[Here follow other expenses, which we do not mention, and which are in the agreement.]

Item: on the 16th of December, 1622, President Jean de Lesse drew up a general account of his administration, and delivered to the chamber the full receipt of Peter Paul Rubens, painter, in which the latter acknowledges having received the sum of 2,400 fl., in full payment for the picture placed over the altar, on the 16th of February, 1621.

Collected and compiled from the registers of the brotherhood of the Gunsmiths of Antwerp, by the undersigned, secretary to the said brotherhood.

F. B. BELTENS.—(Translated from the Flemish.)

Antwerp, July 27th, 1771.

The principal subject is composed of nine figures; two workmen, placed at the top of two ladders, are lowering the body of our Saviour, by means of a shroud, which one of them is holding in his teeth and the other with his left hand. Firmly supported by the arms of the cross, they are leaning over, so that with their other hands they may steady the body, which John, with a foot on the ladder and his back bent in, clasps as tightly as possible. One of the feet of Christ rests on the fine shoulder of the Magdalene, and brushes her golden hair. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, placed opposite each other on the middle of the ladders, form, with the two workmen in the upper part of the picture, a square of robust but vulgar figures. The Virgin is standing at the foot of the cross, and is stretching her arms towards her son, while Salome, crouched down, is raising her dress. On the ground is seen a scroll, a copper vase containing some coagulated blood, the crown of thorns, and the nails used for the crucifixion.

The populace, always delighted with the sight of an execution, have just departed from Golgotha at the close of day. The sky, which is dull and dark—indicating the solemn grief of nature for the sacrifice on Mount Calvary—is traversed by a light which falls on the shoulders of one of the workmen, whose bold attitude reminds you of the composition of Daniele da Volterra. If this light were single and wider, "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, would have a certain amount of resemblance to the style of Rembrandt; but the colour of the flesh of Christ, which is opposed to the brilliancy of the shroud, produces here a predominant colour to which the small lights, which pass over the head and shoulders of the Magdalene, and the faces of Mary, Salome, and Joseph, are, according to the Venetian manner, made subservient. For the most part, Rembrandt employed only one mass of light; Rubens and the Venetians, on the contrary, used several lights skilfully graduated, and they were also accustomed to give their figures relative places in the composition, without entirely sacrificing any one of them.† But the greatest effects are always produced by painters who are not afraid of making sacrifices, and this Rembrandt has victoriously proved. By concentrating his thoughts and his entire soul on the one principal point of his picture, he draws the soul of the spectator towards it by the most irresistible fascination. Rubens, who, on the contrary, likes to sacrifice nothing, soon fatigues your attention, by calling it at the same time to all parts of his canvas, throughout which there exists an equal amount of interest. If his figures are executed in a superior manner, not one of them entrances us by the elevation of its character; when, too, his pictures are inundated with light, we never know whence it comes, and we are inclined to believe that the painter was accustomed to work in the open air. In spite, therefore, of his admirable success in the movement of his groups, the splendour of his decorations, and the limpidness of his grounds, he is inferior in the study of types, and in the expression of the passions of the soul, which, flying from the noise and bustle of the world, loves to retire into the mysterious shades of meditation. Rembrandt, who was naturally

† "When I was at Venice," says Reynolds, "the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this. When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject, or the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few experiments, I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and the secondary lights; another quarter to be as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or half-shade.

"Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less—scarce an eighth; by this conduct, Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant."—*Notes on the Art of Painting.*

pensive, seems to have painted his sublime ideas and hallucinations from the bottom of a prison: his general lights, rendered so brilliant by his ambient shades, seem to be the road taken by the apparitions which visited him, and the trace left by the soarings of his soul; while those unexpected lights which he has introduced into his pictures are the flashes of his impassioned genius that was as concentrated as the focus of the lens of Archimedes.

Though admirable in execution, and prodigious in colour, the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, has, however, nothing Christian about it. Look at that drooping head, those flabby, ponderous limbs, that representation of real death, and you will immediately say, that it is not Christ sleeping the sleep of three days, but a Hercules whose eyes are closed by death for ever. Dissolution has already begun there: the corpse is about to be changed into the elements whence it sprang, and dust to be returned to dust; from pagan death there is no resurrection, and nothing beyond the tomb. Then, again, look at that lusty matron, clothed like those mourners whom the ancients hired to weep at their funerals, and intended for the Virgin, whose faith and resignation ought to stifle all her sobs. How much better did Lesueur comprehend the poetry of Christianity! In the same subject, he is as superior to Rubens for suavity of feeling as he is inferior to him for boldness, brilliancy, and vigour. The force of Lesueur's production is doubtless weakened by the way in which the personages are dispersed; but then how expressive is each head! There, faith has overcome grief, as Christ will triumph over death. Do you not already see too, in Lesueur's painting, the soul of the Saviour shining, like the flame of a sacred lamp, through his transparent body? The head, slightly inclined, appears as if it were asleep only. But it must be owned that Lesueur would have never dared to place the colour of Christ's flesh by the side of a shroud of such dazzling whiteness as that of Rubens, who made it his delight to overcome all difficulties. Titian himself would not have attempted it, without having first flattened the white with one of those golden tints which he seemed to borrow from the rays of the setting sun.

But what do all these mystic dreams matter to Rubens? Is he not the painter of life, of vigorous life, the poet of hearty health, that has never faded from the fever of thought? Do you think that he admired the old Flemish masters with their emaciated saints? Strong and robust figures, boatmen, blacksmiths, and Flemish peasants will now ever live on his canvas as the representatives of apostles, saints, martyrs, or executioners. Jupiter, Hercules, Antinous, and Mercury there lend their features, in turn, to the God of Christians; while the Loves and the Angels, represented by chubby, round-headed Belgians, are scarcely able to find support upon their wings.

It could not, however, be expected that the fame acquired by Rubens would fail of exciting the envy and even the injustice of his contemporaries. His mode of living at Antwerp was the beau-ideal of an artist's existence. His house possessed such a collection of works of art, of pictures, statues, busts, vases, and other objects of curiosity and elegance, as gave it the appearance of a princely museum. His establishment also comprehended a collection of wild beasts, which he kept as living models for those hunting pieces, and other representations of savage animals which have never been surpassed. Owing no doubt, in a great measure, to the splendour with which he was surrounded, Rubens found himself all at once assailed by those who were most indebted to him for assistance. It was insinuated with the most audacious effrontery that he owed the best part of his reputation, in the great variety of works for which he was celebrated, to the talents of his pupils, Synders and Wildens, whom he occasionally employed in forwarding the animals and landscapes in some of his pictures. Cornelius Schut, who was in want of employment, accused him of want of invention; Abraham Jansens had the hardihood to defy him at a trial of strength; and even Theodora Rombouts ventured to vilify his works. Rubens replied to their accusations in a manner worthy of a great artist. He relieved the necessities of Schut, by pro-

curing him employment; to the challenge of Jansens, he good-humouredly said, "that his pictures had long since passed the ordeal of the connoisseurs of Italy and Spain, and that Jansens was at liberty to expose his in the same way, when and wherever he pleased;" and he replied to the sarcasms of Rombouts by exhibiting his famous "Descent from the Cross." And the more effectually to establish his claim to the title of universal painter, he finished with his own hands some of his most admirable landscapes, his lion-hunts, and other miscellaneous subjects, and thus covered his calumniators with shame and confusion.

Rubens' mode of working now was to make small sketches, slightly but distinctly; these were delivered to his pupils, who executed pictures from them on a larger scale, which they carried forward almost to the last stage, when Rubens took them up himself. He himself never painted without having read to him some passages of history or of poetry, and this constant accumulation of knowledge had enriched his mind with inexhaustible resources.

For the success of the various negotiations entrusted to him by the Archduke and the Infanta Isabella, Rubens was often beholden to his pencil, and his frequent presence at the different courts increased the brilliancy of his style, which was naturally sumptuous. It was near 1619. The truce of twelve years, signed between Spain and Holland, had almost expired. Drained of its resources, Belgium longed for peace. The national party alone was aroused to activity by the voice of Barneveldt, who soon died upon the scaffold with a stoicism worthy of the times of antiquity. The field was now left open to the intrigues of the Prince of Orange; devoured by ambition, Maurice harboured the project of secretly allying himself with Spain, and the Archduke Albert lent a complaisant ear to his insinuations. But, seduced by the illusion of an alliance with England, Philip III. would listen to no one but the Count of Gondomar, his ambassador at London. The latter gave him to understand that the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., was determined on making a descent into Holland in favour of Spain, and on demanding the hand of the Infanta in marriage; while, on his side, Louis XIII., in order to counterbalance the influence of England united to that of the French Protestants, proposed to the King of Spain an offensive alliance against Holland, that focus of heresy. During Philip III.'s hesitations, the Archduke Albert redoubled his efforts in order to affect a pacification between the two countries. A lady of the name of Tserclaes, of noble birth, a firm Catholic, and already advanced in age,* served as an intermediary between him and the Prince of Orange, who had now only to be satisfied respecting the price of his defection, when the King of Spain was overtaken by death. Peace was so imperiously necessary to the belligerent parties, that hostilities were not begun immediately on the expiration of the truce; the negotiations were continued, and Rubens and the lady named Tserclaes were the principal agents employed to carry them on. The former had the hope of surrounding Isabella with a national party free from Spanish influence, and capable of restoring riches and repose to disconsolate Belgium. These were the motives which actuated Rubens in imposing silence on all his other feelings of patriotism; in him, the artist outweighed the citizen. The complications of the thirty years' war, and the elevation of Richelieu to power, had increased the difficulties attending the negotiations. The Sieur de Baugy, a Frenchman, residing at Brussels, denounced the influence exercised by the painter on the mind of Isabella as dangerous, and attributed all his political manoeuvres to his love of money. The Sieur d'Espesses, another of Richelieu's emissaries, and who resided at the Hague, declared him to be a plotter of intrigues, and asserted that the lady named Tserclaes was his tool.

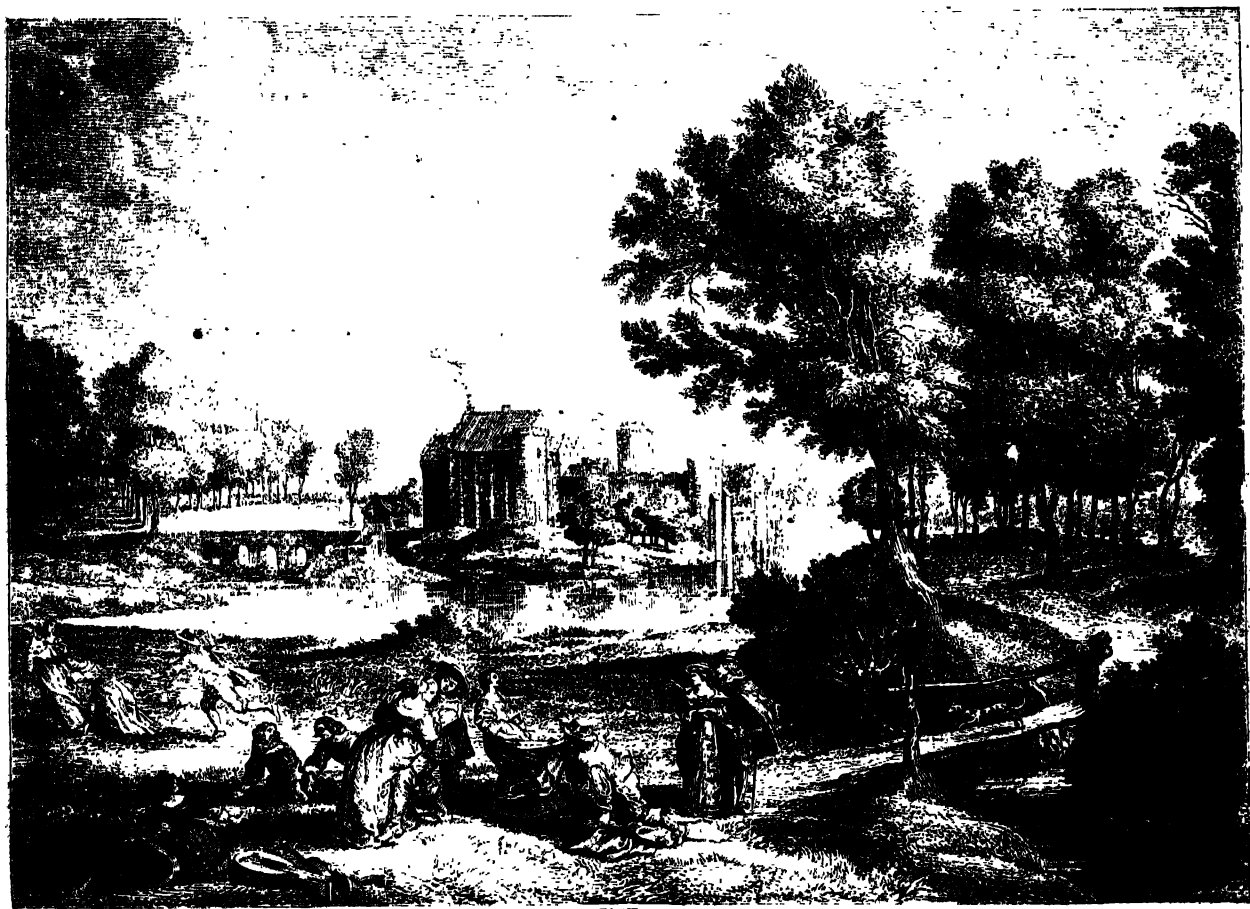
All these circumstances did not prevent Rubens from still devoting a great deal of time to painting; but it would nevertheless be a mystery how he managed to execute so many works, if we were not acquainted with his mode of life. He

used to rise at four in the morning, attend mass, and then enter his studio. As he greatly dreaded the influence exercised by good living on the imagination, he was always very frugal in his diet. In the evening, when it was fine, he generally rode round the ramparts of Antwerp, on one of those spirited Andalusian horses which, with their gracefully-formed necks and tails touching the ground, served him as models. He seldom paid visits to any one, but always gave a hearty welcome to those who came to his own house. The supper-hour was usually enlivened by the presence of his friends, chiefly of men learned in letters or eminent as painters; among the former were Gaspard Gevartius and Nicholas Rockox. He also kept up an extensive correspondence with the artists and learned men of every country; in Italy, with Jerome Oleander and Duquesnoy, the sculptor; and in France, with Dupuy and De Thou, the former of whom is so celebrated

What a love for a learned fossil! Peiresc was desirous of going to Flanders to visit Rubens, but above all to see Chrysippus.

"I cannot," continued he, "be sufficiently grateful for his politeness, nor speak highly enough of his great virtue and eminent qualities, both with respect to his profound erudition and surprising knowledge, and to his dexterity and skill in affairs of the world; neither can I sufficiently praise the excellence of his touch, and the great charm of his conversation, which afforded me such pleasure as I had not experienced for some time past."

It was through Peiresc that Rubens obtained a privilege for the sale of his engravings in France, but which afterwards gave rise to a law-suit, in which he was accused of draining the kingdom, by means of his plates, of enormous sums of money. Rubens and Peiresc mutually informed each other of political



CHATEAU OF RUBENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

in literature, and the latter so well known by his tragical end; but his principal correspondent was Peiresc, the illustrious antiquary of Provence, whom Balzac styled, in his valuable letters, *a piece of the wreck of antiquity, a relic of the golden age*. "I have seen with the greatest pleasure," wrote the candid Peiresc to the mayor of Antwerp, "the inventory of the cabinet of M. Rubens, to whom I beg you to present my most humble thanks for all the polite offers he has deigned to make me. I will do my utmost to be of use to him in whatever he employs me, being unable sufficiently to admire the richness of his figures. I should like to make a journey into your country, to obtain a sight of them, and, above all, of the fine heads of Cicero, Seneca, and Chrysippus, of which I should not be able to steal a little sketch, if he allowed me." *

Lettre à Peiresc.

† To the same.

news, of the progress made in literature, the arts and sciences, and were continually sending one another publications written in every language of Europe. At one time, Rubens was delighted by receiving from his friend inscriptions and impressions taken from antique stones and cameos, *la diva vilea con ale di papilion*; † and at another time, it was Rubens who sent to Provence the mechanism of *perpetual motion*, discovered by one of his friends, and which filled him with enthusiasm. Then he afterwards launched into dissertations on his theory of the human figure, on chemical operations, hermaphrodites, the marriage of the sun with the moon, and the harmony of worlds. Aspirations of intelligence towards the regions of the absolute, whither all human notions, similar to the rays of the sun, converge towards eternal truth! But Rubens soon again became a positive being and a man of the world. According to his "Theory of the Human Figure," which is a misad-

laneous collection of personal reminiscences and opinions that Rubens wrote on the margin of his sketch-books, man made in the image of God is the prototype of beauty in this world; the beauty of woman is of a second order only, 'a derivative from the beauty of man, though it surpasses the latter in elegance and grace. From the time of his first fall, man is there said to have remained in a continual state of gradual degeneracy, and to have henceforth borrowed from anima's their features and instincts. This is one of the numerous contradictions of Rubens, who will shortly tell us, first of all, that the type of man is absolute, and independent of his nature; and then he will go on to say that he is composed of all the elements of the universe. He ascribes the formation of the human figure to the three geometrical principles of the cube, the sphere, and the pyramid. The sphere presides over

are prominent, the thighs thick, and they decrease in the form of a pyramid down to the foot, the heel of which is well developed. The muscles are tumular in shape.

The third type is distinguished by a more spare habit of body, by the largeness of the bones, the length of the head, the development of the arms, the thighs, and the legs, by the flatness of the stomach, the firmness of the flesh, and the prominence of the tendons, which resemble cords, and raise the skin that covers them. The gladiator aiming a blow at his adversary, while guarding himself from the one with which he is threatened, is an example of this type.

A fourth model of physical vigour only exists, according to Rubens, in the imagination of artists: this is Christ—the Christ to whom the painter lends, in the course of his works, the thunder-bolts of Jupiter to chastise the world with!



THE RAINBOW. —FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

the formation of the head, the cube over that of the trunk, and it is according to the principles of the pyramid that the limbs of men gradually taper in bulk towards their extremities. From the cube proceed strong and robust bodies, heroes, and athletes. The ancients recognised three types of force.

The first type is represented by the Farnese Hercules, to which the sculptor has given the most characteristic features of the lion, the bull, and the horse; for the hair of Hercules bears a perfect resemblance to the mane of the lion and the horse, his forehead takes after that of the bull and the lion, while the nape of his neck, with the part where it joins the shoulders, is as fleshy and muscular as the neck of the bull.

The second type, which is superior in elegance to the first, has more elevation in the breast, more firmness in the muscles of the stomach, wider shoulders, and longer arms. The hips

From the sphere are derived the round forms of woman! the elevation of the back, the shoulders, the breast, the stomach, and all her outlines. In imitation of the statues of antiquity, it is here said that beauty ought to be neither thin nor stout. Firm flesh, both white and of a pale red, a mixture of roses and lilies, of milk and blood: a graceful face; a white, slender neck, as flexible as the swan's; wide shoulders; a round arm; a soft, long hand and fingers; a smooth, full and somewhat prominent bosom, with firm breasts, slightly separated; the lower part of the back strong, and thin at the waist, with the bust nearly triangular; the stomach firm; the upper part of the back flat, but bending in towards the middle; depressed shoulders; strong thighs; a round knee; a stout leg, tapering gracefully down to the foot, which must be small and high in the instep—such ought, in the eyes of Rubens, to be

the beauty of woman. And yet he has too often given her masculine forms, and has ever chosen his virgins among those rubicund, large-limbed beauties that are employed to represent Liberty and Republics. To be convinced of this, you have only to look at the picture representing "The Entombment," where you will see that the Magdalene is a strapping wench from a Flemish tavern. Her hair, which grows low down her enormous neck, touches the ground, after falling over her eyes which are streaming with tears. She is kneeling down, and holds in her hands the nails used for the crucifixion, while Mary, with her mouth wide open, is bellowing out her maternal grief.

This Latin manuscript was copied by Mr. Maurice Johnson, of Spalding in Lincolnshire, and presented by him to the society of Antiquaries. It is said that the original is at Paris, but we have neither been able to find this nor another work, entitled "De Coloribus," and attributed to Rubens. Towards the end of 1772, Jombert, a bookseller at Paris, bought at the Huquier sale, a collection of copper-plates engraved after the drawings of Rubens, and a collection of Latin annotations which had already been translated into French, but very badly. Jombert had them translated again; but he carried his ignorance so far as to suppress, under the pretext of their being dreams, two chapters by Rubens, one of which treated of the cabala and chemistry, and the other of the primitive formation of man, first created an hermaphrodite, and then divided into two sexes, as is seen in the "Drama of Human Life," by Giorgione, and in the marriage of the moon with the sun. But Cardan, Albert Durer, Paolo Lomazzo, Vincent Scamozzi, and many others, had already formed theories of the same kind.

"Those large harmonious proportions which Lomazzo discovers in the human body by the numbers and tones of music," says Hilaire Pader, his translator, "testify to the perfect symmetry of our little world: this is why man is called the most perfect work of nature, the image of his Creator, the king of animals, who contains within himself the four elements; so that music not only finds in him the division of its tones, and geometry its points, lines, and figures; but astrology finds its stars there, philosophy its matter and its form, and chemistry the difference between its vessels and its furnaces; and do not be astonished that I have introduced chemistry, for if your nature is not chemical, you will never make a good painter.

"Ships, barks, galleys, and the like, are drawn from the human body, like Noah's ark. Those who measured our little world divided the body into six feet, the foot into six degrees, and the degree into five minutes, which made the number of sixty degrees, or of three hundred minutes, which they compared to as many geometrical cubits, by which Noah's ark was also described by Moses; for, as the human body is three hundred minutes long, fifty wide, and thirty high, the ark was three hundred cubits long, fifty wide, and forty high."* This book, a mere extract from the large manuscript in which Rubens must have placed a particular article of his will, and which we sought for in vain, is almost entirely void of sense and logic.

Another book of studies has been engraved in twenty sheets by P. Pontius; and a third one, wrongly attributed to Vandyck, who only furnished two heads for it, by the Comte de Caylus.†

In the "Flight into Egypt" (p. 240), the Virgin, who is enveloped in a hood, is of such gigantic proportions, that she resembles those stone statues which have mural crowns upon their heads to represent cities. But then it is certainly the duty of the Virgin to protect the Infant Jesus and St. Joseph against any accidents which might happen to them on the way. The Holy Family is walking in the moonlight, which might even be taken for day, in consequence of the strong light thrown into this picture by its bold and brilliant colouring.

Théorie de la Figure Humaine, etc., 1778, in 4to, Paris, Bert.

Basan, "Dict. de Grav.," p. 224.

Marie de Médicis, having been at last reconciled to her son at Angoulême, and having returned to Paris, in 1620, was desirous of enriching her palace of the Luxembourg with the works of a great painter; and sent for Rubens, on the recommendation of the Baron de Vicq, then ambassador from the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella to the court of France.

Rubens lost no time in presenting himself at the house of the baron, by whom he was introduced to the queen, who honoured him with an order for twenty-one pictures, illustrative of the most important events of her life.

He immediately acquainted himself with the history of Marie de Médicis, arranged all the principal events in due order, made spirited sketches of each subject (which are now in the Munich Gallery), and gave them to his pupils to work from, under his continual superintendence. Instead of a real history, however, the painter composed a sort of allegorical poem, each picture of which forms a canto. The whole is a fantastic and turbulent production, in which divinities, with the elements and abstract ideas, are embodied in diverse personages, placed on earth, in the bosom of the ocean, in Olympus and Christian heaven, in the regions of mythology, and the history of France. The predominant passion of the epoch was a passion for allegory. We have already seen that Rubens had imbibed a taste for it from his master, Otto Venius, who wrote on this subject a book illustrated with figures, but which, if we are to believe Reynolds, is, at most, fitted to amuse children. Rubens was prodigal of emblems, and peopled the earth, heaven, and the sea with personages who are astonished at thus seeing themselves assembled. Some are entirely naked, and make a parade of their vigorous frames, which appear animated with real blood, while others, enveloped in flowing drapery, presume on their splendour to take the most haughty airs. Satin, velvet, gold, and precious stones abound beneath the light which they reflect, or of which they drink the rays. But who could, from the first glance, distinguish, without a guide-book, the sense of these allegories, which are ingenious and gross in turn?

The woman playing the violoncello is harmony tuning all the faculties of the princess. The three Fates, those cruel sisters, but who are here represented by three smiling females, are spinning golden days for the child beloved by the gods: Mercury is descending with Eloquence from the heavens; and the fountain of Castalia is pouring forth the poetry of its waters.

Look, too, at Jupiter and Juno, seated on the clouds. They are talking of the marriage of the Florentine princess with Henri. Gentle conspiracy! Love has presented the prince with the portrait of Marie de Médicis; Ilymen is praising her beauty to him, and France her virtues, while two Cupids are taking away his helmet and his shield, as if to banish, for a moment, all thoughts of war and valour from his heart, now possessed with love.

Here, the bishop of Marseilles comes beneath his canopy to meet the queen. Dressed in a blue tunic, studded with golden lilies, France receives her sovereign on a bridge of boats. In order to protect the yacht which has brought her, Neptune, followed by his marine family, has accompanied it to Marseilles: three syrens, lovely females, with fishes' tails, are sporting lasciviously in the sea, which dashes its foam against their muscular bodies: the lusty Tritons are sounding their shells, and Fame is shooting through the fiery sky of Provence, in order to spread abroad the news of the queen's safe arrival.

There, is the city of Lyons, which, personified by a female seated on a car drawn by two lions, bestrode by two Cupids, is coming to meet the king and queen, who are seated, under the forms of Jupiter and Juno, in Olympus: the king is sitting on the back of an eagle, and the queen is in a car with two peacocks, the emblems of haughty power. The tails of the birds are more dazzling than the rainbow.

Further on, Mercury, the god of eloquence and theft—an ingenious thought of antiquity, and still so applicable to the present times—appears, unblushingly, in a perfect state of

nudity, and in the company of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, before Marie de Médicis, to offer her an olive-branch, as a sign of reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII.

The picture representing "The Departure of Henri IV. for the War in Germany," is less loaded with useless ornaments. The portraits contained in it are admirable. Rubens was fond of surrounding his portraits, though perhaps not so much as Vandyck, with black drapery which brings out the features in such prominent relief, and shows the brilliancy of fresh flesh-colours to such advantage. Here, the queen is attired in a violet-coloured dress, which produces a charming effect, full of originality.

In order to astonish the spectator, Rubens seems to have exhausted all the resources of his theatrical style in the execution of the Luxembourg gallery. These paintings, which are now in the Louvre, are all prodigies, with respect to the boldness of their style, and the brilliancy of their colouring. In producing them, art gave birth to a fairy-piece and revelled in a debauch at the same time. They were worked in tapestry, a few years ago, at the Gobelins. Rubens is, above all, an illustrious decorator.

Towards the end of the month of May, 1625, the painter came to Paris, in order to finish there the two last pictures of the gallery; and the queen, who was fond of his society, had a seat reserved for her in his studio. Having one day been introduced by M. Bautru, in compliance with the wishes of the queen, into a drawing-room full of the ladies of the court, Rubens said to the former:—

"Madame la Duchesse de Guéméné shines above all by her charming loveliness and elegance."

"She is, indeed," replied M. de Bautru, "a woman of remarkable beauty, a wonder of the world."

"Is there among my ladies," asked the queen, some time after, of the artist, "any one superior in beauty to the women you have admired in your travels?"

"If I were Paris," answered Rubens, "I should give the golden apple to the Duchesse de Guéméné."

"You are an excellent judge," remarked her majesty.*

It was during his residence at Paris that Rubens first met the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I., so celebrated for the audacity of his gallantry towards queens, his political follies, and his magnificent extravagance. This acquaintance soon grew into the most intimate familiarity; and when Rubens was afterwards visited at Antwerp by the English minister, the painter consented to part with the collection which formed the glory of his cabinet, for 100,000 Brabant florins, according to Michel, for 100,000 Dutch florins, according to Houbraken, and for £10,000 sterling, according to Walpole. Rubens reserved to himself the right, however, of taking casts of the antiques. Among other articles delivered to Michel le Blond for the Duke, were a hundred pictures, nineteen of which were by Titian, twenty-one by Bassan, thirteen by P. Veronese, eight by Palma, seventeen by Tintoretto, three by Leonardo da Vinci, three by Raffaele, and thirteen by Rubens.† Houbraken and Sandrart think the price given for the collection very exorbitant; and the former, therefore, assures us that Rubens "knew how to procure money in every way;" and the other, "that he had the reputation of not being very generous, and that he was accused by many of keeping very tight hold of his crown-pieces." Without carrying avarice to the extent that Rembrandt did—because he was, above all, desirous of appearing well-bred in the eyes of the world, and full of that vanity inherent in the merchants of Belgium and Holland, in whom the love of the arts originated, perhaps, in ostentation and the wish to display their opulence—Rubens was troubled all his life with a thirst for gold. He had scarcely terminated the pictures for the Luxembourg, when he began to complain bitterly to his friend Peiresc of not being paid: *Io mi stuffo di questa corte.*‡ Then, as he seems to have been compromised

by his opinions in the esteem of Richelieu, and to have lost, in consequence, a splendid order, he never leaves off praising the generosity of the Duke of Buckingham, and ironically compares to it the paltry gratitude of sovereigns. An alchemist, who was in search of the philosopher's stone, having offered to divide the fruit of his operations with Rubens, if he would advance the funds necessary to prepare the furnaces, the painter replied: "You have come too late; for I have already found the philosopher's stone on my pallet. And these," added he, pointing to his pencils, "have long since obtained the magic power of turning all they touch into gold." His mercantile activity did not allow him time for thinking, but made him work, as it were, by the yard and day, like a common house-decorator, and caused his inexhaustible pencils to throw their flowing colours over his canvas, like streams in a plain.

Following the example of Raffaele, Rubens surrounded himself with a crowd of young painters, most of whom afterwards became, in their turn, great masters: Vandyck, Jordanaens, Gaspar de Crayer, Van Egmont, Diepenbeck, Cornelius Schut, Erasmus Quellinus, Mompert, Wildens, Lucas van Uden, and Francis Sneyders, formed a constellation that gravitated round his genius. While some worked at his historical pieces and *tableaux de genre*, others were occupied on landscapes and animals. Faithful to the processes employed by the master, the pencil of the pupil has sometimes deceived the most practised eye.

The immense pictures sketched by Rubens at Paris for the gallery of the Luxembourg, and painted in his studio at Antwerp, in two years, according to Michel,§ in three, according to Walpole,|| were first of all executed, collectively, by his pupils, and then finished off by the bold and brilliant touches of the master.

In order to extend his fame by means of engravings, he guided the burin of Bolswert, Paul Dupont, and Lucas Vosterman, his most faithful interpreters; and he himself executed some etchings full of character. He was so much the fashion, that recourse was often had to his fine touch for the titles of books, vignettes, tail-pieces, and figures in missals. At the market held on Friday at Antwerp, says Campo Weyermann, a considerable trade was carried on, though for the most part fraudulent, in various kinds of works, which greedy dealers sent to every country under the name of Rubens.

In the course of the month of July, 1626, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, Isabella Brandt, who left him two sons, Albert and Nicholas. She was buried by the side of his mother in the abbey church of St. Michael, the altar of which Rubens decorated with a painting which had been executed for the church of Santa Croce in Rome, but which, when terminated, was too large for the place it was originally intended for. His grief at his severe domestic affliction was very great, and he says to his friend Valavès:¶ "Yes, I have lost an excellent partner; one might—what do I say?—one ought to cherish her memory from principle, for she had none of the faults of her sex, etc." But Houbraken maliciously observes, that she had, on the contrary, one very serious fault—that of loving her husband and his pupil, Vandyck, at the same time. The painter, it is said, afterwards revenged himself on Isabella for her infidelity, in some of his pictures, and particularly in the one representing the "Last Judgment," in which a devil is seen holding her in his claws and dragging her into the flames.

Holland had, however, resumed hostilities. The war of Germany afforded her unhoard-of assistance. Richelieu did all he could to isolate Spain, while Philip IV. never ceased attempting to effect an alliance with England. Entrusted with the negotiations for this purpose, Rubens saw perfectly well that Spain absolutely required an auxiliary force in order to protect her against the audacious and persevering genius of Richelieu. This was his reason for undertaking a journey to the frontiers

* "Michel; Vie de Rubens," pp. 123, 124.

† Smith; "Life of Rubens," p. xxxi.

‡ "Lettre à Peiresc," 1625.

§ Michel, "Hist. de la Vie et Ouv. de Rubens," p. 122.

|| Walpole, "Anecdotes of Painting in England," vol. ii., p. 172.

¶ "Lettre à Valavès, July 1625."

of Holland, in order to come to an understanding with Sir B. Gerbier, the English resident at the Hague. This journey had all the appearance of an artistic tour.

"After the death of his wife," says Sandrart, "Rubens wished to dispel his grief by travelling. He set out, in consequence, for Holland, with the intention of seeing the artists of that country. He visited Honthorst—of whom he bought

by indisposition, Rubens testified his desire to have me for his companion. Having set out after a banquet given in honour of him, we visited, for a fortnight, all the curiosities of Holland. I could enter into long details about this journey, and the agreeable conversation of Rubens: let it suffice for me to say, that if he excelled in his art, he also possessed every kind of merit; and he was, in consequence, universally respected.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. - FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

a picture representing Diogenes, with a lantern in his hand at mid-day, looking for an honest man—Abraham Bloemaert, and Cornelius Poelenburg.* Honthorst being kept at home

* Poelenburg has commemorated this event, by painting the portraits of himself and Rubens in conversation: they are represented standing together in the fore-ground of a landscape. The

He talked enthusiastically to me of the nocturnal scenes of Honthorst, and of the elegance of the works of Poelenburg, which are enriched with graceful landscapes."

latter is seen in a profile view without his hat, habited in a scarlet mantle; the wife of the former is seated on a bank before them.—*Smith, Life of Rubens.*

The correspondence of Rubens and the Duke of Buckingham was occasionally of a political nature, and was regularly communicated to the King of Spain. A secret disposition existed in both countries to terminate all differences, and it was therefore arranged, by the advice of the Marquis Spinola, *prima minister* to the Archduchess Isabella, that Rubens should go to Madrid, to lay before the king all matters relative to his correspondence with the Duke of Buckingham, and to receive instructions for a proposed mission to the court of England.

Philip IV. sent for Rubens in consequence, and the ambassador set out in the month of August, 1628. In his letters dated at this epoch, Rubens speaks of the immorality of the court, the insolence of the nobility, and the decay of Spanish monarchy. Among the number of his works which he left in Spain are, "The Rape of the Sabines," "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines," "The Triumph of the Church" (this subject had been already painted by Titian, for Philip II., whose sombre melancholy was sometimes

to see him work; that he has already painted the portraits of all the members of the royal family, and that, too, with the greatest ease in the world, in their presence."

"I beg of you," he also writes to one of his friends, the mayor of Antwerp, "to take my little Albert, that *alter-ego*, not into your office, but into your museum. I love the child, and it is to you, the pontiff of the muses, that I commend him, so that, together with my father-in-law and my brother Brandt, you may take care of him, either during my lifetime or after my death."

John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, having sent Rubens an invitation to come and see him, the painter paid him a visit at his hunting-seat at Villavieosa. Several Spanish and Flemish gentlemen accompanied the artist. But the prince, on being informed of the approaching arrival of so many visitors, sent a horseman forward to tell Rubens that his highness could not receive him, as important business had called him suddenly to Lisbon. At the same time, Rubens was begged to accept the sum of fifty pistoles.



THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

enlivened by the painter's smiling images), "Venus and Adonis," "Diana and Actæon," and "The Rape of Europa," which are copies by Rubens after Titian, and are, according to Raffaele Mengs, works full of judgment and *bonnesse*. The originals were intended for Charles I., when Prince of Wales; but he never possessed them, since, instead of marrying the Infanta, as Spain had once hoped he would, he became the husband of Henrietta of France. At the request of the Duke of Olivares, Rubens decorated the chapel of the convent of Carmelite nuns, painted "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew," five portraits of Philip IV. and Elizabeth of Bourbon, with those of the Duke of Olivares himself, and the grandees of the court. In a letter, dated from Madrid, the painter apologises to his friend Peirene "for not having been to see him in Provence before going to Spain, tells him that he has just commenced the portrait of the king on horseback, at which his majesty is so remarkably pleased, that he comes every day

Smiling at the avarice of the monarch, Rubens expressed his regret at the sudden departure of his noble amphitryon, but refused the fifty pistoles, adding that he had taken care to bring a thousand with him, to defray the expenses of his visit. Being overtaken by night, Rubens and his companions were obliged to seek for hospitality in a convent. The next day, as the painter was looking round the church during mass, he was struck by the sight of a picture which seemed to him to have been executed by his own hand. He remained lost in conjectures as to what school the mysterious *chef-d'œuvre* could belong, and to what hand it owed its origin. Several monks, on being interrogated one after the other, seemed, by their systematic silence, to take a secret pleasure in the impatience of the stranger, who stood with his eyes riveted on the silent canvas. At last, after repeated entreaties, the prior said: "We cannot acquaint you with the name of him who executed this picture." "I beg of you," answered the artist, "to tell me; it is a Rubens, the painter, who entreats you." At this celebrated name, the monk turned pale, and added:

• Letter to Peirene.

who painted this picture is dead to the world: he is a monk.

"A monk!" exclaimed Rubens; "light under a bushell!" and he added: "Father, tell me his name, with that of the convent in which he is. He must leave; for heaven has endowed him with genius to make it blaze like a torch in the eyes of men."

Vanquished by the struggle within him, the monk, faithful to Christian humility, staggered and fell down in a swoon on the pavement of the chapel; and, a short time after, he had ceased to breathe.

The name of this monk was Xavier Collantes, the painter of the picture.*

Rubens left Spain with the title of Secretary to the Privy Council,—a post which afterwards descended to his son Albert,†—and fresh instructions respecting the projected alliance with England. Philip IV. had, however, only been able to give Rubens titles and orders. Money was so scarce at the court of Madrid, that in order to pay the artist for the pictures he had executed, the king was obliged to give him a draft on the Infanta, or rather on "those good Belgian provinces which enjoyed the well-known reputation of never allowing the bills of their sovereigns to be dishonoured."‡

Rubens arrived in Paris on the 21st of May, and, a few days after, reached Brussels, whence he immediately set out for London. But his friend and protector, the Duke of Buckingham, had been assassinated by Felton. Charles I., however, took a liking to the painter; and it was eventually arranged between the monarch and Rubens that England and Spain should mutually send each other a plenipotentiary, while waiting till peace was officially concluded; and while the Chancellor, Lord Francis Cottington, arrived at Madrid, Don Carlos Colonna arrived in London.

"My Lord Carlisle hath twice in one week most magnificently feasted the Spanish ambassador, and Mons. Rubens also, the agent who prepared the way for his coming."§ As soon as he had accomplished his mission, the artist went back to Antwerp, and only returned to London to be present at the signing of the treaty, in the month of December, 1633. In order to give the painter a public mark of his esteem, Charles knighted him, and made him a present of a magnificent sword and a diamond collar.

The presence of Rubens at the court of Charles I. gave a notable impulse to the taste for the fine arts in England. It was then that those private collections, which are at present so famous, commenced. Under the reign of Charles I., the price of pictures and other objects of art was trebled in Europe. It was by the advice of Rubens that the King of England purchased the fine cartoons which were being sold in Holland, and the collection of the Duke of Mantua, which did not cost less than twenty thousand pounds. The pictures of the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall are characterised by that false allegorical taste with which the artist has already been reproached. In "The Apotheosis of James I." the Virtues are represented by members of Parliament, and Prudence, under the form of Apollo, holds in her hand a horn of plenty. Rubens received three thousand pounds for his paintings at Whitehall, and they were repaired in 1780 by Cipriani.||

One of the most eminent personages of England, on seeing Rubens at his easel one day, said:

"The ambassador of His Catholic Majesty, I see, amuses himself by painting sometimes."

"I amuse myself by playing the ambassador sometimes," replied Rubens, in order to raise the dignity of art above diplomatic pride.

* Van Hasselt.

† The same who afterwards wrote a book on the Costumes of Antiquity. ‡ De ro Vestiaris."

§ Erilte Gschet, Introduction aux Lettres de Rubens. Bruxelles, 1840, in 8vo.

|| Grole, Anecdotes of Painting.

Fresh fermentations existed in the heart of the Walloon provinces; the cause of Holland, carried the Flemish provinces with it; Richelieu, triumphant, boldly plotted intrigues; and showered his gold plentifully about. Furnished with a passport from the Prince of Orange, Rubens set out to again negotiate with Holland, in the name of Spain, when the deputies from the States protested against the extraordinary power vested in the artist. The Duke d'Arsohot hastened to overtake him, and insisted on his giving up his diplomatic papers. On this occasion, Rubens acted with such humility and weakness as to render his conduct quite unworthy of a man, and especially of a man of genius; this did not, however, prevent the Duke d'Arsohot from sending him a letter full of aristocratic arrogance, but entirely void of dignity. "I might well have omitted," wrote the duke, "doing you the honour to reply to you, for having so far forgotten your duty as not to come to me in person, instead of playing the confidant by writing me this letter, which is proper between equals, since I was at the tavern from eleven o'clock till half-past twelve, and returned there in the evening at half-past five; and since you have had leisure enough to speak to me; all that I have to say to you is, that I shall be very glad for you to learn how henceforth people of your sort ought to write to those of mine, etc."*

Isabella was weak enough to recall her ambassador, who, retiring from public life, again found in the arts those joys which politics had for a moment deprived him of. The death of the Infanta, at last, released him for ever from the enervating atmosphere of the court; and on the 6th of December, 1630, he married, at Antwerp, Helena Forment, a beautiful young girl of sixteen, who, by giving him five children, crowned his old age, that poetic ruin, with fruit and flowers. But, according to Campo Weyermann, Rubens soon discovered "that the court, a beautiful young wife, and that ugly visitor, the gout, are three blessings which an old man could well dispense with."

After the dreadful battle of Nordlingen, the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand, brother to Philip IV., came to take possession of the government of the Netherlands. The city of Antwerp received him, with great pomp, within its walls, in the month of May, 1635. Rubens, who directed the pageant, himself made the slightly-coloured sketches which ornamented the eleven triumphal arches through which the prince passed.

In 1636, the genius of the painter shone with one of its last flashes, by producing "The Martyrdom of St. Peter" for the cathedral of Cologne.

"Your glory and fame, sir," said Rubens, in a letter to his countryman, the sculptor Duquesnoy, who had just finished the statue of St. Andrew for St. Peter's at Rome, "reflect on our entire nation. If my age, and that dreadful gout which is consuming me, did not detain me here, I would set out directly to go and admire with my own eyes things so worthy of praise. But since I cannot be allowed this pleasure, I at least hope to have that of soon seeing you among us here again, and I do not doubt but that our cherished country will some day be proud of the works with which you have enriched it. Heaven grant that this may happen before death, which will shortly close my eyes for ever, deprives me of the inexpressible joy of contemplating the wonders executed by that skilful hand, which I now kiss from the very bottom of my heart."† This letter had scarcely reached its destination, when Rubens succumbed to an attack of gout, on the 30th of May, 1640, aged sixty-two years, eleven months.

* "J'eusse bien peu obmettre de vous faire l'honneur de vous répondre pour avoir si notablement manqué à votre devoir de venir me trouver en personne sans faire le confident à m'écrire ce billet qui est bon pour personnes égales, puisque j'ay esté depuis ungs heures jusqu'à douze heures et demie à la taverna, et y suis retourné le soir à cinq heures et demie, et vous avez eu assez de loisir pour me parler. . . . Tout ce que je puis vous dire, c'est que je seray bien aise que vous appreniez d'ordinaire comme doivent écrire des gens de ma sorte ceux de la votre, etc."

† Smith, Life of Rubens, p. xli.

The magistrates, the clergy, the nobles, the citizens, and the people of Antwerp, all followed the coffin containing the remains of the painter to the collegiate church of St. James, where it was placed in the vault belonging to the Formert family. Three days after, a funeral service was celebrated in honour of the deceased, with such pomp as would flatter the pride of kings, and which reminded those present of the style of the artist's paintings.

His cabinet was found filled with things of considerable value, consisting of jewels, objects of art, and curiosities of every description: it also contained six gold chains, and several rings, with which he had been presented by various sovereigns, and his diamond hat-loop, which he received from Charles I., and which was worth 10,000 crowns. Ivory sculptures, rock crystals, antique and modern medals, agates, onyxes, cornelian stones, and more than two hundred and thirty pictures, of which the hand of Rubens himself had executed ninety-three, while the others were the productions of Italian, Flemish, and Dutch painters, were assembled in the artist's brilliant cabinet, and were afterwards sold for more than forty thousand pounds.*

Rubens had reigned triumphant in all the branches of his art—in historical and allegorical pieces, in *tableaux de genre*, in landscapes, in portraits, in animals, in fruit and flowers. Resembling that horn of plenty which the painter seems to have taken such pleasure in introducing everywhere in his works as an emblem of his own genius, his fecundity was inexhaustible.

Like most master colourists, he made the sketches with the brush; and this was the cause of the negligence and looseness with which he is reproached in his outline. More brilliant with respect to light and freshness than the Venetians—those much admired masters—he was below them in harmony, mind, elegance, and majesty. Formed out of the extremes of two delicate and two glaring colours, his colouring, badly blended, is sometimes crude, and, like baskets of flowers, his paintings give you the headache at last. It is in his grounds that Rubens has made the nearest approach to harmony; and he seems to have formed them by uniting all the colours of his pallet.

Though his portraits possess more relief and life than those of Titian or Vandyck, they have neither the calm grandeur of the former's, nor all the delicacy of the latter's; but the one called the "Chapeau de Paille," with which he would never part, is a perfect wonder.

In his landscapes he sometimes vies with nature in the transparency and the floating vapours of the air. This is generally observable in views taken near his lovely château at Steen, between Malines and Vilvorde, and animated by dramatic incidents, sun-beams, storms, or rainbows.

Less learned in antiquity than Poussin, who, by his nature, belonged more to antique times than to his own age, and who preferred statues to his best friends, Rubens only excels in the coarser types of mythology, such as fawns, satyrs, and followers of Silenus.

Silenus is stupefied by drink and his triumph. Full of wine to the throat, his way is impeded by heavy festoons. Where will that suspended foot stumble? Will Silenus burst when he falls? Ah! save that pitcher which Bacchus has filled! Calm yourself; the vigilant god will guide his old friend with an inviolable hand, and, if he were to fall by accident, fear nothing, for wine, like the oil used by the athletes of antiquity, renders the limbs pliant.

Rubens liked none but the larger animals—the horse, the bull, the tiger, and the lion—in order to have the pleasure of playing with the study of their powerful muscles.

Physical life overflows in the works of Rubens, and undulates like the air of the sky or the waves of the sea; and yet the soul of those who contemplate his paintings is seized at last with a sort of weariness. The painter was accustomed to represent all ages and all conditions at the same time; and it is always the same types that meet our gaze. Rubens had the

fault of being rather too Flemish," says M. de Beffersberg.

By his display of materiality, his profusion of pageantry, his glare of colours, but, above all, the absence of thought, Rubens is apt to fatigue the mind; but he has given soft rolls of beautifully fresh-coloured flesh to burning and lascivious natures, that exhaust themselves without loving or being loved, for the women of Rubens have no soul. Among all his cold and heartless beauties, those theatrical Syrens who are at the same time the intoxication and the punishment of the sensual man, is there even one whose features are sufficiently sublime to remind you of those heroines who save nations, of those worthy mothers who give their country men of thought and martyrs, or of those angelic creatures who, in their gentleness and power, lean in turn over the cradle of the infant, the bed of the old man, and the pallet of the poor, and whose hearts and goodness are blessed by all?

Of all ancient or modern painters mentioned in history, Peter Paul Rubens is the most fertile. The etchings executed by his own hand are, "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" "Mary Magdalene Penitent;" "A Woman holding a lighted candle, with a Boy lighting another by it" (Paul Dupont or Vorsterman has lent his graver to finish this etching, which is now very rare); and "The Portrait of an Old Man," with a beard and a furred cap.

Rubens has likewise left an innumerable quantity of cartoons, and of finished and unfinished drawings, with a really fabulous number of paintings.

Fifty engravers have been employed in reproducing his works. Among the most celebrated of these artists are Lucas Vorsterman, C. Galle, Bolswert, Stuyderhoff, C. Vischer, Perre, Hollar, L. Van Uden, and J. Meyssens.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, possesses, in the Cabinet des Estampes, five folio volumes, containing a part of the engraved works of Rubens.

M. Van Hasselt, in the catalogue he drew up in 1840, after Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," and which is placed at the end of his "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Rubens," attributes 1,461 compositions to him.

All the public galleries of Europe, all the large cabinets of private persons, and half the churches of Belgium, contain paintings by this celebrated artist.

The Louvre possesses forty-three, of which twenty are composed of large allegorical subjects forming the Médicis gallery, and which formerly ornamented the palace of the Luxembourg. The following are the subjects of them:—

"The Destiny of Marie de Médicis;" "Her Birth;" "Her Education;" "Henri IV. receiving the Portrait of Marie de Médicis;" "His Marriage with her;" "The Debarkation of Marie de Médicis at Marseilles;" "The Marriage of Henri IV. celebrated at Lyons;" "The Birth of Louis XIII.;" "Henri IV. confiding the Government to the Queen;" "The Coronation of Marie de Médicis;" "The Apotheosis of Henri IV.;" "The Government of the Queen;" "The Journey of Marie de Médicis to the Port of Céz;" "The Exchange of the Princesses;" "The Happiness of the Regency;" "The Majority of Louis XIII.;" "The Flight of the Queen to the Château de Blois;" "Her Reconciliation with her Son;" "Peace concluded;" "The Interview of Marie de Médicis with her Son;" and "The Triumph of Truth."*

These twenty-three paintings, with the portraits of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, Jeanne d'Autriche, and Marie de Médicis, the latter of whom is represented in the character of Bellona, were valued together, under the Restoration, at £440,000.

In the same gallery with these paintings is the fine portrait of Richardot, President of the Council of the Netherlands, long attributed to Vandyck, valued, under the Empire, at £1,080, and under the Restoration at £1,600; with the portrait of Baron de Vico, which, as it was historically valuable to France, was purchased for the Louvre, at the King of Holland's sale, for 7,025 florins, about £600. It has been

* These which connoisseurs consider the best are preceded by an

already seen that it was the Baron de Vicq who procured Rubens the order for the Médicis gallery. The same gallery, moreover, contains "Lot and his Daughters," a little painting, in which freshness is allied to grace, and which was valued at £1,600 under the Empire, and at £2,440 under the Restoration; "The Triumph of Religion," a work which, remarkable for grandeur of composition, was intended, it is said, to be reproduced in tapestry, and which was valued at £1,600 under the Empire, and at £3,200 under the Restoration; "Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians," one of the best works of Rubens, and valued by the connoisseurs of the Empire at £2,880, and by those of the Restoration at £3,200; "The Village Fête," a work full of vigour, boldness, and tumult, valued at £3,200 by the Empire, and at £4,000 by the Restoration; and the transparent landscape of "The Rainbow," valued under the Empire at £1,400, and at £1,600 under the Restoration.

The Musée de Grenoble possesses one; namely, "St. Gregory, the Pope," surrounded by male and female saints.

The Musée de Lyon contains two, the first of which represents "St. Francis, St. Dominic, and several other saints, protecting the world from the wrath of Jesus Christ;" the other is "The Adoration of the Magi."

The Musée de Nantes contains an allegory, representing "Civil War and Fanaticism" (much esteemed); "The Head of Hercules," on wood, and highly coloured; "A Portrait of Isabella Brandt," the artist's first wife; different "Studies of Figures," painted on wood; "The Holy Family with Angels," a small easel-piece; and "The Flight into Egypt," another little piece, signed with the initials P. P. R. The landscape of this has been executed by another hand.

In the Musée Bibliothèque du Havre there are three paintings by Rubens, the first of which represents "Autumn



THE MARCH OF SILENUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

The cities of the departments also contain some remarkable works by the great master.

The Musée de Marseille possesses "The Prince of Orange and his Family," "A Boar Hunt," "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Flagellation," and "The Resurrection."

The Musée de Toulouse possesses "Christ between the Two Thieves." This is a large picture, and one of the finest of Rubens, by its boldness and vigour.

The Musée de Bordeaux contains three, viz., "The Martyrdom of St. George," "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Christ on the Cross."

In the Musée de Montpellier are, "Christ on the Cross," a landscape, containing ruins of antique buildings, nymphs, shepherds, and cattle; "A Scene from a Religious War," and a portrait of Francis Franck, a painter at Antwerp.

and a group of Children carrying Fruit;" the second, "The Infant Jesus on the knee of the Virgin;" and the third, "The Triumph of Religion," executed in the well-known grand style of Rubens.

The Musée de Caen contains two; namely, "Melchizedek supplying Abraham with Bread and Wine," a large, well-arranged composition; and "A Portrait of James I."

The Musée de Lille possesses "The Descent from the Cross," "Mary Magdalene dying," "St. Francis receiving the Infant Jesus from the hand of the Virgin," "St. Francis," and "St. Bonaventure."

In the Musée de Valenciennes there are "Christ dead on the Cross," "The Annunciation," "St. Stephen, the Deacon, preaching the Doctrines of Christ in the Sanhedrin," "The Lapidation of St. Stephen," and "St. Stephen at the Feet of

"The Annunciation," says the author of the guide-book to the Musée de Valenciennes, "is noted for a very remarkable peculiarity: this picture contains the portraits of the third

In the private collections of Paris, or of the departments of France, we are acquainted with but a very small number of pictures worthy of being mentioned as the works of Rubens.



VENUS AND THE LOVES.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

wife of Rubens and of several of his children." We shall merely remind the reader that the second wife of Rubens survived him.

However, Mr. George, of Paris, possesses one, which represents "The Descent of Christ by St. John," and which vies, in point of execution, with the finest of Rubens's productions.

We will now extend our researches to the museums of other countries, beginning with

Madrid, the Royal Museum of which city contains, among other remarkable pictures by Rubens, "The Adoration of the Kings," the portrait of Rubens himself being in the group on the right; "Mercury and Argus," "The Judgment of Paris," "The Three Graces," "Diana and Calisto," "Apollo and Midas," "Atalanta Vanquished," "The Rape of Proserpine," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Moses and the Serpents," "The Milky Way," "Saturn devouring one of his Children" (these two pictures are of a frightfully dramatic effect), "Medea," "Andromeda tied to a Rock," "Andromeda delivered by Perseus" (the face of Andromeda is, for grace and freshness, one of the finest compositions of Rubens); "Philip II. crowned by Victory," an allegory, after an old portrait; "Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," a bacchanalian piece, full of movement; "The Garden of Love," a landscape with gallants and their ladies, remarkable for its delicacy of execution; four little allegorical sketches—"A Village Fête," "The Holy Family,"

Charles Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, before Nördlingen," with allegorical figures; "The Four Quarters of the Globe," an allegory; "The Portrait of the Painter," at the age of sixty, with a large turn-up hat and a black mantle, signed P. P. RUBENS; an original sketch for the picture of "St. Francis Xavier in India;" "The Entombment," the Virgin and St. John; the Sketch for the picture of "St. Ignatius Loyola;" "A Portrait of Titian's Mistress," dressed in white satin, embroidered with gold, a copy from Titian by Rubens; "A Youth looking at three Nymphs asleep in a Garden;" "The Head of St. Andrew on the Cross;" "A Portrait of the Archduchess of Austria, the Consort of Louis XIII.;" "The Bust of a Man," with a reddish beard and a plain collar, with a gold chain round his neck; "The Head of a Levite," with his back turned; "The Bust of a Man" with a gray head and beard, and dressed in a furred habit, with a ruff round his neck; "The Portrait of Elizabeth, first wife of Philip IV.;" and "The Bust of a strong Man, with black, short hair, a brown beard, and dressed in a furred habit." These works



RUBENS'S COAT OF ARMS.

"Christ crowned with Thorns" (a magnificent work), and "The Virgin surrounded by a group of fifteen Saints in adoration."

The Academy of Madrid possesses a painting representing "Hercules and Omphale," in which Hercules is running in a grotesque manner in the midst of the women. The composition of this picture is ridiculous, but the colouring magnificent.

The Vienna Gallery contains twenty-three paintings by Rubens, namely, "St. Ignatius curing the Possessed;" "The Assumption of the Virgin," surrounded by angels: below, near the tomb, are seven apostles, three men and four women; "St. Francis Xavier in India," a composition of forty-five colossal figures (the size of these altar-pieces is immense); "St. Jerome," in the habit of a cardinal, a bust painted on wood; "St. Pepin, Duke of Brabant," with his daughter, St. Begue, clothed in the habit of the Beguine nuns, whose order she founded, painted on wood; "A Bust of an Old Man with a long Beard," clothed in purple, painted on wood, and signed P. P. R., the face being seen in a profile view; "Atalanta and Meleager attacking the Chrydonian Boar;" "St. Andrew refusing the Emperor Theodosius admission into the Church of Milan," an altar-piece, with eleven large figures; "The Alliance of Ferdinand III., King of Hungary, with

hang in the fourth chamber of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, called the Chamber of Rubens.

The Royal Pinacothek at Munich possesses ninety-five paintings by Rubens; they are hung on red cloth, in the chamber called the Chamber of Rubens, and in the adjoining cabinet, both which rooms are richly decorated. Of these pictures the following are among the most remarkable: "The Fall of the Damned;" "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines;" "The Adoration of the Shepherds;" "The Last Judgment;" "St. Michael driving down the Rebel Angels;" "The Battle of the Amazons;" "The Lion Hunt;" "The Boar Hunt" (the animals are attributed to Sneyders); and "The Overthrow of Sennacherib," with several magnificent portraits of sovereigns, and several portraits of the wives and children of Rubens.

The Dresden Gallery contains thirty-three paintings by Rubens, two of which, however, are not genuine.* Among the others are, "The Two Sons of the Artist;" "Bacchus holding a goblet, which is being filled by a Priestess of Bacchus;" "St. Jerome and his Lion;" "A Young Lady dressed in black, and veiled;" "Bathsheba at the Fountain;"

* "The Adoration of the Magi," and "Jesus walking on the Sea."

"A Young Lady with a bare head, and holding roses in her hand;" "Hercules overcome by Wine, supported by a Satyr and Bacchanalian Nymphs;" "A Lion Hunt;" "A Boar Hunt;" "The Last Judgment;" "Neptune calming the Tempest;" "A Portrait of Helena Forman;" "The Garden of Love;" and "A Tigress suckling her Cubs."

In the Museum at Amsterdam there is a picture representing "Filial Roman Piety," with a sketch of "Christ bearing his Cross to Calvary."

The Museum of the Hague contains, "Venus and Adonis," in a landscape; with the portraits of Isabella Brandt, Helena Forman, and the confessor of Rubens.

The Brussels Gallery possesses, "Christ threatening to destroy the World;" "The Martyrdom of St. Lievin;" "The Coronation of the Virgin;" "Christ bearing his Cross to Calvary;" "The Entombment;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "The Assumption of the Virgin;" a half-length portrait of the Archduke Albert; and a half-length portrait of the Infanta Isabella.

The Museum at Antwerp possesses, "Christ pierced with a lance upon the Cross;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "St. Theresa interceding for the Souls in Purgatory;" "The Communion of St. Francis of Assisi;" and five sketches made by Rubens for the triumphal arches erected by the city of Antwerp when Ferdinand of Austria visited it in 1635. This museum also possesses the square chair, bound with leather and ornamented with large round brass-headed nails, that was used by Peter Paul Rubens at the sittings of the corporation of St. Luke, during the year of his deanship, in 1633.

The Cathedral of Antwerp possesses the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," of which we have given an engraving; "The Elevation of the Cross," painted for the church of St. Walburge; "The Assumption of the Virgin," placed on the high altar of the cathedral, and containing more than thirty figures; "St. John;" "St. Catherine;" and "The Resurrection;" the last picture is inferior to the preceding ones.

The Church of St. Paul, also called the Church of the Dominicans, possesses a fine painting by Rubens, representing the "Flagellation of our Lord."

The Church of St. James, at Antwerp, contains the tomb of Rubens, sketched by himself; a "Holy Family," containing all the portraits of the artist's family, a magnificent picture; "The Education of the Virgin;" (on the door to the right is the "Portrait of Nicholas Rockox;" "The Virgin with a Bird;" "Christ on the Cross;" "The Trinity;" and "The Descent from the Cross," which is a small copy of the large picture of the cathedral at Antwerp, to which we have alluded above.

In Russia, Rubens is nobly represented, the Imperial Gallery of the Hermitage having two of its chambers entirely filled with the great artist's works. There are, above all, eleven very fine paintings in this gallery; namely, the "Portraits of a distinguished Dutchman and his Wife;" "The Virgin and Child;" "Mary Magdalene at the feet of the Saviour;" "Silenus and the Satyrs;" "The Saints adoring Jesus;" "Roman Charity;" "Bacchus;" "The River Tigris;" "Perseus and Andromeda;" "The Death of Adonis;" "The Visitation;" "The Descent from the Cross;" and some landscapes.

Both the public and the private galleries of England are very rich in the works of Rubens.

The National Gallery possesses "Peace and War," a splendid picture, which was presented by the late Marquis of Stafford to the above gallery; "St. Bavo distributing Alms," a fine large sketch; "The Rape of the Sabines;" "The Brazen Serpent;" "The Holy Family," a mediocre work; "A Landscape, sunset;" "A fine Landscape of Brabant," formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa; "The Apotheosis of James I.;" and "The Judgment of Paris."

Windesol Castle contains, in the Rubens room, a portrait of Rubens himself, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I., but which is inferior to the portrait painted for

the Florentine Gallery; the "Portrait of Isabella Brandt," richly attired, sold to George IV., in 1820, for 800 guineas; "The Infant Ferdinand of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria," on horseback (a scene from the battle of Nordlingen); "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a poor Man;" "A Portrait of Sir Balthazar Gerbier," attributed by some to Van Dyck; "The Portrait of a middle-aged man;" "Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of our Saviour;" "The Holy Family;" "Winter;" "A Landscape (Summer, 'Going to Market');" the "Portrait of John Malderus," bishop of Antwerp; "Philip II. of Spain on horseback;" and the "Archduke Albert on horseback."

In the Dulwich Gallery there are; a small sketch representing "Four Saints;" "Samson and Delilah;" "St. Barbara;" "A Group of Nymphs;" "Shepherds and Shepherdesses;" "Venus and Cupid;" "A Sketch;" "Woman in Blue Drapery;" "A Landscape;" "A Study;" "The Three Graces" (en grisaille); and "Mars, Venus, and Cupid."

Hampton Court contains, "A Small Landscape;" and "Diana and two of her Nymphs reposing after the Chase."

Rubens is also well represented in the private galleries in England. In the Collection of Mr. Wilkins there is the "Prodigal Son."

Sir Robert Peel's Collection possesses the celebrated portrait of the young girl, called "The Chapeau de Paille," which is a *chef-d'œuvre* of colouring and chiaroscuro, and is painted, as the Italians say, *con amore*. It is said that, during his life, Rubens would never part with this picture, which, after the death of his widow, passed into the possession of the Lunden's family, who gave 60,000 Dutch florins for it, and after being successively re-sold for 35,970 Dutch florins, and then for 21,000 Prussian crowns, was purchased by Sir Robert Peel for 3,500 guineas.* There is also "The Triumph of Silenus" in this collection.

In the Collection of Sir Abraham Hume there is, among other paintings by Rubens, "The Flight into Egypt by Night."

The Marlborough Collection possesses, "A Bacchanalian Procession," very like the one in the Munich Gallery, generally attributed to Rubens, but which we believe to be by Van Dyck; "The Rape of Proserpine," a fine work; "The Flight of Lot and his Family from Sodom;" "The Return from Egypt;" "Roman Charity;" "A Portrait of Parcelsus;" "Andromeda chained to a Rock;" "Portraits of the Family of Rubens;" "Portraits of Rubens and his second Wife, Helena Forman, leading a little child in a garden," a fine work; "The Virgin and the Infant Saviour on a Throne," the sketch for a large painting executed by Rubens soon after his return from Italy; "Venus and Adonis," a good painting executed in the middle part of the artist's life; "A Portrait of Catherine de Medicis;" a full-length "Portrait of Helena Forman;" "A Portrait of the Virgin in a scarlet dress;" "The Virgin," seen in a front view; "The Holy Family;" "Three Females gathering Fruit;" "Lot and his Daughters;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "Meleager and Atalanta;" and "A Portrait of Rubens" with a hat on.

Lord Ashburton's Collection contains, "A Wolf Hunt," a celebrated picture; "The Rape of the Sabines;" and "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines," the first thought for the great pictures in the Escurial.

The Grosvenor Gallery contains, "The Israelites gathering the Manna;" "The Fathers of the Church;" "The Four Evangelists;" "Abraham and Melchisedeck," a large composition of nineteen pictures (these four paintings were executed by Rubens, when he was in Spain, in 1629, for the convent of the Carmelites at Locches, where they remained till 1808; they were sold by the French to M. de Bourke, then Danish minister at the court of Madrid, and were purchased from him by the Marquis of Westminster, in 1818, for £10,000); "The Wise Men's Offering," a weak composition of thirteen figures, which, it is said, Rubens executed in eight

* M. Silvestre says that the price given was £20,000, but he is mistaken.

days, for the Convent of the White Sisters, at the Louvain; "Ixion embracing a Cloud;" "The Painter Pausias and Glycera," these two heads pass for being those of the painter and his wife; "Sarah dismissing Hagar," an excellent picture; "A Landscape," a very jewel; and "The Conversion of St. Paul."

In the Collection of Mr. T. Hope there are, "The Shipwreck of Æneas," an excellent work; and "The Death of Adonis."

In the Collection of the Earl of Radnor are, "A Desert Landscape," in the environs of the Escorial; and "Venus and her Nymphs," the sketch for the large painting which was formerly in the Orleans Gallery.

The Earl of Pembroke's Collection contains, "The Infant Jesus," "St. John," and "A Young Girl and Angels."

In the Earl of Warwick's Collection are, "A Portrait of the Earl of Arundel;" and "Ignatius Loyola," in a red habit embroidered with gold, formerly in the Jesuits' church at Antwerp.

The Earl of Carlisle's Collection contains, "The Daughter of Herod receiving the Head of John the Baptist," an energetic composition; and "A Bust of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel." This portrait, which is one of the finest Rubens ever executed, has been engraved by Houbraken.

In the Collection of Earl Spencer is a sketch for tapestry representing "David and the Elders of Israel sacrificing to Jehovah."

In the Duke of Bedford's Collection is a "Dead Abel," a very fine painting for flesh-colouring and chiaroscuro.



A LANDSCAPE BY HUYDAEL.

In Mr. Methuen's Collection are, "The Portrait of a Man with a white tucker," attributed to Rubens, but more probably the work of Mirovelt; "A Wolf Hunt," a small but good copy of the picture in the possession of Lord Ashburton; and "David and Abigail," an excellent production.

The Collection of Mr. J. P. Miles at Leigh Court contains, "The Woman taken in Adultery," sold at Antwerp for 2,000 guineas; "The Virgin with the Infant Jesus upon her knee;" and "The Conversion of St. Paul," a superb work, which was formerly the property of the Montequieu family, of whom it was purchased by Monsieur Delahante, sent to England, and sold to Mr. Hart Davies for 4,000 guineas, and was again sold in 1810 for 2,550 guineas.

In Mr. Coke's Collection there is "The Return from Egypt."

At the Marquis of Bute's are "A Child," (thought to be one of the sons of Rubens) seated in the midst of grapes and fruit, on the dresser of a larder, with his nurse standing near him (the accessories are attributed to Sneyders); and one of the eleven sketches made for the triumphal arches erected at Antwerp in 1635.

Rubens left but a very small number of easel-pieces. They are seldom met with in private collections, and more seldom still at public sales.

At the Chevalier de la Roche's sale, in 1745, a Rubens, representing "St. George overthrowing the Dragon," was sold for fifty-one francs, one sou.

At the Duke de Tallard's sale, in 1751, a "St. Cecilia" was knocked down for £302; "The Adoration of the Kings" went for £300; and "A Landscape," containing figures and animals, fetched £396 4s.

the "Shepherds" was sold for £400, and the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" for £720.

At M. Robit's sale, in 1801, "A Holy Family" fetched £480; and "The Resurrection," £336 16s.



A ROADSIDE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

At M. de Fallennes's sale, in 1767, "A Roman Charity" fetched £300; and at the sale of the pictures of M. de la Live, in 1779, the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" was sold for £300.

At the same sale, in 1777, "The Adoration of

the "Shepherds" was sold for £400, and the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" for £720.

At the Lerouge sale, in 1808, "A Holy Family" was sold for £480. And at the sale of the pictures of Cardinal Yvon, at Rome, in 1816, "The Adoration of the Shepherds" was knocked down for £340.

At the sale of M. Clos, in 1812, "The Portrait of the Duke of Buckingham" fetched £360.

At M. Laperrière's sale, in 1823, "A Holy Family, St. Elizabeth and St. John," fetched £2,560.

At the Bonnemaison sale, in 1827, "The Triumph of Silenus" fetched £820.

At the Heris sale, at Brussels, in 1841, "The Tribute Money" was sold for £1,100.

Rubens has left so great a number of mixed crayon, India ink, red lead; and other drawings, that it is impossible for us to enumerate them here. Let it suffice for us to say, that they are found in the public galleries of every nation, as well as in the greater part of private cabinets.

The Louvre possesses twenty-four drawings by Rubens, but one of these does not appear to be genuine; the subjects they represent are:—"The Last Supper;" "The Baptism of Jesus," done in black and white crayon; "The Adoration of the Magi," done in three crayons, afterwards washed and finished off with water-colours; "The Same," done in three crayons, and washed; "The Holy Family in Egypt," done in black crayon, relieved with white; "The Elevation of the Cross," done in water-colours and crayon; "A Dead Christ," a superb drawing in three crayons, finished off with wash, and partly coloured; "The Descent from the Cross," in three crayons, and finished off with wash; "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata," done in black crayon, washed, and relieved with white; "St. Stephen," an oil camaiou; "The Archduke

Albert on Horseback," done with a pen; and washed; "A Lion Hunt," done in black crayon, washed, and relieved with white; "A Landscape," a study in black and white crayon, and pastel, &c.

Forty-five drawings by Rubens were sold at the sale of the cabinet of William II., King of Holland. Among the most remarkable were, the "Portrait of the Artist's first Wife," very beautifully executed, and which was sold for £26 6s.; "The Portrait of a Man of Distinction," sold for £25 9s.; "A Young Girl crouching down," a study for "The Garden of Love," sold for £17 16s.; "A Cavalier," from the same picture, sold for £16 19s.; another study from the same picture sold for £10 3s.; "Christ on the Cross," an academical figure of great worth, sold for £13 18s.; "Prometheus," sold for £13 2s. 6d.; "A Lady of Distinction," a very fine sketch, sold for £28; and "The Interior of a Cow-house," sold for £8 10s.

The fac-simile of his writing appended is the fragment of a letter in Italian, of which the Bibliothèque Nationale possesses the original.

We have also added the monograms which the painter placed, though rarely, at the bottom of his paintings or drawings.

PE PA. RVBENS. FE
A 1625.

*Vare che vada per via
Eual mo gressa ~~la~~ sopra velleire In
jumo coe la pastata. Vi-kue-ido alho
faro fmo con laceria vè se aff. hospite
Jo vressimo cuore le mani. E kumeltem valem
mando nilla corbuon gresson*

D. V. L. Rubens

19 de Julho 1627

Scritto a

Peter Paul Rubens

JACOB RUYSDAEL.

JACOB RUYSDAEL was the son of a cabinet-maker, and was esteemed in his youth for the excellency of his disposition and the suavity of his manners. He has been called the painter of Melancholy, and over his life and works there is a certain sad, a love, a sentiment, which affects the without an obvious cause; something that kindles impressions, that brings back the imaginations of youth cannot tell why—he does not understand it; but it is, nevertheless. Poetry and music excite the same feelings

—certain prospects, landscapes viewed under peculiar effects—exercise the same influence—a species of morbid sensibility.

RuySDael was a man of deep melancholy. He received a liberal education, and was designed for the medical profession; but he laid aside the scalpel and assumed the pencil; he had conversed with nature, had drawn inspiration from her deep silence, and longed to pour forth the inspiration in words. If he had spoken in words, he must have written the most awful tragedies; if he had spoken in the language of the

of music, he would have made the heartstrings vibrate to his solemn dirge and mournful songs; as he spoke on canvas, the idiom of the world—he let his sighs have vent and his melancholy utterance in leafless trees and gloomy clouds, and mysterious groupings of old trees and dark woody avenues, that began like the chancel of an old cathedral, and dwindled away into a slender sheep tract—in misty horizons, and in coming night. He was always introducing water; but whether that water was tossed and tumbled as a cataract, or whether it flowed smoothly, without a murmur or a ripple, it was sure to be sorrowful; there was a shadow over everything, a gloom upon all—the painter brooded over his sorrow, and seemed to have his dwelling among the tombs.

Of his life little is known. He devoted himself entirely to art. He resolved to lead a life of celibacy, and never to quit his aged father. He wrote his own mental history in his pictures, and it was all gloom and sadness. Here a tree isolated from its fellows, dark and sombre—scathed and naked—its immovable shadow darkening the still water of the lake. Here, a still, dark piece of water, the broad leaves of the lotus on its surface, yellow flowers flourishing in refreshing coolness, a background of gigantic forest trees. Something always dark

and shadowy, Kugler says that Ruysdael is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole pastoral school of landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something that was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brooks—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are, in fact, a renewal of that old worship of the spirit nature, which the Roman-historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man; but such features, in general, stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

THE history of Dutch painting presents us with a group of artists who devoted their energies to subjects taken from humble life, who found their models in the roadside inn, and exercised their genius in the reproduction of village fêtes and cottage homes, and the haunts and habits of the peasantry. Among this group David Teniers stands the highest; sometimes, indeed, he exaggerates and borders on caricature, but at the same time exhibits great power of humour and bold and effective design. He excels not in the higher branches of his art, but is truly great when he pictures the clowns of the Low Country, whiling away their time with dice, beer, and tobacco, smoking short pipes with an air of inconceivable comfort, and listening with amazing relish to a man playing on the violin. Brauwer was also justly celebrated in the same department of art. He painted all manner of scenes from tavern life—drinking, darning, quarrelling, smoking, fighting, playing at cards, or settling with mine host. When he exaggerates he seems to do it without effort, and the most mirth-provoking pictures of his pencil—the solemn gravity of the boor lighting his pipe, the vain attempt of the peasant to hide his uneasiness while under the hands of the village barber—are perfectly natural and true. The jovial tavern-keeper, Jan Steen, is noted for the same cheerful view of common life; he gives us the same jolly boors, regaling at the same sort of beer-houses, finishes with the same detail, copying with the closest attention brass pans, and earthenware, and well-thumbed cards and drinking-cups, uniting with his artistic skill all the elements of genuine comedy. And among these faithful delineations of rustic scenery and peasant life, the two Ostades are deservedly recognised—Adrian, the eldest and the most celebrated; and Isaac, sometimes called the king of light and shadow.

To the career of this latter painter we have before referred—how he was born at Lubeck; was sent when very young into the Low Countries; received instruction from his brother Adrian; travelled to the banks of the Zuider Zee, and settled at Amsterdam, "where he attained," says one of his biographers, "the summit of art."

The engraving which we now present is from one of the well-known paintings of this master, and represents a "Roadside Inn."

A country cart has stopped before a village hostel, and without alighting, the driver is refreshing himself with a comfortable draught, the hostess having brought him forth a pitcher of the strongest brewed; three or four neighbours are lounging round the cart, an old man sits on the top of a tub near the horse's head at his feet, while the fowls from the

poultry-yard are picking up blades of scattered corn. The scene is very simple, perhaps vulgar; yet the eye rests upon it with pleasure. The painting is a Flemish picture more than two hundred years old, but its charm has not departed—its beauty and freshness still remain. Why? Because the picture is true: it awakens happy thoughts of bygone scenes, calls up old memories deep and tender, and we regard that episode in village life, that simple group, that rustic quietness, with pleasure, because we have somewhere looked upon what might have been the original of the picture. The grateful shadow of those tall trees, the picturesque beauty of the roadside inn, its swinging sign, its thatched roof, the creeping plant that climbs upon it, the company of villagers, the still water, the reeds that grow up long and dank upon its margin, the trees far away, over which the village spire is peeping, and the lowing kine driven forth to pasturage, unitedly combine to make the picture interesting to us all. It is not simply what it represents, but the pleasing sensations which it awakens within us. There is poetry in the whole design, poetry that belongs to all time, that does not represent a particular period or a particular place—not a burgomaster of the sixteenth century, or a street in Amsterdam—but that reproduces nature; and nature never grows old.

One might draw a nice distinction between the two words—*truth* and *reality*. They are not to be accepted as synonymous. Modern painters have sometimes confounded them, and the result has been a school of Reality, the disciples of which have copied nature, line by line, and have failed to be true after all. They have represented things as they are: have not brought either judgment or taste to bear upon their study, but have been content to reproduce nature under aspects the most common and inartistic. They have toyed over trifles, have been diligent students of minutiae, have forgotten the beauty of the garden in the animalcules on one of the leaves, have overlooked the majesty of a river in the close imitation of the prism-coloured dew-drop, and in many instances have sacrificed all the true essentials of art to an unnecessary exactness in these minor points. This may be real; but it is not what may be emphatically called true.

Truth in art enters into the grandeur of the whole design, and into the poetry of nature. It looks for effect and not for detail; it admits choice and preference, and allows the judgment to be exercised in the selection and the taste in arranging a truthful picture. The artist is not content to represent every object as it presents itself to him on the first glance; he regards them in the most favourable light, uses discretion in the grouping of his figures, and at his pleasure introduces this

tree and omits that. He claims the privilege of the poet, and artificial in the means which he employs, is true in the result which he effects.

This is not a subtle disputation about words,—it is a description of two systems; one produced Titian and Raphael, and the other the lowest painters of the Flemish school. The students of the "Realistic" school paint as though nature was always beautiful alike, as if the mission of the artist and that of the photographic camera were the same in their end

and purpose, and that a picture was to be produced by an exact transcript of nature without choice and almost entirely by hazard. But the true mission of art is higher and better and nobler than this. Art supposes that its devotee should possess something more than an ability to execute—that he should have tact to seize only on those subjects most worthy of study, that he should accept or reject at his will, and that he should reproduce upon his canvas those images only which merited to be transmitted to posterity.

PETER SUBLEYRAS.



PETER SUBLEYRAS.

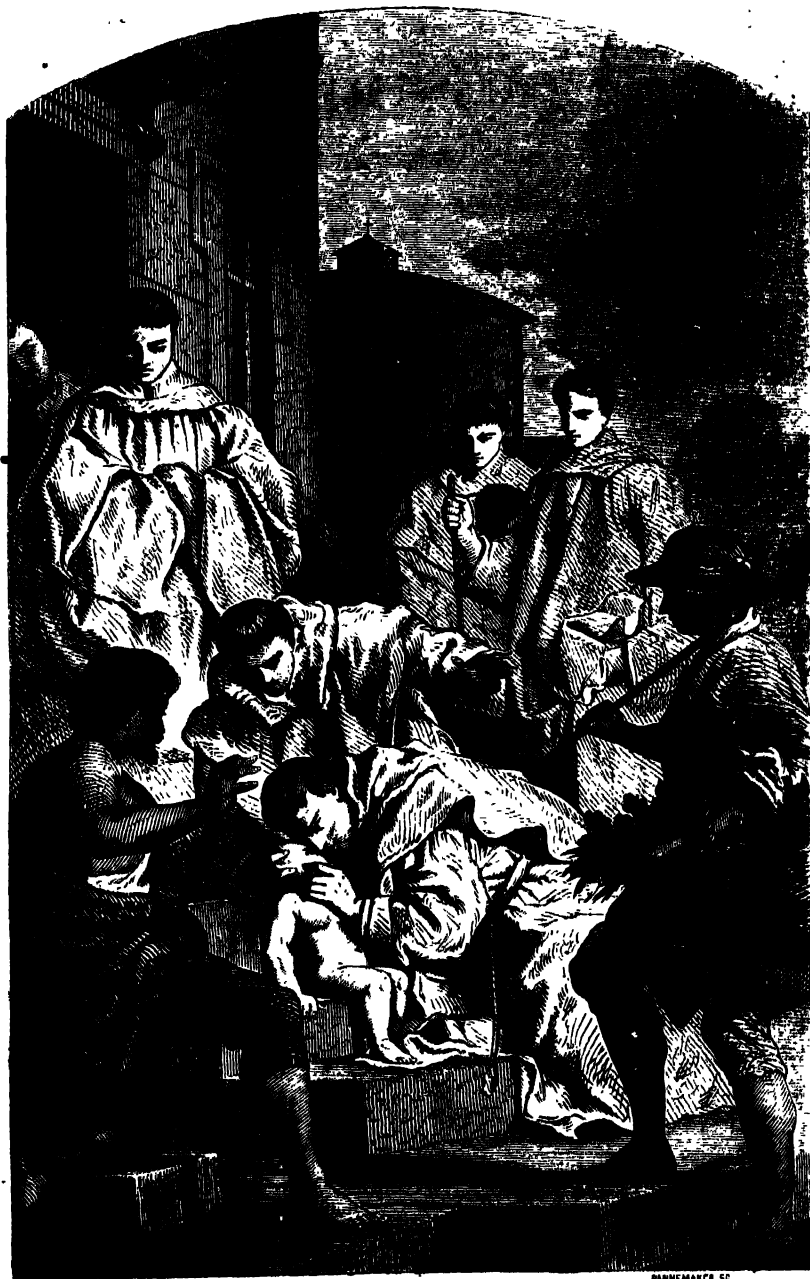
THERE are few details known with respect to the life of Peter Subleyras, but these few may be interesting to our readers. He was born in the year 1699, at Usez, in Languedoc. His reputation, which was formerly extensive, is not well supported by the works he has left behind him; for though it must be admitted his paintings display some eminent qualities—freedom of drawing, a striking and harmonious composition, and a delicate execution which always prefers subdued tones to strong contrasts—we seek in vain for indications of what may be termed style, in the highest sense of the term; that is to say, the combination of feeling and taste. Having acquired the first rudiments of design from his father, Matthew Subleyras, an artist unknown to fame, he became a pupil of Anthony Rivalz, of Toulouse, a master more remarkable for elegance than force, at the age of fifteen, and continued to be his pupil even after having lived long in Rome, and after professing the most enthusiastic admiration for the great works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Julius Romain. Such is the effect of private instruction upon painters; they rarely get

completely free from it, and many are to be met with who yield to it even while they condemn it.

In the year 1724, P. Subleyras proceeded to Paris for the purpose of attending at the Academy. He went with all the confidence of a young man of five-and-twenty, and of a Gascon, to compete for all the prizes against a host of rivals. Such was his assurance of success, and his elation at the bright prospect before him, that he was continually inviting artists into his studio to show them designs for paintings, and rough sketches of gigantic compositions. As yet he was free from doubt of every kind; but there is reason to believe that his confidence was more than once rebuked by disappointment, and that the young aspirant at first met with no very favorable reception among the Parisian artists and amateurs who were formed upon the school of Poussin. His manner was not liked; yet in 1726 he gained the first prize for painting. The picture to which this high honour was awarded is now in the Louvre. It represents the Brazen Serpent, and is deficient in warmth and life, though dramatic, and painted with

considerable talent. One consequence of its success was, the artist's removal to Rome, with a pension from the king, to complete his studies. He was so delighted with the mode of life in that great metropolis of art, with the many beautiful buildings, and other objects which adorned it, and with the society of artists, that he determined to make it his home for the rest of his life. Assiduous in the cultivation of his art, and aspiring in his aims, he managed to acquire great renown

a member, like himself, of the Academy of the Arcadians. His marriage was pretty closely followed by his death, which took place at Rome, on the 28th of May, 1749. He died in great poverty, and almost want, leaving four children still very young. As he left few pupils behind him, no effort has been made to prepare his biography. There are, however, some interesting particulars about him in a correspondence where we should hardly expect to find anything of the sort. M.



ST. BENEDICT RESTORING A DEAD CHILD TO LIFE.—FROM A PAINTING BY PETER SUBLEYRAS.

even in that select circle, and was employed to paint for the Basilica of St. Peter an altar-piece representing St. Basil performing miracles in the presence of the Emperor Valens, an engraving of which was executed by Domenico Cunego. He also painted other historical pictures for churches, not merely in Rome, but other parts of Italy. Portrait-painting, too, occupied a large portion of his time and attention.

During his residence at Rome, he married Maria Felicia, daughter of a nobleman of great talent and distinction, and

de Sironcourt, a *chargé d'affaires* of the French government, after a long residence in the Roman states, wrote from Cairo on the 10th of August, 1748, to M. de Rouillé, a member of the government, in the following terms:—

"It remains for me to speak to you of a friend of mine—a friend to whom I am warmly attached—I mean M. Subleyras, a French painter long settled in Rome, who, I fear, will also die there to the disgrace of France. I have known and loved him for fifteen years. In the first place, he is the most

honourable man in the world. As for talent, he has, I believe, as much as can well fall to the lot of man. In point of taste, he is a prodigy; and if you wish (as doubtless you will) to go through a course of painting and the fine arts, you could not choose a better guide. What you study with his assistance will be rendered a hundred times more instructive than it would otherwise be. Neyer has any one arrived at so profound an insight into art in all its branches and all its accessories. He has brought to painting that philosophical spirit which appreciates everything, and places everything in its true position. He paints with the taste of Poussin for thinkers and people of refinement. He speaks to the heart as well as the intellect. But his works are nothing to himself. His views on painting, and all the arts connected with it, are far superior to his pictures. His means are limited, and beneath his aspirations. He has the misfortune to be married, and to have a large family and poor health."

There are some points in this extract that are scarcely correct. Subleyras can hardly be compared, at least as a painter, with Poussin and the thinkers. Nor does it appear probable that Subleyras was at all unhappy in his marriage. With the exception of such statements as these, there are in M. de Sironcourt's letter details worthy to be repeated.

The principal works of Subleyras, besides those already mentioned, are "Christ sitting at meat with Simon the Pharisee;" "St. Camille in an ecstasy of devotion;" "The Burial of Jesus;" and "The Marriage of St. Catharine Ricci." Two of his paintings and three sketches are in the Louvre gallery; two pictures by his hand are in the Brera at Milan; and one, representing "Simon Magus," adorns the walls of Alton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. There are a few spirited etchings of his, some from his own designs, as, for instance, "The Brazen Serpent;" "The Martyrdom of St. Peter;" and "Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ." In a lighter style he painted and engraved with much elegance four subjects from La Fontaine. Among his portraits may be mentioned those of "Benedict XIV.;" "Cardinal Valenti;" the "Viceroy of Sicily;" and "Peter Lulas," a sculptor of Toulouse. It must be admitted that, after making all deductions, P. Subleyras is fairly entitled to an honourable position among the French painters of the eighteenth century. In concluding this brief account of him and his works, we are bound to commend him as an engraver whose etchings have the elegance and sometimes even the vigour of Salvator Rosa.

* PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE.

No artist or connoisseur should omit seeing the pictures in the Louvre—the most exquisite and complete collection of ancient and modern art ever brought together. How the collection has been made, and by what means the splendid altar-pieces, and other historical *chef-d'œuvre*, of the great masters, have found their way from the cathedrals of Spain and the palaces of Italy, to the halls of one of the most ancient castles in France, the admiring visitor will scarcely pause to inquire, as he passes, catalogue in hand, through various *salons*, and gazes, in mute wonder, on the famous Murillos, Vandycks, Raffaelles, Titians, Claudes, Rubens, Cuypts, Teniers, &c., with which these walls are decorated. Nor will it be necessary, in this place, to say more than that the principal pictures, illustrative of the various schools of classic art, were obtained for the Louvre by Napoleon, and that Louis Philippe, the greatest art-patron of modern times, spared no trouble or expense in adding to the collection such works as were necessary to its completion in a chronological point of view.

Thus there are now in the Louvre upwards of fourteen pictures illustrative of the four great schools or styles—the Italian; the Dutch, with the Flemish, and German; Spanish; and the French. Of this number, four hundred eighty belong to the Italian, five hundred and forty to the Dutch and German, and three hundred and eighty to the French school. Besides these there are eight modern copies

of ancient pictures, and a very large collection of the works of recent French painters. The illustrations of the Spanish school consist of sixteen pictures by Francisco Collantes, L. de Morales, Ribiera, Velasquez, and Murillo.

The pictures of the old masters are nearly all contained in two large apartments, called the *Salon Carré* and the Long Gallery; those of the modern artists are distributed in the various saloons and galleries devoted to the exhibition of Egyptian and Roman antiquities, Nineveh remains, bronzes, sculptures, &c. &c. The majority of these noble rooms are highly decorated with carving and gold work, the ceilings painted in fresco, with allegorical subjects, and the walls covered with silk hangings of the richest colours and designs, or tapestry from the famous manufactory at Gobelins.

But the most attractive objects in the Louvre are the pictures by the old masters; and towards them the discriminating visitor will make his way, despite the splendour of the Apollo Gallery, through which he will have to pass, and heedless of the peculiarly French glitter and display—walls of crimson covered with flying bees of gold; great windows which give no light; highly carved doors which never open and lead to nowhere; *fleurs-de-lis* encircling imperial "L's;" vaulted ceilings, so new and brilliant, and dazzling with painted allegory, as to pain the eye; medallions, flowers, arabesques, emblems, escutcheons, &c. &c., which everywhere surround him. So passing up the grand staircase, built after the designs of Fontaine, and through the Apollo Gallery aforesaid, he enters the *Salon Carré*, newly decorated by M. Dubau, the architect of the Louvre, in a style at once massive, elegant, and appropriate. Colossal caryatides and genii representing the arts support a vaulted ceiling in white and gold, round the frieze of which are inscribed the names of the most celebrated masters in art. In this splendid apartment are collected some of the largest and most notable of the works of Raffaele, Vandyck, Rubens, Claude, and Murillo. Being a perfectly square apartment—as its name, indeed, implies—the correspondence in size of canvas rather than any in the style or era of the pictures has been observed, so that there exists in this saloon a harmonious distribution of parts—the canvases being fixed close to the walls and not leaning forward—which is seldom seen in a room devoted to paintings. It is, indeed, the most superb saloon, perhaps, ever devoted to the exhibition of works of art—a casnet entirely worthy the jewels it contains.

A wide doorway opens from the *SALON CARRÉ* to the *LONG GALLERY*. This splendid apartment is 1,322 feet in length, by a uniform width of 42 feet—more than a quarter of a mile in length, and furnishing wall-space for upwards of three miles of paintings! The Long Gallery forms, in fact, the south wing of the entire edifice. It consists of two stories, the lower of which contains the apartments of the directors of the museum, the grand library, formed principally by Louis Philippe, and guard-houses for troops on duty at the palace, &c.—the upper gallery being occupied, as we see, by the national collection of pictures. This part of the palace was commenced by Ducrcrau, in the reign of Charles IX., was continued as far as the central archway by Henry IV. of France and Navarre, and completed by Louis XIV. It was the intention of the latter monarch to have carried out the plan conceived by Henry IV., of connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries by a great northern and southern wing; but the funds voted by the government for that purpose were devoted by Louis to the erection of the palace of Versailles. For many years nothing further was done in the way of building in the great square of the Louvre; till, during the consulship and empire of Napoleon, the northern wing was about half erected. A slumber of many more years came over the design, and now again it is being carried forward with great activity by the present emperor. The style of the external front of the Louvre is not by any means uniform, each architect and restorer of the building appearing to have ignored the work of his predecessor in everything but the height of the external walls. But though the grand front of the Louvre, that is, the *Place du Carrousel*, is irregular in style and form,

of the Grecian and another of the Roman, while a third inclines to the florid Renaissance—the great length of the building, and the recurrence of alternate circular and triangular pediments filled with bas-reliefs, give to the whole a highly imposing and pleasing appearance—in fact, a more picturesque outlook than the regular architecture of the eastern or river front, though the latter had the advantage of being effected by one architect and in one style, the Corinthian.

But to return to the pictures in the Long Gallery. In this immense arcade no attempt at architectural display has been made. In truth, the very length, height, and width of the gallery render ornament unnecessary. The walls, to the height of about three feet, are encased in the red marble of Normandy, the pictures hanging above, with the smallest nearest to the spectator. A good uniform light has been obtained by means of skylights pierced through the roof. The gallery was formerly lit by side windows, but these being found insufficient, are now hidden by handsome crimson curtains, which, with the ottoman seats down the centre of the room, give it a rich and luxurious aspect; various groups and busts in marble and plaster are placed in appropriate situations, and serve to break the uniformity of the view. Nor will the lover of pictures fail to notice the charming air of freshness on the surfaces of the paintings, and the clean, bright look of the gilded frames—a perfect contrast to the dingy appearance of the old paintings in the English National Gallery, and a further argument, if any were needed, in favour of their removal to a purer atmosphere.

The number and variety of the pictures in the Long Gallery have enabled M. Frederic Villot, the intelligent conservator of paintings in the Louvre, to adopt a chronological arrangement in their hanging. Thus, on either side of the gallery, are hung pictures from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century—a period which embraces the birth, triumph, and partial decline of art in Europe. Of course, it will hardly be expected that we should give anything like a catalogue of the pictures exhibited; and, indeed, if our space permitted, such a course would be but a mere dry enumeration of names and dates—a great body of facts without a living soul of knowledge:

The number of pictures here bearing date previous to Raffaele is remarkable. Thus, in the Italian, Roman, Venetian, and Florentine schools, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we have examples either by, or in the style of, Cimabue and Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi and Leonardi da Vinci, Mantegna and Roselli, Luini and Giorgione, Salario and Lorenzo Costa, Mariotto and Ludovico Mazzolini, with several other painters of less note. In the Dutch and German schools, also, there are several specimens of Van Eyck (about 1390—1441),* Quentin Matsys (1460—1531), Hans Holbein (1498—1554), Hans Hemling (1480), &c. The French school was not founded at so early a period, and the style of art known as the English school of painting is without record.

If a painter—not belonging to the pre-Raffaellite school—looks attentively at the works of these early artists, he will discover, despite their crudities, much to admire, much to imitate, and much to avoid. Though the faces are often positively ugly, and though gracelessness of position and want of perspective are evident, in spite of elaborate gilding and high colouring, there is discoverable, in all these uncouth-looking saints, these staid virgins and unchildlike children, these unpoetical angels, and these imitations of such minute objects as could not be seen in nature—if the spectator stands at a sufficient distance to command the entire subject—a painstaking love of art, and a sincere desire to do the very best that could be done with the means at hand, which modern painters would do well to take to heart—not, however, so closely, as to outrage modern taste and modern knowledge.

But passing onwards, the intelligent visitor will pause admiringly before some of the more important of the great works here exhibited. How shall we pass slightly by that famous conception of Murillo's (1613—1685), which was pur-

chased for the nation, at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection, in 1852, at a cost of £22,000—the largest price, perhaps, ever paid for a single picture? or how express our enthusiasm at those efforts of the great Raffaele (1483—1520) which grace the walls of the Long Gallery? There are no fewer than twelve undoubted specimens from the hand of that great master here, besides eight paintings in his style, which may or may not have had the benefit of his artistic touch. Raffaele d'Urbino appears to have been before his age and art, for he certainly introduced a style of painting which has never been excelled. One of his pictures, known as "La Belle Jardinière," the Virgin contemplating the infant Jesus, with the child John in the background, would have stamped him as a great artist had he painted no other. There is here, among others, a good copy of "The School of Athens," that famous and world known composition. It is said to be the best copy of the original in the Vatican now known in Europe.

Salvator Rosa (1615—1673) is represented by four capital subjects, all undoubted originals, besides a couple of marine paintings in his style by unknown artists. Guido Rëni (1575—1642) has the large number of twenty paintings here, whose histories are well authenticated, besides a "Sleeping Jesus" attributed to his pencil, and two paintings after his style, one of which, "David vanquishing Goliath," may be compared to the original in this gallery. The three Carraccis, who flourished between the years 1553 and 1619, are here illustrated by thirty-two paintings, all fine; Correggio (1494—1534) by two exquisite paintings, "The Marriage of St. Catherine and Alexander" and "The Dream of Antiope;" Angiolo Bronzino (1502—1572) by two subjects, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene" and the painter's own portrait, the former a fine study; Luca Giordano (1632—1705) by three, of which "The Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple" is confessedly the finest; Giorgione, sometimes called by his surname Barbarelli (1477—1511), by two authentic subjects and one doubtful painting, "St. John presented to the Saviour," from the collection of Louis XIV.; Castiglione, the prince of the Genoa school (1616—1670), by a fine painting representing "Melchisedec, King of Salem, offering the Bread and Wine to Abraham," and seven others; Christofano Allori, also surnamed Bronzino (1577—1621), by a single exquisite piece, entitled, "Isabella of Arragon at the feet of Charles the Eighth;" Michael Angelo, the chief of the Lombard school, by four large paintings, of which one, "The Death of the Virgin," is alone worth the journey to Paris to see; Andrea del Sarto, sometimes called Vannucchi (1488—1530), by three original, and one more than doubtful, pieces; Giotto, painter, sculptor, and architect (1276—1336), by one authentic painting and several after his peculiar style, one of which latter, "A Virgin and Child," is really beautiful in its simplicity; Lanfranco (1582—1647) by five beautiful pictures, one of which, "The Coronation of the Virgin," has been engraved by Baudet; Panini (1695—1768) by eleven fine architectural subjects; Bartolomeo Schidone (1580—1615) by a half-length figure of "St. John the Baptist," and three religious subjects; Sebastiano del Piombo (1485—1547) by a single picture, called "The Visitation of the Virgin;" Tintoretto (1512—1594), the pride of the Venetian school, by five subjects, including "Susanna at the Bath," and his own portrait; Paul Veronese (1528—1588) by no fewer than twelve specimens of his art, besides a doubtful picture or two, the best of them being "The Pilgrimage to Emmaus," which has often been engraved, and was formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Vasari, the author of the first dictionary of painters (1512—1574), is represented by four fine subjects, the largest and best of which is "The Salutation of the Virgin by the Angel—Hail, Mary, Blessed art thou!" These, with nine pictures by, and after the style of, Leonardi da Vinci, and thirteen by Domenichino, also called Zampieri (1681—1641), form the most noticeable pictures of the Italian school in this collection. Murillo, has six other pictures in the Louvre.

The Dutch, Flemish, and German schools of painting are well illustrated in this gallery; but for want of space we must refer to some other notices of them.

* Dates given in this manner imply that the person spoken of was born in the first and died in the last-named year; when only

DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

ANTWERP is a fine old city—the mother of Flemish art. There is something more than the quaint beauty of its old streets, its strange antiquated buildings, to interest the visitor. There Rubens was born, and Vandyck, and Jordaens, and Gaspar de Crayer, and Porbus, and Teniers, the imperishable lustre of whose names have made old Antwerp a place of pilgrimage to all true devotees of art.

The story of the life of Teniers we have told before.* Not often is it that a great man finds, as it were, his genius hereditary, and his son as great as himself. It was so with the family of Teniers. The son equalled his sire, if he did not surpass him. From his earliest youth he loved art; he loved it when a pencil was a toy, and loved it to the end.

There is something remarkably interesting in the fact that the young painter was cheered on his path by the encouragement of the great Rubens. What a wild flutter at the heart, what a whirl of contending emotions must have rushed upon

were a hard matter to tell the original from the copy. Could they could scarcely be called; he appeared to enter spirit as well as the mannerism, and the result was, that the master seemed not only imitated, but surpassed. Some imitators, and indeed the great majority, fail in imitations, for that which they seize is of no use but to the rightful owner; borrowing on all hands, they succeed in producing a species of mosaic work; but every stone betrays its original formation. What Teniers borrowed he made altogether his own; the theory of skilful plagiarism being the truest originality, was verified in him.

You cannot mistake his pictures. They are thoroughly characteristic. He did not only study the masters, he studied nature—did not take for his models the sculptured glories of old Greece and Rome, but Dutch boors, beer-drinking, dice-throwing, tobacco-smoking Flemings, that the Grande Monarque called "*Magots*," short, thickset Dutchmen inside and



A FLEMISH FAIR.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID TENIERS.

lad—he was not yet fifteen—when Rubens suddenly entered the studio, and the student saw the mighty master face to face! We are told that everything was in confusion—Rubens totally unexpected—that the boy trembled, not with fear, but with enthusiasm—that Rubens stopped before the el, glanced at the half-completed picture, took the brush in the hand of Teniers, and by word and action showed him things he knew not, made the picture to present new and unexpected beauties, and in that one meeting gave the young man a lesson and a painting—more than this, gave him those cheering words that rang in his ears when he had to pass a draught and a crust, and lighted his way on the path of art till he reached his high position.

Teniers could adopt any style, and so faithfully assume the manner, design, and colour of another artist, that it

outside smoke-begrimed beer-houses—laughing, singing, card-playing, quarrelling, fighting—snoring peasants, such as those depicted in the engraving which we now present. What a life-like picture it is!—all motion and hilarity, every figure in full swing—dancing and meaning to dance, one can almost fancy that we hear the shrill shriek of the fiddle and the laughter of the boors. His peasants are not the marionettes of a puppet theatre: his nature is not borrowed from scenes at the opera; he never utters the complaints of artificial French painters, that nature is too gross, or worse than gross; he has learned in a better and a nobler school; studied art at a higher fount; copied older models than those of Boucher or Lancret; confined his observation to no rose-coloured beauty; but has mingled in rustic life himself, joined in its rejoicings, and its quarrels, and its fights, and has doubtless, besides, as well as the best in many such a scene as the "*Flemish Fair*," that we have before us now.

* "*Illustrated Magazine of Art*," vol. 1, p. 247.

RAFFAELLE'S "BEAUTIFUL GARDENER."

Within the last few years, the noble collection of art-treasures in the Louvre has received a valuable accession in the painting is a representation of the Virgin with the children, Jesus and John the Baptist. Among the choice productions which adorn



THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENER — FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELLE.

Raffaello which bears the name of "La Belle Jardinière," in the catalogue, and of which we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving. It

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the walls of the Louvre, there may be more elaborate compositions, and pictures on a larger scale, but there are certainly none more finished or more delightful to behold. Vasari

relates, that Raffaele, after having painted "The Consignment of Christ to the Tomb," which is now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, went to Florence, and there painted "The Beautiful Gardener," which he intended to send to M. de Sienne; but as Bramante wrote to him, stating that the pope had consented to allow him to paint the halls of the Vatican, he set off in haste for Rome, entrusting to Ridolfo Ghirlandaio the task of finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin. The picture was purchased of M. de Sienne by Francis the First; and in the time of Louis the Fourteenth it adorned the cabinet at Versailles. In the carefully prepared catalogues of the Louvre, it is valued at £16,000 sterling. Although Ridolfo Ghirlandaio painted the drapery of the Virgin, he claims no part of the honour of the work. Even on the border of this drapery may be read the signature "*Raphaello Urbinas*," which is undoubtedly traced by the hand of Ridolfo. M. Quatremère de Quincy, the able Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, speaks of the painting in the following terms:—

"There is the same freshness and excellent preservation in the charming picture of the Virgin which Raffaele executed for M. de Sienne, and which is called, 'The Beautiful Gardener.' Her costume, which really has something of the villager's about it, has perhaps given rise to this name. It is one of those naïve compositions which, for the due proportion in the size of the figures, may be placed at the head of those in which Raffaele, before rising to the ideal of his art, as he afterwards did, confined himself to the expression of simplicity and the modest grace, of which the manners of the country supplied him with models among the young village girls. Nothing can surpass the purity here depicted. The tone of colouring and the style of drawing are in admirable harmony; and this harmony has never produced anything more lovely than the forms of the children Jesus and John. Three circumstances prove that this picture belongs to the same period as 'The

Consignment of Christ to the Tomb.' In the first place, the date marked on it, which is 1507; then there is a drawing of it by Raffaele in the Mariette Collection, on the back of which are rough sketches of the figures belonging to the above-mentioned work; and, in the last place, it is known that Raffaele set out for Rome before finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin, which was finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio."

Lepicieux, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the king's pictures, gives a remarkable explanation about this one: "As Raffaele," says he, "makes the child Jesus rest upon one foot of the Virgin, I think he intended by this trait to indicate the respectful tenderness of this holy mother, who, in her son, sees her Saviour."

As to the title by which this picture is known among artists, Lavallée has sought for its origin with more laborious effort than was worth while. "It is possible," says he, "that the model which Raffaele employed was a gardener, remarkable for her beauty, and that hence was derived the name of the picture. But this is merely a supposition, and it appears to me more probable, that this title, which there is nothing in the painting to occasion—unless it be the flowers with which the Virgin is surrounded—arose from the capricious custom, not uncommon among picture-dealers, of fixing upon some casual circumstance as a means of distinguishing the numerous works of a great master from one another."

This painting of "The Beautiful Gardener" was engraved by Gilles Roupelet and James Chéreau. In the year 1807 M. Boucher Desnoyers established his reputation as an engraver by making a drawing and engraving from it, which he dedicated to M. Deion, the General Director of the Napoleon Museum. The plate proved also a source of great profit to the museum. It is now, and will long remain, unquestionably, the most successful rendering of this delicious painting which breathes so much purity and grace.

WOUVERMANS.

SOME artists have made it their pride, especially Flemish artists, to paint the tap-room, and the jolly idlers, the drinkers, smokers, and vagabonds of society—men who are only their own enemies, we are told, but who are truly everybody else's also. Van Ostade, Brauwer, Teniers, and the prince of caricaturists, Pierre Bamoche, were all fond of representing taverns where the peasant with a jug of beer slowly quaffs and smokes as if there were no other object in life. Wouvermans, on the other hand, paints castles and huntsmen, elegant life, military exercises, the games of the old nobility; not those who haunted the purlieus of the courts, leading a life worse than that of the tap-room, but those who frequented the riding-school, the fencing-room, and whose science was of the Epicurean school, men who drank deep, slept little, were keen upon a scent, good shots, and excellent riders. These robust and happy ones of this earth led a gay and rude life, studying falconry, and educating the needful animals, or penetrating the mysteries of the kennel—a race not yet departed, though changed in costume and certain details of manners, yet still the same. They wore a costume suited to the painter's art—the feathered heaver of loose Bassompierre, the fine lace collar, the doublet with frogs, the open boots which now have taken refuge on the stage, to be worn by villains and robbers. They wanted nothing. They had beautiful, though rather masculine ladies to love, fine carriages, packs of hounds, hunters, and Spanish horses with fiery heads and glorious manes—and last, but not least, they had Wouvermans to paint them and give the men existence long after their castles were mouldered in the dust, and their very names were forgotten.

Prancing, cavalcades, encampments, charges of cavalry, horse-jockeys, stables, forges, ring-races, halts in woods: all were Wouvermans' choice morsels. Everywhere he introduced the horse, an animal he has profoundly studied, and of which he has deservedly made a poetical animal. It is his favourite study, and he always introduces the animal under favourable circumstances.

Were we to judge from his pictures—and this shows what erroneous opinions must have been put forth relative to artists, judging them simply from their works—Wouvermans would be described as having led a sunny life, hunting, riding, and banqueting in hall and bower; while the truth is, he never left Haarlem, and was long unknown and obscure, always retired, laborious, and quiet. He was born in 1620, and died on the 19th of March, 1668. From his father's studio, Wouvermans passed to that of Wynants. There he acquired the best qualities of this master—a powerful execution, a delicate yet firm touch, which rendered the inequalities of scenery, sandy hillocks, stones, plants, &c. with equal fidelity. Wynants' lessons were confined to landscape, while Wouvermans had a perfect passion for horses. He studied the animal, therefore, in the riding-school, in the stable, in the inn yard, everywhere, and succeeded in investing the horse with a charm of grace and elegance in his pictures, which is one of their chief attractions. His success was so great that his study must have been laborious and patient, there being no such thing as mere intuition, even with the brightest genius.

Moyreau has engraved eighty-eight horses from Wouvermans, and even the student of zoology may learn here almost as much as from nature or Buffon. Like Cuypp, who lived to paint only fine fat cattle, Wouvermans' delight was to represent the powerful, handsome, healthy horse; not the broken-winded "roarer," suited better to the caricaturist than the great painter. He was most learned in all details, knew every piece of the harness, the cut of saddles was familiar to him, he could tell the right length of the stirrups, of the girth, the reins, and of the bit; while he never forgot the shape of the pistols or their correct positions.

Having mastered his subject thoroughly—the secret of many successes we cannot sometimes explain—he combined with it an exquisite perception of scenery, and set to work to illustrate the romance of horsemanship. Many painters before him had introduced horses into their compositions, particularly into

battle scenes; but Wouvermans was the first who worked up the graces of equestration, who, choosing to paint stout country gentlemen, elegant cavaliers and huntmen, made of the horse an essential feature in his picture; for we know not a single exception among his productions—all contain a horse, or a part of one. This is so true, that Wouvermans, as if jealous of making his favourite animal subservient in interest, never selects a moment in the chase when attention is drawn to the animal pursued, but watches for the opportunity of developing the grace and intelligence of the horse. In this respect unlike Ruthard, Oudry, Snyders, and Rubens. The bounding deer, leaping a ravine, or listening to the coming hunt, his elegant form in the foreground of a picture, draws off the interest from the horse. He, therefore, generally supposes the hunt, or paints the meet, the halt, or the return.

Had Wouvermans been paid for his pictures what is now their value, he too would have had his pages and his falconers, his hunters and his beautiful white hounds with silky coats, a fore-pond in his park, bay, black, and gray horses, and that charger; in fact, all those that appear in his pictures, rearing, prancing, drinking, eating. But Wouvermans was modest and timid, and these qualities hindered much his success both as to money and fame. He trusted to dealers to fix prices on his exquisite hunting groups, and he took without asking any price. It was offered him. Besides, in Haarlem Wouvermans had a formidable rival in Pierre de Laer, known as Bamboche. When painting his scenes of real life—the elegant cavalcades which might any day be seen in the country—Wouvermans did it with so much ease and native grace that he appeared to invent nothing, simply because he was true and graceful like nature herself; while Bamboche deceived people by his compositions about thieves, terrible scenes of the hidden life of towns, things less familiar to the eye than grooms, captains, and squires.

De Witte, a Haarlem picture-dealer, having requested Bamboche to paint him a cavalry piece, the artist asked 200 florins, and would not take a penny less, upon which he went to Wouvermans. For the money which Bamboche scornfully refused, our artist painted a masterpiece, and so began his fame. De Witte made a great stir about the unknown talent, and called together all the amateurs of Haarlem to admire a picture, which the dealer valued all the more that it enabled him to be a little avenged on Bamboche. Wouvermans got on better after this; he was better paid than before, and, as the learned Houbraken says, "was now well received by rich Meccenas." The minute Dutchman, whose work ought to be translated, quotes also as an instance of the pecuniary success of Wouvermans, the fact that he gave his daughter 20,000 florins when she married Henri de Fromantjou, an artist of fame. And yet what was this to the fabulous prices attained by his pictures after his death, when the Elector of Bavaria, the Dauphin of France, and others, contended for them, and bought them up, no matter at what sacrifices?

If we examine the paintings of Wouvermans with the eye of a connoisseur, we shall admire not only the painting, but the choice of the subject, the gallantry, and the picturesque character of the scene, which always breathes of chivalry and feudalism, which, however brutal and degrading in itself, always looked well at a distance. Even the haughty, and often absurd and petty, Louis XIV., who exclaimed, when shown some drinkers by Teniers, "Take away those scarecrows," would not have had his royal delicacy offended had he chosen some subjects from Wouvermans to adorn his cabinet. There would have been the persons he wanted to work upon; the rough country gentlemen he was to attract from their tutored homes to learning the mincing step and courtly vices of the palace of Versailles—sure presage of that Capuan voluptuousness which was to end in the great storm of 1793.

But Wouvermans shows little interest in the tender passions, none at all in its gentler phases; if there be any, it is the rough love-making of the fields. The trumpet sounds to mount; the officers come forth in their heavy boots and cuirasses. They have been drinking stiffly, and perhaps one

may linger to say a word of gallant impertinence to the girl of the inn, while he roughly tries to snatch a kiss. What else can you expect from men who drink strong liquors, and wear such boots?

Look at "The Officers' Halt" (p. 260). These are men and horses only to be found in the paintings of the Flemish school. Mark the two steeds, on one of which an officer is mounted, who has just quaffed a huge draught of strong ale, and is holding out the pot to a girl, who is, however, delayed by another worthy in gay apparel, who pinches her chin familiarly with one hand, while he clutches his horse's bridle with the other. This animal is admirably rendered—position, form, head, harness, all are painted with vigour and truth. All the accessories of the picture are admirable. The beggar whom no one notices, the distant hills and the river beneath them, the ferry-boat, the card-players round their table, the boys playing with the dog, the great tree shattered by many a storm, the tent, all demonstrate the power and vigour of the painter.

But Gersaint truly characterises his touch, when he says, "Teniers and Wouvermans are the two painters who have worked hardest, though they are so opposite in character." The finish of Wouvermans is exquisite, it is something extraordinary—we may even go so far as to say it is too finished at times. His greensward sometimes looks like velvet. Gessner has noticed this.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that Wouvermans, towards the end of his career, threw into the fire whole portfolios of drawings and studies from nature. The reason for this is not really known. Some say, that he wanted to deprive his son of these rich portfolios, for fear that his native idleness would be thus encouraged; while others allege, that he wished to deprive his brother and rival of the advantages which he might have derived from such studies. This version is as odious as it is unlikely. It resembles a story told by Roestraten, who says that De Witte, informed of the death of Bamboche, took possession of a chest full of studies, drawings, and thoughts, which he gave to his friend Wouvermans, who having pilfered all that was useful to him, destroyed the rich materials of his friend by burning. A more absurd and ridiculous story was never imagined. Bamboche died in 1673 or 1674, six years after Wouvermans.

This great painter breathed his last in 1668, leaving a son who became a monk. Of his two brothers, John and Peter Wouvermans, the first is the ablest. His other pupils were Bernaert Gaal, Emmanuel Murant, John Van der Benc. His successful imitators were Hans Van Lin and John Griffier.

His "Horse Market" is one of his great pictures. In this he has surpassed himself. The rascally cunning-looking horse-dealers, making their horses prance before the buyer with whip and spur, are admirably represented. It combines many rare qualities. His "Parc aux cerfs," not that horrid den of the same name which Louis XV. patronised, but a real collection of deer, is admirable. In fact, in the delineation of animals he is always excellent. Sometimes his real life is carried too far, becoming simply dirty. The same was true of Teniers, whose drunkards are extremely offensive.

But the men and women of Wouvermans are always model men and women; his ladies are those beautiful dames who adorn the court and the palace. He scorns the poor, at least on his canvas, though probably as sympathetic with them as any other noble and generous heart. It is not necessary that we should believe Wouvermans a servile worshipper of wealth and rank; a man of genius could not have been anything of the kind; but his natural love of the beautiful and the gorgeous drove him always to the representation of life in the upper classes.

And he dearly loved the aristocracy of animal creation. No knackers' horses for him, no ill-used and battered donkey under a shower of blows, no fitting subject for the Cruelty to Animals Society would obtain notice from Wouvermans. Shakspeare has a scene which Wouvermans would have been delighted to illustrate:—

* Gersaint, "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lorangere." Paris, 1744.

'Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with nature! workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,

shapeless hillocks, with a yellow tint; those heaps of sand, covered here and there with brush, at the foot of which winds a small stream, that looks all but motionless. But the true poetry of Philip Wouvermans, the ideal which is depicted on his harmonious canvas, is a dream of happiness; not of that happiness which love-sick painters find in a gentle look, or in a green and rich field, in the solitude and silence of desert places; but of that real happiness, so easy to the rich, full of



THE OFFICERS' HALT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WOUVERMANS.

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

Wouvermans has none of that soft melancholy which some
ish school were so fond of. It is true that at times,
ly, he painted landscapes sweetly sad, like the
shores of Wynants; he painted, too, some of those

comfort and dignity, which is the result of health of body and
peace of mind. These few remarks may enable the reader to
appreciate the characteristics of this powerful and pleasing
artist, whose pictures are still the delight of amateurs, and are
rated at no more than their value, despite their number. A
large number of his best pictures are in St. Petersburg, along-
side Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others. His paintings,
however, are also to be found in all the great galleries of Europe.

KAREL DUJARDIN.

THIS artist, whose name is less familiar than that of many others, was also a landscape and animal painter. Most of the Flemish artists may be described in the same way, and are yet different in their characteristics. Words are not the fittest

trees, a bit of an old wall half covered by ancient ivy, a cow, an ass, a man—all homely, all trivial; and yet add all these together, and you have a picture of Dujardin, nothing more, nothing less. But nature always; and out of these simple and



CROSSING A BROOK.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

representative of their peculiar types, but a glance at once separates Cuyp from Dujardin, Potter from Berghem. How shall we describe the peculiar style of the artist we now treat of? To succeed would be difficult.

When, reader, you take a country walk, you sometimes rest on a stile, or under a hedge, or on a fallen tree, and looking around you, various objects meet your eye—a few clustering

even arid materials he makes a landscape, exhibiting fully his style and manner.

Pilkington and Deschamps inform us that he was born in 1640. Biographers are not always consistent in their dates. In 1652 appeared some admirable engravings by Karel Dujardin, perfect masterpieces, which certainly were not executed at the youthful age of twelve. We must, therefore, place

Dujardin's birth at least as far back as 1635, as it is well known that these were the productions of a very precocious talent. It is not known for certain who was his master; some call him a pupil of Berghem, some of Paul Potter. But, however this may be, he went early to Italy, and on arriving at Rome, joined the jolly club of Flemish drinkers, into which all were admitted under a nick-name, which in his case was Goat's Beard. His easy and impulsive nature, to which pleasure was a necessity, gained him many friends. His countryman, Pierre de Laer, had introduced a style among the Romans, of which they were very fond, and Dujardin following it up was well supported. He painted little landscapes, with a cow, some sheep, a miller and his ass, a girl holding up her petticoats to cross a ford (p. 261); and was well paid for them on account of their excellence. With youth, spirits, and money, Dujardin led an easy, jolly life, contracting many debts, and wasting much talent to pay them. But he studied like a true Dutchman; he saw the vulgar side of everything, and made that side picturesque. The quacks of a fair, so common in Rome, were a favourite subject. He admired their genius, he caught their pantomime, and before he returned to his *atelier*, his picture was finished in his head. The rough idlers of Transtevera, with their robust wives, filled the foreground, or, perhaps, a muleteer whistling or searching his pockets for a coin, to give the boy with a black face and a pasteboard nose, who went about collecting.

Dujardin's early style was a comical mixture of Bamboche, Jean Miel, and Michael Angelo des Batailles. The Italians were much struck by his pictures, and naturally so, for he invested the every-day scenes he painted with his own gentleness, his own gay and lively spirit. It was something between the finish, so much esteemed at Amsterdam, and the ordinary satirical character of the artists of that school who lived in Rome—semi-Romans themselves.

The price which the Italians put upon the works of Karel did not suffice for his increasing expense. The same could be said of him that was said of Bamboche by the historian Passeri, *amico della recreazione e del buon tempo*. To create for himself new resources, he tried the portrait style, and succeeded well, because an artist like him could not do anything badly. He composed portraits very simply, in general without any details, half-length, with all the usual sobriety of his genius. We speak here of sobriety in the picturesque sense, for in private life he knew nothing of it. His character is marvellously well painted in the portrait which exists in the Museum of Amsterdam, where he is represented clothed in a black silk cloak, his hand upon his breast. His great intelligent and open eyes announce frankness, penetration, and jollity; his mouth is broad and somewhat sensual; but his great lips reveal a fine irony which has no bitterness in it. The expansive and hearty temperament of Karel Dujardin is the secret of his weakness; it explains his love of pleasure, his debts daily paid and daily renewed, his love for the comic side of vulgar things, and that want which drove him to seek impression from the three great sources,—life, nature and art.

But at last he determined to see his country again, which he had left when very young. He started for Holland, but passing through Lyons, he met some friends, who easily kept him there, and the sight of some of his works brought round him a crowd of amateurs. Forgetting the object of his journey, Karel renewed the life he had led at Rome, a life of luxury and adventures, to pay for which he had but to paint the fresh morning dew. Few painters have succeeded so well in depicting the dawn, such geniuses as Claude Lorraine and Elsheimer always excepted. Dujardin lived at Lyons, in the house of a rich old woman, who gave him plenty of credit because she took a fancy to him. At last, however, the artist's debts became so numerous and so pressing, that poor Karel Dujardin, in his distress, had recourse to his principal creditor—his old landlady. She took a nutritious interest for her money. She made him marry her.

Having thus settled his affairs, the newly-married man took the road to Amsterdam, where he was well received. He was

the more liked because he did not altogether resemble his countrymen; in the same way that the Italians liked him because with them he was a Dutchman of the south, while the former called him an Italian of the north. He painted some local portraits, but they wanted the interest and charms of Rembrandt's similar productions.

It is when the merry painter depicts tumblers and quacks, muleteers before an inn, or a trumpeter on horseback at the door of a pot-house, drinking the glass of wine handed to him by the maritornes of the place, that we have no need to criticise and compare. Karel's characteristic is to reach the picturesque by simple efforts. More simple than Berghem, as agreeable as Wouvermans, and less proud than Bamboche, Karel Dujardin has all their strong sense of the picturesque. He is very fond of bringing in old walls, those walls which our modern masters have so often copied; sometimes he fills up the background with them, ivy-clad and half-ruined, mossy and covered with wall-flowers, or warmed by the golden foliage and the purple tints of a virgin vine, which in autumn resemble the rays of the setting sun. The rustic walls of Karel are in general sufficiently lofty for them to throw up the whole figure.

To be married to an old woman, when one is young, may be bearable on a day when you obtain a receipt in full for all your debts; but the awakening is unpleasant. Dujardin felt little relief from the cares of home in the popularity he was gaining among the tasteful amateurs of his native town. One of these, a certain John Reinat, determined to go to Italy, and his friend determined to go as far as the Texel with him. He had no idea himself of going to Italy; for he went to the Texel in slippers. Nevertheless, next morning he sent to his old wife for some linen, saying, he would soon be back. He never saw her again.

He took up his residence in Rome, and though a Protestant, was sufficiently influenced by the locality to paint two Romish subjects, which were highly prized, while his "Christ between the two Thieves," in the Louvre, is a very fine production. But simple nature is his *forte*. His "Grove of Trees," in the Louvre, is perfect, with its river crossed by farmers driving before them a troop of oxen, donkeys, and sheep. The farmer's wife is mounted on a cart drawn by a white horse, while a peasant, lifting up a young girl in his arms, is about to carry her across the ford. The familiar figures form a charming contrast with the solemnity of the forest trees, which lose none of their mysterious grandeur by contact with the brute creation.

Karel Dujardin took it into his head one day to go to Venice. He found some countrymen there, and, amongst others, Glauber, a pupil, like himself, of Berghem, and a very distinguished painter. A Dutchman, who dealt in pictures, offered him a home in his house, with the hope of making money by his talents; but the hope was not realised, for Dujardin was taken ill and died, in 1678. John Glauber says, that his companion died of a surfeit, caused by eating too much after an illness. A Dutch amateur, Gabriel Van der Leuw, who was just then at Venice, took care to have Dujardin buried; and though he died a Protestant, his body was still dressed in the robes of a Capuchin friar, in obedience to the customs of the country; after which he was buried according to the rites of the Roman Church.

"Crossing the Brook," of which we have given an engraving, is a fine picture: the foreground is rich and admirably painted; the man in the sheep-skin coat is touched off with a truthfulness which is peculiarly characteristic of the Flemish school. The sky, the distant hills, the horses, and the long wall, are exceedingly picturesquely rendered; while the woman, the ass, and the dog, as well as the cow, exhibit a power and truth which exemplify the style of Karel Dujardin very effectively. The original is in France.

Sir Robert Peel possesses two Dujardins, the Bridge-water Gallery one, Lord Ashburton had two, Mr. Hope has one, and the collection of George IV. in Pall Mall two.

All his paintings are valuable and deserving of study.

GERARD DOUW.

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that *genre* painting came into fashion. This word has recently been adopted, and "comprises the representation of common life in its every-day relations, as opposed to religious and heroic subjects, or to those of an elevated character, such as are generally supposed to fall within the province of historical painting. According to the mode in which the subject is conceived such works may be divided into two separate classes; the one representing life in its more soft and gentle relations, under the regulation of established customs and civilised manners, whilst the other exhibits its more rude and vulgar side with the unchecked license of a free and often unbridled humour." Both comprise works of great excellence, and both engage our interest.

Foremost among the artists of this school stands Gerard Douw. His name is sometimes written Gerhard Douw. He was born at Leyden in 1613, and died in 1674, aged sixty-one. In early life he received instruction from Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver; and Peter Rouwhorn, a painter on glass, found in young Douw an apt pupil. The boy loved art, and at fifteen became the disciple of Rembrandt. We have already* presented to our readers a memoir of this well-known painter. To this great painter is to be ascribed that excellence in colouring, that breadth of light and shadows, which afterwards distinguished the works of Gerard Douw; but with all the genius for grandeur of design and startling effects of *chiaroscuro*, he united that extreme delicacy of finish which is one of the chief characteristics of his works. Sandraart relates that having once, in company with Bamboccio, visited Gerard Douw, they could not forbear admiring the extreme neatness of a picture which he was then painting, in which they took particular notice of a broom; and expressing their surprise at the remarkable neatness of the finishing of that minute object, Douw told them he should spend three days more in working on that broom before he should account it entirely complete. In a family picture of Mr. Spiering (Douw's principal patron) the same author asserts, that Mrs. Spiering sat five days for the finishing of one of her hands that lay on an arm-chair.

Everything that Douw produced had pre-eminently the true and lovely tints of nature, and his pictures still possess their peculiar advantages, they retain their original lustre, and have the same beautiful effect at a proper distance as they have when submitted to the closest inspection. The picture known as "The Dropsical Woman," an engraving of which we present to the reader (p. 266), is a most perfect and complete specimen of this master's style, possessing at once the broad effect of shadow, and the most delicate and careful detail. The execution of the painting is astonishingly fine, and although the shadows appear a little too dark, the whole has an inexpressibly bold effect. This picture fell a prey to the French plunderers, and was carried to Paris, and is now preserved in the Louvre. It is one of the most pathetic pictures of this great master. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of his daylight works. In representing the chamber of an opulent family, everything in the room presents the most magnificent appearance; it is richly decorated and furnished. A sick lady sits in an arm-chair, her daughter kneels before her, weeping and kissing her hand,—the bitterness of death approaching,—a servant gives her the medicine, and in the front of the picture stands a physician fantastically dressed, turning to the window and examining a bottle full of water. This picture was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and after his death remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. In 1815, they bought off its restitution at the price of 24,000.

The subjects which the painter invariably selected were of the simplest description, sketches of common life; but in this sphere he brought into full play the various passions the heart is governed. There was a deep, earnest

truthfulness—a truthfulness which in its very simplicity and homeliness was understood by all—about every one of his works that insured him a popularity, depending not on the fickle fashion of the day, but living on in other ages and in other lands. There is one striking peculiarity about his paintings which cannot be overlooked. The scene he depicts is looked upon through a window or other opening, and there is about them all much of the tone and colouring of the great Rembrandt. He was the laborious imitator of nature, bestowing the utmost attention to the most minute particulars, the smallest and most insignificant objects in the design. With him nothing was insignificant. He knew that perfection depended as much on the careful study of detail as the broad, bold outline, and effective contrasts of light and shadow. Inferior to Teniers in some particulars, he surpassed him and all the painters of the Flemish school in the studied perfection of minutest detail; so that when a picture is entirely and elaborately completed in every part, it is said to have all the finish of a Gerard Douw. And this is saying much in praise of the great painter, the faithful disciple in the school of nature, who copied and improved, but never made nature bow to mannerism or style.

Gerard Douw is faithful, but he seldom approaches to coarseness. There is the evidence of a nicely balanced critical judgment in every one of his pictures, which shows that he was no mere copyist, even of nature. The subjects selected are those of humble life; not the noble cavaliers of Vandyck or the gorgeously-dressed ladies of the court of Louis XIV., but simply housemaids and retailers of articles in daily use; yet there is no vulgar feeling, and nothing that approaches burlesque. Every subject is ordinary and common-place, but they are all within the circle of kindly family feeling, and appeal to a far larger class than pictures of higher pretensions.

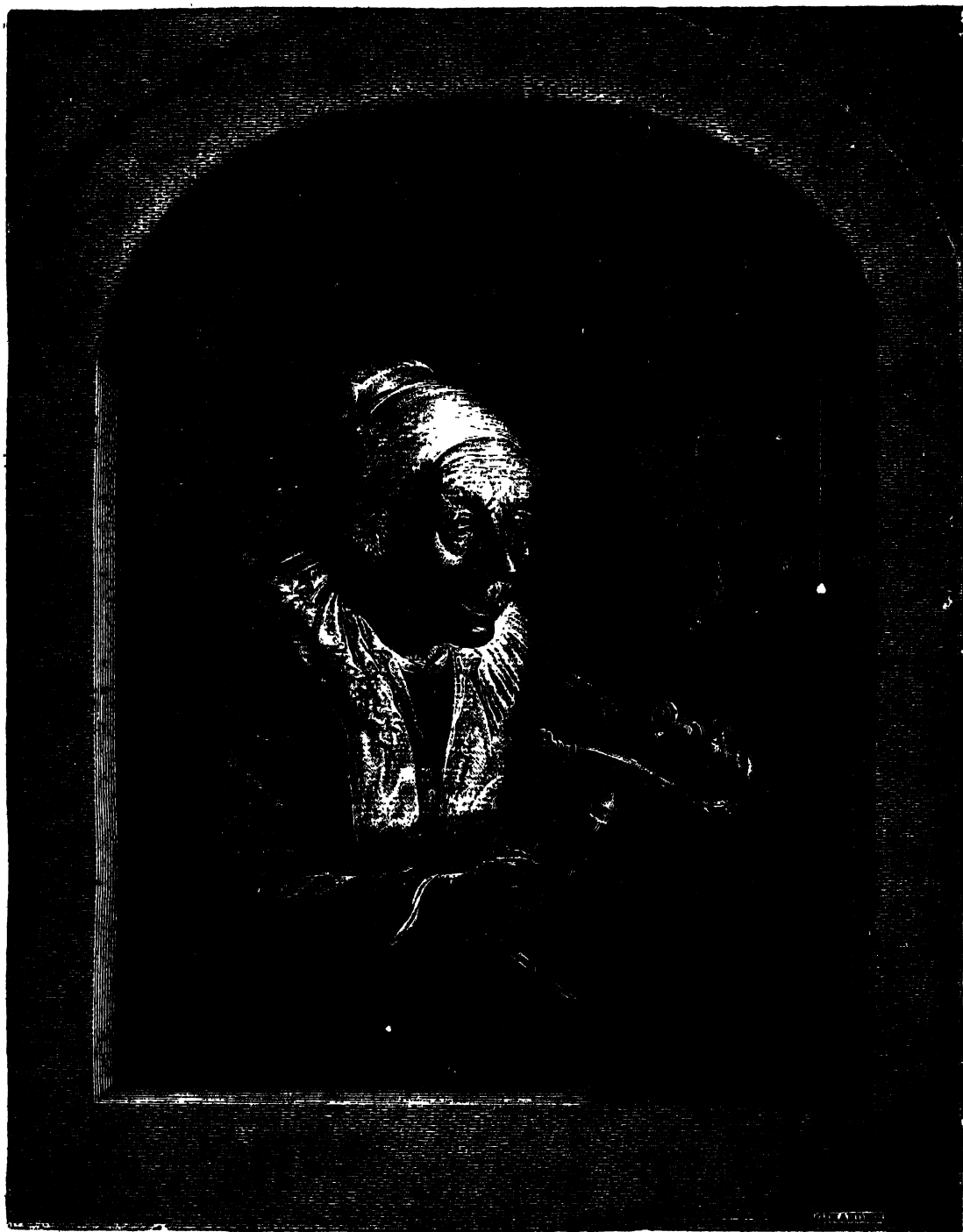
THOMAS BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

The name of Thomas Bewick is familiar, not only to those who are lovers of the art of engraving, or students of natural history, but to all who take an interest in the works of original genius. It is the greatest of all mistakes to imagine, as some do, that the reputation of this gifted man rests upon his being the greatest improver, and all but the inventor, of the art of wood-engraving. This is far from being the case. As the first man who ever produced upon a block of wood an engraving worth looking at, Bewick certainly deserves to be handed down in the annals of the art. But this, we repeat, is far from being the greatest merit of this extraordinary man. His character, as portrayed in his works, exhibits an extraordinary union of qualities, and this union alone it is which causes his works to be looked at now by all persons of taste, with a relish as keen as that which they created on their first publication half a century ago. As no very complete memoir of Bewick's life, or analysis of his extraordinary talents, has ever been given to the world, we shall not apologise for devoting ample space to the history of a man and artist, who to that minute truth and true eye for nature which the best of the Flemish painters have exhibited, added much of the humour of Hogarth; for the moral satire of Thomas Bewick is often as striking as are the truth of his landscapes, marine or rural, and the wonderful character and *vraisemblance* of his animal portraitures.

Thomas Bewick was born in the year 1753, at a little village, or hamlet rather, called Cherryburn, in Northumberland, on the banks of the Tyne, and not far from the larger village of Ovingham, which, together with its church and schoolhouse and parsonage, now forms so beautiful an object for all who travel by the railway, that runs for many miles up the valley of the Tyne, between Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle, in Cumberland. He was the son of poor, but highly respectable parents, who seemed early to have got

a glimpse of some of the singular gifts of this their eldest son, and who, whilst they gave way to the bent genius, and had the sagacity not to discourage the boy's position and situation in life, would have appeared trifling or even pernicious. Thomas Bewick, together with his younger

field"—as far as a boy could, pursue them. His great delight was in angling, with an artificial fly, for the trout and salmon, with which the river Tyne was at that period abundantly stored; following the hounds on foot when a hare hunt was in progress; and seeking the nests and haunts of all species of birds. All this time he was unconsciously cultivating that



PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOUW'S MOTHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

brother John, who died prematurely, had such plain education given him as that part of the country at that time afforded. The greater part of it he obtained under the Christopher Greyson, at that time master of the school at Ham, which in the north of England had some reputation. As a boy, Bewick was remarkable for the ardent love he showed for those pastimes that are styled "sports of the

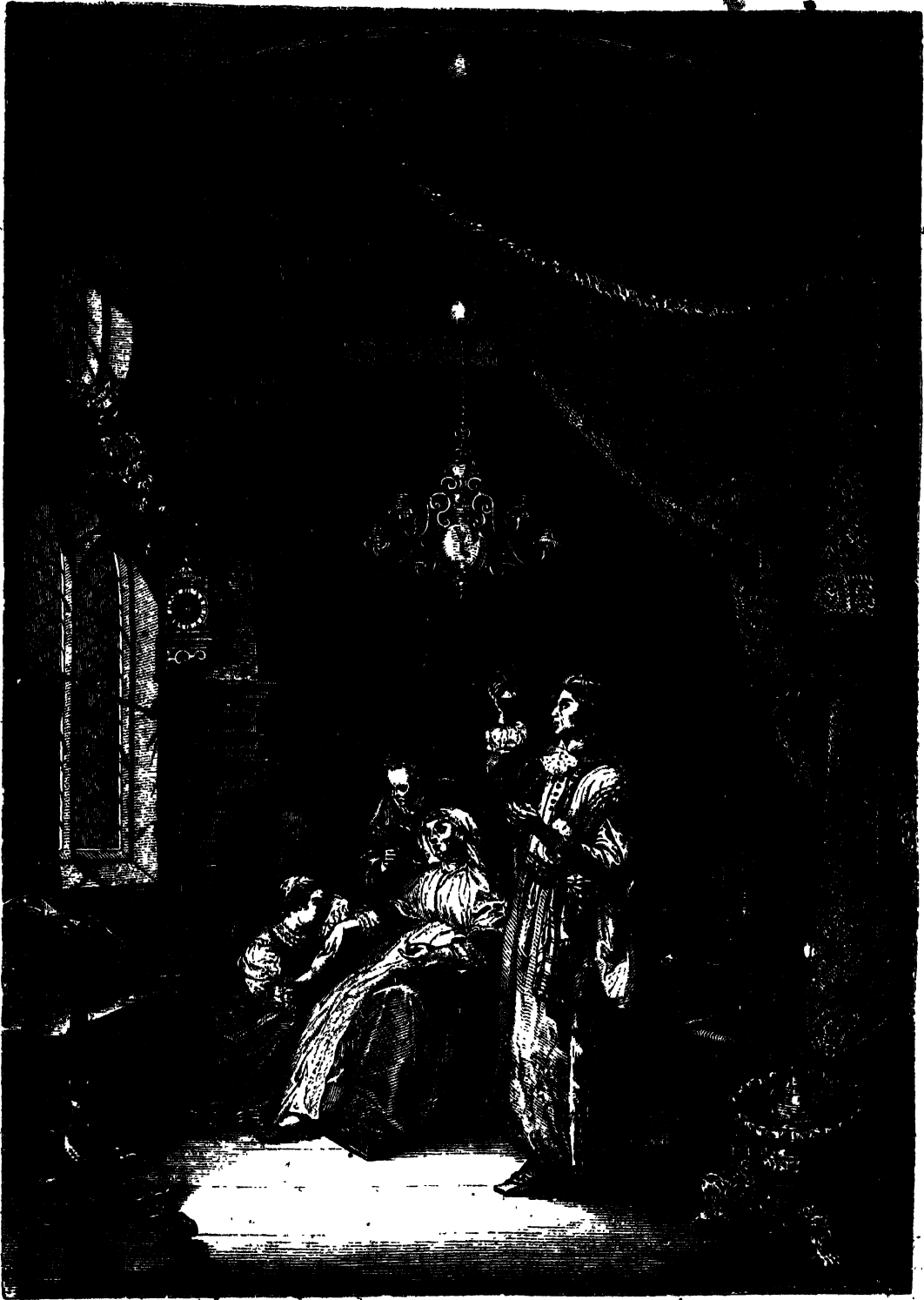
aculty, afterwards so remarkable in him, a correct eye for nature and her scenery. As a young draughtsman, his talent was very precocious. The few pence that would have stocked an ordinary lad with marbles, tops, and whipsand, were expended by Bewick in materials for drawing. Some of these boyish sketches are, we believe, yet extant. They evince some faint glimpses of the characteristics of his matured

and prove how true is that aphorism of the poet Wordsworth, that—

"The boy is father of the man."

The father of Thomas Bewick had the good sense, being a

wonder was, that genius was not destroyed into idleness and an unsettled habit of mind, which in fact proved were the very reverse of the artist's character. Thus, however, was not the case. The father could not be appreciating the won-



THE DROPSICAL WOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

superior than in point of discernment, to understand, and in some degree appreciate, the bent of his son's genius. That neither the parents of Bewick, or any of those with whom his earlier years were passed, could foresee the eminence which he was to attain, is not to be thought for a moment. The

derful power of correctly seizing and sketching natural scenery or animals which his son so soon exhibited; and his disposition did not lead him to think of resisting young Bewick's inclination to be an artist. To this resolve the real delicacy of the youth's constitution, which was seen by his parents, pre-

bably contributed. Though powerfully made, and of great stature, Thomas Bewick, like Robert Burns, was liable to bilious disorder; but, unlike the poet, he resisted steadfastly through life the fascinations of convivial society, so dangerous for such temperaments. The artist was, in fact, from his youth upwards, by inclination and by habit, a self-denying and abstemious man. His disposition was eminently social; but even when his company was most in request, he indulged with prudence and refrained with satisfaction. He was eminently domestic also, a quality which always acts as a safeguard for those who are so happy as to possess it.

We have already shown that the early life of this extraordinary man was really, though, perhaps, not ostensibly, spent in the cultivation of the art in which he was to excel. Most of his hours, after school and holidays, were spent in the fields, or on the moors, or by the river's side. It is true, the fishing-rod and the fowling-piece were often in his hand, especially the former; for never was there a keener or more enthusiastic sportsman than Thomas Bewick; but whilst capturing salmon or trout, or bringing down an occasional wild duck, his eye was all alive to his art. Every turn of the river—every wooded glen—gave him materials for a picture of some sort, which on his return home were transferred to paper. It soon, however, became necessary that the youth should learn some calling. This was now felt by his friends to be imperative; and at his own earnest request young Bewick was, therefore, bound apprentice to Mr. Ralph Beilby, engraver, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; being fourteen years of age, active in habits, and manly in stature. In his master, the young artist was in some respects highly favoured, in others by no means so. Mr. Beilby was a very worthy man, of excellent disposition and character. As a tradesman, he was steady, industrious, and honourable. As a man, he was moral and very well-informed. Thus far the young artist could not have had a happier model than that afforded by his master. Here, however, these advantages stopped. Mr. Beilby, though a pains-taking engraver of such things as Newcastle offered to him, was as little of an artist as it was possible for a person of his profession to be. In fact, at that period, 1767, a Newcastle engraver was not called upon to be an "artist," in the modern acceptation of that general term. His graver was exercised altogether in cutting, in copper-plate, invoices for merchants, adorned, perhaps, with some little rough device; copy-heads for writing-masters; cards for professional men and others, and similar trifles which it is needless to name. To this line of engraving good Mr. Beilby was no doubt quite equal; but as an artist, properly so styled, his pretensions were small. Some of his little sketches in Indian-ink, and in colours, are in our possession. They only prove that, as a draughtsman or colourist, his talent was as little as can well be conceived. As an engraver, his efforts, we believe, never extended beyond the subjects we have indicated.

It is needless to say, that from his master, therefore, young Bewick could derive no lessons in art. Useful lessons in life—lessons invaluable in their way—he, no doubt, did receive and profit by, as he loved to acknowledge; but as an artist, it is quite safe to say, Thomas Bewick was self-taught. He was the nurse and fosterer of his own genius, and the maker of his own art. His wonderfully correct eye and fine natural taste were his only instructors. In plain truth, he was amongst artists precisely what Burns was amongst poets. The parallel, from the first, was, as far as genius is concerned, complete. Both were the sons of poor men. Both were born amidst picturesque and strongly marked natural scenery. Both had a plain and homely education. Both showed precocious talent, and gave early indications of that glorious, bright, and divine spirit which their Creator had vouchsafed them. The excellency of both lay in a close adherence to nature. Neither of them elaborated great or extensive poems or pictures. Burns was neither an epic poet nor dramatist.

as never a painter, nor an engraver from the pictures of the genius of both resides in their sketches from nature shown off with that fire and gracefulness which

true genius only imparts. In this both are unrivalled; and probably never will be rivalled. The long and short descriptive poems of Burns, and the sketches in the shape of "tail-pieces" by Bewick, may be set side by side. In some instances the stanza and the picture seem to be actually inspired by the same identical bit of scenery. Such scenery was never so given before, and, perhaps, never may be again. Further it is impossible to go. We must now, however, return to Bewick's earlier life.

His apprenticeship with Mr. Beilby was passed in a manner highly satisfactory to both master and scholar; the mere mechanism of the art of cutting on copper Bewick easily learnt; and having become a master of this portion of the engraver's craft, his inventive genius turned itself to the cultivation of the art of engraving on blocks of hard wood. It is not improbable that the cheapness of the material might be one of the motives which influenced his mind to turn to this pursuit. From early life a rigid and close economy was one of the leading features of his character, and it clung to him through the whole of his career. Never was Bewick known to throw away a shilling even when a comparatively wealthy man. It was about this time, he used to tell his friends, that he tried upon how small a sum he could contrive to exist—and he reduced himself to *two pence per diem* for provisions! This may hardly seem credible now-a-days; but the sceptical should reflect that during Bewick's apprenticeship the taxes of England had not reached nine millions a year; and that the squandering, borrowing, and funding system was, with the artist, only in the early years of its apprenticeship. Be this as it might, however, Bewick, whilst still an apprentice, was beginning to create the art of wood-engraving. This must not, however, be taken too literally. Some rude attempts at engraving on wood blocks had been made prior to Bewick's; but the results were contemptible; and the art was deemed, until he took it up, not worth pursuit. That he made the art is, therefore, strictly true, and quite undeniable; but in the rigid sense of the term he cannot be said to have invented it. The idea was another's; the execution his own.

In this happy and laudable way his apprenticeship was passed. Always attached to his parents and family, and loving the country of his youth, he often used, during the summer months, to walk up to Cherryburn, a distance of nearly fourteen miles, to see his parents when the Sunday, his only day of leisure, was fine. The best road was on the side of the water opposite to his father's habitation, and the young artist was obliged to trust to a ford in order to reach his parents' house. It sometimes happened, however, that he miscalculated the state of the river. In mountainous countries heavy spouts of rain often fall amongst the hills and suddenly swell the streams that rise there, whilst those who live near the river's mouth are unconscious of what is going on. Thus it is with the Tyne, the sources of which are amongst lofty hills, trodden only by a few shepherds, and inhabited by sheep or grouse. It often happened, therefore, that when Bewick arrived at the ford just below Cherryburn, "the waters were out," and the stream too deep and impetuous to be crossed. On such occasions he used to make signals; collect his friends at the other side, shout his inquiries and news across the impassable torrent, and then very contentedly walk back to Newcastle.

A young man of Bewick's amiable disposition, rigidly prudent habits, and great ability, could not but soon become a favourite with his master. This was accordingly the case. Mr. Beilby soon entertained a highly favourable opinion of his prudence and probity as well as great talent; and the result was a partnership between himself and Mr. Beilby, which was arranged soon after the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, about the year 1774. Bewick had by this time brought the art of wood-engraving to great perfection, and being now in a position to act for himself, he resolved to introduce it to the world, which he immediately and successfully accomplished.

In 1775, one of his earliest attempts at engraving, "The Old Hound," was exhibited before the Royal Society.

and obtained a premium. In this attempt are to be traced some faint scintillations of his genius. The position of the huntsman's horse is spirited, and the drawing good—that is to say, what would be at that time so esteemed; but very inferior to his after performances. About this time Bewick went up to the metropolis, under what impressions is not very well known. It is probable he wished to try the ground there before his partnership with Mr. Beilby was finally settled and concluded. His ideas of arts and of artists in London, as acquired by this visit, seem to have been highly unfavourable. It does not appear that he complained of any want of attention; for his very earliest essays with the graver upon wood were universally admired, so unique was deemed the art and so intractable the material. The habits and manners of the metropolis were, however, the reverse of his own. His love for the manners and scenery of his native county, so different from those of the south of England, was intense to a degree almost ludicrous; and the result was such a distaste for metropolitan art, manners, customs, and habits, that when he afterwards published those works, by which he became known over Europe, he would not suffer them to be printed, nor the engravings to be struck off in London. Nay, so far did he carry this strange dislike to everything metropolitan, that when it was proposed to bring a pressman from London, accustomed to strike off engravings, he sternly answered, "Hold your tongues. No cockney shall touch my blocks!"—and in this resolve he was quite implacable and fixed.

As soon as his engagement with his partner, Mr. Beilby, was finally settled and brought to a conclusion, Bewick planned and executed the volume of the "History of Quadrupeds," by which his fame as the great wood-engraver was at once established. The literary portion of the book was mostly performed by Mr. Beilby, who, although no artist, was a man of some taste and some judgment, and not destitute of literary tact. The book was printed at Newcastle, by Solomon Hodgson, a man also of good ability, and a zealous friend and warm admirer of Bewick. Up to this time, such fame as Mr. Bewick had acquired rested altogether upon the novelty of engraving on the material he used. To cut fine lines on wood passed for a sort of half-miraculous achievement. But in this work, which was brought before the public in the year 1790, the wonderful life and correctness of Bewick's drawing were fully manifest. This was especially apparent in his cuts of the more domestic animals with which his eye was familiar. His cut of "The Chillingham Bull," a portrait of one of the breed of indigenous wild cattle still preserved at Chillingham Park, Northumberland, had excited much admiration some years before; but this drawing, good as it is, was eclipsed by that of many of his quadrupeds in the history now first published. The horses are, without exception, drawn and engraved with wonderful accuracy and life. So is the ass, and so are most of the dogs. The Spanish pointer, in particular, may be instanced as one of the finest portraits of this breed of setter ever achieved. It has been copied and recopied so often, that the public are now familiar with it; and as an animal portrait, it probably never was surpassed. In this volume the tail-pieces are inferior to those with which he afterwards adorned his two volumes of "British Land and Water Birds." He had not then fully found out the secret of his genius for sketching natural scenery. Here and there the volume unquestionably exhibits indications of his talent in this line; but they were comparatively few, and are not prominent enough to be free from eclipse. The fine drawing and cutting of the animals with which the book is filled. The publication of this volume may be styled the commencement of the era of engraving on wood. The admiration it excited was universal. No arts of puffing, nor the usual manoeuvres of the craft of modern bookselling, were used; and assuredly none were needed. The sale of the volume, from the first steady, soon became rapid and great. A second edition was speedily needed, and others have continued to be published from time to time, so steady has been the admiration of the world of this genius. Bewick's reputation was not now confined to the north of England. It gradually became national; and

proposals were soon made him by London booksellers and publishers to adorn projected publications by an art now considered as strikingly beautiful as unique in character.

About this period Bewick married. His fortunes now permitted even a man of his prudent and reflecting habits to encounter the mixed cares and pleasures of a family. His habits were essentially domestic; and he had also with him his younger brother, John, who, sharing his brother's talent, had become the apprentice of Messrs. Beilby and Bewick. His constitution, however, eventually suffered from a town residence and the labour of engraving. His lungs became affected, and he died of consumption in the year 1796, after having, under his brother's able tuition, attained high excellence in his art. So distinguished was he, that, in 1795, his name was appended, with that of his brother, to illustrations on wood of Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "Deserted Village," and "The Hermit" of Parnell, published by Bulmer, who was noted in his day as printer. The combined beauty of the engravings and typography gave great popularity to these reprints. Amongst others, they attracted the curiosity of George the Third, who was in some degree a patron of the arts. On being told that the cuts were engraved upon blocks of wood, the king at once gave utterance to his disbelief of the statement. His Majesty was tolerably notorious for adherence to opinions or notions which he had once formed or imagined; and to his scepticism, as to these extraordinary works, he resolutely stuck, until the blocks were sent for his inspection, a process which even his prejudice could not resist. It does not appear that George the Third ever bestowed upon this self-taught artist, and maker of the art of wood-engraving, any favour or patronage. Royal patronage, however, Thomas Bewick never wanted; and had he wanted it, he was too proud to ask it; for his disposition was as independent as it was plain and manly. At all events, he never had it, and certainly never sought it. In 1796, the year of John Bewick's death, was published "The Chace," of Somerville, ornamented with engravings on wood by Thomas and John Bewick; after which, the name of Bewick became celebrated as the great improver and head of his art.

Between the years 1790 and 1797, Bewick had been strenuously labouring at that work which is perhaps his greatest, as it certainly is the most finished,—*"The History of British Land-birds."* This admirable volume was published in 1797. The drawing, execution, and portraiture (for *portraits* they are) of the birds, second all praise; and in the tail-pieces the artist has put the whole strength of his now matured genius. As sketches of real nature, some of them are almost unapproachable; and others to exquisite drawing unite the moral satire and humour of Hogarth. There is an amusing anecdote connected with this publication, which is very characteristic of the artist. When a joke and a bit of moral satire were united, to Bewick's mind they were irresistible; and on this occasion his love of lowering the false pride of human nature, conjoined with a jest, led him a little too far across the debateable line of decorum. His friends remonstrated, the printer remonstrated, and the publisher implored; but the sturdy artist was not to be moved. He insisted upon it that the whole was a piece of effeminate squeamishness, and that "the folks (as he expressed it) would have more sense!" For once, however, Bewick was deceived in his calculation of the sense of the public. As soon as the book was published, the outcry against the luckless tail-piece became too loud to be trifled with, and in the greater part of that impression the vignette in question is daubed over with Indian ink! In the succeeding editions the block was altered, and in some it is omitted, and another vignette substituted. The unqualified admiration which this volume excited secured the publication of a second; and after a long and persevering quest of specimens of some of the very rare birds which are there portrayed, the second volume of "The History of British Birds," containing the Water-birds, was published in 1804. It may safely be pronounced to be equal, though not superior, to its predecessor. The figures and characters of the aquatic fowls, especially of the gulls and ducks, are exquisitely given; and

the delicate pencilling of some of the plumage is beyond all praise. But amongst the most captivating things in this volume are some of the marine sketches, upon which Bewick has brought to bear all the delicacy as well as all the force of his talents, and which are in some respects unrivalled. Before this volume was ready for the press, Mr. Beilby, the worthy partner of the artist, had retired with a handsome independence from business; and, in the literary portion of the work, Bewick was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Coates, then the incumbent of Bedlington, a rural parish in Northumberland, not far from the coast. To the exertions of Mr. Coates and his friends the artist was indebted for various specimens of the rare aquatic fowls, with which the wilder portions of the

The unnatural combinations of animal with animal, which the plan of the fable involves, spoils the *vraisemblance* of the whole, however beautiful the drawing. To depict a wolf conversing with a lamb; or a fox with a stork or a cat, includes so much that is unnatural, that, be the art what it may with which the scenes shall be depicted, the "*incredulous odi*" still steps in and spoils all. The consequence has been that this work, which, had it appeared early, would have made a reputation, is deemed inferior to the works on natural history, and is consequently much less known. Whether Bewick entertained a presentiment that this was to be his last published effort, it is impossible to say; but it may be interesting to some to be told, that the tail-piece at



MARTIN SCHOENGAUER.

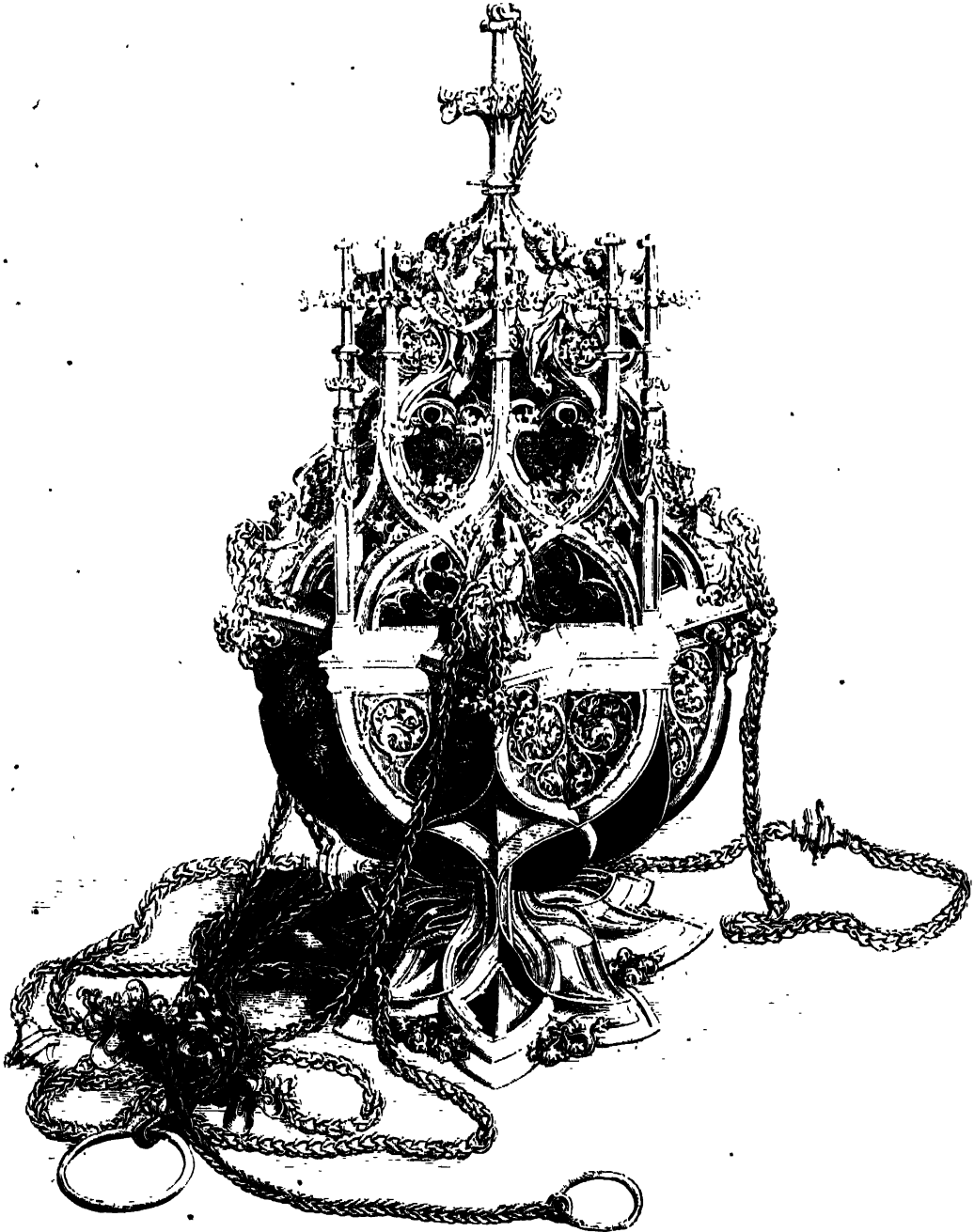
coasts of Northumberland and Durham abound. Many were obtained from the Fern Islands and the sands near Lindisfarne, and others from that rude coast which runs from Seaham, in the county of Durham, to the mouth of the Tees, increasing in boldness, till it ends in the enormous cliffs of Whitby and Scarborough in the north-east angle of Yorkshire.

This was Bewick's last great work. In 1818 were published "Select Fables of Aesop and others, embellished with woodcuts by Thomas Bewick;" a work which he had long contemplated, and which was a favourite with him to the last. Though admirably executed in many respects, candour will not permit it to be ranked with his "Land and Water Birds."

page 162 of the first edition bears the date of his mother's death; and that at page 176, of his father's. It is also a curious trait that the concluding vignette is a view of Ovingham church-yard, the burying-place of the Bewicks, through the open gates of which a funeral is in the act of passing. To those who knew Bewick personally, this final embellishment conveys touching recollections. Soon after the publication of his "Select Fables," Mr. Bewick planned and commenced a "History of British Fishes," which, however, although some progress was made, he did not live to finish. Some of the vignettes intended for this work have been published separately. They are mostly of exceeding beauty, and quite equal to the finest efforts of his earlier life. From

a boy, Mr. Bewick's constitution was in some respects delicate, and towards the middle of life he underwent more than one severe attack of illness, by one of which, in particular, his strength was reduced so low that existence might be said to hang upon a thread. The effects of this attack he never completely shook off, and for the last three or four years of his life, his decline was very visible. He himself was perfectly conscious of it; and used to nourish the hope that his son Robert, now also deceased, might finish that "History of

it was proposed to place in the extensive and fine library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, an institution of which he was for many years a member. This was a matter of some tact and management. To persuade the artist to sojourn in London for the purpose of being modelled was a hope worse than forlorn. The land of Cockneydom he utterly disliked, and within its confines he would not enter. At length it was arranged that Mr. Bailey, the sculptor, should come down to Newcastle and



CENSER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—DESIGNED BY MARTIN ECHOENGAUER.

Fishes" which he knew he could not live to execute. In this hope he has been deceived, the book, though much was done to it, being still quite incomplete.

Mr. Bewick, it has been already stated, always enjoyed the high respect of his fellow-townsmen, and was a favourite with all classes of society, to whom his simplicity of manners and great *bonhomie* were always welcome. About the year 1822, it was agreed, amongst several of his most intimate friends and zealous admirers, to procure a bust of him, which

make the model—which was done; and the bust, which is a perfect likeness, now adorns the library of the society. The modelling of this bust gave rise to more than one amusing and characteristic controversy, between the sculptor and engraver, which it was no easy matter to decide. Bailey, after the custom of his school, wanted to throw over the shoulders of his sitter a bit of drapery, which conventionally passes for a fold of a Roman toga, or Grecian tunic, as the case may be. The artist, however, strictly eschewed either toga or tunic.

He worked in a coat and waistcoat, he asserted, and walked about, and eat and drank in a coat and waistcoat; and in a coat and waistcoat he would be chiselled. Bewick had no idea of going down to posterity in masquerade; and to his resolve he accordingly stuck. The result is, that the marble exhibits not only the strongly lined and expressive features of the engraver, but also a portion of his coat and waistcoat, neckcloth, and carefully-ruffled shirt, in which he dressed for the occasion. Whether this may be "classical" we cannot say. We fear not. But, at all events, it was never denied that it improved the likeness; and that, we presume, cannot be construed into a fault by any metaphysical process whatsoever. To another of the engraver's demands, the sculptor, however, was compelled positively to demur. To the latest period of his life, Bewick's countenance retained very visible vestiges of the severity of the small-pox. Upon the principle which induced Cromwell to insist upon Walker, the portrait-painter, giving every wart as well as every feature of his face, Bewick insisted upon Bailey's essaying to put in some of "his beauty-spots," as he termed the pittings of the small-pox. To this requisition, however, the sculptor positively demurred; asserting that the marks of the small-pox could not by any art be expressed in marble; and so the controversy ended, much to the discontent of the engraver, who was thus forced to impose upon posterity a smoother physiognomy than was really his property.

Bewick was now making some progress in cutting the blocks for the "History of Fishes," but in the midst of this work, his health began to decline. Through the year 1827 his strength gradually sunk, though his mental powers remained to the last, and in 1828, towards the summer, his state became quite hopeless, and gradually ended in death, for which he had long been prepared. His funeral, at his own request, was strictly private. He was buried in the church-yard of Ovingham, the burying-place of the family. The village stands close by the side of the River Tyne, on the north bank; and is a prominent object to travellers going westward by the railway from Newcastle-upon-Tyne into Cumberland. No lover of art can pass it without feeling the spot hallowed in his gaze, when told it contains all that was mortal of Thomas Bewick.

It now remains to say a few words as to the genius and works of this extraordinary man, whom the poet Wordsworth has designated as—

"The genius that dwells on the banks of the Tyne."

There exists amongst some persons a mistaken idea that the fame of Bewick rests, for the most part, upon the fact of his being the maker and father of the art of engraving on wood. This is a sad error. It is true, indeed, that the name of Thomas Bewick must always have a niche in the history of art as the creator of this line of art; but the charm of his works is quite distinct from this. We do not admire the wood-cuts of Bewick because they were the first, but because they are the best. Bewick's excellence is, in truth, more *pictorial* than as a mere engraver of pictures. He had a more correct eye for nature and her forms than, perhaps, any painter that ever lived; and it is for their wonderful spirit, life, and truth, that we admire his figures of animals, and sketches of landscape, and not because they happen to be engraved on wood and cut with a delicacy that is certainly wonderful, when the material is considered. In this faculty of fine cutting, Bewick was equalled, however, by some of his pupils. Some portions of his finest portraits of birds and most striking tail-pieces were executed by them after Bewick had drawn them upon the block. But this is mere nicety of hand; mere mechanical excellence. Many wood-engravers, since Bewick's death, have cut even more finely than their great predecessor in art; but where is the engraver on wood whose name stands beside that of Bewick? Nowhere. No. Because his real excellence lay less in his hand than in his mind. No man ever formed, perhaps, so full, lively, and correct an idea of things which he was to transfer to paper as did Bewick.

His figures of animals are portraits. We know a bird, by him, by its air and physiognomy, just as easily as

by the pencilling of the feathers. Every species has its character in air and features. Thus we have the majestic eagle; the keen pitiless hawk; the airy lark; the pert, vulgar sparrow; the light, elegant snipe; the awkward, strong, lean, sailing heron; the swift bustard; the clean, harmless, happy-looking sea-gull; the fat, sleepy duck; the timid partridge; the insignificant wren; the vivacious, impudent magpie; in short, the whole diversity of character that the feathered tribes so wonderfully exhibit. In the same manner his landscapes always seem to be transcripts of real scenes; and no doubt many of them are so. Bewick would not assent to any unqualified assertion on this point; but his denial does not decide the matter. Of his strict veracity nobody doubted; but his memory of the most minute forms of things was so extensive, and his eye so wonderfully correct, that it is believed he drew portraits of natural scenery without being conscious of it. To those who know minutely the character of the scenery which is embodied in his exquisite vignettes, it is evident that all is a faithful transcript of nature. The shapes of the hills, the sweep of the moors, the character of the cliffs and stones, the features of the river scenery; and the composition of the rocks in his marine sketches, all unite to demonstrate this. In fact, Bewick's theory of art was to copy nature. Of all artists that ever lived, not one was ever so free from metaphysical fantasies. Bewick's reverence for the wisdom of the Creator was great and earnest. He loved nature, because it was to him, as it were, the handwriting of an omnipotent, all-wise, and all-benevolent master. He never dreamed of improving the works of Him who made the universe—the sea, earth, and skies, and "all that in them is." So humble are some people's conceptions of their sphere of action. Hence Bewick sketched what he saw; and that alone. He could love nature in her humblest guise. No need of holiday-time for him; and hence it happens that the simplest of his little landscapes often charm as deeply as his most elaborate transcripts of Northumberland scenery. The secret is in their verisimilitude. They are as the Creator made them. That is all; but surely that is enough.

There can be no doubt that Bewick's excellence in his walk of art was the result of his entire character, joined to a correctness of eye that was almost miraculous. His great love of locality was the prominent feature of his character. He carried it to an extent that to strangers seemed absurd and ludicrous. The scenery, the men, the women, the idiom, the music, of his beloved Northumberland were to him paramount. He was excessively fond of the old Scotch and Irish airs, as all persons of real musical feeling are; but the airs peculiar to Northumberland, which, with one or two exceptions, are really very inferior things, he preferred before them all. We have seen him sit for hours listening to the music of a blind minstrel and his boy, who used to perform these old airs admirably well; but the finest of Ireland's pathetic ditties, or the most spirit-stirring of Scotia's "pibrochs," could not move Bewick to such rapture as did the old Northumberland "Gathering Time," known popularly as "Bodies Abreast," when played on the Northumbrian pipes by his son Robert, who was a first-rate performer on the national instrument. This passion for everything Northumbrian gives his work character. All his scenery is the product of the district. The moors of Kielder, Millfield-plain and Flodden-field, the banks of Coquet, North Tyne, or Till, are all depicted in his vignettes. By those who know the district they are felt to be portraits; by all persons of taste they are felt to be nature unadorned.

Thomas Bewick was by nature very social, and loved to witness the amusements of young people. To sit at the head of the room, with an old friend or two, to see the young people dance, while his son Robert "screwed the pipes and garr'd them skirl," was a great delight to the artist. His admiration for his fair countrywomen used to break out; and he would exclaim, "There they go—queens of England!—queens of England!" They were undoubtedly so in his eyes. His conversation was, like his graver, strong, racy, and graphic. His general talent was great; and upon all questions he thought

for himself, and always took the liberal side. His detestation of game-laws was very great, and he used to assert the impossibility of making any man really believe that the pursuit of wild animals could be a crime, or that any man could have property in such things. He had a remarkable notion that he never could fully enjoy conversation except by a glimmering fire-light. His waggish friends used to assert that this was because he associated with it "the having of candle-ends." The joke passed for its value, but we dare say Bewick told the truth. His eye was, in fact, so habituated to examine objects, that except in a twilight it never was at rest, and this restlessness he felt to interrupt his attention to what was said. Once, after a severe illness, by which he was reduced to the last stage of debility, a friend asked him how, when convalescent, he amused himself, without anything to look at,

and still too weak even to read in bed, or bear much light. His characteristic reply was, "I lay upon my back, and whistled auld tunes!"

Such was Thomas Bewick. In person he was large and ungainly, with something of a stoop. His features were plain and massive; but when he spoke they lighted up in a manner so remarkable, that some person, on first seeing him, said it was "like putting a lamp behind a transparent picture." His works are as original as beautiful, and this probably has helped to give them a popularity such as other works of the kind never attained. In all quarters of the globe they are known and admired, by the scientific and the simple, and by age as well as youth. He left behind him one son (now deceased) and three daughters, to enjoy a handsome independence.

MARTIN SCHOENGAUER.

MARTIN SCHOENGAUER, commonly known by the name of Martin Schön, and called by foreign writers on art Le Beau Martin, or Hübsche Martin, was born at Colmar in Holstein, about the year 1445. According to Bryan, he was born at Culmbach, in Franconia, about the year 1420; but this is now generally believed to be incorrect, though the precise time and place of the artist's birth are not fully settled. In his youth he practised the trade of a goldsmith, and it was not until middle age that he distinguished himself by his extraordinary powers in the arts of painting and engraving. On the back of a portrait of him is a German inscription, of which we give the translation:—"Master Martin Schöngauer, an artist, surnamed the Handsome, died at Colmar, on the 2nd of February, 1499. God be merciful to him. And I, Jean Sargkmaur, was a pupil of his, in the year 1488." Upon a drawing in the possession of Heinnekin, Albert Durer wrote:—"This piece was drawn by Martin Schön, in 1470, being then a young man. I, Albert Durer, having learnt the above, write this to his honour, in the year 1517." Schöngauer was considered one of the greatest artists of his age. "What shall I say," writes Wimpfeling, "what shall I say of Martin Schön of Colmar, who so excelled in the art of painting, that his pictures have been much sought after, and conveyed into Italy, France, Spain, England, and other countries?" The churches of St. Martin and St. Francis, at Colmar, contain some of his pictures, which artists consider it a privilege to copy.

According to Sandraart, Martin was on a footing of intimate friendship with Perugini; as a mark of mutual esteem, they exchanged from time to time some of their drawings. Vasari relates that Michael Angelo, in his youth, had studied and copied one of Martin's plates, representing the Temptation of St. Anthony.

Schöngauer has considerable reputation as an engraver; he was one of the first who practised the art with a view to taking impressions on paper. There are 116 authentic pieces by his hand, and 100 others are attributed to him. He has engraved a large number of sacred and some ornamental subjects, among which is the beautiful censor which we reproduce. Besides being an excellent painter and engraver, he possessed much

skill as a goldsmith. Some writers on art have asserted that it was at his house that Albert Durer worked in his youth; but he does not mention this in the autobiography which he has left us.

Martin Schöngauer died in the year 1499; the inscription on his portrait gives evidence of this, as well as the researches of Councillor de Lerse, in Colmar, from which it appears that he lived longer than is commonly supposed. Christopher Scheurl and Sandraart say that he died about the year 1486.

Christ, in his dictionary of monograms, says that Martin Schön's master was one Lupert Russ, an obscure personage, and from him he must have learnt engraving. The influence of the school of the Low Countries upon his talent rendered his style peculiar in Germany. His contemporaries were unanimous in praising the grace of his compositions, and, in short, he was one of the first who introduced feeling and expression into painting. He had no rival among the German artists of his day, except, perhaps, Michael Wohlgemuth, or Herlim. In the collections of Spain, Italy, France, and England, more pictures are attributed to Martin Schön than one artist could have executed, especially one who divided his time between the brush and the graver. Not one of his paintings bears the monogram with which his engravings are stamped. The best pictures imputed to him are to be found at Ulm, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Munich, Schleissshuim, Berlin, Basle, Vienna, and Milan; but especially at his native place, Colmar, where are still to be seen the marvels of which Wimpfeling speaks. Some of these paintings at Colmar have been attributed to Albert Durer; they are preserved in the Priory, which is now the College; others, ascribed on doubtful authority to Martin Schön, were taken to this College during the disturbances in the last century. A very fine picture, by this brilliant master, representing the Madonna, the size of life, seated on a grassy bank, adorns the church of St. Martin at Colmar. At the Museum at Paris, a picture of the Israelites gathering Manna in the Desert is said to be the production of Martin Schöngauer. Passarant speaks confidently of there being one of Martin Schön's pictures in Mr. Ader's collection in London; but so many are ascribed to him falsely, that we can only rely on the authenticity of those at Colmar.

ALBERT DURER.

ALBERT DURER became in the sixteenth century the representative of the German school. The universality of his genius and the tendency to the fantastic, which he evidenced in almost all his works, combined to make his productions the realisation of the soarings of art at his period, and gave him a place among the greatest masters whom the world has ever seen. He was a painter, and as such his colouring was peculiarly brilliant; an engraver, and here he exhibited the most indefatigable industry and consummate skill; he was no mean or inefficient

sculptor, and a highly-gifted architect; his spirit was rich and inexhaustible, not confined to one sphere of art, but embracing all, as with a magic zone. He was an imaginative poet, a skilful geometrician, an accurate mathematician, and a voluminous author. In his colouring there is something peculiarly brilliant, rarely surpassed by any other painter; but one thing is remarkably observable, namely, the almost total absence of *chiaroscuro*. His drawing is full of force and character—here and there, indeed, peculiar in the attitude, or

the flow of the drapery—so peculiar, that it becomes almost harsh, but still so beautiful, so suggestive of deep and earnest thought, that they have not been inappropriately called poems. On a previous occasion* we presented a biographical sketch of this great man—this Crichton of art—and dwelt

such as representing the soldiers at the Crucifixion in the costume of the middle ages; but his Christian pictures were symbolical more than historical. Here is the picture of "The Prodigal Son." The artist has seized upon that part of the parable which forms the turning point in the prodigal's history. He



THE PRODIGAL SON.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

somewhat critically on his various productions; we now give another of his works, and it needs no comment. He was prolific in sacred subjects—the story of the evangelists enkindled his enthusiasm—what they described he portrayed. In some of these pieces he has been accused of anachronism, "Works of Eminent Masters," vol. i., p. 101.

has descended the last step of degradation, and the child of Abraham has lost all—his wealth and summer friends together—and the Jew feeds swine, and fain would fill his belly with the husks that the swine do eat. The broad, rough outlines, the grouping, the expression, the tone of the whole is worthy of the high fame of the "evangelist of art."

JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.



THE French are an amusing people. They are also a fickle people. One day they fancy a thing, and next week it has passed away like the baseless fabric of a vision, falling away



into this deep abyss of things forgotten, dead, perished. Look back but one century in their history. An ancient and effete monarchy is followed by an attempt at constitutional liberty,
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which is speedily succeeded by civil war and revolution, a short triumph of anarchy, a sham republic, an empire, monarchy once more, then an empire again for one hundred days, again the old monarchy, which was finally overthrown by a bastard kind of government, itself falling unresistingly beneath the indignation of society, and being succeeded by a republic, which, yielding to fraud and perjury, ends in an empire once more. In no other history can such a story be told of two generations of men, though many still live who have seen all we have outlined. A people who can submit to or perpetrate such eccentricities, must be a people *per se, sui generis*, different from the rest of the world, and scarcely to be appreciated or judged by the same standard we should apply to the inhabitants of any other land.

In art and literature the French are as fickle as in politics. They do not steadily pursue the study of their authors as they arise; now enjoying the beauties of one, and then of another; luxuriating in the feeling and beauty of one style to-day, and in the stern power of a more masculine tone to-morrow. A Frenchman who admires one author will not read any other with pleasure; and we know one learned man of law, who, buried in his dry and musty octavos and quartos, never warms his imagination or suns himself in the smiles of light litera-

ture except in two books, the Confessions of Rousseau and Faublas. Other authors he is content to know through a book of elegant extracts. The nation is the same as the individual. It can only patronise one school at a time. Thus at one time all France is romantic, then classical, and then poetical. It happened on a given day that J. J. Rousseau set the whole nation into a phrenzy about nature, and everybody determined to be natural and admire nature. The Queen of France put on a straw hat, and dressed like a milkmaid; the cottages where Louis XVI. played the good *bailli*, and where the other princes assumed characters equally suited to them, are still to be seen in the gardens of the Trianon.

Nobody spoke in those days of anything but gardens and flowers. P. Lambert had just published his "Seasons," and Delille prated about flower-beds in Alexandrines as long as the alleys of his parks. The descriptive style became the rage; lyrics were greedily devoured; people contrived to read Gessner's "Pastorals," translated by the great Turgot himself, under the pseudonym of Huber. This phrensiad love of nature, which in a few was sincere and real, was quite factitious in others. It was during this particular era that Jean Baptiste Huet made himself known.

He was not the son of an architect, as M. Brunn Neergaardt tells us in the reprint of his speech delivered over the tomb of Huet, but of an armorial-bearing painter to the court, who lodged in the Louvre; and it was in the Louvre that Jean Baptiste Huet was born, on the 15th of October, 1745. He received his first lessons from Dagommer, who was a man of talent, and whose drawings exhibited great taste. It is probably to his connexion with this artist that we owe his style and peculiar subjects in painting. He also received advice and assistance from Boucher and Leprince, so that he learnt to paint the nude human figure, landscape, and several other styles, all of which will be found mixed up with his favourite subject—animals, he being another Cuyt and Wou-vernans in this particular.

The same difficulty meets us at the outset that we have alluded to in connexion with so many artists. Nothing is known of his early career, except a tradition that, like all young men of his day, he was exceedingly attached to the society of ladies, and was very learned in that code of politeness which was the cloak and screen to the detestable vices of the age. He retained this affable, courtly manner throughout life; and some of those who knew him are still left to speak of that exquisite perception of what is due from man to man, which belonged to some of the devotees of the old regime, and which Huet never departed from. But of his actual life we know nothing at all until the 29th of July, 1769, the year of his reception at the Academy. His reception picture was "A Family of Geese attacked by Dogs." The sketch is said by those who have seen it to be admirably effective. The dogs have entered a poultry-yard, where are congregated a whole flock of geese, protected from their enemies by a frail barrier, through which they thrust their beaks, and utter the celebrated cry which saved the capitol. The flurry and alarm of the nest is admirably rendered, with the scudding hither and thither of the little goslings. This simple and effective picture is one of the best Huet ever painted; in no other has he displayed so much life and energy, for in general he paints his animals in repose.

After his reception, Huet naturally enjoyed the right of exhibiting his pictures at the Academy; and he exercised his privilege with great constancy, generally, but not always, with success. As long as he confined himself to landscapes and animals, he was warmly praised, in days when, Diderot excepted, criticism on art was sober and cold. The remark was often made, with some justice, that his pictures were too clear, too brilliant, and his colouring rather too deep-toned to be natural; but his landscapes were allowed to be dashed off *de govt* (a phrase much used by the *Mercure* style in those days); his animals to be given with spirit and effect; and his heads painted with elevated expression; while the whole was light, airy, and pleasing. Unfortunately, the artist Huet was not quite so simple—or rather was

too simple—to stick to that style which was peculiarly his own. Having entered the Academy as an animal painter, he allowed himself to be dazzled by the success and example of his great fellow-associates; and, like them, he tried naked figures. It was at the time when Vien, to whom we shall allude in our life of David, began to suggest those reforms which were to be carried so far. Inspired with mighty ideas, good Huet determined to paint "Hercules and Omphale," and wishing to have the canvas commensurate with the dignity of the subject, he painted his hero much larger than nature, in a perfect state of nudity, by the side of a huge and rotund Cupid, to typify the subject on which he was addressing the queen. This attempt of the painter of "The Dog and Geese" was not very fortunate. At the sight of these colossal limbs, thus exposed to all Paris the journalists were offended, the ladies were scandalised, and the successor of Bachaumont wrote a stinging page on the subject. Huet bowed his head, and returned to his sheep.

Here he was at home. In drawings, water-colours, painting in distemper, oil-paintings, whatever his style, he excelled in doing full justice to the curly wool of the humble animal, to the soft eyes of the lamb, to the solemn physiognomy of the old ram. His sheep were living, bleating animals, and even Jacques Van der Does himself never did them more justice. It is greatly to the credit of Huet that he gave way to the opinion of the world, and confined himself resolutely to that department for which he was suited by his genuine tastes and habits. Too many men have striven to shine in branches for which they were not qualified, and have in general contrived to spoil themselves in even the one for which they were intended. Many a good artisan has been spoiled, it is said, in the endeavour to produce an artist; but many a good artist in a particular field has been ruined in the bold attempt to be universal.

But Huet having studied Rabelais' proverb, which tells us that "*Il faut revenir à ses moutons*," became celebrated, and was highly successful. If his pictures were a little imaginary in tone and deep in colouring, his drawings—the number of these was prodigious, chiefly on coloured paper—were perfect, perfectly charming indeed from the extreme correctness, the detailed minuteness of the thing represented; and then from the grace of the pencilling, and the admirable and successful mode adopted by him of using white, which was always brought in *apropos*—here under the humid eyes of a sheep, there on the nose of a goat, or on his white paw, or upon the creases of the horns, or the white wool. In this, like Demarne, the power of Huet was universal when animals were concerned. He was as successful with the beasts that roam through the meadow and pasture land, as with the racking geese and crowing cock of the farm-yard, and equally so with the wild and savage inhabitants of a menagerie. Above all he drew them admirably. His drawings, even by experienced amateurs, have been mistaken for those of Gericault, when he painted the roaring lions of the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris—so admirably did he portray their character, masculine fury, and majestic air. Huet, like Karel Dujardin, had a peculiar affection for the humble and ill-used ass. He was equally successful in painting this tribe, as he was in rendering the woolly flock. They lived, moved, and breathed, as it were, on the canvas. In fact, it is said that, in a picture exhibited in 1775, "The Holy Family and the Shepherds," the superiority of the animals to the human figure was so marked that the critics smiled. And well they might, when there was really justice in saying that the importance given to the animals threw the Holy Family into the shade. The more admirable his animals in this picture, the more he was blamed. He was even accused of having given to an ass a wise expression of countenance truly ludicrous. For a painter to have wit is one thing—it is another to lend a portion of that attribute to a donkey.

But despite errors and omissions, Huet took his rank among the most celebrated artists of the day. His expressive copper-plates, full of taste and picturesqueness, pretty engravings taken from his animals, his landscapes, and his pencillings, executed by Demarteau in *fac-simile*, made him popular all over France.

At the Revolution of 1789, Huet was captain of the *milice bourgeoise* (now the national guard) of Sevre. The proof of this fact is found in the body of a document emanating from the President of the National Assembly, and signed Le Chapelier, and Duke de Villequier, under the date of the 12th August.

The French Revolution, with all its errors and its crimes, natural and inevitable result of long ages of misgovernment, of ignorance, and infidelity, itself a natural result of blind Romanism and open vice in the priesthood—gave birth to deeds of heroic and Roman virtue. The mass of those who fought on the frontiers, of those who enrolled themselves to go and fight their enemies without thought of pay, were actuated by the purest ideas of patriotism. They hoped for better things from the Revolution, and they were not deceived; they saw a glimpse of liberty, and they went forth to combat for that liberty. Apart from the fearful contest between a worn-out oligarchy and a fierce and untamed democracy, bursting from abject Roman slavery into the caldron of liberty that seethed and boiled around them, until it had swallowed up those who had lit the fire, the aspect of France was really heroic. Fourteen armies sprang from the ranks of the peasantry and artisans to go and combat the trained bands of the despotisms of Europe. Huet, married to a Mademoiselle Chevalier, had three sons, all of whom he had brought up in the sentiments and feelings of the hour. He had educated them as artists and citizens. In 1792, at the time when Prussia and Austria invaded the frontiers of France, when one long and tremendous cry went forth, "The country is in danger!" the three sons of Huet desired to enlist in the Seine-et-Oise battalion which was being formed at Sevre. But educated in ideas of obedience, of respect, accustomed to do nothing without the consent of their father, they scarcely dared to communicate their idea to him for fear of displeasing him. Bold before the idea of battle, they hesitated and trembled at the bare thought of avowing their glorious desire to their father. They ranged themselves in a line at last, the eldest at their head, and away they went to their father's workshop, a place they generally visited only during his absence. After some hesitation, the eldest son explained, that he and his brothers, having learnt the dangers of their country, had made up their minds to engage in a battalion of republican volunteers.

"My children," said Huet, embracing them, "I am delighted to find that this idea has come spontaneously from you, and that I have only to approve it."

"We will then at once go and enrol ourselves," replied the delighted eldest son.

"Go, my sons, and the blessings of your old father go with you."

They went and joined the regiment, and all three did credit to their name. They fought at Jemmapes; and one of them, the youngest, Jean Baptiste, who afterwards was an engraver, and who still lives, had his arm broken. As he had distinguished himself very much in a most terrible skirmish, in which many officers had perished, he was proposed as captain. But his two brothers served in the same regiment as himself, and he refused to be a captain when his eldest brother was but a lieutenant.

Jean Baptiste Huet, the father, painted much in water-colours and in distemper. This habit arose, probably, from his being employed to design for manufactories. M. Overkamp, being director of the manufactory of Jouy, was continually pressing him for cotton-print designs. Those who have travelled much on the continent, and put up in little inns in France, Belgium, and Germany—places where you obtain as good entertainment as in Russia and Turkey—have probably remarked dining-rooms covered with tinted paper, representing a particular subject, and bed-rooms with curtains of cloth of Jouy. Estelle and Nemorin, with their shepherd's crook tied by ribbons; the story of Tom Thumb; and the popular legend of Genevieve of Brabant, were the ordinary subjects of these humble domestic tapestries. Divided into marked and touching episodes, these *naïves histoires* are repeated all round the globe, alternating with symbolical ornaments. Sometimes

two ill-sewn breadths bring the end of the story before the beginning; and the traveller must often, in the morning, while debating with himself the relative merits of early rising and sloth, have been amused by the sight of these popular decorations. Under the Directory and the Empire, the cloths of Jouy became mythological. Greek and Roman early history, metamorphosed, took the place of fairy tales, romances, and legends. The shepherds of Theocrites were substituted for those of Florian. What gods and goddesses, what fawns and satyrs, what heroes and fair beauties, have we not seen on the walls of French, Swiss, and Italian inns! The Swiss even beat the others in their crude and often somewhat coarse simplicity. It was about this time that Jean Baptiste Huet sketched and composed those drawings, which, printed on the cottons of M. Overkamp, rejoiced the grandmothers of the present continental generation, and which still amuse the traveller who takes up his quarters for one night at St. Flour. There are extant, from the hand of Jean Baptiste Huet, pen-and-ink sketches of great power, evidently intended for Jouy; these drawings, something between the styles of Gerard and Prud'hon, represent the adventures of Psyché, in little pictures separated by emblems, flowers, and garlands.

Huet has often been reproached with the extreme inconsistency of his painting, which, in fact, wants solidity and depth. This arises from the fact that he painted so much in water-colours and distemper. To quote an instance. "The Wolf pierced by a Lance," which he exhibited in the *salon* of 1771, was painted by this process, like a theatrical scene, so that the owner of the picture very nearly destroyed it by trying to unvarnish it. Luckily, he was warned in time by one of the sons of the painter. This wolf, which is the size of life, with a background of landscape, and a foreground of large plants, is one of the most important works of Huet. But as he could not very well have a live wolf in his studio, he suspended the dead body of one of these animals by cords, and inspired himself in presence of his inflamed and yawning mouth and fierce sparkling eyes. It is precisely this head which is the most successful part of the picture, both in touch and expression. The skin, too, is boldly rendered, and the variegated and spotted effects, the hair lying down or standing on end, are all faithfully depicted. The whole body of the wolf betrays somewhat of the awkward hanging position in which the wolf was placed in the *atelier*. The critics of the hour judged the execution of Huet from this piece, and, therefore, did not do him justice, as they did not appear to remark that it had the necessary defects of distemper and water-colours, and was not painted in oil. To form an idea of Huet's manner in this style of painting, the amateur must see "The Two Sheep," in the possession of M. Langlois, bookseller and publisher in Paris. It is the finest production of the master; and we use the word "master" in its highest acceptance. It is very rare for painters to represent animals the size of nature. Roos and Paul Potter have done it several times, and not with any great propriety. This is a matter on which there has been a great deal of discussion, but the arguments are rather against the system, in our opinion, than in favour of it. It appears to be a received opinion, that such an act is artistic heresy, and is justified neither by the attempt to produce illusion—which is not the object of high art—nor by the position of these animals in the creation. A small picture on the usual easel produces quite as much effect as a vast canvas, with this advantage, that we are awakened to the recollection of the pleasing harmonies of nature and its many charms, without being compelled to be too exacting in our imitation of the reality. Our good old Huet, then, was wrong to take a six-foot canvas to paint a ram and lamb; but, on the other hand, he has thrown into the subject all his energy and talent, all his brilliant colours, his most delicate touch. He executed this picture after nature in the Jardin des Plantes, in the year of the Republic VIII. (1801). The ram is magnificent; it breathes, it stands before us, as it were, alive; the lamb, lying down in the foreground, projects its head as it were from the canvas—as the French poet has it—

"Et d'un air indolent rumine sa pâture."

A knotty and gnarled trunk, a tall thistle, some mallow leaves on the left; on the right, a strawberry bush and willows, complete this charming composition, where the accessories, though rendered with power and accuracy, still allow the sheep and their soft wool to hold the most prominent position; the whole warmed by a golden ray of sunshine. This is, beyond all doubt, the masterpiece of Jean Baptiste Huet; and we were about to say, "Who will credit it?" when we recollected that anything may be said of favour-appointed directors of art. Nicolas Huet, painter of the Museum of Natural History, knowing that there was no work of his father in the Louvre, in that palace where he was born, offered this picture to M. de Forbin, then at the head of affairs, for nothing. He never received any reply. How often has it been matter of deep regret that no real discriminating and genuine artist should ever, except on rare occasions, be appointed to such posts.

We have already alluded to the name of Prud'hon, and we

self to be ruined by the extravagance of his wife, and was compelled to sell his property and retire to a humble lodging, Rue Hautefeuille, No. 13. There he died, on the 27th of August, 1811.

The sons of Huet, we have said, were all three artists. The eldest son, who took the name of Villiers Huet, was a very able miniature painter. He even successfully contended with Isabey; but this latter having a name and connexion, Huet came over to England. In this country Huet—Villiers Huet, the republican volunteer of 1789 and 1793—was, strange to say, the delight of the court and aristocracy. He published in London, at Ackerman's, in 1806, some landscapes and animals, under the title of "Rudiments of Trees, Rudiments of Cattle, drawn and engraved by Villiers Huet." Miniature, it will be seen, did not prevent him from being, like his father, a landscape-painter and engraver. The second son of Huet—Nicolas, born in 1770—was appointed painter to the Museum of Natural History in the month of October, 1804. He there



A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES OF ANIMALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

may add that he was not without his influence on Jean Baptiste Huet, whose intimate friend he was. He often visited him at Villiers-sur-Orge, where he had a pretty country-house and considerable property. Often, during the warm summer season, Mademoiselle Mayer came and passed whole months at Huet's; and Prud'hon, who had always brushes or pencils in his hand, never failed to leave behind him some of those admirable sketches on blue paper, which were the offspring of the leisure hours of his genius. The little circle of friends collected at Villiers was composed of artists and a few persons of rank and celebrity: the President Eymard; the architect Demarteau, nephew of the celebrated engraver in imitation of pencil-drawings; M. Legrand, an ingenious and clever engraver, who could also write the letter-press to accompany his plates; the brothers Constantin, painters and picture-dealers; M. Prevost, and M. Florent Prevost, chief of the zoological department of the Museum of Natural History, to whom we owe the recollection of these happy days. Married a second time to Mademoiselle Vavancat, Huet suffered him-

produced, with exquisite and unrivalled finish, two hundred and forty-six paintings of mammalia, birds, insects, reptiles, crustacea, mollusca, and zoophytes. Whole days might well be passed following with the eye the infinite delicacy of these learned pictures, where the genius of the artist is displayed with a faithful power of depiction, equal to that of a Chinese tailor. The admirable, the "adorable" finish, as Creplin says, with which are reproduced, for the delight of the naturalist, those birds with their rich plumage of green, and orange, and citron, indigo, and carmine; those insects which dwell in flowers, and show now burnished gold, now polished steel on emerald ground, now azure tones on a golden ground; those dazzling beetles with their metallic green backs, coppery edges, and burnished steel spots; and those warm and luminous flies, which the savages of certain lands attach to their moccasins to light them at night, are all equally well depicted.

We often wonder at the exquisite fineness of the brush, which can succeed in conveying to the eye such microscopic

details, which can let you see the antennæ, whether jagged or square, and which can enter into the minutiae of the smallest insect with a truth-like power which belongs to genius alone. It is a truth worth noting, that on the continent, since the days when Gaston d'Orleans first thought of having a painter in ordinary (Robert) for the finest flowers and the most curious plants of his garden at Blois, this kind of painting has reached its last perfection; thanks to the Redoutés, the Marechals, the Huets, and the Spaendoncks.

The third son of Huet—Jean Baptiste, the one who had his arm broken on the field of battle—was nevertheless an artist. He engraved with his left hand plates of animals, after his father, in a heavy, sleepy, and unsuccessful manner. A gallant man, a brave soldier, a good son, an affectionate brother, he was an inferior artist.

To return to Huet the father. He has left a name in the history of art, and he has richly deserved a place among the artists of the French school, of whom we shall speak more

which may be seen near towns, that familiar kind of landscape which awoke the muse of Delille and Thompson. He even invades the province of Berquin, from whom he appears to have taken his little farmers and their pretty mother, and many other scenes of that well-known children's friend. Huet began with Boucher and Leprince; he finished with David and Prud'hon. But at both the beginning and end of his career he always preserved a certain physiognomy, and the connoisseur, far off as his picture may be, will always cry, "That is a Huet."

Certain artists should certainly illustrate certain poets. Huet would not convey to the mind the grander conceptions of Milton or Shakspeare, but he would admirably render many scenes in Spenser, Crabbe, or Keats. How he would have illustrated such a scene as this:—

"Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers, catching at all things,



THE MILKWOMAN. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

fully in our life of David. Huet has been reproached with too much memory; but when even he did recollect the ideas of others, he contrived to invest them with his own particular style. Sometimes he steals a horse from Wouvermans; sometimes he goes back to Van der Does and Karel Dujardin, without forgetting Demarne. Huet followed, too, all the variations of Parisian life; he reflected all the ideas of his time. Though a townsman, he loved nature; he painted it in picturesque disorder, with its somewhat familiar phases most prominent; old bridges, stiles, gates, farm-yards—all these are freely scattered through his pictures. His shepherdesses have a little too much of the antique profile, and look as if they sprang from an idyl of Theocritus, and were called Amyntas or Palemon by name. With the exception of these somewhat classic figures, which we are surprised to find in a stable beside a milch-cow, his works are impregnated with the spirit of nature—not with the grand and sublime poetry of the vast scenery of the world—not that nature which inspired Ruysdael—but that soft, living, sweet, poetic nature

To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger a while upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging willows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshneses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silv' bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;

But turn your eye, and they are there again.
 The ripples seem right glad to reach those creases,
 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
 So keeping up an interchange of favours,
 Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
 Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
 From low-hung branches: little space they stop;
 But sip and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
 Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
 Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
 Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
 Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
 That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away,
 Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
 Fanning away the dandelion's down;
 Than the light music of her nimble toes
 Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
 How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
 Playing in all her innocence of thought."

Here Huet would have been at home. We may judge this from those we have given. Examine the little opening scene (p. 277), the girl, the boy, the dog, and the sheep in the background, and then the milk-woman. This is an admirable production. The cow is of itself a picture. The quiet resigned physiognomy of the animal is truly and appropriately rendered, while the woman, the child rubbing its eye, the boy holding out his jar for milk, are all real, and seem to start from the canvas. Examine every detail of the scene, and the sharp, observant character of the man will be seen. The disorder is genuine, not studied; the position and look of the dog admirable; the cock, what our American brethren would call a genuine rooster. The overhanging tree is finished with great care. The colouring of the original picture is somewhat too brilliant, but it is not carried to an offensive extent. The shepherd keeping the flock is superior as a picture. The cattle to the left, the cow and the sheep, both are painted with all the vigour of outline and correctness of colour which Huet always gave to this part of the brute creation. The boy leaning over the cow to speak to the woman who is seated on the ground, is a careless effect of genius quite poetical. The dog, which appears to be watching the birds of the air, is an excellent feature in the landscape, which, whether we examine the finish of the trees and foliage, the truthful representation of the donkey, or the elaborate foreground, is extreme in its excellence. It is one of his later pictures, bearing date 1800. "The Landscape with figures of Animals" (p. 276) is remarkable from the peculiar effect of the cattle, one of which, standing on the summit of a rock, gazes with solemn attention at the scene below. It is admirable both in finish and detail.

Huet was very laborious, and his drawings were at one time easily found. They are now rare, though not expensive. The following is the list of his pictures, all displayed at the exhibition.

1769.—"Dogs attacking Geese," "A Caravan," "A Fox in a Fowl-house," "Rare Birds," "A common Oven at Marly," "A Milk-woman," two paintings of "Flowers in Vases," "A Moonlight," "A Little Dog," "Scene with Animals," "A Partridge," "Lion Hunting," "An Angel announcing the Coming of the Saviour;" several drawings and sketches.

1771.—"A Wolf stabbed by a Spear," "A Hunter's Halt," "The Farmer's Wife," two "Scenes," "A Caravan," several drawings.

1773.—"A Vase of Flowers," "Flowers and Fruits" (eight inches by five), "Europe," "Asia," "The Farm," "Solitude," "Fidelity tearing off the Bandage from Love's Eyes," "Morning," "Midday," "Afternoon," "Evening."

1777.—"The Holy Family with the Shepherds," "A Farm Yard," "Morning," "Midday," "Fishing," "The Farmer's Wife," "The Market," "The Return from Market" (p. 280), "Rest," "Solitude."

1777.—"A Market," "Morning," "Evening" (four inches high, two feet eight inches long), "Landscape, with figures

and animals," "Pastoral," "Pastoral Trophy," "Portrait of a Lady and her Daughter," "A Woman feeding Fowls," &c.
 1779.—"Hercules and Queen Omphale" (ten feet by eight).
 1781. "A Lady and her Son," "Landscape, with figures and animals."

1785.—Some landscapes.

1787.—"Figures and Animals," "A Woman and Child playing with a Dog," "The Pond of Ronce," "Walls and Fort of the ancient city of Molle," "Market for Animals," "Birth of the Messiah," "Pastoral Scene."

1800.—"Two Sheep," "Washerwomen at a Pond," "An Oven at Bougival," "A Shepherd keeping his Flock."

1801.—"Two young Bulls in a Stable," "A Cow and two Calves," "A Cow and Calf," "A Donkey with Sacks."

1802.—"A Lion, Lioness and Young."

Huet was a very successful engraver, and it is chiefly by his engravings that he is known in this country, where few of his pictures have penetrated, as far as we have been able to learn.

Huet

J. B. Huet . 1779

A RECOVERED ORIGINAL PICTURE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

In October, 1841, Vincent Botti, a painter and restorer of old oil-paintings at Florence, purchased of a broker of that town a picture, which had been daubed over by some unskilled hand in a most unjustifiable manner, for the purpose of veiling the nudity of the figure. The experienced restorer quickly apprehended that here, as in other cases, a masterpiece might be concealed behind this coarse daubing. Following out this idea, he proceeded with great care to free the picture from all incongruous touches; and, before long, he had the gratification of seeing a female figure of wondrous beauty, which he immediately recognised as one of the finest of Michael Angelo's creations, coming out, in all its pristine freshness, from beneath the covering which had so injudiciously been thrown over it.

The picture consists of a single figure, half the size of life, and represents the Goddess of Fortune sitting, with extended wings, upon a wheel, naked to the middle, the lower part of the figure being wrapped in the folds of a rose-coloured drapery. She rolls onward, her countenance expressive of unconcern and perfect ease. Her head inclines slightly towards the right shoulder; she stretches out her arms, and her hands scatter on the right a sceptre, crown, and laurel-wreath, on the left thorns and arrow-heads. The front of the goddess is surrounded by a bright radiance, which gradually deepens into black. It is said that Michael Angelo zealously studied Dante's poems, and more than one of his works embody thoughts of the celebrated singer: it was this fact which procured him the title of the Dante among the painters. The figure of Fortune is the expression of some lines in the seventh canto of the "Inferno," where it is said:—

"And she it is, on whose devoted head
 Are heaped such vile reproach and calumny
 By those whose praise she rather merited.
 But she is blest, and hears not what they say;
 With other primal beings, joyously
 She rolls her sphere, exulting on her way."

And truly the head, which is of enchanting beauty, is expressive of the most blissful ease and equanimity with which she looks down upon human things, evil as well as good. In all Michael Angelo's pictures it is manifest that the hand of a sculptor guides the brush. In the creations of this master-spirit, you feel the power of genius, and recognise a deep knowledge of the laws of anatomy; but in the figure of Fortune the painter has, with far-seeing delicacy, modified

his usual superabundance of strength, in order to preserve the delicate form becoming the young and graceful goddess.

In order to establish the authenticity of this discovery, it was necessary to have recourse to strict and careful comparison. "The Holy Family," by the same master, which is to be found in the gallery of Florence, and the genuineness of which is not questioned, afforded an opportunity. This comparison has resulted decidedly in favour of Signor Botti's discovery, a systematic and conscientious examination having shown that both these pictures are painted on boards of the same wood, prepared by the same process—that is, covered with a thin coating of white, and painted in water-colours, over which is laid a coat of oil, known by the name of oil of Albezzo, which fixes the colours, and imparts to the figure what we call *mezza tempera*. Lastly, the whole is washed

over with a varnish, which gives it the appearance of an oil-painting. The wings of "Fortune" evidently show that the newly-discovered picture is painted by the process just described. Moreover, the same connoisseurs and artists have unanimously recognised an entire similarity of treatment in the "Fortune" and "The Holy Family;" for both these pictures, painted by the same process, exhibit the same treatment of light and shadow, the same colouring and disposition of the draperies, and, what is still more interesting, the same purity and perfection of drawing.

After the authenticity of the picture had thus been established, the discoverer publicly exhibited it in the Bartolomei Palace, at Florence. We understand that Signor Botti intends to make a tour, with his fortunate discovery, through the principal towns of Europe, first visiting Paris.

CORNELIUS BEGA.

Our readers already know Adrian Van Ostade. Cornelius Bega is a corrected edition of that artist; but there are many who prefer the original with all his errors. A profoundly original artist, reaching the domain of art by a purely individual road, never fails to make proselytes. Those masters who have imitated no one are always those who are most imitated themselves. Adrian Van Ostade had a school which gave to the world many charming painters: his own brother Isaac first, then Cornelius Dusart, Antony Goebauw, Michel de Musscher, and Cornelius Bega. Bega and Dusart were those who were best able to seize the artist's manner, and to reproduce his ideas most faithfully; but Bega, a more disguised imitator than Dusart, brought to his work a wit, an elegance, and a correctness, which were exceedingly remarkable. If we examine the pictures and engravings of Bega, without knowing the ground he works upon, we may well expect our readers to be surprised when we speak of elegance with regard to those peasants, cut, as it were, out of a log with a scythe—those illuminated clowns, humpbacked, short and fat, who, being out of all true human proportions, form a nation of caricatures. And yet, if we place Bega by the side of Van Ostade, we recognise that the latter has approached the truth and sublimity of ugliness, that he has taken his people seriously and has illustrated them seriously; while the former, less devoted to the worship of deformity, has loved to civilise his models, and has given them a coarse delicacy which is not in the master, and which is not either found in nature.

This excepted, Bega is a good painter, an excellent engraver, and altogether an agreeable artist, much sought after by amateurs, and well worthy a place in our gallery of distinguished painters, in the same way that he has figured in all the most celebrated cabinets of Europe, beside, or rather a little below, Van Ostade. Unfortunately we know little about him, and in fact scarcely anything at all, save the history of his death which, say some biographers, is a glorious leaf in his biographical sketch. The date of his birth is supposed to be 1620. His mother, Maria Cornelisz, was daughter to the painter Cornelius Cornelisz, so well known under the name of Cornelius Van Harlem; his father was a sculptor in wood, and was called Begyn; but young Cornelius, being as dissipated as he was clever, was driven from the paternal home, and took the name of Bega instead of Begyn, determined not to bear the name of a parent who thus treated him, and desirous of making his own illustrious. Thus speaks the illustrious Houbraken. Descamps, on the contrary, says that Bega changed his name to oblige his father, and that he really did oblige him by so doing. It would have been better to have changed his conduct, says the solemn writer.

However this may be, Cornelius Bega, no longer Begyn, was received into the atelier of Van Ostade, and from the influence of this master, just as he would have felt the influence of any other. He was of a timid, supple, and easily-managed character. His two passions, woman and art, utterly absorbed him. In gallantry he was wildly reckless; in painting, he was always led away by ambition. That our readers

may at once understand his character, we may as well relate the circumstances of his death. In 1661, a woman he passionately loved was attacked with the plague. The painter, despite all warnings, went to see his mistress, and nursed her with the utmost care. When her last moment was announced to be at hand, he came to press on her forehead one last kiss of affection. But now the doctors and the mother of the young artist kept him by force away from the bed. Bega, unable to approach her, took a long stick, one end of which he gave to his mistress; she kissed it three times with her dying lips, and he, on the other hand, in his wild despair, sent his three mad kisses in the same way. Houbraken, who gives all these details, adds that Bega, under the influence of such an adieu, and overwhelmed by the grief he experienced, was himself attacked by the plague, and died a few days after, in the same year, 1661, aged only forty-four years.

In the workshop of Cornelius Bega we shall find all the models of Van Ostade; but his peasants are less grossly vulgar, and more jolly, than those of the master. They have the kind of free and easy manner, in which the serious good humour of Van Ostade is replaced by an air of drunken joviality and independence. The women even have a way of walking and standing which makes possible beings of them, beings in human form, not squat and heavy *Bequimaux* rolling in fat and blubber. Perhaps, too, they appear a little less gross by the contrast they present with the rustics, who are still stumpy and ugly, despite all the intentions of the artist, and the refinement he tries to adorn them with. The hands of the women of Ostade are like mallets: in the pictures of Bega the women have hands somewhat human in shape, their profile is not so heavy, and their general outline is easy to distinguish, even under their heavy, flapping clothes.

The power of art is great indeed. We may say that the models of Bega are ignoble, like those of Van Ostade; that the study of ugliness brings forth disgusting results, and nothing more; that there is nothing elevating in the sight of tap-rooms, where drunken clodhoppers clutch their glasses with one hand, and chuck the fat dame of the house under the chin with the other. We know that all this is neither edifying nor graceful. And yet, because the Dutch master has succeeded in combining the two elements of art, *chiaroscuro* and touch, because he has found an expression in the grimace of his drinkers, because he has caught it and rendered it with great feeling, he has succeeded in pleasing amateurs, and has earned the privilege of charming mankind, as long as there shall be men fond of truth in art, that is to say, partial to that happy mixture of falsehood which art allows to be affixed to the true in nature to produce the ideal.

A very great man in his day, but one utterly forgotten now, once stood before a Bega, and a Bega representing a collection of peasants and their women in a pot-house. "Would it be possible to cajole such matrons? to make that delicate, poetical, ideal thing called love, glide into the ears of such female truands (beggars of the Lesage school, who take without asking), to read it in their bleared eyes, to have it

spoken by those mouths split from ear to ear? I cannot believe it." "Doubtless," replied the owner of the Bega; "but if these paintings had no truth, no value; if the extreme vulgarity of the subject were not elevated by the dignity natural to everything human; if some of the effects of the mere art were not beautiful, it would be difficult to under-

rose-tinted room, with a hot-house atmosphere of exotics, and odours from the sweet south. Such language was, of course, natural to them. The spectacle of men and women drinking in a pot-house is not ennobling or brilliant; but it was not to the drinking only that they alluded. It is time that these degrading views of human nature should be exploded. The



THE RETURN FROM MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUE.

stand how for two centuries the choicest amateurs have admired such works, and introduced them in the galleries of Choiseul and La Vallière, in those of the Prince of Conti and the Prince of Hesse."

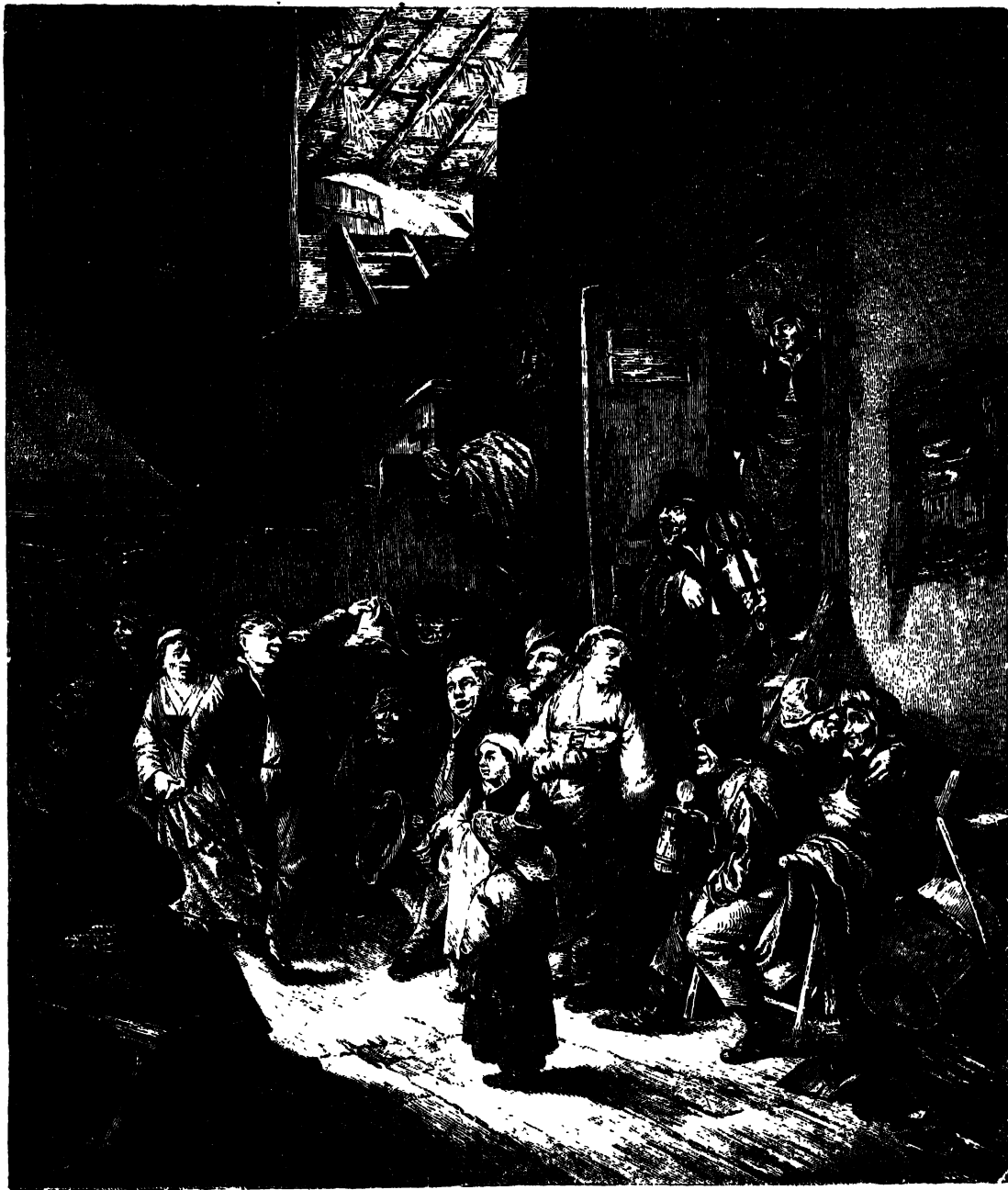
The speakers were French noblemen—gentlemen who understood only love in a boudoir with satin curtains, in a

kid-gloved diplomatist saw before him men and women who were sufficiently debased and immoral to be poor, to be coarse from exposure and hard work, to want that delicacy of outline which hot-house rearing gives; and therefore they could not love. If the passions and feelings of the ex-ambassador, and those of the poor slothopper, could have been analysed, we

have little hesitation in anticipating the result. The lower orders, the working millions, are capable of pure affection, of devoted love—aye, and of devotion and affection and love for those whose beauty has faded, who have been rendered ugly by toil and suffering—even to a higher extent than any other class, their homes being all they have. It is the drunken poor only who ill-use their mates. In every country in the world where Christianity and civilisation have penetrated, the

"D'un pinceau délicat l'artifice agréable,
Du plus affreux objet fait un objet aimable."

Cornelius Bega precisely possessed that delicacy of touch, that "agreeable artifice," which enabled him to make up for the triviality of the subjects he had studied with Van Ostade by the power of his talent. Bega possessed, as we have already said, two qualities essential to a great master—*chiaroscuro* and touch; and he used them ably to render his thoughts, or



DANCE AT AN INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY BEGA.

industrious and sober poor are some of the best of its citizens. A man may be ugly as sin, poor, wretched, ignorant, and yet feel and inspire pure and delicate affection; a man may wear kid gloves, and be as gay as a peacock; and have no feeling deeper than words. When men sneer and condemn the poor and ill-favoured, be sure that the Bible is not in their library.

To return to Bega, Boileau, whom the French place very high as a critic, and who, though not the genius they consider him, was yet a very clever man, says, speaking of Dutch art—

rather his feelings and sentiment, which were very acute. He understood thoroughly the effect of a composition; he knew well the effect of light and shade, and their due proportion, and the repose required in a painting and an engraving. He knew how to bring out his little personages upon simple backgrounds, to detach them from each other, less by the essential differences of tones than by the play of light and *chiaroscuro*. A figure treated in demi-tint, or cast frankly in the shade, supports the figure that is lighted up so brightly—

a kind of link between the different parts. The art of lighting up a picture was the distinctive talent of Cornelius Bega. We have seen "Interiors" of this master rival, in harmony and brilliance of effect, the finest works of Adrian; and we may particularly quote those which figure at Amsterdam, in the celebrated collections of Smeth and Van Leyden, as well as those which were scattered by the Laperrière sale in 1817. In general, Bega is very sober in details, unless he undertakes to paint the studio of an alchemist; for then the subject allows a great quantity of utensils, of Bohemian glasses, of Leyden bottles, of furnaces, of stills of various dimensions, vases in every shape, vials of all colours; all, in fact, that we suppose would be found in the laboratory of a learned man seeking the philosophical stone, without reckoning papers covered by equations and cabalistic figures. Cornelius Bega, however, even in his "Alchemists," has never failed in harmony, that is to say, in producing a harmonious whole, making the smaller lights give way to the larger, bringing in here a bit and there a bit, and strengthening the whole by bold floods of shadow.

We must allow that in touch Bega is inferior to his master. Sometimes his painting is dry and hollow; one would fancy it was unfinished; but if it has not the soft firmness, the roundness of Ostade, it is still pleasing and agreeable. His picture in the Louvre is not one of his best. His "Dance at an Inn" at Dresden is full of spirit and power, redolent of truth, rich in caricatures, but badly executed in comparison with others.

Look at that fiddler in the engraving (p. 281), at his mouth and moustache, at that mysterious head poked in at the door above; observe the heavy-nosed Dutchman, with an arm round an old woman's neck, and that other "greasy citizen" with his arm round that fat wench's neck; mark the pair who are dancing, the man with his old cap in hand, and a ludi-

cious attempt at grace; examine the countenance of that sot, who can hardly draw his pot from his mouth to grin a horrid grin at the dancers. Then look up at the roof, see how pointed are the details, how exquisite the contrast of light and shade. Everything combines to make it a gem of Dutch art in its peculiar way. It is also a sketch of manners in an age when physical and animal enjoyment appeared all men had to live for.

Bega has been much more finished in style, when he has attempted pictures of a nobler style, conceived in the ideas of a Micris and a Metz. The catalogue of the famous Poullain sale, drawn up by Lebrun in 1780, says, speaking of a Bega: "The interior of a chamber, in which is seen a young woman standing up and singing before a music-book placed on a table. A man is accompanying her with the violin." This picture is of a very superior order to any of the others from the studio of Bega, and is painted with more care and finish than usual.

But it was as an engraver that Cornelius displayed his genius. He was a real artist with the steel-point. The vigorous command of *chiaroscuro*, the art of bringing up the composition, of detaching each figure, the keen comic humour of his mind, all are visible and admirably rendered. His personages, maliciously ugly, sly-looking, are lighted up with Rembrandt-like vigour. White paper, which should always play a part in line-engraving, is made prominent use of by him. Fine proofs of Bega are therefore remarkable for a careful economy of labour. Some are *naïve* and simple, such as the "Wife and her Husband." In those miserable huts where lived the laborious poor—industrious, frugal, and clean—there is light enough. Bega gives them plenty of sun; that luxury of the poor. The Dutchman loves the great luminary. These engravings are as happy as they are bold.

Bega belongs truly to the class of great artists.

KAREL DUJARDIN.

OF DUJARDIN'S life and character, of his strange marriage, and his sudden death at Venice, we have already spoken (p. 261). But there is much still to be said of his genius and characteristics as an artist.

Far less elaborate than many of his contemporaries, Karel was above all picturesque, that is to say, he knew how to transfer his subject to the canvas in an effective and pleasing manner, not merely slavishly copying nature, but interpreting her mysteries. He knew how to co-ordinate and combine the features of his undertaking, to simulate disorder and carelessness. He knew the difference between the beautiful in reality, and the picturesque in painting. Regent-street is a more symmetrical and beautiful street than any of the crooked lanes and half-paved alleys of Constantinople; but the artist would pass Regent-street with disdain, and delight in the confusion and diversity of an Eastern landscape. A grand and symmetrical palace would please the eye of an artist, and give him pleasure when he gazed on it; but to paint, he would turn eagerly to the crumbling ruin, and even the motley farmhouse or the house with the seven gables. What is often delightful in the actual and the real, does not give any of that ideality which is wanted in a picture. From St. Peter's at Rome we turn with delight in painting to a group of Calabrian bandits, just as we should turn in person from the Calabrian bandit to the great church. Karel felt all this when even he descended to the rank of a caricaturist. It has been reasonably enough argued, that an old cart-horse, a cow, a donkey, or a goat, is always a more picturesque object than a splendid horse. If, certainly, we turn to the wretched daubs of race-horses, this may be true. But the Arab steed of the desert, the tall cavalry of the battle-field, yield quite as much matter of interest to the artist as the most ancient animal that ever excited our sympathy by its limping gait. Wouwermans has proved this effectually.

the same may be said of the earth. A smooth and well-lawn is not half so pleasing to the eye, in a painter's

landscape, as a rough rock clad with moss and crowned by stunted bushes, with here and there a patch of green, just to bring the gray spots out in bolder relief. A rough, rude, unequal surface, is better than a regular line, for all the purposes of art.

The ardent student of nature, the traveller in search of the picturesque and lovely, will, like the artist, shun the richly cultivated park, the low, fertile meadow, the garden laid out in alleys with beds of flowers that show every hue of the rainbow, and turn gladly to arid and uncultivated wastes. Few persons in the world love the exquisite loveliness of our own calmer features in scenery more than we do ourselves; but when we have felt our souls elevated most towards our Creator, when our minds have been imbued with admiration of the beautiful, the sublime, and the grand, it has been while climbing the hills of Switzerland; when roaming over the vast prairies and beneath the leafy arches of the American continent; or upon the wide ocean in a storm. We prefer the park and the meadow as our dwelling-place; we remember the other as a mighty panorama that warmed our hearts to emotions which nowhere else were experienced.

Dujardin never chose the merely symmetrical and beautiful. He selected subjects which, perhaps, trifling in reality, were picturesque when transferred to paper. A Swiss peasant-girl always looks well in a picture. She rarely or never does in real life.

If the Dutch painters have secured a wide place for themselves in history, it is not by the sublimity of their expression or the grandeur of their thoughts; it is rather by devoting themselves to what grave classic men call the secondary items—colour, *chiaroscuro*, and touch! *Chiaroscuro* has intellectual beauty in it, because it awakens in the mind the idea of a happy harmony between the characters of the scene and of the day which illumines it. Pleasant and agreeable subjects require a serene light, and terrible events and scenery are better illustrated by the light of a sinister and dark sky.

"An artist," says a critic, whose name we do not recollect, "is very much below the dignity of his profession, who thinks it a matter of indifference what kind of weather there was the day Cæsar was assassinated." Karel Dujardin, who knew so admirably how to combine and arrange soft lights, dark clouds, affects in his crucifixions terrible and marked contrasts, a rough opposition between clear light and dark shadows—a rough and suitable effect, when painting so solemn and at the same time so terrible a subject.

Most of the paintings of Karel are extremely well preserved; and on the general subject of the preservation and cleaning of pictures a few words may be said.

Many volumes have been written on the art of cleaning pictures, of restoring them, of moving them about, and of re-canvassing them. M. Xavier de Burtin, in his "Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Knowledge required by every Amateur," indicates many methods which may be used for cleaning pictures, and lays it down as a law that an amateur should know all the necessary processes, and put them in practice himself. After having examined and carefully appreciated every one of the processes proposed by this author, one of the most eminent critics of the day declares that he found most of them so dangerous, that, far from advising amateurs to clean their pictures themselves, he calls upon them to abstain from so delicate an operation, unless after long and careful study and much practical experience, which can only enable them to succeed.

"Nevertheless," he remarks, "however inexperienced an amateur may be, there are two operations which he may himself undertake without difficulty, that is, washing his pictures and cleaning the varnish. A careful amateur may adopt the Dutch custom of cleaning his pictures twice a year; at the end of the winter, to carry off the coating of smoke which always alights upon them; at the end of the summer, to get rid of the fly-blows, so fatal to painting if they are allowed permanently to remain on canvas, panel, or copper. This cleaning is effected by means of a fine sponge dipped in cold clean water, and by drying it afterwards with a fine and old piece of linen. If the picture loses its enamel, pass over it a coat of white turpentine; this process does no harm to the painting, and first-rate connoisseurs look upon it as an indispensable method for preventing the extreme aridity of the picture."

Oil-painting alone admits of this cleaning, which at Venice was quite an art, and is even still to this day. There it was that Karel Dujardin executed one or two of his best works.

There is a slight irony, a gaiety, a wit, about Karel Dujardin, which makes us always recognise and welcome him; he is fond of rustic beauties; he has, in representing them, more delicacy than Bamboche, more nature than Berghem, though a less fertile and abundant genius. His sentiment is like that of Vandervelde, but he has neither the profundity nor the melancholy of Paul Potter. Even when he paints or engraves dead horses, his slaughter-house, his knacker's yard, has nothing of that sinister aspect which Paul Potter impregnates them with. But, as an engraver, he is by no means inferior to that master. It is impossible to carry further the science of the model, the intelligence of every detail of life, and every sign and mark of death. In the same way that he knew in his paintings exactly where to dash the pencil, so in his engravings he scatters his touches with vigour and intelligence. By a few bold outline he indicates the bony outline of the animal, the joints and prominent parts.

More delicate than that of Laer, the *pointe* of Karel the engraver is always picturesque. He likes to show off the differences and contrasts of reality, the dirty wool of the sheep, the knotted and entangled fleeces, the hair of the pig reeking with the filth of the farm-yard, the pig itself wallowing in the mire with ineffable delight. Their snouts, their heads, are the *beau-ideal* of idleness. Never was the father of pork better rendered; never had he a more patient artist.

The pigs, the horses, the cow, in the picture of "The Shepherd behind the Tree," the ass in "The Peasant Girl," and the two mules, are models. They demonstrate the keen

observation and the laborious industry of the artist. Form, attitude, movement—all is true and real. His sheep and his goats are gems, and no serious critic will accuse him of mannerism here. His engravings, then, are extremely valuable. Everybody who has watched the progress of engraving knows "The Two Mules," published in 1652. It is founded on the fable of La Fontaine, the six lines of which, that refer to the picture, it would be a pity to translate from their native simplicity into English:—

"Deux mulets cheminaient, l'un d'avoine chargé,
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle;
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,
Il marchait d'un pas relevé,
En faisant sonner sa sonnette."

The two animals are admirably rendered. The one steps proudly along with his magnificent harness. But, despite his fine feathers, his leg is not better shaped, nor his form more elegant. The animals are the same, though differently equipped. Though his fringe is so glorious, his knees are lumpy and knotty. There is that quiet satire in this picture, of which Karel Dujardin was very fond.

Karel Dujardin is best known by his pictures of quacks, so admirably engraved by Boissieu. That of the Louvre (p. 284) is the most celebrated. On a bright and soft morning, a charlatan has erected a stand in a village. Elevated on a scaffold, in the costume of *Il signor Scaramucio*, he is standing on tiptoe and making antics to half-a-dozen rustics. A man with a black mask accompanies him on a guitar, while a monkey chatters and makes faces. A great sign-board explains what is to be shown in the stable, which serves as a theatre, and open before the quack is his box of elixirs, *alcuni barattoli di unguenti*; but without waiting for the speech of Scaramouch, Punchinello pokes his nose through the curtain. The ruin in the distance, the cloak worn by one of the peasants, the warm light which animates the whole, give a locality to the scene, and remind us of Karel's Roman studies. This picture is full of what we call humour, and would do no discredit to Wilkie.

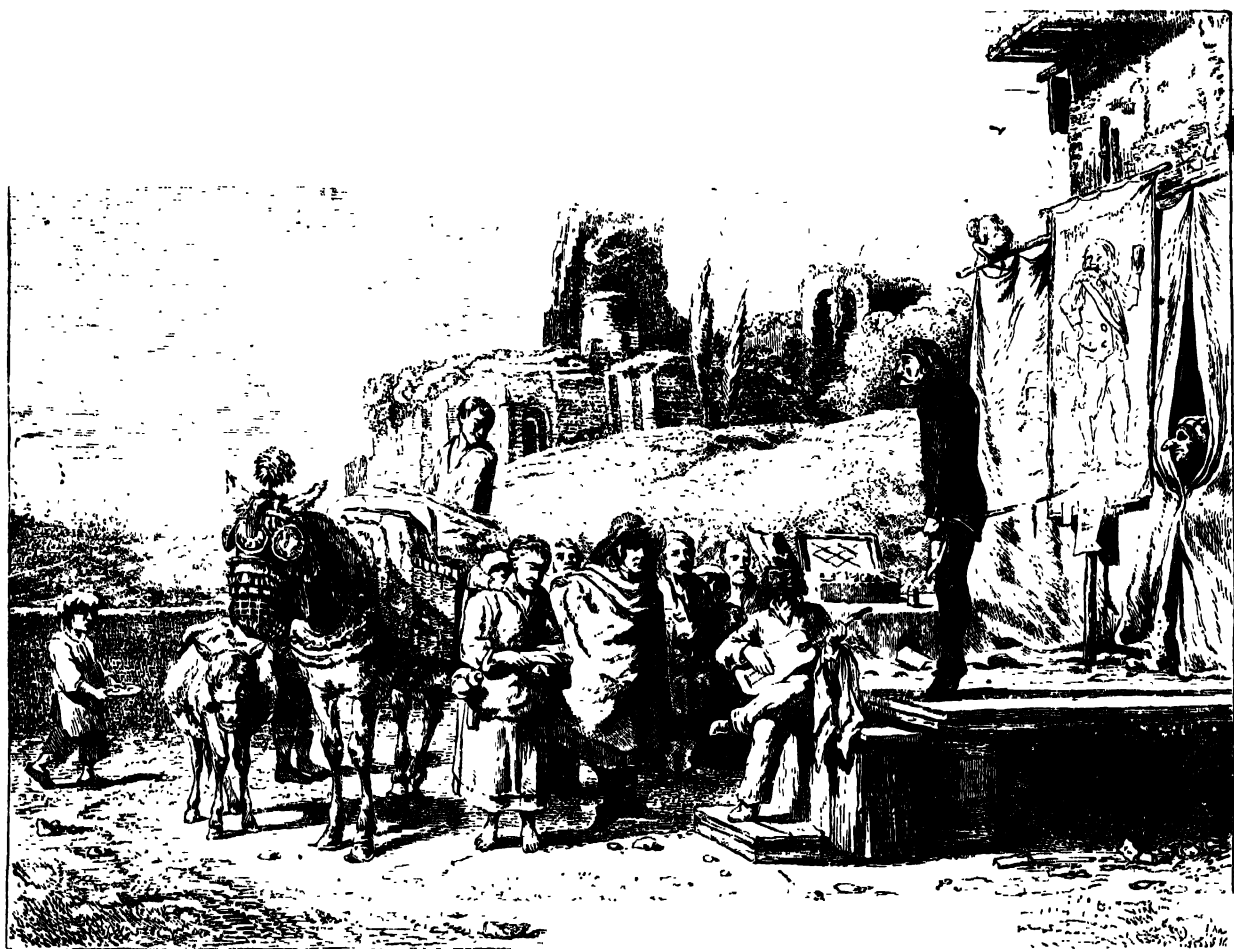
Taking the whole of his productions, Karel Dujardin must be placed in the first rank of great Dutch painters. Landscape painter, animal painter, inventor of ravishing compositions, he stands beside Berghem, Vandervelde, Paul Potter, Pierre de Laer, and even Albert Cuyp. He is inferior to some of these masters in certain particulars, but his superiority in all other raises him to the first rank. His brilliant and intelligent touch—so easy and bold—is above all praise; his colouring, though silvery and golden in tint, has preserved after two ages its freshness, its purity, and force. His *chiaroscuro* is admirable. Generally, to bring forward his figures, he uses, like Pynaker, a kind of broken light. Suppose he has painted an ass standing up. If he has a white spot on the nose, and his ears are black, the vigorous portion of the black ground of mountains will pass just over the white spot and below the black ears. If he wishes to bring out in bold relief the crupper of a white horse mounted by a musketeer, the painter introduces a dark brown wall. Through a door in this wall comes forth a servant with a jug of ale. A pig-trough and two dogs will complete the scene.

But what skies! Adorable, says a French critic. Nobody ever succeeded in painting them with more clearness, more lucidity, more softness, with more harmonious beauty. The southern sky is bold and dashing without crudity—it dazzles but does not pain the eye—it rejoices the heart. The skies of Adrian Vandervelde are sometimes of a hard blue; those of Ruysdael always veiled by clouds, sad and melancholy; but the skies of Karel Dujardin are sunny and cheerful, like the man who painted them. His clouds are like flocks of white wool; he rolls them, he piles them one above another, so that they look like a little chain of hills coming gently down to die at the feet of the sun, as mountains slope down to the sea. Karel Dujardin combines the light of Italian summer with the calm tranquillity of Holland. This is high praise, but it is given where it is due.

FLOWER-PAINTING.

THE highest purpose of the artist is, of course, the realisation of beauty; his true creations are ideal, and the mere reproduction, mimetically, on canvas, of a natural object, such as a stone, a fish, a piece of wood, a loaf, or a candle, if executed to perfection, does not constitute a claim to be considered as possessing a genius at all akin to that which inspired the labours of Titian, Raffaele, or Correggio. Thus much, however, may be admitted without at all depreciating the importance of that skill which Van Huysum acquired, and which is wanting to so many of his followers. A flower, like a human face, may be painted poetically or otherwise. It may be a dead, material thing, a copy of nature with no excellence but practical accuracy; or it may

that they chose them particularly for artistic imitation. The Athenian may be said to have inwoven with his daily existence a poetical garlanding of those brightest productions of the soil, the fascinating flowers of the earth. At his birth, chaplets and festal crowns were hung about the house; his name was given to him at a flowery feast; his bridal was adorned with a luxury of wreaths and coronals; his grave was strewn with sweet offerings; and the favourite seasons of the year were in the same manner symbolised by flowers—gifts to the gods, tokens to friends, emblems of beauty, and sacrificial offerings to the shades of the departed. A similar feeling has in all ages and countries inspired mankind. The simplest savages, deficient in all other poetry, and otherwise rude in



THE QUACK DOCTOR.—FROM A PAINTING BY DUJARDIN.

be formed with beauty, and beauty, too, of the most delicate and delicious kind. The peaches of Apelles won him a widely expanded fame, not excelled by that which was gained by the portraits of his beloved Campastre; the corn of Thyro became proverbial; and many other names come to us from antiquity, famous only because they vied with nature's own hand in their mimic fruit, foliage, and flowers. Stories are told of an artist who painted grapes so tempting that the birds flew at them and pecked them, until some cunning pencil wove, with subtle colours, a veil that seemed to screen them from the eye; of another, who gave his plums such a bloom that children cried at seeing them; of another, whose flowers, by an ingenious contrivance, appeared to give forth the natural perfumes of the gardens; and it is well known, the fondness of the ancients, especially the Greeks, for species of flower, especially fragrant ones, was such,

taste, love to decorate themselves with garlands; and we find the custom equally prevalent among the Indian races, the African tribes, the uncouth nomades of Australia, the original natives of North and South America, and the populations of barbarians who, in antiquity, inhabited the European continent. Wherever any progress in the mimetic arts has been made, flowers, therefore, have naturally entered within the circle of the artist's studies; though, of course, the sculptor must fail in the attempt to reproduce their beauty, consisting, as it does, less in rich, graceful, and expressive form, than in colour, tone, brilliancy, and freshness. In many modern countries, however, they have been chosen even for plastic imitation, though the only material hitherto used for this purpose, with any great success, has been wax. Painting, however, is peculiarly adapted to the representation of flowers, and accordingly in all galleries and exhibitions we find it applied to this object. The artists of the Low Country school have been especially

addicted to it, far more so, indeed, than those of Italy. The ambitious artists of the south disdained such separate details

pictures soft, golden landscapes, fringed with rich lights, graced by voluptuous undulations and picturesque combina-



DEATH OF ST. BRUNO.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.*

of nature. They loved to imagine and to realise in their

tion of waters, woods, and hills; or gorgeous historical groups; or the poetical myths of antiquity; or the sublime memories of religion; or the ideals of womanly beauty.

* For an account of Le Sueur, see page 46.

ANTHONY VANDYCK.

ANTHONY VANDYCK was born in Antwerp in 1599. He perhaps owed the early development of his predilection for art to his father's calling—that of a painter on glass—and his mother's taste, which led her to embroider designs both in landscapes and figures, some of which she executed with great skill. She was glad to find that her son was disposed to follow the same bent as herself, and gave him all the instruction in her power, and induced his father to place him in the studio of Henry Van Balen, a historical painter of some repute, who had studied under Rubens. While here, he of course became familiar with the works of the latter; and such was the admiration which he conceived for this great man, that he could not rest satisfied until he obtained admission to his school in 1615. He proved himself in every way worthy of the privileges which he now enjoyed. His assiduity, zeal, and attention attracted the notice of his master, and caused him to bestow on him a greater amount of teaching and encouragement than his other pupils ordinarily met with. He evinced his confidence in him by employing him very soon in making the drawings of his own works from which the engravings were to be taken. His fellow-students, however, were not less forward in acknowledging his talents than Rubens himself, as was shown by a well authenticated anecdote.

During the absence of their master the pupils were in the habit of persuading his old servant to admit them into his painting room, that they might inspect his works as they progressed. On one occasion, however, the easel was thrown down, and to their great consternation the painting was seriously injured. After consulting as to the course to be adopted, they resolved to request Vandyck to repair the damage. He reluctantly consented to make the attempt, and with such success that his comrades declared they could not distinguish his workmanship from the remainder. When Rubens returned, however, he at once detected the difference, summoned them all before him, and questioned them as to the cause of the alterations. They frankly confessed the truth, and the matter was passed over without any further notice or remark.

When Vandyck had made considerable progress, Rubens advised him to visit Italy, where he would acquire just and pure notions of form from the remains of Greek and Roman sculpture, and could study the application of those principles of art which he had already learned in the great works of the Italian masters. As a proof of his esteem, Rubens presented him, when leaving his school, with three of the finest of his own paintings, an "Ecce Homo," a portrait of his wife, and a night scene representing the seizure of Jesus in the garden of the Mount of Olives; and also with one of his most valuable horses. It does not appear, however, that Vandyck followed his advice as to the journey to Italy; because we find that he was so flattered by the invitation of the Earl of Arundel to come to England, that he accepted it. There is a great difference of opinion amongst his biographers as to whether he came direct to England after leaving the studio of Rubens, or first paid a visit to France; but from an order for the payment of £100 to Vandyck for special services rendered to Charles I., bearing date 1620, it seems likely that he first visited England. Whether this £100 was a gratuity, or was a regular payment for work and labour done, does not appear. A "Head of James I." in the collection at Windsor, has by some been supposed to be the production for which the sum was paid. The only other work of this period which is attributed to him with any show of proof, is a portrait of the "Earl of Arundel," his patron, which was engraved by Hollar.

He took his departure from England on the 28th of February, 1620 (O.S.), and in a pass given him to enable him to embark, he is designated one of "his Majesty's servants," and he is described as having obtained leave of absence for eight months; from which it may be inferred that he had

obtained a regular engagement from the king. He now made his way once more to Flanders, where, however, he was destined to offer up his devotions at the shrine of another deity than Apollo. He fell desperately in love with a young country-girl residing in the village of Lavelthem, near Brussels, named Anna Van Ophem. So powerful a hold did his passion acquire over him, that he was unable to tear himself away from the presence of his charmer for a considerable length of time. Month after month passed away in "dalliance sweet," and Italy seemed to be totally lost sight of. By the persuasions of the fair Anna, however, he painted two pictures for the parish church, one of them representing "St. Martin," the patron saint, on horseback, dividing his cloak with a beggar. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse of the one which Rubens had presented him with. The same subject had been previously treated by Rubens almost in the same manner. The parish authorities some time afterwards disposed of it to a M. Huet of the Hague; but as soon as the villagers heard of it, they rose in arms, and resisted all attempts to remove it with such vigour that the purchasers had to fly in order to save their lives. Similar zeal in its defence was manifested at a more recent period; when in 1806 the French seized upon it, the inhabitants offered so strenuous a resistance, that a reinforcement of troops had to be sent down from Brussels before it could be carried away. It remained in the Louvre until 1815, when the allied armies entered Paris and restored it to the rightful owners.

As soon as Rubens heard of his pupil's infatuation, he hastened down to Lavelthem, and succeeded in rousing him to a remembrance of art and fame, and inducing him to break the silken chains which bound him. He took a hasty leave of his mistress, and started off for Italy. He first directed his steps to Venice, attracted by the reputation of the colourists of that school, whose manner his master had admired and to some extent adopted. He paid particular attention to the works of Giorgione and Titian, and occupied himself mainly in copying and studying them, until the low state of his funds obliged him to set out for Genoa. This city was at this period at the height of its celebrity, and was the abode of the wealthiest nobles and merchants in Europe. Rubens had been received in it with great favour, so that his pupil visited it under auspicious circumstances, and his own graceful manners and rising talents as a portrait painter confirmed the good impressions formed regarding him from his master's prestige. The Spinola, Raggi, Brignoli, Pallavicino, and Balbi families eagerly availed themselves of his services, and their palaces still contain some of the best specimens of his works.

From Genoa he proceeded to Rome, and while there was a guest in the palace of Cardinal Bentivoglio, who, from his long residence in Flanders, was very fond of Flemings. By his order Vandyck painted a Crucifixion, and a full-length portrait of himself. The latter is considered one of his best works; the colouring bears evidence to the benefits he derived from his residence in Venice. In the pontifical palace there is an Ascension and an Adoration of the Magi by him, which it is presumed were painted by a commission from the Pope. Many other works executed at this period are still to be found in the palaces of the nobles. His stay at Rome only lasted two years, and its termination was owing, it is said, to the concealed dislike of the Flemish artists residing there. They appear to have been mostly men of dissipated habits, pot-house frequenters and tipplers, passing their time in modes altogether foreign to Vandyck's tastes, who had a good deal of the fine gentleman in his composition, even if his natural good sense had not shown him that coarse sensualism is fatal to excellence in any walk of life. He was fond of fine dress, and grand equipages, too, which led his countrymen to believe him proud, and from this to calumniating and depreciating

him there was but one step. They declared that his drawing was wretched, and his colouring worse. Disgusted by their conduct, Vandyck left Rome and returned to Genoa, whence he shortly after passed over into Sicily. While in Palermo, he painted the portrait of the celebrated blind paintress, Sofonisba Angosciola, then in her ninety-first year. Vandyck appears to have derived great enjoyment from her society, as he afterwards declared that he had received more instruction in his art from a blind woman than from the works of the most celebrated painters. He left Sicily in haste, in consequence of the outbreak of the plague. During his rambles on the Continent, he met the Countess of Arundel travelling with her two sons. She begged of him to return with her to England, but he declined and returned to Genoa.

After a short residence in Florence, of which little is known, making his stay in Italy on the whole five years, he once more bent his steps towards home, where he had every reason to expect a cordial welcome, as his fame had already reached Antwerp, and the citizens were naturally disposed to do him all honour. As soon as he made his appearance he was overwhelmed with commissions. The first work of importance which he undertook was an altar-piece for the church of the Augustines, representing "St. Augustine in Ecstasy, surrounded by Angels." Sir Joshua Reynolds condemns it, because it wants any large mass of light; but this was not so much the painter's fault as that of the monks, who insisted on his making the saint's garment black, instead of light, as he had originally intended it. Another instance of equally mischievous interference occurred with regard to a painting, the subject of which was "The Raising of the Cross," which he was to execute for the canons of the collegiate church of Courtray. To give his countrymen a full idea of his powers, he resolved to exert himself to the uttermost upon this work, and succeeded to his own satisfaction. On taking it to the church, the canons, instead of allowing him to put it up at once in the place it was intended to occupy, insisted upon having it unpacked before their eyes, that they might at once form a judgment upon its merits. After remonstrating in vain, he complied with their request. They glanced at the canvas contemptuously, declared that the Saviour's head was like that of a porter, and that the others were masks, and turning upon their heels, told Vandyck that he himself was a mere dauber, and left him. The picture was, however, put up, but the canons, in their cross stupidity, refused to come and look at it again. The painter was, however, not long in getting justice: connoisseurs saw it, artists saw it, travellers saw it, and the voices of all competent to form an opinion were unanimous in its favour. The canons now found themselves in an awkward position, but they were either cowardly or magnanimous enough to join in the general admiration, and, as some amends for their former insults, met in full conclave and commissioned him to paint two other pictures. He sent back their order with a contemptuous refusal, telling them there were enough daubers in Courtray without sending to Antwerp for them.

Vandyck stayed in Flanders about five years after his return from Italy, and during the whole of this time was very busily employed. Thirty pictures at least were painted by him for various churches and chapels, in addition to a great number of portraits of the most celebrated men and women of the age—The Archduchess Isabella of Austria, the Cardinal Infanta of Spain, the Queen-mother of France, and her son Gaston, Duke of Orleans, both of whom were then residing in exile at Brussels; equestrian portraits of the Prince Thomas of Savoy, the Duke of Artemberg, the Duke of Alos, Antonius, Triest, Bishop of Ghent, and the Abbé Scaglia. He also painted portraits of most of the leading generals who fought in the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Tilly, the Emperor Ferdinand, and others.

Passing over a hasty visit to the Netherlands, during which he painted portraits of the Prince and the Princess of Orange and their family, we shall proceed to notice Vandyck's residence in England, as the period of his life possessing double the most

interest for our readers. The immediate cause of his coming over is not known; there are no traces of a direct invitation from the king; but it is more than probable that the sudden restoration of his patron, the Earl of Arundel, to the favour of Charles I., which he had lost by the marriage of his eldest son, Lord Maltravers, with the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox, had something to do with it. He arrived in London in the beginning of April, 1632, and met with a very cordial welcome from the king, who assigned him apartments in the Blackfriars and a summer residence at Eltham, and appointed him principal painter in ordinary to their Majesties. Within three months after his arrival he conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, accompanied by the gift of a gold chain, to which was attached the royal portrait set in brilliants. By this time he had painted the family group containing Charles, his wife, and children, which now hangs in the Vandyck room of Windsor Castle. He was henceforth kept in constant employment either by the king or by the nobility; and in October, 1633, the former settled a pension of £200 a-year upon him—a large sum according to the value of money at that day; and this, combined with his private earnings, enabled him to gratify his extraordinary love of display, a failing which he must have contracted by his residence with Rubens, who was very wealthy. His establishment was now kept up on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, as he aspired to rival the court nobility in dress, equipage, and entertainment. He made a practice of inviting all those who came to sit for their portraits to remain and dine with him afterwards, so that he might have an opportunity of observing their expression more closely, and amending his sketch. He was very fond of music, and affected to be a great patron of those who made it their profession. Owing to the king's custom of rowing down to his house in his barge, and sitting with him for hours at a time in his studio, it became the fashion amongst the nobility to do the same. His house consequently became a regular place of resort, a species of morning lounge for the fine gentlemen of the day. As they were of course all given to gallantry and intrigue, Vandyck must needs be so too, and managed to spend very large sums of money upon divers fair ones, whose favours he enjoyed. The natural consequence of all this folly was, that his constitution began to give way, being undermined by luxurious habits, indolence, and dissipation, and his circumstances becoming embarrassed, he is said to have been silly enough to seek to retrieve his fortunes by the aid of the philosopher's stone, for which he searched diligently for a long while, we need hardly say in vain.

The king saw what a sad life his favourite was leading, and wisely concluded that the best remedy for all bachelor ailments was matrimony. He accordingly got him married to Miss Maria Ruthven, the daughter of an eminent physician, who had suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower, during the preceding reign, upon a false charge of treason. The lady was poor, but high-born, and she and Vandyck, for aught we know to the contrary, lived very happily together.

The painter now applied himself almost wholly to portrait painting, and neglected history. There are few old families in England which cannot show one or more portraits of their ancestors from this painter's hand. He, however, executed a good many historical pictures, most of them New Testament subjects, for his kind patron, Sir Kenelm Digby; but he aspired to something which should prove a still better exposition of his talents than anything he had yet achieved.

Rubens had painted some splendid pictures upon the ceiling of the banquetting-room at Whitehall, and their richness was so great, that something of the same kind was evidently needed upon the walls also. Vandyck therefore proposed to the king, through Sir Kenelm Digby, to execute a series of pictures illustrative of the history of the order of the garter. The scheme pleased the king, and he ordered the designs to be prepared forthwith, with the intention of having them worked in tapestry; but upon coming to calculate the expense, he found it would amount to £75,000, an enormous sum, considering the then state of the exchequer, which the people of

England had made up their minds upon no account to replenish till Charles began to mend his manners and reduce their grievances. So Vandyck's proposal was laid aside for the present. The same sad necessity caused the prices which he charged for the pictures executed for the royal family to be cut down greatly; and altogether, between bad health and pecuniary embarrassment, and the political troubles, the period between 1635 and 1640 was a dull time enough for Sir Anthony Vandyck. To shake off his melancholy, he undertook a journey to Paris, hoping to obtain employment at the grand gallery of the Louvre, which Louis XIII. was then about to decorate with paintings; but in this he was disappointed, and returned to England after a sojourn of two months in the French capital.

offered a gratuity of £100 to the physician if he succeeded in saving his life. It was all in vain, however. The gossip of courts, the favour or neglect of princes, the breath of popular applause, or civil discord, could trouble him no more. He died in December, 1641, at the early age of forty-two, and lies buried in the north side of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of John of Gaunt.

He had one daughter by his wife, named Justiniana, who married Sir John Stepney, of Prendergast, Pembrokeshire. Their last descendant, Sir Thomas Stepney, died in September, 1825.

From Vandyck's portraits we learn that he was handsome, lively, and intelligent-looking. From contemporary chronicles and gossip we learn that, he was graceful in his carriage, and



FRANÇOIS LANGLOIS, THE BAGPIPER.—BY VANDYCK.

He found but a poor prospect before him here. The parliament and the Roundheads were carrying things with a high hand, and were certainly inspired with no love for such ungodly vanities as painting. In March, 1647, Vandyck saw the royal family who had so long been his kind friends dispersed: and his patron, the Earl of Strafford, was brought to the scaffold in the May following. One calamity followed another; gaieties were over, the nobility had weightier business on hand than getting their portraits painted. London was filled with stern Puritans who never lounged in studios. So Vandyck did what was very natural under the circumstances: he became sick unto death. Charles had just returned from Scotland, and on hearing of the illness of his old friend,

winning in his manner. He was generous to a fault, extremely sensitive, and, as we have already said, was vain and fond of show.

Many of his historical paintings displayed the highest skill. One of them, "Christ crucified between two Thieves," Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced one of the finest pictures in the world. His heads always display wonderful expression, deep pathos, and a refinement carried in some instances to the verge of delicacy. But to see him in his glory, we must traverse the galleries of our old nobility, and see his knights and dames of the seventeenth century looking down on us from the blackened canvas, with their grand air, their haughty but not displeasing dignity.

J. LOUIS DAVID.



Art is an idea, an abstraction. At all events it is so in the sense that every man has his own conception about it, each man his own peculiar notions. In addition to this, notions have their separate theories: one notion is positive, another imitative, another poetical, another classical, while all have their oddities and fancies. We, perhaps, more than any other country, have set at naught mere schools and academies, and allowed each individual man to work out his own individuality. There are attempts at schools, it is true; but it must be said, they are not successful. The very many painters in England who have kept apart from schools, are really those who have held the highest position.

Truly Art has avowed many theories relative, in most cases, to schools; but the greatest expressions of genius which belong to art are those of single men, who, like John Martin, have worked out their own conception apart from academies, theories, and schools. But if, to a certain extent, this be true of England, it is scarcely true elsewhere, and is not true even in the case of David, whose greatest glory is to have founded a school, which has gone on copying and imitating ever since. Before we judge the school, then, let us inquire into the history of the artist.

This great historical painter came in time to save the French school from utter extinction. Since those days when the fascinating and licentious Watteau had left the slips of the opera covered and concealed by rouge and vermillion, Art in France had fallen into a kind of voluptuous intoxication, a faint and rapid imitation of this castaway amid the pupils of

Despite the solemn absurdities of Lemoine, who serious in his part of a painter as to fall on his sword, French Art was at the lowest ebb—a mere type of sensuality, the emanations of sensualism, and the of sensuality. There was not a shred, not a remnant of dignity or nobility left. The alcove, which the Flemish painter studied, or hid away in the corner of his studio, and modestly veiled, was now the subject-

matter of all French productions, the artists of that country seeking to outdo each other in their endeavours to pervert and degenerate the human intellect.

Art, literature, morals, manners, all were sinking into the same vortex under the baneful influence of such courts as those of Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, the members of which were on a par with, if not below, the average of the populations which fill our bridewells and our Magdalen hospitals. Casual observers have often been surprised when gazing at pictures like those which adorned the walls of ladies' chambers under the Regent, have been naturally horrified at the violence and brutality of the people at the commencement of the Revolution, and have condemned artists and people as they had previously condemned writers and philosophers. But the true criminals must be sought elsewhere. The tone of public morals, the stamp of public character, in times like the last century in France, must be taken from above. The court, the aristocracy, the church, the women of rank, were all equally corrupt, equally profligate, equally vile and contemptible. It would have been difficult to find at Versailles or at the Tuileries men and women capable of loving a Milton or a Dante, of admiring a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele, of understanding or appreciating a high-class production of any kind; and Voltaire, Piron, Boucher, Watteau, and the novel of Faublas, were the fitting children of such a soil as that which educated and fashionable society presented at this period. Poets, painters, authors, philosophers, historians, in France especially, must be read and admired; and as to be read and admired it was necessary to be cynical, irreligious, and indelicate, poets, painters, authors, philosophers, and historians were cynical, irreligious, and indelicate.

It is an error to suppose that intellect forms the character of the age; it is the characteristic of the age which forms the intellect. It will be noted by all careful observers, that as society refined, so has literature softened down; and this is the more evident

remark, that literature is generally a little more loose and bolder than the language of the most refined society in a civilised country.

In France, in the time of Watteau, the very name of love had been degraded and materialised. We no longer saw fond affection beaming from an averted face, a languid eye, an expressive smile, love timidly venturing on a stolen kiss; all was bold, audacious, unblushing, and daringly painted on the wainscoting of boudoirs, the interior of ladies' bed-chambers; a style of dress somewhat too *negligée*; or ideas, unfit for pencil or brush, crudely and coarsely expressed. Scenes of country life no longer breathed innocence and purity; they were excuses for rough and dubious scenes; while even landscape was degraded into the representation of a nature stiff and impossible—a nature reminding one of the painted scenes of a ballet, and not of the reality. The imitators and followers of Watteau had none of his talent, none of his soft and lovely skies, none of his truth and power of colouring.

Art was then, like society, religion, virtue, morals, and even national existence, about to perish at the end of an orgy and debauch fit for the purlicus of some demoralised capital. Never did a nation present a more degraded or melancholy spectacle than did France towards the latter end of the last century; without faith, honour, or even the last semblance of virtue—its best outward sign—modesty. To save Art, a revolution, a change as radical and as sweeping as that which was about to save the body politic, was needed. This mighty and tremendous change was effected by David—not wholly, not completely; for French Art has never yet risen to the very highest level, never soared to those tremendous heights which dazzled the minds and fired the genius of Rome, of Florence, of Venice—but effected to an extent which is fortunate for France. Not that the voluptuous, even the painfully indelicate, style of art has been wholly discarded in France; by no means. The students of this disagreeable branch of painting still exist, as do the imitators of the *abbés* and *petit-maitres*. They must and will remain while France is France. But a more severe, a more chaste, a higher tone has been given; and the men of talent and genius who attain to eminence in France, discarding the *boudoir* and *ruelle*, have elevated their thoughts above the palled copyists of Boucher and Watteau, and obtained a deservedly high place in the art-history of modern Europe.

Several attempts had been made, previously to the day of David, to turn the foul current into a pure and wholesome channel. But only another Hercules could cleanse the Augean stable. Vien made one or two timid attempts to check the torrent, but was swept away in the mud which he stirred to the surface. A more vast and capacious mind, a more daring and original genius, was required to effect a real, a radical cure—one who would boldly grapple with the tide and hurl it back under the influence of the beautiful, and of the beautiful as accepted by the great verdict of antiquity. It was a mighty stride to take, from the effeminate Boucher, who showed you how to treat a leg elegantly, or made a cripple look graceful, to the painter David, who was to profess the worship of the beautiful with all the severity of a Florentine.

It is the mistake of France to rush to extremes. She is eternally either turning liberty into licence, or groaning beneath the heavy load of despotism. In the same way in art. From a romp in the hay-field, she turns to the rape of the Sabines, and that art which was familiar, funny, coarse, humorous, is now nothing if not classical. A man christened his son Brutus, and was painted in a toga. It may have been necessary to excite this enthusiasm for Rome and Greece at the time; but the dull monotony of classical subjects, as depicted by artists, would soon have wearied the world if Scripture and modern history had not furnished the artist with fresh materials to work upon.

Singularly enough, the man who was to commence the *pen* against the immodest Boucher was his own relation. The last of the corrupters of painting in France, he closed the long procession of the carnival of materialism

in France, sent forth from his own family the representative of his art. The nephew of François Boucher was Louis David.

Born in France in the middle of the eighteenth century, in 1748, David was educated at the *Collège des Quatre Nations*. He derived little advantage from the education he there received, already influenced as he was by the desire of painting. His copy-books were covered with rough and shapeless sketches, and when he should have been writing a speech of Scipio or of Hannibal, the young rhetorician preferred painting one of them with a Roman helmet. His father, who was a mercer on the Quai of the Mégisserie, having been unfortunately killed in a duel, David fell, at the age of nine years, under the tutorage of a maternal uncle, who wished to educate him as an architect, believing him to be possessed of a solid and reasoning mind. But the young student, while possessed of much calm good sense, had a fiery and ardent disposition. He rebelled against the authority of his tutor, by whom he did not feel himself to be appreciated.

One day he was sent by his mother with a letter to his great-uncle, Boucher. He found the artist engaged in painting one of those voluptuous pieces he was in the habit of supplying to Madame Dubarry—pieces which were not without originality and talent. The sight of the easel, the palette, and the brushes inflamed the imagination of young David, who, while Boucher was reading the letter, remained in silent amazement before the picture, no doubt mentally revolving, like Correggio, his own career.

He resolved to become a great painter.

His friends were compelled to yield to so energetic a will, and David became a pupil of Boucher, as Guérin was the teacher of Gericault. But Boucher, despite his weakness in yielding to an immoral and degrading style for the sake of momentary triumphs, had a conscientious mind and much greatness of soul on occasions. In those days he hesitated not to corrupt still more the vicious *streets* of society; but he at once acknowledged that his lessons might be pernicious and injurious to David, and he advised him to go to Vien, who would give him more wholesome instruction. In 1772 the pupil of Vien wished to try for the "prize of Rome." His genius was, however, in an anomalous state, and his judges were the men of the school he was about to overthrow. He tried twice, and twice failed.

David suffered all the usual difficulties of a young man beginning life in any profession, when without rich friends. He often wanted the means of devoting himself peaceably to study, and the gnawing cares of want were added to what he considered injustice. His sufferings were, however, not of very long duration, and he was delivered from his misery in a very unexpected way. David was saved and started by an opera *amuseuse*. The celebrated Mademoiselle Guimard, whom Paris adored, and who was surrounded by a court of scamps, the friends of the Prince de Soubise, her ruined lover, had just built in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, under the name of *Temple of Terpsichore*, a "delicious hotel," where the *petit souper* was regarded as one of the objects of man's existence. To embellish her dwelling, the renowned courtesan addressed herself to Fragonard, a charming painter, a painter especially of love and love-scenes, wholly, says a French writer, *without prejudices*. A quarrel took place shortly, however, between Guimard and her decorator. The latter had painted his fair employer as Terpsichore, but returning secretly to the *salon*, with brushes and paint, he re-touched the head, and made of her a furious and raving Nemesis. The *danseuse* came into the room, where, seeing herself disfigured in this way, she flew into a passion, and overwhelmed the artist with reproaches and insults. She called in her friends to show them the horrible head, forgetting that in her rage she was assimilating herself to the caricature. Everybody began to laugh. Fragonard, avenged, abandoned the decoration of the *salon*, which was then handed over to David. One day the young man appeared pensive, and sighed profoundly. Mademoiselle Guimard overheard him, and, as she was his enemy, David confessed his want of money, and his

The good-natured opera-dancer—she who had so much money, so easily obtained—brought him all the money he wanted.

David was a true Frenchman. He took the money, and took heart at the same time, finished the decorations, and began to work hard again for his third trial. A third time he was rejected. He gave way to utter despair, and, shut up in his room, determined to allow himself to die of hunger, another victim to the eccentric faintness of heart so often felt by men of genius. He was living in the Louvre, in the apartments of Sedaine, a clever poet, who loved him as a son. This worthy man, uneasy at not seeing David, went and knocked at his door. He obtained no answer, and, in a state of great alarm, rushed to the house of Doyen, and induced him to come also. They both began knocking and imploring, and finally induced him to open. On recognising the voice of Doyen, who alone, of all the members of the Academy, had been favourable to him, David had dragged himself to the door, pale, thin, half-dead. Restored by his friends to life and hope, he presented himself a fourth time, and, in 1775, carried off the great prize.

Natoire, who had been director of the school at Rome, died this same year, and Vien was selected to take his place. The master and pupil then started together for Rome, and enjoyed, during the journey through Italy, one long draught of admiration. David, on arriving at the Vatican, wandered with delight and surprise through those halls filled with masterpieces, elevated even more by history and antiquity than by intrinsic merit. He began immediately to draw bas-reliefs, to copy antique statues and the Italian masters, choosing always the most pure. At once a resolution began to prepare itself in his mind, still affected, however, by the recollections of his country, by the first impressions received; and seeing in Valentine the genius of his nation, he executed a copy of the "Last Supper" of that vigorous French master. Thus floating and uncertain between his reminiscences and the imposing models which he had under his eyes, he painted a picture of the "Plague," which is in the Lazaretto at Marseilles, and in which will be found something of the old manner of the eighteenth century, with an evident leaning to originality and reform. The old painter, Pompey Battoni, said of one figure of a man struck by plague, who occupies the front of the picture, that it was worthy of Michael Angelo.

A great movement was taking place at Rome, a movement which was destined to carry David with it. Canova was meditating the reform of statuary, Raphael Mengs was restoring a solemn and earnest tone to art-criticism, and endeavouring to revivify in his own paintings the examples of Raphael d'Urbino, so long neglected. About the same time the learned Winckelman published his "History of Art," in which he reproduced the principles of the Greeks, indicating the most delicate beauties of their art with all the passion of an antiquary. The moment then had commenced, and a revolution was to emanate from these efforts, such as Diderot foresaw, and which was to be contemporaneous with that in the body politic. When David returned to Paris in 1780, he was already completely transformed, in the sense, at least, that he had made up his mind to cease taking his subjects from real life, and to choose them from the antique, or from a nature suited to a noble and energetic style.

It was when influenced by these new ideas that he composed his "Belisarius," of which we offer an engraving (p. 300), and which was the last instance of his indecision, the line of demarcation between the past and the new school which he himself was about to create. As for the execution, in the original it has all the breadth which should be found in an historical picture; the drapery is not copied with any of that smallness which is found in the copy in the Louvre.

As a French writer, "the emotion fails, because the artist is not moved, and though he has written on the stone the words, *Dante obolum Belisario*, Vandyck had not felt this line subject. Some amateurs recollected to place the picture alongside of the engraving. The artist was much admired, who, in the attitude of

astonishment, contemplates his general reduced to beg, and seems to say, 'Is that Belisarius?' The intention of the Flemish painter was so striking, above all in the movement of the arms of the warrior, that if his head had been covered up, his arms would have expressed astonishment. It was felt, on the contrary, that David had given to the soldier, on whose action all depended, as forced a gesture as that of Vandyck was natural and expressive. Nevertheless the multitude were delighted, and carried David in triumph round his picture."

The story doubtless assisted the success of the picture. It is one of the many in Roman history which strikes the imagination forcibly.

Whole books have been written to tell the tale of the blind old general, who went forth into the world to beg his way, after commanding some of the finest armies in the world. We only allude to it, in addition to describing the picture, because it is a really good subject, one which will bear trying again, and which we recommend to the young artist as a pleasing experiment. The story of Belisarius is simply this, setting aside all the romance of Marmontel:—

He was a favourite general of one of the emperors of Constantinople, and was sent forth at the head of large armies to resist the barbarians. He was successful, and gained great glory, but met with the usual reward of men who trust in princes. Having done his duty, he was cast aside, then forgotten, and suddenly re-appeared, recognised by a soldier who had served under him, begging, with his child in his arms to guide him as he went.

The renown of David was spreading. From all sides came ardent young men, who insisted upon having him for a master; and he was pressed to open that school which afterwards became so celebrated. A lodging in the Louvre was allowed him; the Academy received him unanimously; Louis XVI. named him painter to the king; and fortune, as if never weary of her favours, came to meet him with the hand of a richly dowered young girl, Mademoiselle Pecoul, whose father was an architect and builder to the king.

In 1784, the King of France having desired of his first painter "The Oath of the Horatii," David determined to go and paint the heroic Romans in Rome itself. He accordingly started on a second journey to that capital, and there painted his picture, which was rapturously received by the Italians. Nothing was talked of but the Horatii and the French painter. The cardinals wished to see the "rare animal," as David himself expresses himself in a familiar letter to the Marquis of Bierre. But when "The Oath of the Horatii" was received in Paris, the intendant of the king's household, M. d'Angivilliers, affected to speak of it with disdain. He was one of those men of routine who were frightened at the new school. He could not bear the Borghese Gladiator, and objected to "that thing" being given to pupils as a model. His first care was to take a compass to measure the painter's canvas; and as he found it to be thirteen feet instead of ten, he was quite alarmed, and complained that an artist should have been audacious enough to pass the dimensions assigned to a picture. He was punished, at a later period, by the rough remark of David: "Well, then, if it really is too big, take a pair of scissors and cut it."

"The Oath of the Horatii" (p. 292), to be correctly judged, must be connected with the period at which it was painted. When we recollect the soft and languid compositions of the contemporaries of David, and how insipid was that continual representation of Sybarites, without even the old peculiarity of a fixed style, one is surprised to see these masculine figures arise, and to have represented to us a Roman interior reconstructed on archaeological principles so well suited to the great drama, the sublimity of which was no longer understood. The stupefaction of the world must have been great indeed when they saw an artist, at the same time that he evoked one of the most striking episodes of a great history, restore the costume, the manners, the architecture of the heroic times, choose a simple background, and find so admirable a movement of enthusiasm in these warriors animated by the genius of Rome, and such

marked masculine and real faces. We pass, as it were, from the insipid nonentities of Dorat, to the sublimity of Shakespeare or the heroic verse of Milton. This serious model, this severe expression of reality, this firm position of the feet and hands, which is to be seen in every fibre, may appear exaggerated now, as doubtless it is, when we more thoroughly understand what an historical picture should be. But what a contrast, at a time when nothing was seen but soft carnations, indecent subjects, pretentious or disgusting pencils!

Seroux d'Agincourt, the illustrious author of a continuation of Winckelmann's work, accuses David of having committed an historical heresy in certain parts of the picture. The author, however, defended himself on solid ground; he had profoundly studied all that was connected with his subject. He knew Plutarch by heart. He was very fond of the Latin classics,

thology or history. Talma must yield to David the chief part of the honour of having brought about this transformation in scenic costume; for it was in the society of David that the celebrated comedian learnt to love the antique, and to see the extreme absurdity of Nero appearing in red-heeled shoes and gartered breeches, Venus in a hoop and powder, Jupiter in a wig, and Cupid in the costume of a *débaucheur*. It was David who cast the Roman toga on the shoulders of Brutus, as represented by Talma, who appeared suddenly in the costume of the hour, to the great astonishment of the French public, and to the great disgust of the old stagers.

An anecdote of David will characterise his stiffness and hardness of character, and illustrate the heathen time in which he lived, better than the most lengthened statements. It is an



THE OATH OF THE HORATII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

especially Livy. He is in general, therefore, exceedingly correct in all that requires historical knowledge, in manners, customs, scenery, &c. At the time, his taste was so highly rated, that everybody began to model their furniture and dress upon his ideas. It was immediately after the public exhibition of "The Oath of the Horatii" that antique ornaments came into fashion. This illustrates completely the character of the French, fickle and impulsive to the last degree. Everybody was led to have the furniture of Tarquin the Proud, to drink in the patera of Herculaneum, to light themselves by the lamps of the Villa Albani. The ladies' dresses were cut in imitation of the *chiamys*, while their shoes were exchanged for cothurni. Statues, medals, and Etruscan vases dislodged the furniture of past times, and for the first time the characters already were clothed according to the traditions of my-

anecdote that could be true only of a Frenchman. Madame de Noailles asked of David a "Christ," which the painter refused to execute, because he never painted religious subjects, they not inspiring him in the slightest degree. This might have been true of the ridiculous representations of saints and kings, which adorned chapels and oratories; but it is incomprehensible how any man of genius could fail to be inspired by the history of Christ himself. David at all events, Frenchman as he was, would not, or could not be inspired. But as the Maréchale de Noailles insisted, David painted a "Christ" for her, with the features of a handsome soldier in the *Garde Française*. He often declared that the Scriptures were not to his heart; and one of his great reasons for rejecting Raphael as so far above all other painters was, that he could be inspired by subjects which left him cold.

indifferent. Here speaks the countryman of Piron, of Voltaire, and others, who, with all their genius, have done so little for poor humanity. But we must take David as we find him—incomplete, weak in many things, but powerful even in his defects and errors. His was an essentially pagan genius; his god was Socrates, his religion love of country, liberty his worship. His heroes were Brutus, Horace, Leonidas; and, if he could not feel the soft and ennobling and vivifying poetry of Christianity, or understand the consequent superiority of modern society, he was at all events a worthy pupil of the Grecian statues and of the philosophers of the portico. His outlines are always classical; his arrangements are guided by good taste; while the attitude of his tranquil figures is that which we should expect to find on the walls of an Athenian temple. He wanted but to feel the elevating

"Cato went to meet death, and Socrates waited for it to come to him." David had painted him holding a cup, which the slave in tears had offered to him. "No! no!" said André Chenier, "Socrates will not seize it until he has finished speaking." The scene and the contrasts are indeed remarkable. The executioner is much more moved than the victim. Around the master are grouped all his disciples, their minds divided between grief and admiration. The younger ones are striking their heads against the walls of the prison, and are giving other signs of despair. Crito is deeply attentive to his last words. Plato sits at the end of the bed, wrapped in his cloak; his head bowed, meditating on the last speech he is listening to; he does not dare to look at Socrates, as if the serenity of the master shamed his grief. In the background you see a dark staircase, by which the family of the philosopher is



D. P. N. X.

M. C. B. S. S. O. D.

C. S. V. I. E. R. S.

THE SABINES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

spirituality of Christianity to have been an immortal painter.

Since the Renaissance, there never was a painter capable of conceiving and executing the death of Socrates better than David (p. 301). Socrates is speaking with his friends on the immortality of the soul, when the servitor of the Eleven comes to bring him the cup of hemlock, turning away his eyes and weeping at his task. The philosopher is about to take the cup of poison with his right hand without looking, as a man who, wholly absorbed by a serious conversation, declines to interrupt it by noticing any ordinary event. His left hand, of which is raised to heaven, points out clearly the object of his discourse, and his way of taking the cup indicates the calm and quiescence of his mind. A speaking of death, alludes to the celebrated

being taken away—that family which has just said a last adieu to him. A critic has remarked: "It is a great pity that David did not devote to the execution of this masterpiece the ideality which should be in harmony with the subject. Poussin had himself established and applied that law of propriety which makes the artist choose on the palette tones in conformity to the character of the thought which is to be translated. He would have treated the death of Socrates in a Doric way, as being the most severe. He would have wielded his brush with breadth, have affected sober colours, avoiding pleasing in order to move. David, on the contrary, having devoted himself with too much complaisance to his best work, has fallen into a too finished, over-careful, and fastidious style; so that it is much better to see his picture as represented in the engraving, if we wish to admire it without reserve and see it in its true light—that is, the finest com-

"The Death of Socrates," which the critic thus speaks of, is not certainly "the best composition in any school of painting;" it gives much to the subject itself, which is the most marked fact perhaps in the whole of Athenian history, as Socrates was, without comparison, the greatest man of the pagan world. It is, however, too well known to require description.

David has often committed the same fault. Which is very surprising in an artist, all of whose works were in every other respect so vigorously treated. His "Brutus," for example, is characterised by a certain affectation in the pencilling, which is out of place in such a subject. The furniture is painted with the care which we might expect in a *Micris* or a *Gerard Douw*; the details are elaborated in the style of domestic pieces, and contrary to the usual historical style. It is much for a painter, who did not really understand the effect of light and shade, to have thrown a dark shadow over the form of the Roman consul. And, truly, it was right that in the shade should have taken place the struggle between the conscience of the father and the austere duties of the republican citizen—duties which have never been proved to be such as we in our philosophy cannot sympathise with—the man condemning his own offspring to death. There were other magistrates and other citizens besides a father. The head of *Brutus* certainly could not have been fittingly displayed in the light, while the headless dead bodies of his children are carried away, executed by his command. He is, truly, finely represented, in obscurity turning his back to the gloomy procession, hesitating between his pride at having been ferocious, and his sorrow at not having shown some heart and feeling. The rest of the picture has been generally condemned as cold, formal, improbable, and without moving effect. The daughters of *Brutus* are generally thought to have fainted too gracefully. Woman's nature, even though that woman be a Roman or a Spartan, is impulsive. A sister gazing at the corpse of a brother, just being brought in from execution, would not have preserved such order, it is thought, in the folds of her garments and in the arrangement of her hair. It has been objected, that the severity of the father is enough without imparting to the women even the semblance of coldness or calculation. The wild despair of the women would indeed have formed an admirable contrast to the restrained emotion of the father, and the artist would have avoided the error of introducing two unities into one action.

The great revolution, which was to burst on the world like a thunder-clap, approached with rapid strides, and David had already completed his. "Brutus" bears the date of 1789, a date big with mighty consequences to the whole world; a date, the deeds of which, terrible as were some of their consequences, saved continental Europe from utter corruption and chased away the leprosy of government, morals, and manners, to return no more. Society had fallen into so vile a mire, the seeds of decay and corruption were sown so deeply, that nothing but the whirlwind and tornado could eradicate them. For a long time all felt an uneasy foreshadowing of tremendous events. The existing form of things was known to be irretrievably bad, and so unmistakable was the impulse to better things, that the picture of "Brutus" was ordered for that very king, who, the weakest and best of his race, was to suffer for the monstrosities of those who preceded him—monstrosities only known in ancient times, under the reigns of *Commodus*, *Caligula*, and *Theodorus*.

David had been powerfully influenced by that philosophy which sapped the foundations of the past without providing an effective remedy for the future. He determined at once to devote his art to aid the movement of the public mind. At the very opening of the revolutionary scenes he used his brush in its cause. He undertook to paint the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," one of the finest incidents of the Revolution, a protestation against the insanity and violence of despotism. It is a magnificent historical scene admirably rendered, in which one dominant feeling is expressed by a thousand organisations, and yet, despite the difficulties, the

every face! Here, thousands of arms raised in the air; there, hats waving aloft; there, excited representatives of the people collecting in groups, encouraging and embracing each other; all this strikes the mind as would a clamour of many voices. Upright on a table, and alone, calm amidst the general tempest, the President *Bailly* pronounces the words of the oath, in an attitude as calm and motionless as that of the law. Never was such another collection of men congregated, and this materially assists the painter. Here is *Barnays*, here *Mirabeau*, and away there in the crowd is *Robespierre*. Each man is moved according to his character. One strikes the ground with his feet and raises his clenched fist; another sitting on a bench timidly holds out his hand. The younger members, standing on chairs, mingle disorder with their enthusiasm. An aged man, dragged forward in an arm-chair, has his arm held up for him while he takes the oath. While others weep, some with rage, some with fear. In the centre foreground is a group composed of a *Chartreux* monk, a Protestant, and a Catholic priest. The Protestant is *Rabaut Saint-Etienne*, the *Carthusian* is *Dom Gerle*, and the priest is the *Abbé Gregoire*. All difference of opinions have disappeared, all hearts are beating in common, and this one group tells the amity of the assembly. The movement is everywhere,—in the hall, in the air, above and below. A stiff breeze has raised the curtains of the windows, to which are holding on some groups of people, and through which can be seen a thunder-bolt, which falls on the royal chapel. David understood at once, perhaps, how the sombre drama was to end, the prologue of which was occurring in the place devoted to the games of the princes.

On the motion of *Barère*, the Constitutional Assembly decreed that the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," commenced by David, should be executed at the expense of the public treasury, and placed in the hall where took place the sittings of the assembly. But David did not paint this work. He sketched it out in pencil and bitumen on an immense canvas. Despite the ugly modern costume, so difficult to make picturesque, the learned anatomist determined to lose none of his science. Before clothing his figures with their ample waistcoats, he sketched their broad chests in the most conscientious manner. The figure of the "virtuous Bailly" originally occupied the centre of the group, and was drawn so perfectly in the style of a Greek statue, that beneath his coat the muscles of his arm, the form of his shoulder, and the developments of his torso might easily be seen. In general, clothes are stuck fast on the body, like damp linen—an exaggeration which is preferable to the heavy and wearisome effect which would be produced by a simple imitation of costume on a canvas where it takes up so much place. David remained a Greek, even when he should have been a Frenchman. The love of the naked,—the remembrance, the earnest perception of the antique, made him pursue the human form even under the lace of the Constituents. He had the true stamp of great artists, who are the same in all things, rather inclined to bend their genius to the level of a work, than force the work into collision with their native talent.

This sketch of such great historical value, as powerful and bold as a cartoon of *Michael Angelo*, was put up to auction seven years ago at a very low price, and the government, which afterwards purchased it, allowed it to be sold to a private individual, with a little finished sketch in pencil by David himself, from which the engraving was taken.

The importance of the picture is best seen from a brief sketch of the scene which it represents—a scene which, followed up in the same united and harmonious way, would have changed the fortunes of Europe.

The meeting of the states-general of France was an event which plunged the whole nation into the wildest state of excitement. For a long time the writings of philosophers and satirists, and political economists, had been preparing the public mind for a change, which was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times. France was tired of the throne—had been dragged in the mire, and was now

could not save it. Individually without the one great vice of his courtiers, his court was still a scene of profligacy and iniquity, such as the pen of an English historian can scarcely write. The nobles were the same rapid, chattering, boasting, debauched set of infidels, who thought it clever and strong-minded to be irreligious, the height of glory to be debauched. The middle classes, though better and more moral, were not more religious, except where protestantism shed its quiet and unobtrusive light upon the home; the people were nothing, wretched, poor, oppressed. There were slaves, serfs of estates, in the days of Louis XVI.—men who belonged to the soil they dwelt on, the property of bishops and chapters.

But the nation was weary of all this. Famine with its grim horrors stalked through the land, scattering disease and death; and it was rumoured and believed that the whole was produced by vast and disgraceful speculations. The forestallers and regraters were pointed out. Men were discovered and hanged for emptying bags of corn into rivers, to produce scarcity. The peasantry never even saw white bread. Agriculture was neglected; the nation was in debt; the whole body politic was rotten, and it became clear that the dissolution of society was near at hand.

Reluctantly, unwillingly, the king summoned his parliament. It was called against the ideas of the court, and undermined and opposed from the very earliest moment. This was one of the chief causes of all the misery that followed. A frank yielding to popular opinion would have saved the court from much. What exasperated the French people and caused the reign of terror, was the emigration *en masse* of the rich and powerful, who, once on the frontier, launched anathemas at the people, and announced their intention of coming back at the head of foreign armies to put down the new ideas. Had the whole aristocracy accepted the revolution and rallied round the king, without listening to the syren voice of the queen, who was the chief cause of all the mischief; had the aristocracy have done this, and surrendered their exclusive privileges quietly, there would have been a limited monarchy, and France might have been gradually prepared for that republic which is the ardent hope of her educated classes.

But the resistance of blind conservatism began at once. The crown and nobility tried from the first to snub and keep down the *tiers-état*, that is, the representatives of the nation; and at last in a fit of vigour, or rather of delusion, respecting its own power, the court closed the doors of the meeting-house against the representatives.

Then occurred the great historical scene which is illustrated in the picture of Louis David. The representatives finding workmen at work, and soldiers guarding, knew very well the meaning of the act. It was an attempt to dissolve them under pretence of adjournment. They knew that if they submitted to the delay, it would be all over with them. Their existence depended on the support of the country, and that support would be gone if they bent to the arbitrary power of the crown. They accordingly determined to meet elsewhere, and the great racket-court of the princes was selected. The representatives poured in in great numbers, and, incited by Mirabeau and others, swore to be faithful to their delegation, and opened the career of revolution by openly opposing the power of the crown, which, by attempting what it could not carry out, lost all force and prestige. The scene of the "Oath of the Tennis-Court" killed the old monarchy. It exhibited it in a ridiculous light. It aimed at ruling by force, it insulted and tried to degrade the representatives of the people, who remained calm, dignified, and did their duty unawed by bayonets, unintimidated by violence.

From that hour the revolution knew its power, the crown began to feel its utter weakness and insignificance, which was made more completely manifest by the rapid emigration of those who had sworn to defend and guard the throne of Charlemagne, which since has been so unceremoniously taken from Bourbon to Napoleon, from Napoleon to Bourbon, from Bourbon to Napoleon, and thence back again to Na-

There are few such scenes of unity in the French Revolution. It suggested well; but the sugary, like many others, meant nothing. The apple of discord was soon to fall amid that assembly, and bring about terrible, though perhaps natural, results. The year 1793 was the saturnalia of a nation of slaves, bursting without preparation into liberty, which, when not won gradually and by the genuine progress of the human mind, is always licence.

Elected to the Convention by the section of the Museum, in September, '92, David exercised over the assembly the dictatorship of arts. Everything he proposed was instantly decreed. Two French artists, Ruter and Chinard, having been attacked at Rome by the abbot of the Inquisition and taken to St. Angelo, David was immediately informed of it by a letter from Topino Lebrun, his pupil, and he obtained a decree from the Convention that the ministers should write energetically to the Pope. "He further obtained," says a modern writer, "that the office of director of the Academy of Rome should be suppressed, as he himself says in a letter, the autograph copy of which is before us, and from which oozes forth his hatred of the old institution in brutal and coarse words.

David voted for the death of the king. On the eve of the execution, Lepelletier St. Fargeau having been assassinated in the Palais Royal, David set to work, and two months afterwards he presented to the Convention the picture of the "Last Moments of Lepelletier." The victim of Paris was represented lying on the ground, the torso showing the bleeding wound in the side, relieved by the white linen; a sword, suspended by a thread perpendicularly over the wound, is thrust through a paper on which is written these words—"I vote the death of the tyrant." On this occasion David depicted nature in all its energetic truth with the same brush with which he had before produced the "Last Supper" of Valentino. He was even more true and more expressive in his painting of "Marat Expiring," which is certainly a masterpiece for execution, and in which he has almost idealised the hideous countenance of his hero, the lunatic revolutionist. The assembly accepted the present, and ordered that it should be engraved at the public expense, and that the honour of the Pantheon should be publicly given to Marat. With his head thrown back, and his hand outside the bath, Marat holds out a scroll, on which this is written—"Give an assignat to the mother of seven children whose husband has died for his country."

Marat's body was, a few months later, cast by a mob into the common sewer.

The part which David played in the Convention had its brilliant side; the chief direction of the fine arts, the command of all patriotic festivals, his solicitude for the laureats, to whom he had a pension of about £100 per annum voted for the five years they were to pass in perfecting themselves either in Italy or in the territory of the republic, were all proofs of his love of art. It was David who made to the assembly that famous report, which began, "A statue shall be erected to the people; victory will supply the bronze." At last, on the 19th Prairial, after Robespierre's speech on the "Immortality of the Soul," David developed his plan of the "Festival of the Supreme Being." There were to be choirs of young girls and boys in imitation of the ancient Panathenæa. Paris awoke to the sound of music on a vast scale. The altar of the country, placed on the summit of a mountain, was to be the front of an immense procession, in which the members of the Convention figured, with bunches of flowers and fruits in their hands. Dances, decorations, burning piles, thousand-coloured illuminations, gave to this *fête* unprecedented splendour and grandeur without a parallel; but it was one of those enormous pieces of showy clap-net possible only in France. It was very nearly the death-warrant of all who conceived it. Compromised among the conquered of Thermidor, David's arrest was ordered. He was detained in the Luxembourg five months, then got free, and then arrested again. Supported in the Convention by Thibaudeau, Chénier, Mouton de Navailles,

private life, he at last regained his liberty. Then it was that he painted the picture of "The Sabines," which is engraved in our pages (p. 293). The idea of this picture came to him, it is said, in somewhat of a romantic manner. While yet a captive, David learnt that his wife, though parted from him for some time, did her utmost to save him, and even confronted danger for his sake. Touched with this devotion, he resolved to paint her; but after some reflection he came to the conclusion that he, David, the legislator of painting, should wrap his allusions under a general and historical idea. The story of the Sabines came to his thoughts.

the lives of thousands of warriors were spared by the hands of the women.

"If the picture of 'The Sabines,'" says a critic, who, though partial to Louis David, is sometimes severe, "were to be critically examined as a masterpiece, and the work of the chief of a school, we should have to protest against much of its immense reputation; for it has neither movement, nor *chiaroscuro*, nor comprehension of that skill which is displayed in the grouping of many figures. Besides, these are not the robust ancestors of the reapers of Leopold Robert. We can scarcely reconcile to our minds how it happens that such a delicate,



POPE PIUS VII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

The story is familiar to all readers of history. The Romans having established themselves upon their rocky fortress, and being without wives, made an inroad upon their neighbours, the Sabines, and carried away their younger and more beautiful women. The Sabines, after preparations which consumed some time, came out to revenge the outrage. The Romans armed to resist their enemies, and a terrific combat had commenced, when the women, who had husbands and children on one side and fathers and brothers on the other, rushed in, placed themselves between the combatants, and stayed the combat. A treaty of amity and peace then took place, and

elegant, and perfumed warrior as Romulus should have come forth from those Roman walls, whose heavy, massive constructions, starting from the Tarpeian rock, are seen in the distance. We wonder how it can be that this well-fed hero, with such delicate flesh, rubbed doubtless with aromatic oils, so graceful, so clean, so well combed, should be the nursling of the she-wolf, the founder of that savage colony of brigands who were destined in their savage ardour to conquer the world. It is hard to think that that gentlemanly delicate hand that Remus, Poussin is more true, more historical. The heroes of David are gladiators, who stand to be admired before all

assembled people, who are ready to die or kill elegantly. The passages of Poussin's paintings are coarse, barbarous, primitive; they move about naturally, if not nobly. It is a rough and vigorous scuffle, in which people tear each other's hair, and in which men snatch from each other superb women,

the old woman who shows that she has nurtured Romans, and the mother holding up her child aloft before the armies. The armour-bearers are very fine in form, but too much in the style of the statues of the time of Hadrian; they are figures which do not move—which could not move."



NAPOLÉON CROSSING MOUNT ST. BERNARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

who are handsome without seeking to show it; while the Sabines of David are scented with musk, pretty, and coquettish, and elegant, even in the disorder of their hair. Their gestures are theatrical, their position full of affectation. And yet in many of the figures we find the great master-hand: as, for instance, of the old warrior who is sheathing his sword, of

The same critic, having exhausted his blame, turns to the other side of the picture:—"Everything, however, must be said. If the picture of 'The Sabines' is not a real masterpiece for three reasons—because the pantomime is impossible, in not being treated according to the proper fashion, and because the fight is without play, and the composition without true

we must own that the figures, considered separately, are admirably modelled. The Romulus, the centre figure, is an Apollo with a helmet, a javelin, and a golden buckler; it is a figure of the finest time of youth; all is simple, pure, and clothed in a soft skin, with a wavy and gentle outline; while the whole reveals the serenity of the demigod. The figure of Tattius, more masculine and robust, and belonging to a less elevated type, is of itself a masterpiece, not only for the beauty of the torso, the individuality of the limbs, and the perfection of every form—severely studied even to their finest extremities, and firm as the muscles of the Laocoon—but also because the face demonstrates a fierce pride of which antiquity itself has shown few examples, except in the figures of Ajax. David, in this picture, seems to have added to the antique the passionate sentiment of Polydorus of Caravaggio. Some parts of the picture of 'The Sabines'—the children, for example, especially those who, with their hands on the ground, seem to smile at the spectator—are admirably executed. The eyes seem to shine, and the very carnation has life in it. As for the horses, they have not the antique character so desirable in this style; they are not painted correctly from nature. At the time when David painted 'The Sabines,' it is true the horses of Phidias were unknown. It was many years after, that the fragments of the Parthenon were taken to England by Lord Elgin, and multiplied all over France by copies.

The eminent critic might have added that Romulus and Tattius are very fanciful sketches, as far as costume are concerned. David preferred showing his power over the human figure, his admirable capacity for delineating sinew, muscle, and limb to correctness. A hero, who could display such a helmet, javelin, and buckler as those of Romulus, would not have been wholly denuded. Many other incongruities might be pointed out. The fact is, that David was not quite so great as many of his countrymen have tried to make him out to be. He was an earnest and studious lover of art, who did some very great things, but who never produced one of those mighty and suggestive masterpieces which have immortalised Michael Angelo and Raffaele.

In 1795, David proposed to M. Rousselin de St. Albin, a friend of Danton's, to paint him a portrait of the famous tribune. He traced the portrait from memory, assisted by a very feebly executed marble bust. This drawing is of inestimable value. It is dashed off boldly, with extreme fire and energy. Some pencil dashes, executed with extreme freedom, some vigorous cuts, have sufficed to place before us the revolutionary genius, in his crushed mask, half lion, half bull-dog, sublime in its ugliness. When he had finished it, David examined it for some time, and offering it to St. Albin, said: "Take that; I give you Jupiter Olympus." These words were not without meaning from a man who wished to efface all idea of participation in the death of Danton. The gallery of Messieurs St. Albin, which we visited many times a few years ago, contains the most valuable memorials of the revolution; and M. de Lamartine derived much information for his late eloquent works from that unique collection, which, if still in existence, can by their politeness be always visited. David had many features in his political life, which the art-historian can scarcely wish to touch upon. But we cannot forbear comparing the David, who was the devoted friend of Robespierre and St. Just, with the same man denying his fallen friends, and spurning his former rôle, to accept the title of first painter to the emperor—he had been first painter to Louis XVI.—induced, doubtless, by the thought of figuring in history as another Apelles to another Alexander. Young Robespierre asking to die with his brother—young Robespierre, to whom Napoleon owed so much of his promotion—presents a more noble spectacle than the fickle and versatile artist. But though David went as far as the most extreme men of the Mountain, Marat excepted, his artistic reputation saved him from the unmitigated obloquy lavished on the men of the revolution.

Napoleon ordered him to paint, for the sum of 180,000 francs, the two pictures, "The Distribution of the Eagles" and "The Coronation," which are to be found at every stall in France. They are gigantic compositions. The first is

monotonous, and inevitably so, from the point of view, which has in reality overwhelmed the beautiful and sublime. In those days, all, even art, bent beneath the sword. The style is inflated, and the perspective bad. "The Coronation" is more successful. It is wisely and nobly grouped. It contains about one hundred and fifty portraits, painted conscientiously and striking in likeness, especially those of Talleyrand, Bernadotte, and Cambacères, who stand in the foreground. The moment chosen by the painter is that when the emperor, having crowned himself with his own hands, is about to place the crown on the head of Josephine. The head of Napoleon is radiant, and the simplicity of the lines adds to the grandeur of the figure. As usual with all painters after Napoleon was emperor, David idealises the man. The group of priests is very excellent; there are some heads in the number, which seem to live and speak. The silk, the velvet, the ermine, all the stuffs, all the costumes, are admirably rendered; but the whole is cold; we seem to want more poise, more animation, more crowds, a long nave full of people,—less etiquette, in fact, and some other background, instead of those marble pillars which check the vision. David, who thoroughly comprehended the tone which suited each particular object, did not comprehend those great combinations of colour with light, which, by learned gradations of tone, arrive at magnificence and grandeur. In his ordinary style he had represented Pope Pius VII. with his hands on his knees, a useless actor, looking on at the imitator of Charlemagne. But the emperor ordered him to raise the powerless hands in sign of benediction. "I did not bring him from so far," said he, "to do nothing."

"The Portrait of Pius VII.," by David (p. 296), has been very highly lauded. There is certainly a great power of modelling in it. The simplicity of the execution is great, and nature is reproduced with great fidelity, while the style is correct and firm. The hands are treated with the feeling of a Philippe de Champagne, and yet with more *naïveté*. This is held, however, to be nothing but a little bit of Dutch imitation: the painter has added nothing of his own: if there be thought in the head, it is because of the original. There is none of the idealism of the great painter. David has done nothing but copy marked features—features which present a mixture of roughness and elevation of character—the Italian's look, and the movement of his black eyebrows. It is really a fine thing, admirably executed; but the beauty of the model, his expression, his rank, his renown, produced this of themselves. David, with the Pope before him, was what he always was—a first-rate artist, an incomparable master of graphic science and the art of modelling; but this reality is a little naked, without ideal, without interpretation, and the study of form appears to have absorbed everything. If we examine the portrait of the same Pius VII., by Lawrence, we find it full of poetry and grandeur: the head beams with animation, it shines with intelligence, and there is a lightning flash in the glance. Genius shines in the eyes of the sovereign pontiff through the plebeian envelope; the weight of the chin, the thick form of the mouth, are compensated by the delicacy, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy of the eye. Instead of the Pope of David, sitting tranquilly near a wall, nothing indicating his sovereignty except the Roman purple, Lawrence has given us a prince of the Church surrounded by splendours and amidst the wonders of the Vatican. If his face is uneasy, if his eyes flash, if his whole person is in motion, if his whole physiognomy flags, it is to remind us of the wandering and uneasy existence of the celebrated prelate.

David never was more poetical, never more successful, than in his celebrated picture of "Napoleon crossing Mount St. Bernard" (p. 297). One can gaze with pleasure on this robust horse, which seems to tremble beneath the weight of his illustrious rider, and one examines, with a curious eye, this beardless general crossing the rocks where are engraved the names of Hannibal and Charlemagne, while the breath of fortune sends the folds of his mantle waving to the summits of the Alps. This is a great picture.

The day the allies entered Paris, David painted this "Ledaïce." The picture of "Thermopylæ" dates from

the terrible invasion, the end of that bold bad man's ambition. The idea of the picture is happy, and the isolation of the hero Leonidas is good. He has just spoken familiarly with his soldiers, and promised them that they shall sup with Pluto. He is now mute, pensive, his mind is far away in the abode of the gods. The whole, the full sublimity of his sacrifice appears to him, and makes him radiant with solemn delight. As he was the soul of the troop, David has made him the centre of the picture. Around him all is in motion, all agitated; every one prepares; the trumpets sound the hour of death; a last crown is offered to Venus; and, to add to the emotion, a sketch of real life is introduced, in the persons of the slaves bearing burdens, and of mules carrying the baggage of the army. The execution of this picture, confided almost wholly to M. Rouget, one of the ablest practitioners of the school, is carefully soft and somewhat coquettish, too much so for the subject. These faults, however, escaped the masses, and the impression made by the picture was immense.

In 1816, David expatriated himself and went to Brussels. A law of amnesty condemned him to exile. He was lucky to escape the horrible massacres, equal in bloodiness to those of the Terror, which followed the Restoration. David was more consistent now than in earlier days. He would neither ask pardon nor yield to the earnest request of M. de Humboldt, who offered him, in the name of the King of Prussia, the title of minister of arts at Berlin. The brother of the king himself visited the painter, and wished to take him away in his carriage. "You will paint us," he said, "as you have painted that general," pointing to the magnificent portrait of the Marshal Gerard. The old quondam republican this time persisted in his refusal.

He lived ten years at Brussels, honoured by every one, loaded with favours by the king of the Low Countries and the Prince of Orange, adored by his new pupils, for he stuck to his art to the day of his death. As he was about to die, the consistent old heathen asked for the engraving of "Leonidas." He had it placed before him, looked for some time at it and said, "I am the only man who could have succeeded in conceiving and executing that head." These were his last words. He died on the 29th December, 1825.

The Restoration showed all its petty and mean pitilessness towards David; it carried its revenge even beyond the grave by a refinement of cruelty scarcely to be credited. Despite the earnest supplications of his family, of his friends, of so many illustrious pupils—despite all those speaking witnesses to his fame which dotted the Louvre, the government would neither pardon him alive, nor allow his body to return after death. His coffin was stopped at the frontier with a savage barbarity which raised a cry of indignation over all Europe. The liberal party in France made good use of the circumstance, and Beranger wrote upon the subject one of the most terrible of his songs.

David was great in drawing and in style, as Rubens was great in colour and fancy. If we wished to deny David wholly, we must deny the whole French school; the distinctive characteristic of which is to excel rather in substance than in form. David had nothing original about him as far as the execution is concerned; sometimes he is led away by the touch of *Valentine*; sometimes he falls into the porcelain and labouredly polished style of Van der Werf; sometimes he takes up the line of Dominichino, whose timid and grayish tones he adopts without warmth and without earnestness. Then, when he grew old and lived in Flanders, he allowed himself to be won by colour: he loved to unite Raffaele and Rubens, and ended by producing his "Mars and Venus."

The great merit of David is the thought, the conception. No French artist has ever had a higher idea of painting, though applying his art to the things of this world, and making the world his all in all. And yet, when we recollect how David was mixed up with the terrible and mighty deeds of the Convention, we wonder at his coldness. One would expect a striking evidence of fiery emotion, dashing colours—and we find all forms, beautiful as a statue, but as cold; historical passages, motionless as marble. We

seek the burning conception of the revolutionist—we find ourselves examining the productions of a solemn legislator.

The fact is, David wanted the vivifying influence of some spiritual faith. He was a mere materialist. Having no belief in Christianity, man became to him a machine with limbs and muscles. Hence his cold and stiff character; hence the want of mind, of soul, in his pictures. The inner man speaks not to us through the eyes: woman is, on his canvas, a mere beautiful animal, beautifully painted. There is no idealism, no poetry, no connecting link between the mere human frame and the speaking, living, thinking thing within. His best picture is "The Death of Socrates;" and here the head we admire is that of the philosopher, whose countenance is lit up as he expounds his theory of the immortality of the soul. David, imbued with the warm and elevating sympathies and the ennobling faith of Christ, would not have been the artist he was; he would have been truly great. His materialism stunted his conceptions and dwarfed his mind.

David had unbounded influence over his pupils. When he entered the workshop every one was silent, and none took the liberty to joke, so much were they impressed by his presence. It is true he was jovial and even familiar in his language, despite his dignity of manner; but his lofty stature, his imposing bearing, his look, and perhaps the remembrance of the terrible part that had been played by the ex-Conventionist, all this intimidated. His face would have been handsome, had its left side not been disfigured by an accident, which had swelled the cheek, and imparted a sidelong expression to the lip, which made him always look harsh and sneering. Though this deformity interfered with his pronunciation, he expressed himself neatly and with precision, like a man who had always moved in enlightened circles. He neither taught his pupils colour nor the manual process, which he disdained. His lessons were confined to teaching the great principles of art, to style, to the study of the antique combined with that of the natural model; and to perspective, which it was necessary, he said, not only to know, but to feel.

Two things will preserve the remembrance of David—his school, and his works. His pictures are certainly his best works. Gros, Girodet, and Gerard, are worth more than the Sabines. The enormous influence he exercised over the character of his era, and that era one of such greatness, will be his first title to glory. This influence was continental, and it transformed and changed nearly every school in Europe. David persuaded the Flemish artists that it was necessary to draw. He it was who persuaded the painters of Rome that pagan art was better than catholic art. In France he did good; he brought back art to something like a serious position; he organised magnificent *fêtes*; he brought about a revolution in costume, furniture, ornaments, and decorations. He was the absolute master of the arts.

And, moreover, alongside of that beauty which owes its success to contemporary ideas, there is another, independent of circumstances and fashion, an absolute beauty which is of all countries and of all time. This is to be found in David, when, in presence of the dead body of Lepelletier or of the bath of Marat, he forgot the lessons and teachings of systems to attack frankly nature herself. The painter then will live as long as the chief of the school; and should posterity forget the influence of David, to think only of his personal works, there will still remain in the minds of his countrymen a passionate image, like the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," or a calm, imposing, and sublime idea, like the "Death of Socrates."

A catalogue of the works of David would be very difficult to give; there are, however, certain of his pictures which should be recorded.

1772. "Combat of Minerva against Mars aided by Venus." The second prize of Rome.

1776. "The Loves of Antiochus and Stratonice." This picture fetched a high price, and is now in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Then he painted the roof and the wainscot of the salon of Madame de Guimard (the Temple of Terpsichore), Rue du Mont Blanc (Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin), Paris.

Exhibition of 1787. "Belisarius."

"Saint Roch interceding with the Virgin for the Cure of those stricken with the Plague." This picture is at Marseilles, in the Quarantine.

"Portrait of M. Potoki on horseback."

Exhibition of 1783. "The Grief of Andromache." This was the picture which gained him an entrance into the Academy.

Portraits of M. Desmaisons, uncle of David; of Madame Pecoul; of M. Leroy, doctor; of M. the Count de Clermont d'Amboise; of M. Joubert.

Exhibition of 1785. "Oath of the Horatii;" painted at Rome for the king, in 1784.

"Belisarius," reduced.

"Portrait of M. P——."

"The Oath of the Tennis-Court." His best picture, finished by M. Coupin.

1793. "The Last Moments of Lepelletier de Saint Fargeau." This tableau was exhibited in the hall occupied by the Convention.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Lepelletier, and of a daughter of the French nation.

"Marat assassinated in his Bath;" a half-figure, size of nature. This picture was exhibited to public view in 1846, in the Bazaar Bonne Nouvelle.

Portraits of Bailly, Gregoire, de Prieur, of Robespierre, of St. Just, of Jean Bon Saint André, of Marie Joseph Chenier, of Boissy d'Anglas. These are in the gallery of the Count de Saint Albin.



BELISARIUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

Exhibition of 1787. "Death of Socrates;" belonging to M. Trudaine.

A reduced copy of "The Horatii," nearly wholly from the hand of Girodet; belonging to M. Firmin Didot.

Exhibition of 1789. "J. Brutus, First Consul, having just witnessed the execution of his two sons, executed by his orders." The lictors are taking away the bodies.

"The Loves of Paris and Helen."

Portraits of Monsieur and Madame Lavoisier, of M. Thelasson de Sorcy, of Madame de Sorcy, of Madame d'Orvilliers, of Madame de Brehan, of Monsieur and Madame Vassal, of Madame Lecoulteux, and Madame

XVI. entering the Constituent Assembly." This

"The Death of young Barra."

Exhibition of the year IV. (1795.) "Portrait of a Woman and a Child."

1799. "Sappho and Phaon." Now in Russia.

"Romulus."

1800. "An Equestrian Portrait of the First Consul Crossing the St. Bernard." There are five copies of this celebrated picture.

Portraits of Madame Verninac, of Madame Pastoret, of Madame Trudaine, of Madame Recamier, of Blau and Mayer, of M. Feanerin Villandois.

1804. "Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprara."

1805. "Portrait of Pius VII."

1808. "The Convention."

"A full-length Portrait of the Emperor." This belongs to the King of Westphalia.

Exhibition of 1810. "The Oath of the Army at the Distribution of the Eagles."

"The Emperor standing in his Cabinet." This portrait was painted for the Marquis of Douglas.

When it was nearly finished, the emperor came in suddenly to the atelier of the artist, who had hitherto concealed it from him. He saw this picture at a glance.

"Admirable!" he cried. "I must have that, David."

"Sire, I am sorry; but it is sold—it is an order."

"Paint another; I must have this."

"I am sorry, sire, but *this* painting is sold," replied David, respectfully but firmly.

"Who has bought it?" asked Napoleon, on whose brow the imperial frown was collecting.

"The Marquis of Douglas——"

1816. "Love quitting Psyche early in the Morning."

"Telemachus and Eucharis."

"The Coronation," another picture; sold first for £3,000, then for £60.

"The Anger of Achilles." "An old Gipsy telling fortunes."

1824. "Mars disarmed by Venus." This picture was exhibited for the benefit of the old men's hospital at Brussels, and then in Paris for the benefit of the author, to whom it brought no less than 45,000 francs.

Our views relative to French Art are, to a certain extent, supported by the author of a book which has appeared since the above was written. "The Purple Tints of Paris" * thus describes Art in France:—"One of the distinctive characteristics of the French nation is its love of Art. No one can deny that it possesses this in an eminent degree, though, from want of proper calculation, the practical results are not com-



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

"What! an Englishman carry off this prize—the best you have ever painted of me? No! It cannot be."

"Sire, I have sold it."

Napoleon, who was extremely passionate, and whose passion sometimes made him do little things, raised his foot in an instant of ungovernable rage, and put it through the canvas. He then walked away, leaving the amazed artist to gaze at the ruin of his admirable painting.

Next morning David was sent for to join the emperor's breakfast-table. Not a word was said on the subject of the previous day's discussion; but the manner of the emperor was so gentle, and he took the hand of the artist with so much affection, that David clearly understood that the man apologised, though the crowned head was too proud to allow it.

The picture was re-painted, and is, we believe, still in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas.

1814. "Thermopylae," size of nature.

mensurate with the strength of the passion—at least, in the higher departments. The Frenchwoman, when she chooses the colour of her dress, and arranges its graceful folds, is an artist—quite as much as the cook or the historical painter. The *ouvrier*, when he creates a table, a work-box, a vase, a watch, or a brooch, is pre-eminently an artist. Even the lad who displays shawls and muslin in a shop-window has the artistic feeling. It is not surprising, therefore, that the number of persons who apply themselves to drawing, and painting, and sculpture, is immense. In Paris alone there are rather more than six thousand artists, in our sense of the word, of whom one half are amateurs, and the other half gain, or endeavour to gain, a living by their profession. Almost the whole of them have spent several years in the atelier or studio of a master, and have acquired a certain *esprit de corps*, and a peculiar way, of viewing things. The great majority

* "Purple Tints of Paris." By Bayle St. John.

are republicans, more or less fanatical—though some of the most successful gentlemen now affect aristocratic ideas.

"I have hinted that French love of art, in as far as it has to do with patronage, is by no means enlightened. To prove this would take me into a special discussion, and necessitate invidious remarks. I could give instances innumerable to prove that the small class of persons who buy pictures are directed in their choice more by accident than by science, and that the public willingly admires when it is told to admire. The history of the reputation of Prud'hon, now so popular, is a case in point. During his life-time he was only appreciated by a few friends, connoisseurs, but uninfluential; and it was only twenty years after his death that he began to be talked of. At present, pictures which would scarcely be sold at all in his life, now fetch thousands of francs, and there is a disposition to overrate him. I know an instance in which an amateur,

bewitched, and away it goes, like a pack of hounds after puss, until some other game crosses the track, when it turns aside and leaves the first victim of its enthusiasm astonished, and no doubt rather grieved, at its safety.

"It was not till about the time of the Fronde, that the young nobility of France, sent abroad by their families to travel out of the way of civil dissensions, acquired and brought home a real admiration for art. Some fifty gentlemen, with means and leisure at their disposal, began then to praise and buy pictures, and encourage genius to do its best. Then taste was, perhaps, never very refined. At any rate it rapidly deteriorated. Yet, up to the revolution, there was a constant, and, to a certain extent, enlightened patronage of art. A little previously, the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, more from imitation than any other cause, had begun to purchase pictures, and try to understand their beauties. Probably, had things remained

de Rome 22 8 août 1789

il faut que j'écrive à Monsieur le Marquis de
Lucès m'attendu de mon Tableau venant la première
le peuple Romain à d'accorder. qui que. Merite a un peintre
Francois mais cette fois cy. ils ne sont Rindus de bon
(car si il ya un bon coin de monde a mon tableau)
presque au nombre que la comédie du Seduction
quel plaisir ce seroit pour vous qui m'aimez de
être témoin au moins j'étois pour en faire la dis-
cussion.

Monsieur le Marquis

Gomez Apertures a M. de Laffal

Volontiers humble
M. de Laffal
J. de Laffal

who spoke with contempt of a now well-known painter, was rebuked severely by a critic, and was possessed, six months afterwards, of pieces by that very hand to the value of eight hundred pounds. A more singular case of the same kind would require the mention of individuals now living; but perhaps this sort of thing is sufficiently common all the world over to enable the reader to understand what must be its manifestations where it exists in an excessive degree.

"I compare the growth of a reputation, artistic or literary, in France, to the progress of the Giaour in 'Vathek,' who, after he has been kicked from the steps of the throne, rolls himself into a ball, and by some unaccountable attraction draws after him the deadly-eyed prince, Carathis, the war minister, the courtiers, the people—even the halt and the infirm. By some accident, one or two amateurs become convinced, with or without reason, that a man has genius, and begin running after him. Very soon the whole country is

quiet, the education of their taste would have been successful; but time was not allowed them, and they were left heirs of a fashion instead of a science. They, as well as the people at large, had an intuitive veneration of art—though more as a name than as a thing. It was their impression that art was a great and beautiful manifestation of the mind, and they endeavoured, with less success than might have been wished, to appreciate its productions. France, therefore, possesses a wealthy middle class, really disposed to hail and reward the genuine artist, but without the power of recognising him when he appears. This accounts for so many sudden and ephemeral reputations. The *bourgeoisie* are conscientiously on the look-out for great men, and are easily deceived into supposing they have found them. Under such circumstances, we need not wonder that intrigue and quackery are almost necessary to whomsoever desires to succeed.

"Among themselves the artists affect, above all things, to

despise the bourgeois feeling, and those who truckle to it. One of their number is excommunicated because he did not insult a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a masterpiece; but I cannot buy it, for it is six inches too wide." Another is accused of selling for two hundred francs what he had previously asked a thousand for. In truth, however, all the really professional men are obliged to be tolerably condescending to the ignorance and indelicacy with which they have to deal, and revenge themselves when alone by pasquinade and satire."

This is a very correct representation of the state of affairs in Paris. As we are on the subject of modern art, a few more extracts may be interesting. The same writer says: "Many young French painters affect an originality in their manner which they have not in their mind. Would-be men of genius are nearly always lazy. They think this one of the most valuable privileges of their character. My friend Basil belonged to this class, except, perhaps, that he had more talent than the world gave him credit for. He lost himself by yielding, to a most ridiculous extent, to that absurd habit of some intellectual men of 'wanting inspiration.' They wait for inspiration sometimes all their lives, and it never comes. The real way is to go and fetch it. Basil did not choose to do so. On one occasion a friend procured him, partly out of charity, an order from the wife of a wealthy banker for a kind of thing in which he excelled—a couple of bouquets in water colours. The money was paid in advance three years ago, and the bouquets are not yet in bloom. He does not intend to defraud her, but 'he wants to produce something excellent.' He is waiting for inspiration. His friends tell him that this seems dishonest. He colours, bites his lip, and says, 'I will set about it,' in a deplorably desponding tone; but he has not put pencil to paper yet. He has no studio of his own, but goes now to one friend's place, now to the other—sometimes with, sometimes without, materials; but upon almost every occasion he thrusts his hands into his shock of hair, and sits down complaining that he has no ideas, no inspiration. As may be imagined, he is often in want of a dinner, and is compelled to sponge upon a friend. He went to one the other day, and in his heavy, lumbering way, said, 'I have got no money, and yet I must eat.'"

David is the original of all these students. He it was gave the tone to the *ateliers*; it was he made the artist a republican, an eccentric individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and moustaches. It was in his workshop that first appeared the Loustic and the Rapin, thus described:—"The Loustic is generally an artist-amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the Loustic of the *atelier*; perhaps the most backward in the serious of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker.

"The Rapin is the servant of the *atelier*, something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is a necessary part of his definition. Most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows him. His duties are to do all the work of the *atelier*; to run of errands, to set the model, &c. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and repeats it in a mysterious manner."

Such are some of the types found in a French *atelier* of painting—the *ateliers* of the descendants of the great master Louis David.

JOHN MARTIN.

If this remarkable painter did not receive during his life all his due, it appears at all events likely that now at last, when death has closed upon him, he will be granted the honours of renown and fame in full measure. But even during life John

Martin was admired and popular with a very extensive portion of the community. There was a grandeur, a magnificence about some of his paintings—his "Belshazzar's Feast," his "Crucifixion," and his "Pandemonium"—which struck the eye at once, and caused him to be appreciated. Vast conceptions in architecture have their weight in the eyes of the millions, and his were truly vast. His "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" is known everywhere. It has carried his reputation into all quarters, over the whole of continental Europe as well as this island.

And he is dead at last, having at length followed those great contemporaries of his, who divided with him public favour and applause. We, who knew something of him in those days when his drawing-room was the place where men of all kinds, authors, artists, singers, and public favourites in every style, were wont to meet, regret his death much, though aware that for some time past he had been lost to art. It is the more to be regretted, because he has left several admirable pictures unfinished. This had been discovered for some time past, and had caused him to retire to the Isle of Man, where he died a few weeks back.

John Martin was born at Cayden Bridge, near Hexham, Northumberland, on the 19th of July, 1789, and having in his early youth shown a very marked liking for the limner's art, his parents determined on sending him to a coach-builder at Norwich, there to learn the glorious art of heraldic painting. But this did not suit Martin; it was not at all what he aimed at. His ambition was above this; and disgusted and irritated at the drudgery imposed upon him in the coach-builder's employment, he threw up his apprenticeship. He now received some instructions in drawing of a different kind from one Muss, father of a very well-known enamel-painter of the same name, which had been changed from Masso under the impression that to succeed one must have a thorough English name. With these riches, and no other, John Martin started for London in search of fortune.

There have been so many stories told of what poor artists and poor authors have suffered in the upward struggle for fame and competence—for they are never insane enough to dream of wealth—that the reader will not require any minute details on this subject. Whether he dined on a penny loaf, or added to that solid luxury an ounce of beef, or, like the Paris artists out of luck, walked the streets without a dinner, and talked of the fine joint he had dined on, are things we scarcely care to know. Suffice it to say, he steeled himself in the fiery cauldron of genius—poverty, and came from it energetic, vigorous, ready and able to do battle with the world.

He began to gain a living by painting on glass and china, by making water-colour drawings, and also by the thankless task of teaching. But this was the outward and positive life; there was the ideal life too going on. He had already determined in his own mind to be a great artist, and it was at this period that he painted pictures on towels instead of canvas, for want of the more artistic preparation. The long hours of the night, that should have been spent in sleep, were devoted to earnest study, and especially to a deep elaboration of the principles of architecture and perspective—two elements he has used admirably in all his productions.

At last, eager for the fray, he began the battle of life, and came boldly before the world. In the year 1810, having, like most men of any note or success in any walk demanding study and reflection, married early, he painted his oil picture of "Clytie" for the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. It was, like the first picture of David, in whose life there are points of resemblance with Martin, rejected at first, and then at the opening of the following season accepted, tolerably well hung, and very highly appreciated by good judges. In 1812 his fancy and imagination, those great illuminators of his genius, were very forcibly shown in the production of "Sadek in search of the Waters of Oblivion." This was a genuine development of his peculiar characteristics. "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" was a very successful picture, and gained him the £100 medal of the British Institution. In 1819 he became more grand and sublime in his "Fall of Babylon,"

which was speedily followed by "Macbeth and the Witches." In 1821, however, the whole artistic world was dazzled by the appearance of that gorgeous production, "Belshazzar's Feast," which gained him the £200 prize of the British Institution. It was a glorious picture of a wondrous scene, of which Byron says:

"The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall,
And thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival."

The background of enormous, vast, black architecture—on the left the luminous wall, played all over with a strange brilliancy—in the foreground the low tables sumptuously spread, with groups of men and women apparently just disturbed from the attitude of luxurious enjoyment, all with their eyes directed towards the blazing characters which Daniel is about to stand forward and interpret—his austere, prophet-like appearance presenting a striking contrast with the indolent and effeminate personages who encircle the festive board—all combine to form a grand conception, grandly rendered. His "Destruction of Herculaneum" was less successful. In "The Seventh Plague" he has concentrated all the horrors which afflicted the whole land; and a few groups of men and women, with misery-stricken countenances, may be supposed emblematical of the whole afflicted race. "The Paphian Bower" was not in his style; but "The Creation," in which nature, under the hand of God, seems to grow visibly before us out of the darkness, without form and void, is admirable. In 1826 appeared his well-known painting of "The Deluge." This picture, through the broken light of a tempestuous evening, presents us with the terrible aspect of the earth when the universal flood had just begun to rise. The inhabitants, vainly hoping that it was only an extraordinary inundation, are flying to seek refuge or lofty places. The aged and the sick, the frightened young girls and children, are carried up the rocks by the strong men. The painter here has discriminated philosophically between the various developments of the human character. Here we see heroic self-sacrifice, men hazarding their lives to protect the helpless, women clinging to their children and refusing to leave them, daughters seeking to drag their mothers up almost inaccessible precipices. On the other hand, the interest of self-preservation is illustrated by individuals who in this dreadful hour break all bonds of natural affection, forget all duties, forsake all friends, and fly alone, not caring who may perish, so that they may be saved. The wild and rugged landscape; the stormy and rolling waters, which already threaten the "fenced cities," as though the ocean had broken its bounds; the dark and beetling crags; the confused and terrified multitude, in which they who wear the apparel of princes and queens cling in abject terror to any who may be near them; the clouds rent at intervals by streaks of fire; the night which blackens over all—these elements of the sublime and picturesque are blended into a tableau of the most wonderful interest and power. On a distant mountain-top, the ark seems to rest like a promise of salvation and peace, with a flash of lightning passing harmlessly over it.

"The Fall of Nineveh" resembles in many of its characteristics "The Feast of Belshazzar." Its chief merit consists in the grand proportion of the architecture, and in the artistic disposition of broad and bold masses of light and shadow. The same may be said of "Pandemonium," in which there is a grand series of "blazing crests" casting a bright glare on innumerable fierce and defiant countenances, upturned to listen to the words of the arch-deceiver and enemy of mankind. The architectural conception is here vast and mighty.

Martin subsequently illustrated Milton, receiving £2,000 for the drawings. He did the same for the Scriptures in a popular edition. He then for several years devoted himself assiduously to those engravings of his own pictures which have so manfully added to his reputation. He was earnest and laboring full of ingenuity and originality, applied new to the texture and perspective effects of large plates, and thus led the way to a marked and eminent in this important branch of art.

But while thus at work, he was almost wholly forgotten as a painter, when he revived the memories of the world by his very able picture of "The Coronation of Queen Victoria." His pictures had long hung neglected on his walls; and none but men of science, artists, and authors, went to see them. His long-standing quarrel with the Academy prevented his exhibiting. But now he had the inestimable honour and glory of painting dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies; his royal picture was talked of by the press; and prosperity came once more. It is always held in this country an honour to be painted by an artist who has painted a lord; and as Martin in his "Coronation" had painted not only many lords, but a queen, he found the demand upon his time very great. And yet he did not grow rich. A large family, a position in society to be kept up, a precarious and uncertain income, are things which men with fixed salaries can scarcely comprehend. Poor Martin did, to his cost, and his life was one struggle from the early days of his poverty to the uneasy hours of his death in the Isle of Man. But there is a fact in connexion with his life which must never be forgotten. Nearly all the great schemes for giving London pure water, for a vast sewer to collect the refuse of this vast city, and for other great sanitary purposes, came from our ingenious artist. A writer, who appears more intimately acquainted than we are with his private history, says:—"Notwithstanding the extraordinary amount of industry spent on his pictures and engravings, nearly as much time, and the larger portion of his earnings, were expended on engineering plans for the improvement of London, such as the embankment of the Thames and the drainage of the town; also on the ventilation of mines, light-houses, and the improvement of our harbours. The money he actually expended on those useful and ingenious projects must have exceeded £10,000."

His mind retained its faculties to the very last. He had several very great paintings in hand, which we fear no one can finish for him. They are of the usual character—"The Judgment;" "The Days of Wrath;" and the "Plains of Heaven." Of late years, Martin had fallen into a habit, derived perhaps from Etty, of using one colour too freely; and in one case, a very fine landscape is so blue as to leave the mind in doubt where the earth ends or the cerulean sky begins.

Martin was simple in his habits, independent in his ideas, no worshipper of rank or wealth, and yet he was sought for and respected by the high in place, far more than any toady or parasite of power. His *soirées* were visited, not only by men of talent and reputation, but by ambassadors and princes, and there it was that, in our childhood, we timidly gazed, for the only time, at the genial countenance of Sir Walter Scott. Martin was much liked by literary men, and owed much of his early pre-eminence to the favourable criticism of the "London Weekly Review," edited by one of the St. Johns. And he died far away on a still little island of the deep, the Isle of Man, where for some time he had gone every year. Here, probably, he gathered fresh from nature many of his magnificent inspirations—his moonlights on the water, his bursting and golden sunlights, so powerfully used by him at times; here too he died, "and," says a local chronicler, "hallowed no doubt in their estimation will ever be the place of his sepulchre, where he will repose by the side of some of his departed relatives, in the cemetery on the hill, near the romantic churchyard of Kirk Braddan, one of the spots he admired so much, and loved to visit; and henceforth the deathless name of Martin, associated with that of our lonely isle—like the great Napoleon's, linked with St. Helena—will invest it with an interest and celebrity which will endure to the end of time; and we may truly predict, that strangers from all parts of Europe, landing on these shores, will, like pilgrims journeying to some far-famed distant shrine, visit the grave of Martin, and pay 'the sacred tribute of a tear' to the memory of immortal genius and sterling virtue."

Allowing for the enthusiasm of a friend and admirer, there is some truth doubtless in this; and it is pleasing, at all events, to think, that genius is remembered by man, when the spirit that vivified is gone, and the body slumbers in the grave.

BARTOLOMEO ESTEBAN MURILLO.



With Murillo we are about to take a view of creation, and to soar through the universe, not only as it was fashioned by the



Creator, but such as the imagination of man has peopled it beyond its outward and visible form. The stern realities of
Vol. I.

life under all its humblest and yet most picturesque aspects, in contrast with the beings of imagination arrayed in their gentlest expression; on the one hand the thick shadows of our earthly atmosphere, and on the other the ethereal brightness of the heavens; here the pure and graceful beauty of incorporeal Seraphim, and there the squalor of the mendicant in hostile collision with the miseries of want, dirt, and disease; at once every aspect of life, and every accident of light, whether transfusing miraculously the celestial regions or shed upon the earth, giving life and vivacity to figures and landscape—all these lie within the rich domain of Murillo's art. In his loftiest moments, soaring into the azure expanse of the heavens, his spirit contemplates those luminous abodes wherein the faithful look forward in humble hope to endless and unequalled bliss! his fervid imagination sees floating around the Queen of Heaven gay swarms of infant beings, clothed by his genius with angelic attributes; the air to him is filled with floods of bright Cherubim, lighter than the golden vapours amidst which they frolic, fluttering, soaring, ascending and descending, crossing each other's path, intertwining their celestial forms, calling each other with wreathed smiles, joining hands in a living garland of joyous flowers, floating on the breeze and sporting in the sunbeam. The two elements which contend for the mastery of human life—reality and idealism, imagination and good sense—have been wonderfully combined by Murillo. Reserving in this the author of *Don Quixote*, he has been by turns thoughtful like the hero of *La Mancha*, and familiar and grotesque like *Sancho*. There is not a phase of existence, not an emotion of the soul, from the sublime impulse of ecstasy down to the eagerness of sensuality,

which Murillo has not attempted to portray, and with him to attempt was to succeed. He closely studied the innumerable attitudes of the human frame, those assumed by pride or commanded by dignity, as well as those which spring from carelessness, idleness, or accident. Through angels, men, animals, trees, verdure, sea, and sky, he has traversed from one end to the other the scale of existence—a boundless vista, which, like the patriarch of old, he saw prolonged in his waking dreams through the glorious regions of paradise.

He was born at Seville on the 1st of January, 1618, and not at Pilas in 1613, as erroneously stated by Palomino.† The Spaniards, even at that period, called Seville a wonder:

Que non a vista Sevilla,
Non a vista miravilla,

they exclaimed then as now; and yet the city, which in their pride they found so marvellous, did not at that time contain the masterpieces of Murillo. The first master of the great colourist was Juan del Castillo, his uncle, who, being a disciple of the Florentine school, was, according to Bermudez, hard and dry in his colouring; but, on the other hand, a chaste and severe draughtsman, and calculated to form good pupils. Murillo learnt without difficulty all that was taught him, until his master having gone to establish himself at Cadiz, he felt himself very much out of his element at Seville; a simple scholar, uncertain of his way, and a prey to the indecision of early youth. In the mean time he employed himself in painting, to sell at the fair of Seville, a stock of pictures, *una partida de pinturas*, the mercantile name which was given to a considerable branch of commerce between Spain and her American colonies, and as a colourer of flags and banners for the gorgeous processions of the church. Such was the humble beginning of Murillo; and if this employment mured the young painter to the difficulties of execution, and reduced the crudeness of his colouring, it raised him but little in the social scale above the workman.

Happily, however, a fellow-student of Murillo's, whom he had known in the studio of Juan del Castillo, arrived at this juncture at Seville. This young artist was Pedro de Moya, just returned from London, where he had studied under Vandyck. Passionately devoted to the style of the Flemish painter, Moya had made himself master of his learned and agreeable method; and as the manner of Vandyck was as yet unknown at Seville, its novelty created universal astonishment. To Murillo, above all, the sight of Moya's works was

* Captain Bold, in his interesting "History of the Spanish School of Painting," thus sums up the characteristics of Murillo's style: "He is celebrated for the originality of his treatment and invention, the gracefully flowing character of his draperies, and the simplicity, the perfect nature and unaffected grace which distinguish his figures; consequently his subjects seldom fail to interest the most fastidious critic human affections in all their variety, charity under all its forms, religion with all its fervour, love, and benevolence, were never more beautifully blended or correctly delineated; and had he possessed the advantages of a classical education, and a more intimate acquaintance with the antique, so as to have improved himself in the beau-idealism as well as the philosophy of the art, I have no doubt he would have transcended even the mighty Raphael."

† This error has been pointed out by Cean Bermudez, who procured at Seville the certificate of Murillo's baptism. *Vide* the "Diccionario Historico de los mas ilustres Profesores de las Bellas Artes en Espana." Madrid, 1800.

‡ "A weekly fair held in the parish of All Saints, and known as 'la Feria.' The prices in this mart, like the purchasers, being of the lowest class, the artistic wares exposed were necessarily, for the most part, of a very humble order; and, indeed, 'a picture of the Fair' (*pintura de la Feria*) was a proverbial expression for a bad picture. Still there was hardly a Sevillian painter of fame during the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, who had acquired the use of his pencil at home, but had brought to this market his first clumsy saints and immature Madonnas."—"Annals of the Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, M.A. London: John Ollivier, 1846, p. 816.

quite a revelation. He immediately felt how dangerous, how hard, and how contrary to nature was the practice of giving exaggerated importance to outline; and understood how the atmosphere, embracing all forms, blends some, assists the modelling of others, and subdues all. Thus a new horizon opened to his view; he felt a wish to travel, to go to Italy, to Venice, to the Low Countries, wherever his genius might have a chance of developing itself; and if Moya had not acquainted him with the recent death of Vandyck, he would have embarked for England. What to do without fortune, however, was now the question, for he could not heedlessly undertake such long and expensive journeys. The genius of Murillo at length furnished him with resources; he purchased a large quantity of canvas, divided it into squares of various sizes, which he primed and prepared with his own hands, and set to work to paint rapidly everything that his fancy dictated—Madonnas, devotional subjects, flowers, landscapes; * monks in one place, objects of still life in another;—he then sold his cargo to a shipowner, and thus furnished with some money, without acquainting his family or taking leave of any one, he departed for Madrid, where he arrived safely when scarcely twenty-five years old.

Velasquez was then in high favour at the court. A personal friend of the king of Spain, and an officer of his palace, he, nevertheless, received his young countryman most graciously; and, through the influence of one of the familiars of Philip IV., Murillo saw the doors of the palace of Madrid, of the monastery of the Escorial, of all the royal residences, of all the galleries, and all the museums, opened to him. In presence of the Rubens' and Titian's with which the royal residences were resplendent, the young painter forgot his travelling project. What occasion, in fact, had he now to go to Italy? Had he not unfolded to his gaze all that could enrapture the colourist in embryo, and even pictures of that Vandyck, already so much admired though known only through the imitations of Moya?

It was, therefore, without quitting the apartments of the Cierzo and of the Escorial, under the eyes of Velasquez,† and with his friendly counsel, that Murillo accomplished the journey which he had projected into the regions of true colouring. About three years were employed by him in copying, as a student, the paintings of the great masters, and, above all, those of the Venetians and Flemings; but that nothing might be neglected, he also drew from the antique and the living model, while Velasquez, who had arrived at perfection in his fascinating style, familiarised him with the love of a faithful rendering of nature, the taste for pure truth, and the illusions of aerial perspective.

Joachim Sandrart, and some Italian authors, relate that Murillo visited America in his youth. These writers have been misinformed, and assert of Murillo that which was only true with respect to his illuminated squares of canvas, and his son Gaspard Esteban Murillo. They have evidently felt a difficulty in believing that a painter of such consummate ability could have arrived at such excellence without visiting the classic land of art. They have, accordingly, stated that Murillo, on his return from America, travelled in Italy; but, as a Spanish author‡ pointedly remarks, "Is it probable that such a journey would have remained unknown to so many of Murillo's intimate friends, who, in fact, never heard it mentioned except in books, although it is proverbial how closely

* "Compro una porcion de lienzo; la dividio en muchos quadros; los imprimo por su mano, y pinto en ellos asuntos de devocion."—Cean Bermudez, *ubi supra*, vol. ii., p. 49.

† "Velasquez, probably, little thought that the needy young man, whom he then patronised, was destined to acquire a name, and to execute works which would be more popular and more widely known than his own."—"A Handbook of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting," by Sir Edmund Head, Bart. London: John Murray, 1848, p. 164.

‡ Antonio Palomino y Velasco, in chapter ii. of book vi., entitled "El Aprovechado," p. 62.

the lives of illustrious men are observed, known, and scanned, even in the minutiae of their most trifling details?"* It is, however, certain, that Murillo, on his return to Seville, in 1645, painted for the little cloister of the convent of St. Francis pictures which attracted universal notice. It was no longer merely the style of Vandyck, such as Moya had imported it into Seville nearly three years before, but a surprising combination of all the different styles which Murillo had so profoundly studied when at Madrid, or at the Escorial, where he had copied successively the paintings of Rubens, of Titian, of Vandyck, of Ribera, and of Velasquez. No originality was yet to be traced in this singular fusion, in which the fiery splendour of Rubens was tempered by the gravity of Titian, or the graceful elegance of Anthony Vandyck mitigated the savage emphasis of Spagnoletto. Here and there, in spite of this blending, the pencil of the imitator more visibly betrayed each of the masters whom he had by turns admired. Thus, "Angels appearing to a Saint in Ecstasy" recalled the powerful contrasts of Ribera; his splendid picture of "The Death of Santa Clara" seemed a reminiscence of Vandyck, from the expressions of the head, the freshness of the carnations, and the correct drawing of the extremities. Finally, his "St. James ministering to the Poor" betrayed the direct influence of Velasquez. When the moment had arrived for exhibiting his own genius and a consciousness of his own powers, Murillo offered nothing but a happy selection from others; but, through this appearance of imitation, however, the greatness of the master began to show itself.

Murillo took very good care never to show the feet of the Virgin when he painted her ascending towards heaven in the midst of a dazzling glory. He was apprehensive of conjuring up a profane thought at the sight of divine charms; this little morsel of nudity, which was not even remarked at Rome, would have been offensive in Andalusia. In spite of these pious precautions, however, the Virgins of Murillo are far from possessing those attributes of virgin beauty which the faith requires. Their luxuriant hair, their dark and humid eyes, inspire other ideas than those of divine transport; and, if they are represented as devoting themselves to household affairs, it is seldom otherwise than as mothers with plump hands, whom the cares of life have not robbed of the roseate hues of the carnation; but, by way of amends, Murillo has impressed upon the Son of Mary a character truly superhuman. We fancy we see around the head of this infant a halo of glory, which needs no material representation. His beautiful head is lit up with intelligence; his glance open and penetrating, at once vivid and gentle, emits rays of genius; and he looks so great, even in the tranquillity of sleep, that we feel, as it were, conscious of the presence of a God. Everything around, even to the vulgar visage of the carpenter and the worldly figure of Mary, enhances the distinction of the infant, and indicates the divinity that moves within him. The details of humble life, in the midst of which the infant Christ was brought up, add still further to the effect; and they serve as a contrast to the inherent nobility of soul, which perhaps would not exhibit so much character in another medium, for it appears to us singularly heightened even by the trivial accessories which surround it. "With Raphael," it has been well said by a French critic,† "the Virgin is superlatively virgin; with Murillo the infant Jesus is really divine."

Let us follow for a while, as we walk through a celebrated gallery, or even as we turn over the engraved works of Murillo,—let us follow out the history of this young girl of lowly birth, the companion of that careless beggar-boy of whom we have already given a representation.‡ Here we see her on her mother's knee, while her matted locks are being combed, uttering cries which attract the notice of the dog of the house; as a child yonder under the trees, at the bottom of a prettily

laid-out garden, she is amusing herself with some birds for which she has made a nest in her basket, or with the flowers she has gathered in her lap. At a later period, grown up, formed, and henceforth capable of inspiring and of feeling the tender passion, we see her stationed at her window, and fixing—we know not on whom—a bold look; leaning out amorously, her shoulders bare, and her hair parted at the corner of her forehead after the fashion of the students, she monopolises all the light, leaving in the half tint of the middle distance a duenna duly old and ill-favoured, thus bringing forward her own youth by this background of ugliness. But how is this? Unless our eyes deceive us, it is still the same who, doubtless converted, pardoned, and become by dint of repentance "Santa Rosa de Lima," holds a rose in her hand, and offers up her heart to the infant Jesus, perched upon the stem of the flower in the form of a humming-bird.

Contrast is the mainspring of Spanish art. Thus we have seen in our own days the French romantic school, based upon contrast, turn its first glance towards the land of Murillo and of Cervantes. From Hernani to Ray Blas, it is Spain that has furnished the wardrobes of our literary colourists with their rags and their doublets, the silken *basquine* of the duchess and the tattered mantle of Don Caesar. No one has more frequently or more happily made use of contrast than Murillo. We do not thereby mean those abrupt oppositions of light and shade such as the terrible Ribera affected. Contrast with Murillo shone forth in the philosophy of the picture by the unexpected approximation of its different qualities, and by the antithesis of thoughts or of character. That he might not come into collision at once with mind and sight, Murillo, contrary to the practice of Spagnoletto, placed the dualism in the action, and the unity in the *chiaroscuro*,—the contrast being addressed to the mind, and the harmony to the eye. When he had attained the final perfection of his talent, he was commissioned, about 1670, to paint some large pictures for the church of La Charité, in which his subject and his genius were wonderfully well matched. He had to illustrate precisely the two extremes which are drawn together by religion and united by Christian charity,—luxury and destitution, rags and satin, ruddy health and wan disease. Fortunately he lived in the classic city of mendicants,—the blind, the paralytic, the one-handed, the lame, and the victims of scurvy and leprosy. All these models he had encountered simply in walking through the streets of Seville—a huge out-of-door hospital.*

But with what flexibility, what richness, what facile genius has he not executed his task! How can we enumerate, how describe in succession, so many pictures, varied in character, touching and sublime: "The Prodigal Son," "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," "The Paralytic at the Pinnacle,"† and all those miracles of evangelical charity reproduced by miracles of colour? Cast your eyes on that multitude that Murillo has painted in "the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," as numerous as it is represented in Holy Writ. "If Christ has fed five thousand men with five barley loaves and two small fishes," says M. Thoré, "Murillo has painted five thousand men on a space of twenty-six square feet." In truth, there is not one less than five thousand; it is an endless multitude of women and children, of old and young, a host of heads and arms which move with ease, without confusion, without inconvenience, without tumult; all gaze upon Christ in the midst of His disciples, and Christ blesses the loaves, and the miracle is wrought! Sublime signal of fraternity amongst men! mag-

* Seville has always been a city of beggars supported by the monks, and is at this day more thronged with them than ever.—*Ide* "The Aunac in Espagne, par Charles Didier."

† This picture, as well as that of "The Prodigal Son," formed part of the gallery of Marshal Soult. Murillo received for it 8,000 reals, or £85. Marshal Soult had sold it to the late king Louis Philippe, for £8,000, but for some reason the bargain was broken off. For "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" Murillo received 13,975 reals.—*Ide* Olean Bermudez.

* "Aun los atomos mas mininos se observan," says the author of "El Museo Pictórico," vol. iii., p. 420.

† "Études sur la Peinture Espagnole," by M. Thoré, published in "La Revue de Paris," of 1835.

‡ "The Works of Eminent Masters," Vol. I., p. 45.

nificent lesson of charity, which the painter has magnificently illustrated!

We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortuitous piece of accident. The groups, however, are well arranged, and if sometimes the different parts are not duly balanced, as may

mystery; but when we are in the presence of an artist so expansive, so impassioned as Murillo—when superiority of expression is the predominant charm, how can we waste a thought on the propriety of these hidden subtleties? When looking at "The Prodigal Son," we yield ourselves up entirely to the joy that irradiates the paternal countenance, to the



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FAMILY. FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

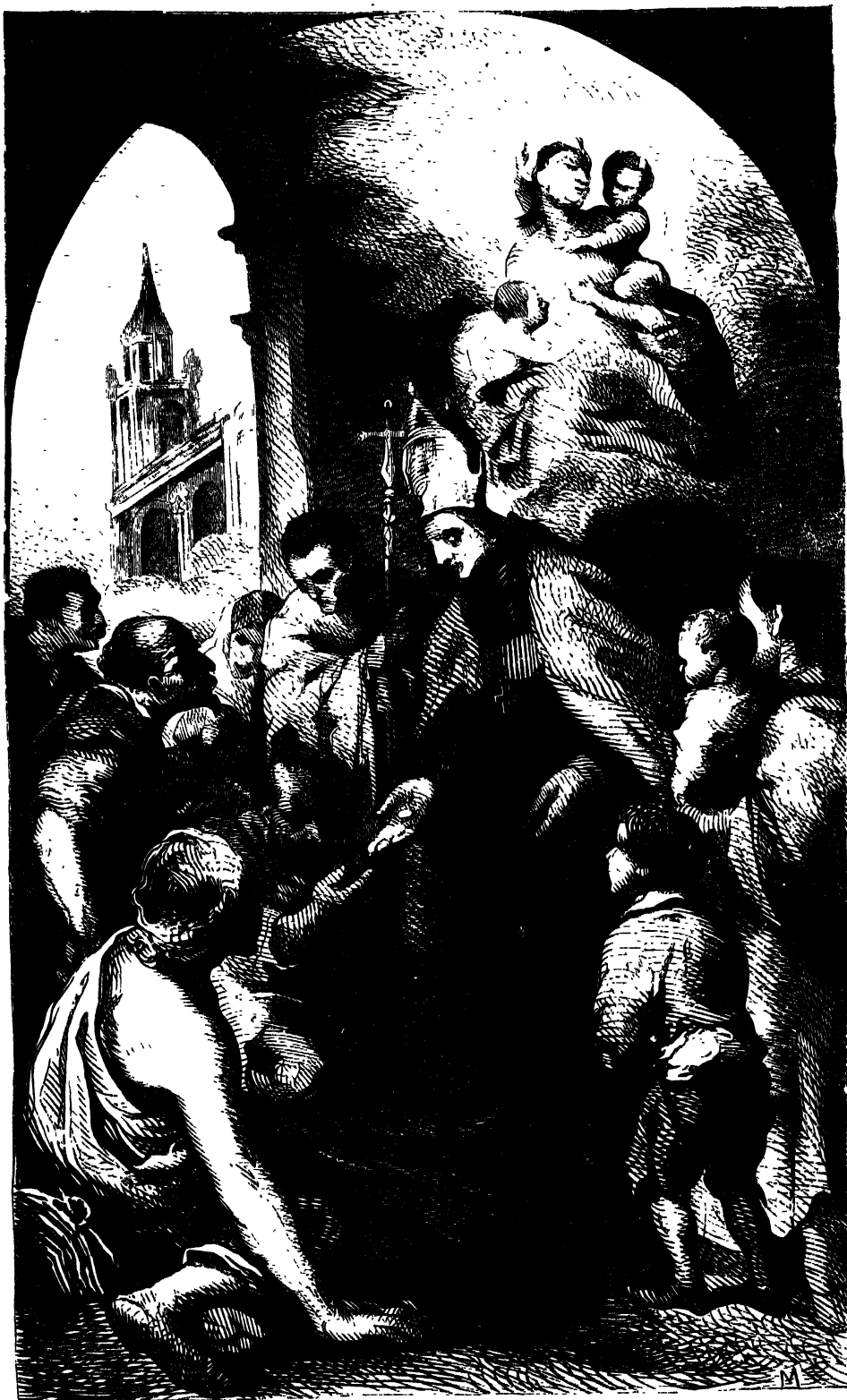
"A well
'la Feria.' I.
the lowest class,
most part, of a very
Fair' (pintura de la
picture. Still there will
the sixteenth or seventeenth
of his pencil at home, but of interesting the spectator by the
clumsy saints and immature different groups which compose
of Spain," by William Stirling at a man of taste will find a
1846, p. 315.

Saint Philip," formerly in Marshal
found to be a rare exception.
we learned and profound painters who
of the different groups which compose
effect, the law of which is a

gestures of the servants who are preparing the feast, and even
to the caresses of the little house-dog, which has recognised
the son of his master. The Prodigal himself is pale and
exhausted without being disfigured,—the very image of his
heart, which is withered, not degraded. There he stands
divided between the shame of his recollections and the sweet-
ness of his pardon. What consummate knowledge of the

numan heart! . What philosophy! and how impressive and agreeable is the execution, in perfect harmony with the sentiment that pervades the scene. The colours are lively, the

The character of Murillo resembled the style of his works. He was gentle and amiable. The Spanish blood, however, which circulated in his veins made him prompt in anger; it



ST. DIEGO D'ALCALA.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

touch facile; it seems as if nature herself participated in the feast of this family, and shared in their joy; for "the splendour of a beautiful day smiles upon them," as Montaigne observes.

is only with such a temperament that we can possess the happy faculty of having a keen appreciation of the beautiful. He lived in friendly intimacy with Iriarte, an excellent landscape-painter, who, according to Murillo himself, painted

landscape by divine inspiration.* Iriarte executed the backgrounds of Murillo's pictures, in which he introduced fine trees with light foliage, and smiling or overcast scenes in accordance with the subject, limpid waters and airy distances, which agreed perfectly with the intention of the master. Murillo, in turn, enriched the landscapes of Iriarte with beautiful figures. They possessed together more than double the talent required to paint a *chef-d'œuvre*. They differed one day on the trivial question as to which of them should commence a picture ordered of the landscape-painter by an amateur, who calculated on the alliance of the two friends. Murillo, in a moment of ill-humour, seized his palette, and painted at one sitting both the landscape and the figures in a manner that enchanted the purchaser, who discovered in him what he never expected—a new artist, an admirable landscape-painter. A similar incident is said to have occurred in the life of Rubens.

All Paris has seen, in the gallery of M. Aguado, and in the Spanish museum of the Louvre, some landscapes of Murillo. They are composed in the style of Rubens, with breadth and in broad masses. Moreover, he generally made them subordinate to the more important branch of figure-painting, and the scene was then merely an harmonious accompaniment, or an invitation to the realms of poetry. We recollect that one of the pictures before which the spectator remained the longest, in the gallery of the fortunate marquis, was that of "Jacob's Dream of the Ladder." In a dreary country, in the night-time, within a few paces of a ruin, on the borders of a piece of still water, a traveller has thrown upon the ground his gourd, his wallet, and his stick, and has fallen asleep. The dream of the son of Abraham is represented in this landscape by one who knew how to give material embodiment to the subtlest visions of the mind. On the head of the dreamer appears a luminous ladder which rises up to heaven: two rows of Seraphim, scarcely touching the steps of this imaginary pathway, mount up towards the Eternal, and descend to communicate in whispers with the sleeping traveller. The landscape is profoundly tranquil; not a breath of air stirs the summits of the trees or the surface of the lake; no other noise is heard than the mysterious rustling of the Seraph's wings.

In 1812, M. Denon—Director-General of the Museums of France, exhibited at the Louvre the Spanish pictures constituting a portion of the spoils of the French army. The astonished public looked on these painters with wondering eyes, and, accustomed to the mythological style of the Empire, understood very little of Murillo. Some artists found him feeble, and M. Denon did not appear to take any further interest in the matter. Zurbaran had been placed on the pedestal of the building, and visitors stopped on the steps of the Louvre to gaze on his terrible monks. It was an age of romance, as Madame de Staël observes, that could understand the beauties of chivalry and Christianity. And yet, amongst these pictures exhibited for the first time at Paris, there was one which was always considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of its author—"St. Elizabeth of Hungary,"† and which must be pronounced to be the most perfect of his works, did not competent judges yield the preference to "The Miracle of the Roman Gentleman." Our readers will feel indebted to us for reproducing here the fine description which M. Viardot has given of the "St. Elizabeth:"—"This subject has wonderfully united the two opposite extremes of Murillo's style, —the squalid, ragged, and verminous misery of his little beggars, and the noble, simple, and sublime grandeur of his saints. From this also springs the charm of a perpetual contrast and a lofty moral. This palace converted into an hospital; on one side those ladies of the court, beautiful, fresh, and highly adorned; on the other, those children, miserable, poor, and

rickety, who are scratching themselves and tearing their breasts with their nails, without clothes upon their bodies or hair upon their heads; this palsy-stricken wretch, borne upon crutches, this old man who exhibits the sores upon his legs; this old woman cowering down, whose emaciated profile is defined so forcibly against a skirt of black velvet; on one side the brilliant graces of luxury and health, on the other the hideous harpies attendant on poverty and disease; and in the midst of these extremes of humanity, divine charity, which draws them together in the bonds of peace. A young and lovely female, who, over the veil of a nun, wears the crown of a queen, tenderly sponges the scald head of a child covered with leprosy, holding over him the silver water-vase. Her white hands seem to shrink from the work which her heart prompts her to perform; her lips tremble with loathing at the same moment that her eyes are suffused with tears. But pity conquers disgust, and religion triumphs,—that divine faith which bids us love our neighbour as ourselves."*

Velasquez was the painter of nature, Murillo the painter of religion. He combined with a feeling of reality all the poetry that can enter the soul of a believer. Pious even to godliness, he loved to give himself up to religious reveries, in some corner of those catholic churches, which, even in midday, are plunged in dim religious light. During a visit he made to Cadiz, to paint there "The Marriage of St. Catherine" for the high altar of the Capuchins, he hurt himself dangerously by falling from his scaffolding; and not daring, through an excess of modesty, to make known the nature of the injury he had sustained (rupture), he became a prey to the most excruciating pain.† While his pupil Meneses Osorio finished the painting for the grand altar, Murillo, being brought back to Seville, passed the rest of his life in suffering and in prayer. Towards the latter period of his existence he caused himself to be carried every day to the church of Santa Cruz, and was accustomed to pray before the famous "Descent from the Cross" of Pedro Campana. It is related, that the sacristan being desirous one evening of closing the doors earlier than usual, demanded of Murillo why he remained so long motionless in that chapel. "I am waiting," replied the painter, "till those men have brought the body of our Blessed Lord down the ladder."‡ Feeling that his end was approaching, he drew up his will, in which he expressed a wish to be interred at the foot of Campana's picture, which was religiously complied with. He died on the 3rd of April, 1682, in the arms of Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio, knight of the order of St. John, who had been his intimate friend, and who was, with Tobar

* We have read in a Spanish journal a detailed description—a very able one—of the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." The colours of the picture are indicated. One of the queen's ladies is dressed in a silk tunic of ultramarine, with sleeves of a reddish violet (*caracas amoratado*). The one who carries the basin of medicaments and the lint has an under tunic of white, over which is another of lilac. The queen wears the widow's black mantle trimmed with the fur of the marten, and under it a linen tunic. This Spanish journal, "El Artista," was edited by men of great learning and admirable taste—Messieurs Ochoa, Cardenera, and De Modrazo. Unfortunately, Spain has doubtless not had leisure to devote to art, and this journal, with a circulation of five hundred, was discontinued after the third volume. A complete set could not perhaps be found at present, the love of collecting being very rare with the Spaniards. We are indebted to M. Taylor for the obliging communication of the only copy in his possession.

† "Trapezo al subir del andiamo y con ocasion de estar él relaxado, se le salieron los intestinos; y por no manifestar su flaqueza, ni dexarse recoger, por su mucho honestidad, se vino a morir"—Palomino y Velasco. "Vidas de los pintores eminentes Espanoles," in vol. iii. of the "Museo Pictórico," page 423.

‡ "Como un Día el Sacristan desease cerrar las puertas mas temprano de lo que acostumbraba, le hubo de preguntar per que se detenia tanto tiempo en aquella capilla, a lo que le respondió: 'esto y esperando que estos santos varones acaben de baxar al Señor de la cruz.'"—Cean Bermudez, "Diccionario Historico," vol. ii., p. 54.

* Quiliet, *Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols*, p. 103.

† This picture was taken back to Spain after the invasion of France by the allied armies, and is now in the Academy of France.—Viardot, "Musées d'Espagne, d'Angleterre, et de France," Paris, 1843.

and Méneses Osorio, one of his best pupils.* From Murillo have proceeded all the painters of Seville whose histories we propose to write. It was he who founded a public academy of design in his native city, and procured with great difficulty the co-operation of the professors Herrera, Valdés, and Iriarte. He presided over it, and went there to teach the pupils the study of the living model. After placing the model in position himself, he explained to them the attitude, the proportions, and the anatomy.†

The truly extraordinary qualities of Murillo are fecundity, flexibility, and marvellous aptitude for painting everything—the heavens, the earth, tatters, and Cherubim. As we walk through the rooms of the Spanish museum of the Louvre, we are astonished at the marvellous flexibility of such a colourist. Sometimes he is grave and restrained, as in the full-length portrait of the cold inquisitor, "Don Adreus de Andrade;" at others we unexpectedly meet with the effects of a Rembrandt, and golden colouring, such, for instance, as we recognise in the superb sketch of "St. Thomas of Villanueva."‡ Sometimes his style melts away even to effeminacy, but more generally he is vapoury. It is, perhaps, dangerous to copy Murillo; too readily the artist might sink into immitation of expression in exaggerating the modelling of his subject, or contract a mannerism of execution from which his original escapes, thanks to the charm and brilliancy of its colouring. If, however, there may be danger in copying Murillo, there can be none in admiring him, fearlessly, unreservedly, under a thousand varied aspects,—and especially when in his graceful mood. How, for instance, can we refrain from feeling deeply and tenderly his exquisite "Virgin of the Girdle" (p. 313.) In that picture the angelic choir swell their hymns of praise to that celestial Infant, whose deep, black, thoughtful eyes reflect the heavenly peace and harmony of their strain.

The gentle genius of Murillo ever leans to sweetness, ever beams with calm but piercing light. Religion, in his pictures, loses all her dread and awful aspect. She reveals herself only to the faithful, overflowing with grace and mercy, still glowing with the rays of the Sun that shone on Paradise. While *Libera* appreciated only her mysterious, threatening, sinister, and sombre side, to Murillo she manifested herself in mercy, in tenderness, and in the glories of a dread sublimity.

Esteban Murillo has left a great number of pictures, which, previously to the wars of the Empire, were nearly all in the churches and convents of Spain—at Madrid, at Seville, at Cadiz, at Granada, at Cordova, etc. etc.

Previously to this period the works of this celebrated painter were scarcely known in other parts of Europe. Nevertheless, the few which had found their way into France had there found admirers and realised high prices. Since then royal collectors have contended for the honour of opening the doors of their museums to the productions of him who has been justly called the prince of Spanish painters.

We now proceed to draw up a brief catalogue of the works

* His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, the bier being borne, says Joachim Sandrart, by two marquises and five knights, and attended by a great concourse of people of all ranks, who admired and esteemed the great painter. By his own desire, his grave was covered with a stone slab, on which was carved his name, a skeleton, and these two words—*VIVE MORITURUS*.—*Life* "Annals of the Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, M.A., vol. ii., p. 888.

† "Murillo was of the most kind, honourable, and amiable disposition, mild, unassuming, and virtuous; consequently was universally regretted, and proved an irreparable loss to the school of Seville, which thenceforward declined into the most corrupt mannerism."—"The History of the Spanish School of Painting," by Captain Bold, p. 93. London: Murray, Barclay, 1815.

‡ This fine sketch of a picture, which the painter called (*su lienzo*) his canvas, only cost M. Taylor a *douro*. It was purchased from some soldiers who were plundering the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls of Seville.

§ This picture is known in Spain as "La Virgen de la Feja," and in France as "La Vierge à la Ceinture."

of this painter, in the public galleries of Europe, premising that we shall only enumerate those most worthy of the attention of amateurs. To commence with the artist's own country:—

The Royal Museum at Madrid, so rich in pictures of all schools, although of recent creation, contains forty-six important works of Murillo. Setting aside his portraits, his allegorical compositions, and the series of pictures representing the adventures of the "Prodigal Son," the following may be noticed:—"The Holy Family;" our Lord, as a child with a goldfinch in his hand, plays with a dog, while the Virgin and St. Joseph, the one spinning and the other planing a board, desist from their work to look at him. From the goldfinch the picture takes its name of "El Pajarito."—"The Adoration of the Shepherds."—"Our Lord in his Childhood as the Good Shepherd."—"Our Lord and St. John the Baptist," the first giving the second water out of a shell, and therefore known as "Los Niños de la Concha" (the children of the shell).—"The Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Apostle at Patras."—"Two Annunciations."—"St. Bernard fed with milk from the bosom of the Virgin," who appears to him with the infant Saviour.—"The Ecstasy of St. Francis" (p. 312).—"St. Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo," invested with the holy chasuble by the Virgin, in his cathedral.

The National Museum, of the same city, though less rich in the masterpieces of Murillo than the *Museo del Rey*, still contains some of his most remarkable compositions:—A "St. Ferdinand."—A "St. Francis de Paula;" full length, life size. And finally, "The Perseucula;" Our Lord and the Virgin appearing to St. Francis of Assisi in his cavern in Mount Alverius, formerly the altar-piece of the church of the Capuchins at Seville; an immense picture, figures life size.

The Royal Academy of San Fernando possesses some of the noblest masterpieces of Murillo.—"The Resurrection of our Lord, painted for the chapel of La Espiracion, in the convent of Mercy (now the museum) at Seville."—"The Dream of the Roman Senator and his Wife;" and the "Roman Senator and his Wife, telling their dream to Pope Liberius." Companion-piece for the above, and painted for the same church—*Sta. Maria la Blanca* at Seville. These two marvellous pictures are generally called "Los melos Puntos" of Murillo. But the Royal Academy of San Fernando possesses a still more astounding picture, that of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," described in page 310. The three last-mentioned works were carried to Paris when the Emperor Napoleon collected at the Louvre the richest spoils of Italy, Flanders, and Spain.

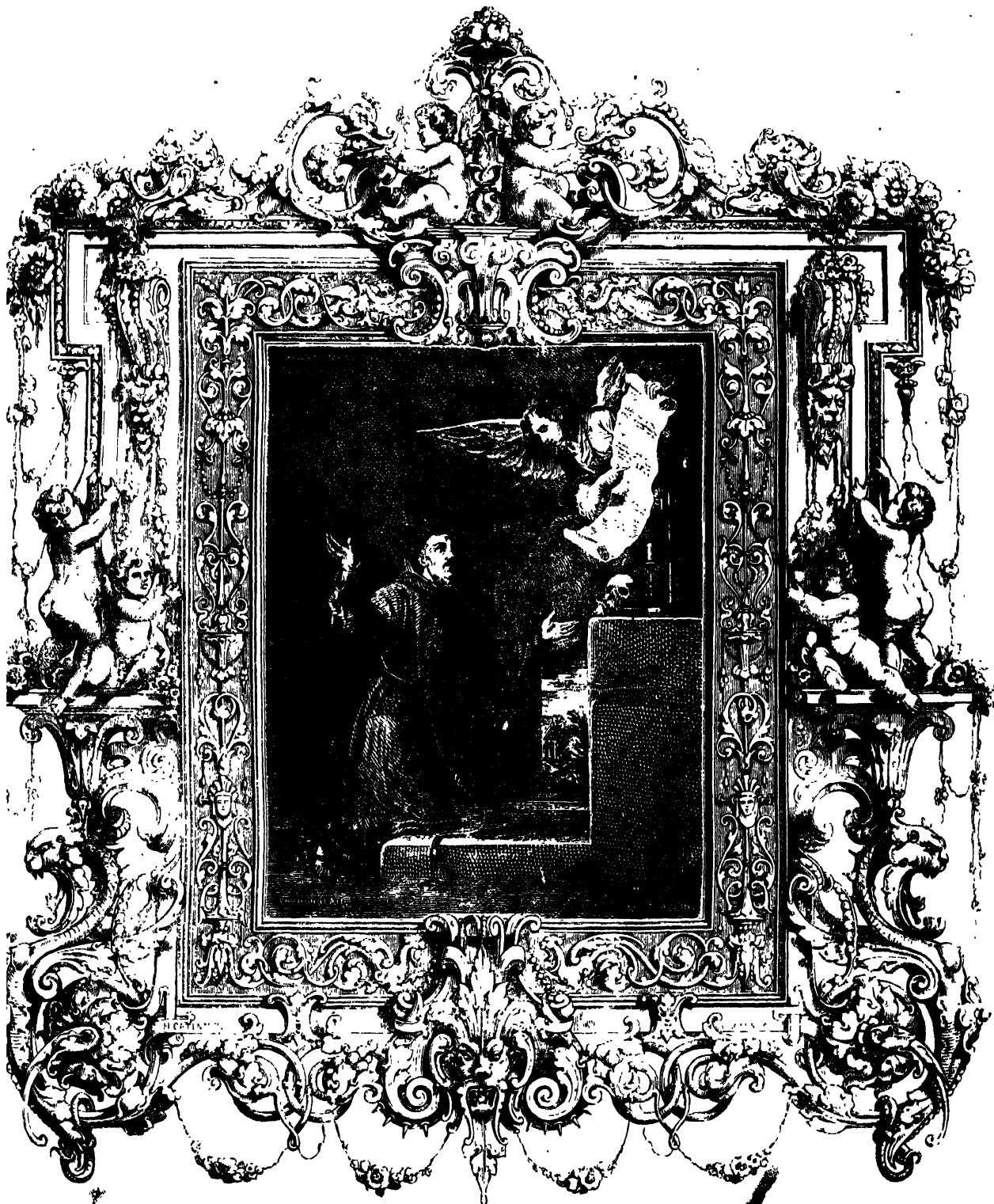
Notwithstanding the glorious works we have enumerated, it is not perhaps at Madrid that his choicest pictures are to be found. Seville in its cathedral possesses "Moses striking the rock in Horeb," of which Mr. Stirling, in his "Annals of the Artists of Spain," observes, "that as a composition this wonderful picture can hardly be surpassed."—"The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes;" and "St. Anthony of Padua."

The Museum of the Louvre. Previously to the fall of Louis Philippe, the Louvre possessed, in the collection bequeathed to his Majesty by an English gentleman (Mr. Frank Hall Standish), fourteen pictures by Murillo, amongst which may be enumerated:—"Portrait of Murillo," bought from the Count de Mule at Cadiz;—an "Old Woman seated," called the mother of Murillo, but apparently on slender evidence; it bears the date 1678, and various incidents in the life of the Prodigal Son. In the *Galerie Espagnole*, in the Louvre, purchased in Spain for the late king by Baron Taylor, there were thirty-eight pictures by Murillo; comprising "The Virgin à la Ceinture," formerly entailed in the family of the Count of Aguila, at Seville, from whom it was bought for 25,000 crowns, or about 25,000.—"St. Augustine receiving alms from our Lord."—"St. Bonaventure writing his Memoirs after Death."—"St. Diego of Alcalá" (p. 309), and "Murillo in his Youth," formerly in the collection of Don Bernardo Iriarte at Madrid.

After the Revolution of 1818, these were withdrawn from the Louvre, which now contains only seven pictures by Murillo:—"The Virgin of the Rosary," with the infant Saviour on her lap; full length, life size, called "La Vierge au

Chapelet." "The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception," attended by angels, and adored by three ecclesiastics; painted in 1656, or 1657, for the church of Santa Maria la Blanca, at Seville. "The Holy Family"—The Virgin, and Joseph,

seven pictures, some of which are of great celebrity, the French government have just added, "The Conception of the Virgin," supported and attended by thirty cherubs; painted in 1678, for the church of Los Venerables, at Seville. For



THE ECSTASY OF ST. FRANCIS.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

with the Saviour, as a child, between them, all standing; in glory above appear the Eternal Father, the mystic Dove, two a multitude of cherubs. "St. Augustine with a the sea-shore." "The youthful Mendicant." "A tion." "Christ on the Mount of Olives." To these

this masterpiece, the enormous sum of £24,612 was paid at the recent sale of the collection of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.

The National Gallery possesses three paintings by Murillo: "The Holy Family," the Saviour, as a child, standing

between the Virgin and Joseph, and the Holy Ghost descending upon them from the Eternal Father, who appears in the clouds above. One of Murillo's latest works, and

it was purchased, together with Rubens' "Brazen Serpent" (No. 59), in 1837, for £7,350. "Peasant Boy looking out of a Window." Formerly in the collection of the Marquis of



THE VIRGIN "A LA CEINTURE."—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

Painted for the Marquis of Pedrosa, at Cadix; it was valued, says Cean Bermudez, in 1738, amongst the effects of the family, at 800 pesos, of 16 reals, or 600 crowns; equal to about £150. Brought to England after the War of Independence,

Lansdowne, and presented in 1826 to the nation by M. Zachary, Esq. "St. John the Baptist, as a Child, with a Lamb." Formerly in the Lassay, Preale, and Robit collections, at Paris; bought from the latter by the late Sir Simon

Clarke, to whom it was valued, with its companion, "The Good Shepherd," at 4,000 guineas, and purchased at the sale of his pictures in 1840, for £2,100. Full length, life size.

At Hampton Court, in the Queen's audience-chamber, there is a "Portrait of Don Carlos of Spain," when a boy of four years old; dated 1665; he was, therefore, king of Spain when this was painted. Full length. And in the Queen's Gallery, "A Boy paring Fruit."

Dulwich Gallery.—This remarkable and varied collection contains twelve of Murillo's works of excellent selection. Amongst them are comprised:—"The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel;" background, a pastoral landscape. "The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception;" small. "The Virgin of the Rosary" ("Madonna del Rosario") with the infant Saviour on her lap; enthroned on clouds and supported by four cherubs; figures life size. "The Adoration of the Magi;" a composition of eleven small figures. "Our Lord on the Cross." "Three ragged Boys;" one of them a Negro, who appears to be begging for a share of a cake in the hands of one of the others; figures full length, life size. "Two ragged Boys;" one standing munching bread, and the other seated, and apparently inviting him to play at chuck-farthing; figures full length, life size. "The Flower Girl;" a girl with a turban, decked with a rose, and holding flowers in the end of her scarf. Formerly in the cabinet of M. Randon de Boissy, whence it was sold for 900 louis to M. de Calonne, at whose sale M. Desenfans purchased it for £610.

The Imperial Gallery in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna has only one picture by Murillo, "St. John the Baptist," as a child, with a cross of reed in his hand, and a lamb by his side, landscape background; full length, life size.

The Pinakothek of Munich is richer in Murillo's, of which it possesses seven: viz., "St. Francis healing a Cripple at the door of a Church;" in the background stand two Franciscan friars. "Two Boys seated on the Ground," one eating grapes, and the other a water-melon. "Two Boys throwing Dice;" a third, with a dog, stands by, eating bread. "Two Boys eating Bread and Fruit," with a dog by their side. "Four Boys, two of them playing Cards," at the door of a hut. "An Old Woman picking Vermin from the Head of a Boy," supporting his head on her lap, while he feeds his dog with a crust. "A Girl sitting on a Stone," pays for fruit out of a boy's basket.

The Royal Gallery of Dresden has two works of Murillo: "The Virgin, looking up to Heaven," with the infant Saviour in her lap; and "A Girl with a Basket of Fruit," counting the money which has been paid by a boy.

Next to Spain, Russia is the richest in pictures of Murillo. The Imperial Gallery in the Palace of the Hermitage contains between twenty-five and thirty, a portion of which came from the Houghton collection. Amongst these we may enumerate the following:—"Jacob's Dream of the Ladder," "The Annunciation of the Virgin," "The Assumption of the Virgin," "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt;" the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms, rides upon an ass, which is led by Joseph; two cherubs hover overhead. "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt;" the Virgin attended by two cherubs watches the sleeping Saviour, Joseph standing behind. "The Holy Family;" Joseph stands holding in his arms the infant Saviour, who leans towards His mother; she stretches out her arms to Him in return. "Nativity of our Lord;" the Virgin, lifting the veil which covers the manger, presents to the gaze of the adoring shepherds the divine Babe, from whose body proceeds light. "Our Lord on the Cross," around which stand the Virgin, Mary Magdalene, and St. John. "St. Florian, in a deacon's dress," resting his right hand on a millstone attached to his neck by a cord, and his left on an X-shaped cross; and beside him are St. Dominic and St. Peter the Dominican; in the background, through a grated window, his martyrdom is represented. "Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican;" kneeling at his prayers, he is killed by two assassins. "Boy in red dress," holding a dog by the ear. "Boy with a cat and a dog." "Girl in a green and red dress." "A

Gentleman dressed in black." To these we have now to add: "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist," as children, with a lamb and a basket of fruit; purchased at the late sale of Marshal Soult for the sum of £2,642; and "St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel," bought for the sum of £6,342 at the same sale.

The Royal Museum at Berlin possesses "St. Anthony of Padua, kneeling," with the infant Saviour in his arms; and "A Cardinal, seated in an Arm-chair."

Thus much for the Public Galleries. The private collections of the continent do not contain many works by Murillo. The principal ones are to be found in the galleries of—Don José de Madrazo, at Madrid; Don Juan de Go-vantes, Don J. M. Escayena, and Don Julian Williams, at Seville; Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna; Prince Corsini, at Rome; the Duke of Leuchtenberg, at Munich; Count Portalis, the Marquis de Pastoret, and the Marquis de las Marismas, at Paris.

The private galleries of England can boast of numerous specimens of the great masters; but as it would carry us beyond our limits to particularise them, we must content ourselves with giving a list of their principal possessors; referring those interested in the subject to the admirable "Catalogue of Works, executed by and ascribed to Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo," in Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain."

The Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Bedford; the Marquis of Westminster, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Marquis of Exeter; the Earl of Rudnor, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Lovelace, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Warwick; Lord Northwick, Lord Heytesbury, Lord Ashburton, Lord Overstone; Sir Francis Baring, Bart., M.P.; Sir W. Eden, Bart., Windlestone-hall, Durham; Sir A. Aston, Aston-hall, Cheshire; the Right Hon. Edward Ellis, M.P., W. Miles, Esq., M.P., Baron Lionel Rothschild, M.P., George Banks, Esq., M.P., John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P., Samuel Rogers, Esq., George Tomline, Esq., Carlton-house-terrace; R. Sanderson, Esq., 48, Belgrave square; George Vivian, Esq., Claverton Manor, Somerset; Colonel Baillie, 34, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square; H. A. J. Munro, Esq., 113, Park-street; W. W. Burden, Esq., Hartford-house, Durham; Richard Ford, Esq., Hevitre, Devon; W. Wells, Esq., Redleaf, Kent; W. Stirling, Esq., Keir, Perthshire; John Balfour, Esq., Balbirnie, Fifeshire; &c. &c.

It may not be without interest to mention the prices realised by the pictures of Murillo at a few of the most celebrated public sales:—

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, a "Fruit Girl," and a "Boy with a Dog," were sold together for £192.

At the sale of the Prince of Conty, in 1777, "The Good Shepherd with his flock," was sold for £56. "St. Joseph holding in his hand the Infant Saviour," for £64. "The Marriage at Cana," for £362.

At the sale of M. Randon de Boissy, in 1777, "The Virgin with the Infant Saviour in her lap" realised £440.

At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "St. John the Baptist, as a Child, with a Lamb," fetched £133.

At the sale of the Chevalier Frard, in 1832, "The Glorification of the Virgin" was sold for £400, and a "Nativity" for £144.

Not less than fifty-five of Murillo's works were brought to the hammer at the sale of M. Aguado, Marquis de las Marismas, in 1843. Amongst these were—"The Death of Santa Clara," for £760; "The Reception of St. Gil," for £124; "A Madonna," for £112; an "Annunciation," for £108; "The Glorification of the Virgin," for £710; "Santa Justa," for £321; "Children returning from Market," for £202; "A Fish Girl," for £276; and "The Portrait of a Monk," for £183.

At the sale of Cardinal Fesch, in 1845, a "Holy Family" realised £171. At the sale of the late King of Holland, in

1850, "The Assumption of the Virgin" was sold for £3,281; "St. John della Cruz," for £228; and a "Holy Family," for £405.

At the sale of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, in May, 1850, fifteen Murillos realised a total sum of £46,530, including expenses:—namely, "The Conception of the Virgin," £34,612; "St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel," £6,842; "The Nativity of the Virgin," £3,820; "St. Diego of Alcalá," £3,591; "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist as Children," £2,646; "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt," £2,163; "Ravages of the Plague," 840; "The Apotheosis of Philip II., King of Spain," £630; "The Virgin of Sorrows," £445; "St. Anthony of Padua and the Infant Saviour," £428; "Peasant Boys," £378; "St. Peter repenting," £231; "The Glorification of the Virgin," £210; "Crucifixion of our Lord," £130; "A Brigand stopping a Monk," £63.

Murillo has rarely signed his pictures. His "Holy Family" in the Louvre, however, bears the following signature:—

Murillo f Hispan

THE FIRST PICTURE OF CORREGGIO.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the most retired quarters of the little town of Correggio, in the middle of the sixteenth century, there lived a poor simple and virtuous family whose existence was hardly known to their neighbours. The father of the family, a hawker by trade, had for a long time supported in a precarious manner, by hard labour and ingenuity, his wife and two children—the young and pretty Stella and the little Antonio. At last he was confined to a bed of grief by illness. Maria Allegri, his wife, placed then between a dying spouse and the two weak creatures who asked her for food to appease their hunger, prayed to God for strength to support the thousand trials of each day, and to sustain her to the end of her cruel mission. The time which was not occupied by attending upon the invalid, she employed in working, whenever it was her happiness to procure any. As she excelled in the imitation of flowers, the ladies of Correggio frequently entrusted her with the ornamenting of their head-dresses, and by this means she was enabled to obtain a scanty subsistence for her helpless family. During many months the humble expenses of the house were covered by the little emoluments arising out of the art exercised by Maria. But the continued exertion was rapidly undermining her constitution. So much trouble and grief, and so many sleepless nights passed by the poor woman, reduced her to such a state of weakness that one day she returned from the market, where she had gone to procure her small stock of provisions, quite pale and worn out. She fell heavily upon the chair, and seeing no other prospect before her but that of being obliged to depend upon the charity of the public for her support, she burst into a flood of bitter tears. Her husband, who was lying on his bed with his back towards her, turned around, and with much difficulty raised himself up on his elbow.

"What is the matter?" said he, in a weak voice.

"I feel ill," said Maria, "but do not be grieved about it. It will shortly go off, and I shall be as well as ever."

"It will shortly go off," repeated the invalid. "Thou wishest to deceive me. What dost thou think has brought this attack on thee?"

"Fatigue," replied Maria. "A day of rest will set me all right again."

"A day of rest!" returned Allegri, attentively and affectionately examining the countenance of his wife. "A day of rest sufficient to drive that palor from thy brow, to restore the brilliancy of thine eyes, and the colour of thy blanched lips! No, dear wife, thou deceivest thyself. Thou art more sick than thou sayest, and perhaps sufferest more than I do, and I unable to give thee any assistance."

Maria approached the bed, and, taking the hand of the sick man in her own, said in a penetrating tone: "Calm thyself, my husband. Hast thou not for twenty years taken care of me as thy cherished wife, and is there anything surprising in my devoting myself to thee now? For me labour—for thee repose—this debt of gratitude thou hast well earned by thy love and devotion of past years."

"Yes," said the invalid, looking round his scantily furnished room, "my life is drawing to its close, and I am forced to leave thee alone to bear the burthen which threatens to overwhelm thee with its weight. We were born under evil stars, and fate has ever been against us—driving misfortune upon misfortune upon our devoted heads."

"Who knows," murmured Maria, "what the future may have in store for us?"

"I cannot think of it without trembling," said Allegri, in a sombre voice. "To whom does the dying husband wish to leave the care of his beloved wife? Is it not to his son? And can I calculate upon my son undertaking that office? He has never returned anything for all the kindness we have shown him, but ingratitude and disobedience. What has he done for his sister, and what for thee?"

"He is so young."

"So young! At fifteen, Maria, I supported my father. At twenty I was the prop of the family; but old age is now come, and with it poverty. I shall die, and the consolation of knowing that I leave thee comfortable will be denied me. Antonio is a bad son."

A young girl approached the bed and took the hand of the invalid whilst the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Is it thou, Stella, my child?" said the father in a weak and trembling voice. "Thy presence is a balm to my heart. Alas!" continued he, turning towards Maria, "youth is a poor privilege to those born under the misfortune of poverty. Stella will suffer misery much longer than we have."

The young girl left the room to conceal her tears. Allegri continued:

"Hast thou heard, wife, anything of her betrothed?"

"All is broken off," replied Maria. "Lucio's father is inexorable. Frightened by our misery, he has refused his consent to the marriage."

"Did not Lucio assure her he was at liberty to make what choice he pleased?"

"Yes, but his father will not now listen to him. He demands for the wife of his son a full wedding suit for the bride, and a dowry of at least fifty ducats."

The old man's head fell heavily upon the pillow. He closed his eyes and preserved a melancholy silence; in a few minutes he appeared to sleep. A boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age, whose eyes full of sweetness were humid with tears, approached Maria, who embraced him with much tenderness, and could only articulate with maternal fondness and emotion, "Antonio."

"Mother," said the boy in a firm tone, "I have heard and understand all. My father is right—I am a bad son. You have done everything for me, and I have not acquitted myself of the gratitude due you; it is time I should do so."

"What dost thou mean, Antonio?"

"I mean that I ought to work and bring the fruits of labour each day to thee," replied the child in a resolute voice. "It is well I overheard what my father has said, otherwise I should have continued in the same course which has caused his censure, and perhaps the end would have been that both thou and my father would have ceased to love me."

"Cease to love thee, Antonio! It is not possible for a parent not to love the son."

"Ah! thou consolest me, mother, and givest me courage. Thou art my best friend, and I will not conceal from thee what I dare not tell my father. Thou knowest that I am sometimes afraid of him."

"He is a good father, nevertheless."

"Oh, yes, but he prevents me from drawing and breaks my pencils. Three days ago did he not destroy my pretty Madonna, that I took so much pleasure in copying from the

one in the church? My poor Madonna—I loved her so much!"

"Thy father is unhappy, and suffers very much, my child. Thou shouldst endeavour not to irritate him, and, above all, thou shouldst not for a moment doubt his affection for thee."

"I was very near losing it, but from henceforth I will endeavour by every means to recover the ground I have lost in his affections. Adieu, mother; very soon I shall be worthy of being called thy son."

the anguish that surrounded him and of the uncertainties of a gloomy future. The censure of his father struck continually upon his ear, and drove away all inclination for sleep. He felt he could not enjoy repose till he had effaced the last trace of the defaming souvenir. At last, wearied with thought, he fell into a sleep which was agitated by unpleasant dreams. The first light of dawn saw him up. He went and kissed the foreheads of his parents, who, sleeping soundly, were not



THE FRUIT GIRL.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

Maria embraced her son tenderly. She then called Stella to retire for the night. In an hour after, all was buried in repose in the house, except Antonio, who, recalling the words of his father, pondered on them and fortified his resolution to make amends. Young as he was, he considered, in all its terrible aspects, the miserable situation into which he had fallen. For the first time throwing off the py indifference so natural to youth, he bore his portion of

awakened. He then sat down and wrote the following note.—

"Do not be alarmed at my absence. I am gone only that I may merit the pardon of my father. Let Stella hope in the future. Perhaps the obstacles to her marriage with Lucia may be soon removed."

Antonio having left the note upon the table, opened the door quietly, knelt down to address a fervent prayer to Heaven; then casting a last look upon the loved roof which

he had never before quitted for a stranger's, he walked on by the trembling light of dawn upon the first road he encountered.

Two hours after he arrived in Modena.

CHAPTER II.

When he had passed the gates of the city, Antonio had to call up all his courage to urge him to fulfil the mission he had

in these juvenile terrors, and hope came very opportunely to dispel the fears which had well-nigh proved fatal to the object he had in view.

Antonio had never learnt any trade. His father sent him several times as an apprentice to different professions, none of which he seemed to like nor applied himself to. It was not that Antonio was slothful, in the full acceptance of the word; but he had an irresistible disgust for all manual labour, and a desire not the less irresistible forced him to the contemplation



THE CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

voluntarily undertaken. He had never before been surrounded with so much bustle and tumult. He knew not whither to direct his steps, the numerous streets crossing each other bewildered him, and the incessant agitation of the populace seemed like a vast sea about to engulf him. Nevertheless, by degrees he became more accustomed to this new aspect; a consideration of the goodness of his intention sustained him

and imitation of nature. With a pencil in hand, Antonio forgot the work which he was to execute, and permitted the time of his meals and the hours of his rest to pass by equally unheeded. It was this that brought upon him the reprimands of his father, and was now the cause of the poor child's secret grief, at having discovered the real cause of his father's dislike to his pursuits, which he was accustomed to consider as a

brutal opposition to an occupation which he believed to be his vocation. But when he understood that misery had forced its way to the family hearth, and had destroyed the peace of mind of his parents, and that it was bad for a son to let them suffer the pangs of hunger without making some exertion to relieve them, the natural goodness of the child's disposition was awakened in all its strength. Animated by the feelings which reflection had given rise to, he left his home without thinking of the future or what steps he would take to earn a livelihood, but trusting in God not to abandon him, and believing he was pursuing the only course that would restore him the affections of his father. But whilst the imagination of the young Antonio turned completely in a circle of doubtful hopes, time fled by, and the day promised to draw to its close before he had taken any decisive steps. Nevertheless, he still trudged on his weary way through the streets, his mind filled with the bitterest thoughts! Suddenly he stopped. At one of the angles of the ducal palace, one of the most magnificent monuments of Italy, there was a small statue representing a Madonna with downcast eyes and a severely pious attitude, bearing in her hand a small branch.

The statue resembled the one of which Antonio had drawn a copy, that was so pitilessly destroyed by his father. Losing sight of the principal object of his journey, and regardless of the time which was fast flying, or of the hunger which he felt and knew not how to appease, he sat down upon one of the marble steps of the palace, pulled out his portfolio which he carried under his arm—the only baggage he brought with him—and drew out a pencil and a sheet of paper of rather an equivocal whiteness; eager then to possess himself once more of a copy of the Madonna with her pure complexion, her holy crown of glory, and her Divine Infant who smiled with so much grace and sweetness. A religious feeling came to add to the enthusiasm of the artist. He believed that he was copying, with so much care and love, the complexion of the Mother of God and her Divine Son—that both would intercede for him in heaven and carry to the Supreme Being his prayers and his vows. So, regardless of the crowds that passed him by, and the curious who observed him, he worked away with a courage and a hope he had never before experienced. He had been almost an hour engaged in his work without having once looked around him, when a man of a distinguished mien, whose dress announced him to belong to the opulent class, stepped behind him and bent down, both to observe the sketch and the countenance of the artist. Antonio paid no attention to the approach of the unknown, and continued his drawing without being disturbed.

"Are you of Modena, my child?" at last inquired the stranger, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the boy.

"No, signor, I am from Correggio," replied Antonio blushing.

"Who is your master?"

"I never had any."

"And when did you arrive?"

"To-day only."

"What are your means of existence?"

At this question, that recalled to Antonio the object of his journey to Modena, he shuddered and replied with emotion:

"Alas! signor, if I am here, it is with the hope of finding some employment; my father and mother are very unhappy."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"Anything I can," the child humbly replied. "I will carry the heaviest loads, enter into the service of the noblemen; there is nothing that I will not do to succour my father and mother."

The stranger reflected a moment, and then inquired, "Your name?"

"Antonio Allegri."

"If you accept work with me, I will give you employment which I am certain will accord with your taste. My house shall be yours. Do you consent?"

The child murmured forth his thanks, and accepted the offer with gratitude; but at the same time he cast a look full of melancholy regret upon the Madonna.

"Come," said the unknown. "In place of this rumpled paper, I will give you prepared canvas for the pencil and a brush; and as for models, I will supply you with many as beautiful as this Madonna."

Antonio followed his protector, without replying, through a labyrinth of streets in which he would have lost himself without a guide. Arriving at a handsome house the stranger knocked at the door, and said, "This is our home."

His first care upon entering was to have provided for Antonio a good repast, of which he partook largely himself.

Then, as the days were long, he proposed to Antonio to take a short promenade in the park, that he might show him the magnificent spectacle that the purplish tints of the rays of the setting sun presented. When they had returned he introduced him into a room hung with paintings; here and there strewn about upon the tables were pencils, palettes, brushes, and boxes of colours. It was, in one word, the arsenal of painting, and all the pell-mell of a workshop. Antonio felt new hope springing in his heart, which dilated with the expectation of pleasure.

"Here you shall pass your days," said the unknown. "Have I said wrong when I told you I would procure employment for you which would please you? You will commence by observing me paint, and then you shall do so yourself. Many a great artist has commenced by mixing colours and cleaning palettes. This occupation will for the present enable you to live."

Antonio employed two long hours in examining minutely the pictures of this sumptuous gallery. Signor Pescaro (which was the name of the unknown) explained to him the subject of each canvas, and did not spare his eulogies of their perfection and their beauty, which, considering that he shortly afterwards proudly declared himself their author, was not very modest.

When night interrupted this review, Pescaro led Antonio to the chamber which had been prepared for him, where, wishing him a good night, he left him alone. Antonio then recalled all that had happened to him during the day, and rejoiced that so gloomy a beginning had so bright an ending. He thought of the joy he would experience when sending his earnings each week to his family at Correggio; then he pronounced the name of his benefactor and accompanied it with all sorts of blessings. He was very happy, yet a thought which he could not smother filled his breast with remorse. At the moment he received an inappreciable benefit from the hands of his benefactor, he believed himself full of ingratitude, for he considered as detestable the paintings of Pescaro which had been styled by him as magnificent.

CHAPTER III.

In order to understand better what Antonio considered the paintings of so great a devotee of the art as Pescaro appeared to be, it will be necessary to state, that, although of a most benevolent character and the patron of the fine arts, he was himself the most execrable artist in the world. At this epoch, when the praises of Giotto, of Cimabue, of Angelo, and of Raffaele, were universally chanted, men of opulence and high birth were seized with a mania for painting, and endeavoured to gain the celebrity of triumphant artists, and to add to their crown of nobility the precious wreath of an art which was then so much esteemed in Italy.

These degenerate disciples believed that gold, study, and a species of infatuation, would compensate for the absence of genius and inspiration; and the circle of courtiers who gathered round them, like satellites around a planet, contributed in some degree to the flattering illusion. Pescaro's proper place was definitely marked out, in the centre of these innumerable martyrs to the art, who were ever to be found surrounding the vestibule of the temple they never were able to penetrate.

Antonio did not inform his benefactor of the opinion he had formed of his works, and regretted that it was not a favourable one. Neither did Pescaro afford him an opportunity, as he was perpetually descending upon the value and great

beauty of his productions. The young enthusiast was very happy that this was the case, as he could not dream of telling a falsehood, nor of hurting the feelings of a gentleman to whose generosity he owed perhaps his own life and that of his family.

About a year ran thus peaceably on. Antonio fulfilled with zeal all the duties which were imposed upon him by Pescaro. After deducting a little necessary expense which he incurred weekly, he regularly sent the wages he received to his family at Correggio. These succours were as manna from heaven to his parents and sister. Emboldened by the encouragement of Pescaro, he one day requested permission to paint a representation of the Virgin, of which he had drawn a copy at the corner of the Ducal Palace, when he was benevolently befriended by his benefactor. Pescaro smiled at the solicitations of his pupil, and said he as yet hardly knew how to hold a brush, and that he had not worked sufficiently to enable him to even attempt a task of such difficulty. Antonio replied that he was fully capable at least of producing a work which would prove to his master that he had profited by his lessons. Pescaro at last yielded to the pressing requests of Antonio, both from a desire of indulging the boy's inclination, and of seeing what species of work would emanate from so youthful an aspirant.

"We will both commence a picture upon the same subject," said Pescaro; "but we will not communicate to each other any hint of the plans we are pursuing. You shall occupy this portion of the workshop, and neither of us will enter into the division of the other till both pictures are finished."

From that day forward the two rivals were engaged furthering their respective pictures. Pescaro used frequently to rally his pupil upon the promised *chef-d'œuvre*, and then with a patronising air encourage him to perseverance.

At last the day arrived when Antonio had completed his work. He ran to Pescaro to inform him that it was ready for inspection. Pescaro, who had his piece executed before his pupil, arose from the *fauteuil* on which he had been reclining, and prepared to accompany Antonio to the workshop. As they were going up stairs a servant overtook them, and told Antonio that a young girl awaited him in the hall. As he frequented no place and formed no associates since he had come to Modena, he could not think who it was that could possibly want him. Pescaro desired him to go down and see who it was. Three jumps brought Antonio to the bottom of the stairs, when uttering a cry of joy he ran into the arms of his sister, who warmly and tenderly embraced him.

After the first rapture consequent upon a meeting between persons so dear to each other, and who had been so long separated, Antonio perceived that the countenance of his sister was very pale, that her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and that in her whole deportment she bore the marks of suffering under some heavy affliction.

"What has happened, my sister?" inquired Antonio, in trembling tones.

"Our father is dying," replied Stella in a broken voice. "God is taking him to Himself. It is a misfortune to us, but a blessing to him. We, alas, have not the means of purchasing a small plot of ground where he could repose in peace, and where we would often go to kneel upon his grave, and ask him to intercede for us in heaven."

"Our father dying!" repeated Antonio, in a wandering manner. "Oh, I must leave instantly, that I may see him and obtain his pardon."

"He has long since pardoned thee; and thou hast well deserved that he should do so," replied Stella.

"Thanks—but thou hast said nothing of our good mother."

"Excess of labouring at her needle has injured her sight and reduced her almost to blindness; but she supports all these afflictions with the resignation of a saint. I fear much that in this life she will never be sufficiently rewarded for the sacrifices she has made."

"And thou, good sister, thou hast had thy part in those sufferings. Thou hast seen fading away, one by one, all those

sweet illusions in which thou wast wont to indulge. Thy marriage with Lucio—"

"I think no more of the future," hastily returned Stella, and with difficulty restraining her bursting tears. "It is not for poor creatures like us to hope, as misery has set her fatal seal upon our lot."

"Do not despair thus," replied Antonio, seized with a sudden thought. "Remain here a moment. I will make a last effort. Do not be impatient; I will return immediately."

Signor Pescaro was seated before two easels, upon which were placed two pictures representing the same subject;—notwithstanding this identity, the eye of the least critical would at once perceive, from the difference of touch, and more particularly of colouring, that they were the productions of very different hands and of very different talents. Pescaro, resolved to give an impartial opinion upon the merits of each, advanced and receded from the picture to observe the different effects.

He then drew the blinds down to subdue the light, in order to perceive it under every aspect. Absorbed in the investigation, the return of Antonio was unheeded; but he approached and cried out to him,

"Signor Pescaro, have pity upon me."

"What is it that you say?" said Pescaro, surprised.

"I owe you much already," replied Antonio, in a fervent tone. "You have saved the life of myself and my family. Do more; I have a father who is dying, a mother who is blind, and a sister young and beautiful, who is now an orphan without support. Do a great act; give to the father a grave, to the mother an asylum, to the daughter a dowry. Do this, Monseigneur, and my life shall be yours. I know not what would repay you for so enormous a debt; but it appears to me that my gratitude and my devotion will be able to provide me with the means of discharging it. From this day I will seize every opportunity of proving to you that I am not an ingrate. I neither breathe nor work any more but for you. In pity, then, save my mother—save my sister."

"I hear all thy wishes favourably," replied Pescaro, taking the hand of Antonio, "but I will not accept in return all the sacrifices which thou so disinterestedly offerest me. No, I will not accept of the abnegation which would be the destruction of thy future. I have discovered in thee the germ of a precocious talent that requires only the air, sun, and liberty to bring to maturity. Return to Correggio—but before leaving I will provide you for a long time against misery or want. I will purchase thy first picture; take this purse—it contains two hundred ducats."

Antonio could scarcely contain himself with joy; renewing his promises of devotion to Pescaro, he ran precipitately to join his sister. "Stella!" he cried, "Stella, we are saved!—let us go."

Taking her arm under his own, Antonio and his sister left the house of their benefactor, and walked along the road, with lightened hearts, which led from Modena to the little town of Correggio.

CHAPTER IV.

They arrived in time. Old Allegri still breathed. Maria, to whom Antonio had given the money, wished her husband to witness before expiring the nuptials of his daughter. She ran to the father of Lucio. His avaricious scruples at once vanished at the sight of the gold; he gave his approbation to the marriage. Thus, then, thanks to Antonio, Stella espoused the man she loved. The emotion of joy which her father experienced at this unexpected consummation of his dearest wishes, finished the work that grief had commenced. He died blessing his sons.

There remained no one with Antonio now but his mother, upon whom he bestowed all the fond affections of a strong and sympathetic nature. Her spirit also promised soon to quit its earthly tenement. Deprived of her sight, her constitution broken by the fatigues of a devoted life, and weakened by former privations, she walked with rapid strides to shake the tomb of her husband. One evening Antonio, entering the room, found her stretched upon the bed as if in calm and

profound sleep. He ran to her and kissed her, but her lips chilled him with their coldness; he looked again and saw he was an orphan.

Shortly after, Lucio, resolving to take up his abode at Florence, left his native town; and was of course accompanied by Stella. Antonio then found himself completely isolated, but, remembering his benefactor, he wended his way once more to Modena. Pescaro, on his first visit, received him affectionately; the second, more coldly; and on the third was not to be seen. Antonio could not fathom the cause of this strange conduct of his benefactor. His noble heart would not permit him to imagine that he was actuated by any feeling of low jealousy. Such, nevertheless, was the secret of this sad enigma. The superiority of Antonio's Madonna, forcibly recognised by Pescaro, had first weakened, and by degrees completely destroyed, all interest in the fate of his former protégé. The child, without wishing it, had humbled the pride of the painter. It is one of those things which an envious artist repays with eternal rancour.

Antonio never saw his first picture afterwards. It is said that, after the death of the Modenese amateur, amongst the several paintings of different merits with which his gallery was hung, a star was discovered which was worthy of genius. This was, it is said, Antonio's "*Vierge au Rameau*;" at the bottom of the picture was printed in very legible characters the name of Signor Pescaro.

The sad fatality which was so inexorably attached to the infancy of Allegri followed him to the grave. The man was as unhappy as the child. Free from pride, forgetful of injuries, and loving to do good, he never found any reward for these sweet virtues but in the purity of his conscience and the pleasures of his art. But if the glorious palm of genius did not shade his brow, posterity placed a crown of immortality upon his grave, and ranked him with Raffaele, Angelo, and Romain; and, as glory is baptism, it has given a new name to the great artist—a venerated name which sums up his beginning and his end, his struggles and his principles, his birth and his death—the name of the town which without him would have been devoted to oblivion. It is not Antonio Allegri he is called, but Correggio; and he will bear to the end of ages the name upon which he reflects so much glory. Magic power, sublime privilege of the man of genius—to ennoble all that is allied to him by the relations of blood, of country, or of religion.

MODERN ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE "year," amongst the artists, may be said to commence with the opening of the British Institution, in Pall Mall, early in the month of February; and the second event of importance, to be the opening of the Suffolk-street Gallery, which took place upon the 27th of last month. Therefore, although the Exhibition of the British Institution can no longer be regarded as a novelty, it yet becomes our duty, in chronicling art movements, to run back for some little time, and to notice the first Exhibition of 1854.

This will not be exacting too much from our readers, as the Exhibition is yet open for them to verify our criticisms.

An institution for the benefit of artists, numbering amongst its governors and directors the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Ellesmere, etc., and having for its president the Duke of Sutherland, should be in the position to offer much patronage and assistance to the artists. Its frequenters are of the highest class, and, if not so numerous as those of the Royal Academy, are more select. Formerly, works which had been exhibited in the greater gallery in the previous year, were allowed to be again exhibited in this; and the names of the first picture-buyers in the kingdom being amongst those of its governors and subscribers, many of its first-rate pictures adorned its walls. Lately, however, this permission has been rescinded, and now none but original works may be hung. If this has not been a benefit to the frequenters, it has yet been of very positive use to the

struggling artist, who has now a chance of exhibition, instead of seeing his place occupied by pictures which were already well known to the public; but although the frequenter does not now meet the picture which he had before admired in the Royal Academy, it must be confessed that, as an exhibition, the character of the place has fallen.

This year the artists seem to have reserved their best efforts for the Royal Academy; and the walls, with very few exceptions, show "monotonous landscapes, mistaken epical strivings, and feeble fancy sketches," to quote the words of an impartial but severe critic. The exceptions are, however, brilliant, and render a visit to the gallery well worth the while of those who love art.

The picture which stands first on the catalogue is the "*Kingfisher's Haunt*," of Mr. Creswick, R.A., which has all the merit of that artist's usual productions, but little else besides.

"*West Loch Tarbeet*" (12), by J. Danby, and (22) "*Coiners*," by Inskipp, will arrest attention—the first by its excellence, the latter by its subject, which is treated in a novel but thoroughly vulgar manner. Men of a *roué* appearance and unmistakable vulgarity are throwing upon a table a quantity of new coin, without the slightest sparkle, so that nobody would think of taking them. Of a far different order is (29) "*A Scheveling shore, low water*," which is a perfect triumph of purely natural painting; a picture of Dutch gallies unloading, so careful in finish, and so close to nature, that the calm rippling of the sea has a quiescent effect upon the spectator. "*Mounts Bay, Cornwall*" (266), by Mr. Jackson, may be bracketed with this picture.

The picture by Mr. Sant (58), which bears no name, but which has the quotation from St. John's Gospel to identify it as the "*Woman taken in Adultery*," is, in our opinion, the finest picture in the gallery. The figure of the woman veiling herself before the reproof from lips which spake as never man spake, has seldom been more finely conceived, and has rarely been so well executed. The terror of her situation, and the blinding conviction of sin, are fearfully realised. The colouring of the flesh is very near perfection, if it be not the thing itself.

The "*Fruit*" of Mr. Lance (30, 180, 218, and 497) have the usual excellences of that painter, and, it must be confessed, some of his weaknesses. The popular illustrator upon wood, Mr. Gilbert, has produced a picture of "*Sancho Panza and his Wife*" (509), which is unrivalled in its way. Sancho is swelling with the thought of his future government, while his wife, bearing a small tray with Spanish onions upon it, looks at him with an incredulous and almost contemptuous air. Few things can be finer than this picture; there is some marvellous painting in it, and the composition is natural and characteristic.

Mr. Glass, in "*A Raid on the Scottish Border*" (355), has attempted not a scene, but a whole series of *tableaux*, and has in our opinion failed to tell his story; though the animals and figures exhibit a very fair knowledge of drawing.

(74.) "*The arrest of Cardinal Wolsey*," by Sir G. Hayter, shows a great want in correctness of costume, and has figures deficient in grace.

(118.) A subject from the "*Te Deum Laudamus*," by the same artist, is of very high merit; the devotional feeling in the faces of the three apostles is finely expressed.

(137.) "*Lytham Common*," by R. Ansdell, and (156) by the same artist, are two of the gems of the Exhibition, and leave nothing to be desired.

The only bit of art gossip worth recording is curious, and involves a high compliment to "Mr. Punch." The artist of the city statue of Sir Robert Peel having applied to Mr. Gladstone, to know where he could find the best likeness of the lamented statesman, the chancellor referred him to a caricature by Leech, called "*A Chip of the Old Block*," wherein Sir Robert is introducing his second son, a perfect little Sir Robert, to Mr. Punch, with the words, "My son, sir." Mr. Gladstone thought that portrait could not be surpassed; the statue is therefore being modelled from it.

J. B. OUDRY.



Those painters who, like our own eminent Landseer, have devoted themselves to the study and picturing of animal life, have been almost always successful. The reason is clear. This kind of art comes home to the feelings and ideas of large bodies of the community; everybody understands a picture of a horse, an ass, dogs, deer, fox-hunts; and everybody is able to appreciate whether they are correctly or incorrectly rendered. It requires some previous education, some knowledge of

the highest department of human art, but it is an agreeable and pleasing species of painting, that is in every way worthy of encouragement.

The aim and object of high art is to elevate and ennoble the mind. We recognise a mission in the great painter, and we expect that mission to be fulfilled conscientiously and well; we expect him to warm our hearts, to expand the mind, and elevate the soul above the mere chaos of daily occupations. When examining a great historical or sacred picture, representing, let it be supposed, the Crucifixion, we seek not so much exact fidelity as a grand and solemn whole, that breathes of the eternal and mighty sacrifice, that chastens and softens, that carries us far away to realms of space beyond mere actuality. It is the grandeur, the sublimity, the elevation, the genius, developed in their paintings, that have carried the names of Raffaele and Michael Angelo to the uttermost ends of the earth, far more than their rich colouring or fidelity of rendering the human face and form. A daguerreotype is a better portrait than any of Vandyck; but if we could have paintings rendered the same way, we should still prefer those efforts of the hands of man which have around them the immortal halo, the poetry and life of genius.

But if what is called high art were alone encouraged, it would certainly be much to be regretted. There is another mission of painting; and that is, to please, to gratify the senses, to be agreeable. The love of pictures, whether painted or engraved, is one which should be encouraged, especially in the young. Often from the most elaborate descriptions we gain but a very faint idea of the thing itself, while in a painting or woodcut it stands evidently before us, and we comprehend. The mere description conveys often the same idea to us that it does to the blind, who, from feeling even, can gain no conception of the reality. Few men ever carried the art of faithful and elaborate description further than Cooper, the eminent American fictionist. His landscape portraits were



faithful and true; yet when we visited the places he had thus truthfully portrayed, we had some difficulty in recognising them. But when we were familiar with a place from a drawing, the description then sank deep in our minds.

The cultivation of taste is a very essential element in education, and taste can scarcely be acquired without some conception and study of art. It is well, then, that art has not always been on stilts, that sometimes it has come down and walked on level ground, and condescended to things which appear, at first sight, not its province. Very few in this world would endure subjects not adapted to their capacity and intellect. Even, however, the profoundest students find relief in the song and the tale; so the lover of painting, in its more elevated branches, cannot but occasionally welcome those painters who please, soften, and amuse him, when he is wearied of being taught and schooled.

In this country a very large number of persons have been found to paint, and thousands have been found to admire, the canine race. The man who understands only one branch, and that the highest, of art, will sneer at the dog-painter; but in so doing he commits a great error. Do we not all know of what great value the dog has been to man, how useful he is in every way? and what more natural than that we should gaze with pleasure on the representation of our favourite animal? The history of the dog has yet to be written; authors have not yet done him justice, but art has.

The part of the dog in history began with the very existence of property. He was the first policeman; and it is a fact that races without dogs have always been savages. Let none of us complain, then, of their being made a prominent feature in animal-painting.

In the edition of "The Fables of La Fontaine," illustrated by Oudry, there is a magnificent portrait of this master-engraver by Tardieu, after Largillière. The very first glance we cast upon this admirable engraving charms us. We are struck by the benevolent, lively, and calm air of this man, who represents in his person the very best specimen of the French style. This face, rather fat, in which imagination and wit are mingled with a soft good humour, shows a mind without storms, a fertility without roughness, an easy facile genius without much depth. Such is the conclusion ordinarily drawn from surveying the portrait of this artist; and yet how little can we really judge from the outward semblance of the man.

The great judges of physiognomy in modern times inform us that the peaceful history of Oudry is written in his portrait, and that we may swear to the likeness without ever having seen the original. In truth, we may in vain seek, during his life of more than sixty years, for any of those agitations and those struggles which are the price so many men pay for their renown. There are few artists whose biography is recorded in history, who have not had to overcome either the terrible anguish of physical misery, or the silly prejudices of a family, or even the yielding and trembling of their own genius. Oudry did not know any of these sorrows or griefs. The son of a picture-dealer, he lived during his youth among pictures, always changing, always renewed; and masters who made the fortune of the father, began the education of the son.

However this may be, he experienced in early years a very precocious love of drawing. Oudry, the father, who was a member of the Academy of Drawing, had been a painter before he became a dealer. It is believed that he gave the first lessons to his son; but he soon placed him with Berre, painter of the galleries of the king, at Marseilles, who wished to take him away with him.

Oudry was not destined to have vast and great conceptions, or to devote himself to heroic pictures. He was a keen observer of nature, saw it with a sharp *coup-d'œil*, and drew correctly and justly. He had all the requisites for a portrait painter: we do not speak of those portraits in a lofty style, which, by grandeur of character and the nobility of the sentiments they inspire, rise to the perfection of an historical picture, like those of Velasquez, Vandyck, and Lawrence;

we speak of the familiar portrait—of that which is for the original a kind of mirror, for his friends a happy remembrance, and for amateurs a fine study. The pupil of Berre came back instinctively to Paris, with the intention of placing himself under a master of his own choice, Nicolas de Largillière. This man was a real painter, and it was in reality a piece of good fortune to be brought up in his school, especially for any one who wished to sketch a model, to learn to hang "learned draperies," to paint broadly with a light pencil, by fresh touches that please and do not weary in colour. The pupil soon rose to such a pitch of reputation that Peter the Great, who came to Paris in 1717, wished to have his portrait from the hand of Oudry; and it was so successfully executed that he wanted to take the artist and carry him off to St. Petersburg, as he had done in Holland with the carpenter of Saardam. To escape from the iron will of the great Czar, the painter, who was determined not to leave his country, was obliged to seek for a retreat where he was able to conceal himself from the search of his well-meaning friends.

Largillière, who was something better than a mere portrait painter, took great pleasure in teaching his pupil the principles he had himself drawn from nature, and the study of the painters of the Flemish school. He had also taught him the principles of perspective and *chiaroscuro*, and had laid a very strong foundation relative to mixing and using colours. Oudry never ceased to remember these things, and it was always pleasant in after life to hear him talking of what he had learnt from his long and learned conversations with Largillière. There is much in the way in which a thing is taught, and the young artist will often learn more from the pleasant and agreeable gossip of an able master, than from his most learned disquisitions in one of his most learned moods.

One day the master told his pupil that he must learn to paint flowers, and as Oudry went to fetch some bouquets of flowers of varied hue and colour, Largillière sent the pupil back to the garden to pick out a bunch of flowers all white. He then himself placed them on a clear background, which, on the side of the shadow, threw them up in bold relief, and on the side of the light gave them delicate demi-tints. The master having then compared the white of the pallet with the light side of the flowers, which was less dazzling, showed that in this tuft of white flowers, the lights which were to be touched with pure white were in very little quantity, in comparison with the demi-tints; this is exactly what gave roundness and vigour to the bouquet, and the learned painter thence drew the conclusion, that to give relief to the model, to round it, as it were, large demi-tints were needed, much economy in lights, and some very strong dark touches, in the centre of the shadow and in the places which are not brought up by the refraction.

The worthy Largillière thus communicated little by little the secrets of art to his pupil. Colouring was, above all, the object of his interviews and studies; and it was by bold examples that he taught now how to find local tints, now how to modify them, according to the relative value which the surrounding colour assigned to them. "Look at that silver vase," said he one day: "it is certainly true that its whole mass is white; but how will you determine the true tone which is proper to it? It is by comparing it, not to contraries, but to things like itself; because what is wanted is a shade. If you bring near this vase of silver either linen, or paper, or satin, or porcelain, you will readily perceive that the white of the vase is not at all like the white of the porcelain, nor of the satin, nor of the paper, nor of the linen; and by carefully examining the tone which it has not got, you will find by finding the tone which it has." On another occasion, speaking of those exaggerated repellants which are authorised by no rule, especially when the scene is laid in an open country where shaded masses are only produced by the movement of clouds—he ridiculed good-humouredly that ultra-black tone in which drapery, in which lights, flesh, terraces, and lastly while the figures of the second foreground, suddenly in the distance resemble a troop of Europeans beside a company of Moors. After five years of arduous study in the school of Largillière,

Oudry was remarked for his portraits and some few historical pictures. He was as yet unaware of his own particular talent, and moved in the dark towards his branch of art and his peculiar fame. His first productions caused him to be elected a member and a professor of the Academy of St. Luke. But his effort to follow in the track of the great artists of history was not destined to last very long. One day he sketched off with much success a hunter and his dog, and Largillière said to him laughing, "Get along, Oudry; you will never be anything but a dog-painter." Oudry thought that in these words he saw his horoscope. He began at once to devote his whole energies to the study and portraiture of animals, and he did so with surprising good fortune. He had hit upon that particular branch of art which was suited to his genius, and thence his immediate success.

But he did not at once renounce the attempt to shine in historical paintings, and he was received into the Academy in 1717, upon the faith of a picture of "The Adoration of the Magi," painted for the chapter of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His special painting for his reception was an allegorical design of Plenty.

It would be difficult to find these works of Oudry, and it is allowable to suppose that they were not productions of a very high order, since the reputation which their author has gained in another style has completely eclipsed them. It is as an animal painter that Oudry is a master of his art. He had a name already when he was named professor and pensioner of the king, with a lodging in the Tuileries. The talent of Oudry could not but please Louis XV., who considered hunting one of the first duties of government—one of the noblest occupations of man. It was this king's mad yielding to his impulses, that paved the way for so much that was terrible in the subsequent revolution. He took such delight in the works of this artist, that he passed whole hours in his workshop. It is said that he was wont to take the utmost pleasure in watching him paint several hunting pictures, which were afterwards to be executed in Gobelins tapestries, and which the king destined for his bed-chamber in the palace of Compiègne, and the council-chamber. The frivolous and capricious king wished the idea of pleasure to follow him to the very chamber where he was forced to undergo the *ennui* of governing. A very lively and amusing description of these pictures is to be found in the "Mercure de France" of 1738. The king is there represented accompanied by his courtiers, his officers, and his huntsmen—now pulling on his boots to mount on horseback—now present at a *hallali* near the ponds of St. Jean-aux-Bois—now running down the deer in view of Royal-Lieu. This last composition is very animated. In front the pack is seen bounding forward through fields filled by blue-bells and poppies; further off, a troop of huntsmen pass the river Oise in a ferry-boat. The boat of Beaumont, filled with passengers, ascends the river; while other boats seem to be brought in to vary the monotony of the water-lines. The king's carriage, drawn by four horses, and a view of Compiègne, complete the features of this composition.

The king, Louis XV., was so delighted with the personal figure he was made to assume in these pictures, and consequently so delighted with the artist, that he invited him down to the great hunts of Fontainebleau. On this occasion, the rapid conception of nature, caught in her happy moods, lent even a more striking character of truth to his animals, caught as it were in the fact, and seeing them reproduced so faithfully from nature, the king was delighted to be able to recognise them one after another, and to call them by their names.

From the court of France the renown of Oudry spread over all Europe. He began to find foreigners disputing for the honour and pleasure of possessing his pictures. The king of Denmark wrote to him to ask him to come to Copenhagen; the prince of Mecklenburg caused a gallery to be expressly constructed to receive the pictures of Oudry.

It was not only by hunting scenes and pictures of animals that this painter made himself a name. In his days landscape painting—that charming and pleasing branch of

art—was very popular, and many amateurs ordered pictures of him. Lafont de Saint-Yenne speaks highly of them in his little work on the Exhibition of 1746, and he adds to the opinion of the public the expression of his own personal feelings. "There is nothing more happy," said he, "than the choice of sites in the paintings of Oudry. Nature shows herself adorned in her native and rarest beauties a thousand times more enchanting than that of the palace of kings. One sees and almost feels a genuine freshness under the deep verdure of his groups of trees, whose leaves are admirable, and of which he knows how to vary the forms, the touches, and the tones with an infinite art. This freshness is seen by the light of his water so well distributed, some tranquil, some in movement; his able pencil makes beauty out of everything; here a ruined bridge, there a mill, further on, huts and old houses, add to these familiar scenes an enchanting air."

If so many successes contribute to the glory and the future of the painter, we have reason to regret, and the French still more, when they think of the numerous and valuable pictures, which have been removed from France to foreign countries. This man, whose fertility is confessed in all biographies, has only seven or eight pictures, of moderate size, in the Louvre. The largest represents a "Wolf Hunt." The beast, attacked on all sides, and still menaced by a fourth enemy which forms the rear-guard, turns round his head with an air of fear and powerless rage. The head of the wolf is a remarkably fine piece. The movements of the dogs are admirable for truth and reality. They are painted moreover with rare perfection, and by brilliant touches which show off with extreme vigour even the variety of their skins. It is to be regretted that he has not thrown a little more fire into this terribly bloody struggle. The landscape is, however, one of agreeable country beauty, and, retreating as it does, it adds to the beauty of the picture. A forest warmed by some rays of the sun, and which dies away in the summer vapour, recalls some of the aims, less naïve it is true, of the greatest contemporary landscape painters. Its brown mass serves as a background to the skin of the animals, which are precisely those dogs of the Pyrenees with rough skin which Oudry had studied in the kennel of the king.

Oudry often reproduced these terrific combats of wolves surprised by dogs. Diderot tells us that in the Exhibition of 1753, he hung up a picture representing bull-dogs combatting three wolves and a jackal. "This picture," adds the celebrated writer, "has been described as too uniform; the landscapes sad and hard."

Though it is perhaps a truthful observation to make, that the pictures of Oudry are a little too cold, and that his skies want the charm and the dazzling brightness of those of Desportes, it is quite easy to see, from some of his paintings, that he could easily escape from those faults. He painted in one picture, in most admirable colours, two hounds; one is fawn-coloured, the other black. The one is brought out in bold relief upon a brown background of trunks of trees and dark green plants, while the black is brought up by the clear and pellucid light of a luminous sky. These frank and beautiful contrasts always please the eye, and this pretty picture is a worthy parallel of another canvas which represents the delicate she-hounds, white and spotted with yellow, with long narrow snouts, with speaking and intelligent eyes—delicate personages, whose names have been preserved by Oudry at the bottom of his picture—Sylvia and Mignonne.

Oudry was above all an indefatigable and laborious workman. He belongs to that family of conscientious artists who were born in the first half of the eighteenth century, and whose whole life, whose existence, whose very moral and physical being, was devoted to the cultivation, the worship of art. Not satisfied with painting enough to be able to produce and show in a single Exhibition more than fifteen pictures at a time, as often happened to him, particularly in 1753, Oudry took a journey into the country almost every day, to draw nature on the spot, and spent nearly all his evenings in producing those numerous drawings of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

The pupil of Largillière, a passionate admirer of nature, was one of the first to contend against the conventional, hard, and unreal types which spoilt the French school. He liked to copy nature itself, and when he sought the real, he found it. He studied the manners, customs, habits, and peculiarities of animals in their own retreats. He frequently went down to Dieppe to be present at the exact moment when the fish were fresh from the sea. He patiently drew the inhabitants of the Jardin des Plantes; and as fast as the royal and really splendid collection was enriched by a rare bird, his portfolios were enriched by a new drawing. And so many earnest studies, from which he profited so well, were not lost to the world.

Oudry, by his pleasant manners, his wit, and his connexion with the court, was one of the influential men of the Academy; his voice was always listened to, the more because he threw

accomplished literary production. It is something extremely rare from a Frenchman, an admirable example of modesty and pious veneration.

The following is the discourse alluded to: it would be spoilt by abridgment:—

"I believe I am sufficiently well known amongst you, gentlemen, not to need the assurance, that if I undertake to give the explanation of certain principles, it is not at all with a view to attack the sentiments of any of my *confrères* who may see things in another light from what I do, and that much less do I suppose myself capable of teaching them. You know that I have always respected the lights and the talents of our best masters. I may then say frankly, that when I wrote these simple reflections, I never thought of bringing them publicly before you; I thought only of arranging them in my own mind, and of putting them together for



THE FOX STARTLED WHILE DEVOURING HIS PREY.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

so much grace into all that he said. In the sitting of the 7th of June, 1749, he read to the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, of which Coppel was then the director, a paper, which was entitled, "Reflections on the Mode of Studying Colour, by comparing objects one with the other." Oudry, giving to Largillière the honour of these reflections, explains with charming and native simplicity all that his master had taught him in relation to colour, the connexion of tones, the infinite variety they derive from the subduing of the lights, and also his ideas upon drawing and *chiaroscuro*. In a literary point of view, this piece belongs rather to the seventeenth than to the eighteenth century, and we are inclined to believe, from the testimony of this production, in the absence of all other private details relative to the life of Oudry, that the painter no-wise resembled his contemporaries in manner or conduct. He was not of the age in which he lived. His disposition, moreover, is something far better than an

the instruction of my son; but since it has been so clearly proved that every one of us should contribute, according to his means, to the instruction of our young pupils, who are brought to this meeting for that purpose, I thought it my duty to yield to this consideration.

"You know very well, gentlemen, what kind of man M. de Largillière was, and the admirable maxims he had laid down, in connexion with the great effects and, as it were, the magic of our art. He always communicated them to me with the true love of a father; and it is, I assure you, with extreme delight, with the greatest pleasure an honest man can feel, truly loving his art and sympathising warmly with those youths who seek distinction in earnest, that I communicate them in my turn. M. de Largillière has told me many times that it was at the Flemish school where he was educated that he collected together all those fine maxims which we know so well how to put into practice: and he has said

...great regret, he felt at seeing and feeling, on many hands, the want of attention to things which were of such essential importance to the artist. Perhaps he was a little too partial to his nurse, that nurse he always loved so well; but even if we look upon some of his opinions as prejudices, I hope that you will not consider them unworthy of your attention, and that even these errors, if you regard them as such, may appear to you as the errors of a great artist.

"Where he was so truly great, as you all know, and have repeatedly allowed, is in colour, in *chiaroscuro*, in effect, and in harmony. The ideas he had on these subjects were beautiful and clear, when he explained them, as he did, with so much sweetness, gentleness, and placidity.

"I shall, I warn you, often mix up my own ideas with those of my master; I could with difficulty separate them; they have been united too long; they have become incorporated in one, and to divide them now is an impossible task.

nothing else but what is natural to each object, and that the *chiaroscuro* is the art of distributing the light and shadows with that intelligence which causes a picture to produce effect. But it is not sufficient to have a general idea of this. The great point is, to know how to apply the local colour properly and efficiently, and to acquire that knowledge which gives its value by contrasting it with another.

"This is in my opinion the infinite in art, and a point on which we have much fewer principles than any other. I mean principles founded on the true and the natural; for in principles founded on the works of the old masters we certainly are not deficient. We have, indeed, writers enough and to spare who have spoken thereupon. But it is a serious question whether what they have said on the point is very solid; or, if it be solid, do we do all in our power to profit by the good fruit we ought to derive from these principles? This is my first difficulty.



THE STAG HUNT.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

Moreover, forty years of assiduous labour certainly have given me some new ideas, relative to which I do not wish to show myself miserly, any more than I wish to keep back those of others. Loving my branch of art as I do, I cannot but wish that what I know, others too may have the pleasure of knowing. I know nothing more mean, in an elevated art like ours, than to have little secrets, and not to do for those who are to succeed us that which has been done for us. As I have already said, I intend to speak, on the present occasion, only to the youth present; and to remove every suspicion, I hope you will allow me to speak out to that youth.

"Colour is one of the most important branches of our art. It is that which characterises it, which distinguishes it so from sculpture. It is in the colouring that consists the charm and the brilliance of our works. You are sufficiently experienced to be perfectly aware of this. You are also aware that in colouring there are two distinct branches:—the *local colour*, and the *chiaroscuro*; that the local colour is

"What do you do? Full of that just and lofty admiration with which you have been inspired for the masters whom we look upon as colourists, you begin to copy them. But how do you copy them? Plainly and simply, and almost without any reflection, putting white where you see white, red where you see red, and so on. So that, instead of forming a just idea of the colouring of the master, you simply get hold of a sample. How must we act in order to do better? We must, when we copy a fine picture, ask our master the reason why the author of this picture coloured such and such a part in such and such a way. In this way you will learn, on the principle of induction, that which you seek by routine, and which cannot give you. Whenever you copy a new author, you must obtain from your master that instruction, based on new reasoning and new principles; which will sink into your mind, and which will guard you against an acquired prejudice, which sometimes lasts a whole life, as far as of one school and against all others, often the cause of the complete ruin

and destruction of a young man who promised better things.

"By avoiding this danger, mark what will happen. While copying, we will say, a Titian, you will be enchanted beyond all doubt with the beautiful tones you will find in it, and the beautiful play of these tones upon the general effect. But your master will say, 'Take care; do not fancy that all these tones would have the same value, if they were placed elsewhere. It belongs to this composition for such and such a reason. This is the true merit of this author. If this colour were in the least out of place, it would be false and shocking.' The force of this reasoning would surely strike you; and it must even strike you now. Do you not see very clearly that painting would be a very narrow art, if we only required an assortment of tints after Titian, to colour as well as he does?

"I should myself highly approve and recommend, in order that you might make these studies truly valuable, that you should mix up with them the study of nature. Yes, I should wish as soon as a young man begins to paint, having a good foundation of drawing, and knowing a little of colouring, that when he has copied a Titian, he should take nature, and from it paint a similar picture. This would send him to seek in nature those principles which the great master had followed so beautifully. Do you not perceive that if he could but seize the connecting link, he would be on the high road to discover the truth in art for himself? When I mention a Titian, I mean also a Paul Veronese, a Giorgione, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Vandyck—any master, in a word, who is celebrated as a colourist.

"You can scarcely form a conception of the rapidity with which you would advance on this road, and what prodigious advantage you would have over others, even of equal talent, tinting after nature in this spirit—that is to say, with a to colour. Try the experiment, and I am sure you will be obliged to me for the advice.

"The first intention you should have, when you draw from nature in this point of view, is to place yourself in a position to judge of the value and influence that it must have upon the background which you mean to give to your picture. This is a very important branch, and I shall prove it, I hope, to your satisfaction.

"Every object is cast up in relief against its background; and when you paint on a background without light—that is, of a dark brown—it holds the 'mass' or object painted within itself. If the background be clear, the mass is coloured, not to say brown.

"When then you paint after nature, and gaze at the object of your study, brought up by a background without light, and introduce it in your picture on the contrary, on a light background, the consequence will be that the two will not harmonise, and the effect of your picture will be spoilt.

"The true method by which you may avoid these evils is so simple that it is surprising it should have been neglected. It consists in guiding yourself strictly on the background which you wish to represent in your picture, and in placing your copy from nature on a similar background to that you had painted from. How is this to be done? By placing behind the object you are about to transfer to your canvas a linen or canvas of the colour of your proposed background. I would even require, that you might be the more correct, that you should lay on this canvas a coat of colours identical with your background. If you have a prominent figure to oppose to a light sky, your canvas should have that tint; if the background is architecture, through orifices in which the light pours, the canvas should be stone-coloured; if on a landscape, or a ruin, let it be of a similar colour. Be careful when you are drawing a light sky in the background to turn the canvas to the light, as when you are painting dark shadows you must do the contrary. The good masters of the Flemish school have never failed to take these precautions, and they have derived from this mode of proceeding the great advantage of seeing the force of colours in opposition, of appreciating their value, which can only be done by contrast; the more because no words, no prescription, no directions can indicate

to you any tint of any kind whatever. It is only the study of nature which leads from one to the other—always by some parison, and never otherwise."

It will be seen from this production that the artist, as perfect as a painter and a disciple, is everywhere overcome by his filial piety, and seeks to be forgotten himself while glorifying his master. The great principle which Oudry has endeavoured to inculcate in his treatise is, that a picture should be always strictly in keeping with the background, and that before we compose or paint groups of figures and colour them, we must know on what background we are about to place them; then study them from nature, by placing behind the model a canvas of the same tone as that in which we intend to paint the background. It is quite true, in painting, that the background is a matter of importance too often neglected by artists in their anxiety to finish the principal figures. The background is, in a painting, what the key-note is in singing. A painter who forgets this principle is exactly in the same position as a musician, who having written a piece in a major key, afterwards plays it in a minor.

M. de Largillière always complained of a practice very common in France, of always placing the model—whatever size the picture—at the same distance from the eye. The figures once transposed to the canvas, the master coloured them by guess-work, according to the tone which he intended to give to the picture. This gave rise to numerous mistakes, to defective perspective, and many other very serious errors. If figures in the distant background were too lively in colour, or too faint, they were toned down by a *glacis* of very light blue, or they were heightened by some touches of darker colours. But these tints, supplied by the imagination, were far inferior to those fading, gentle, broken lines, lost as it were in the air, to use a quaint expression—to those faint, indistinct colours which cannot be described. As for the touch, it could not, acquired by guess, impart that vagueness and mistiness which is found in the reality.

To this elegant speech, substantial and yet highly coloured, M. Coypel returned a brief answer full of exquisite politeness, which was taken down upon the register of the deliberations.

Some little time after, there was remarked in an exhibition a tableau, which was the strict application of the principles of Largillière, and as if given as an example to illustrate lessons so eloquently presented. Diderot speaks of it in these terms: "A picture that M. Oudry painted subsequently to his paper read at the Academy, represents upon a white background five or six white objects, all of a different tint; such as a white duck, a damask napkin, a porcelain bowl full of whipped cream, a wax candle in a silver candlestick, and above some paper. This picture is of great, of inestimable value in the eyes of connoisseurs."

The passion, for it could be called by no other name, which Jean Baptiste Oudry conceived for animals, taught him most naturally to love La Fontaine, and inspired him with a desire to illustrate those admirable apologues of this best of little story-tellers. In his studious leisure, he composed more than a hundred and fifty drawings, which were engraved under the direction of Cochin, and are the ornaments of the celebrated edition published in 1755 by Monsieur de Montevault. The imagination of Oudry, the profound knowledge which he had acquired of the structure and the physiognomy of animals, is seen in this doubly precious work. We can here, indeed, appreciate his varied backgrounds, adorned by sweet landscapes; and we gaze with pleasure, in the admirable foreground, on large plants, while we unceasingly admire the attitude of the animals whose physiognomies actually seem to convey on many occasions the profound or the witty allusions of the fabulist. Before Carle Vernet, before Grandville, by whom, however, he was in after times surpassed, Oudry discovered the secret of giving to his animals the expression of human passions, and it is not without reason that the style of his drawings calls him in the preface the *La Fontaine of painting*.

All the engravings are not, however, equally fine. Some of the most beautiful of the whole are the *La Fontaine of painting*.

the human figure, and far from being equal to those in which animals alone fill up the scene. We may even very readily be led to believe that some of these drawings are not from the pencil of Oudry. We give in this part the words of the preface, in which the editor of the fables confesses that the drawings of Oudry have been touched up by Cochin. "M. Cochin, of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, undertook to engrave those drawings, or to have them engraved under his eyes. To succeed in this he was obliged to make new ones from the originals of M. Oudry, in which was distinctly seen that precision of outline to which painters never will bend in their compositions, and which is yet so necessary for the perfect success of the engraving." Strange confidence. Nevertheless, it is not doubtful that the expressions we have quoted are of rather a general character, and from the way in which most of the subjects are treated, it is quite clear that those who thought to correct Oudry only succeeded in reproducing him imperfectly.

He did not wholly confine himself to drawing subjects furnished him by the fables of La Fontaine. He painted six of these fables for the apartments of the Dauphin and Dauphiness. The Louvre possesses more than one of them, and they are really and truly little master-pieces—amongst others, that of "The Two She-goats":—

"Deux chèvres donc s'emancipant,
Toutes deux ayant patte blanche,
Quitterent les bas prés, chacune de sa part :
L'une vers l'autre allait pour quelque bon hasard.
Un ruisseau se rencontre, et pour pont une planche."

The moment when our two adventurers meet nose to nose on the bridge, is precisely that selected by the tasteful artist. The scrupulous fidelity with which the painter has served the fabulist, and the *naïveté* of the tableau, give it its charm. The fierce Amazons meet like two knights in a tournament; and the charm, the piquancy of their attitudes, is derived from its simple truth. The landscape represents some willows, painted broadly and with great vigour; while the faint light of the sky after the sunset is beautifully rendered. The foreground is all demi-tint. We feel that at this mysterious hour the country is deserted and abandoned: the memorable combat will have no other witness save the waves of the stream, into which are about to fall the descendants of the she-goat Amalthea, which had the immortal honour of nourishing Jupiter.

Diderot speaks of another composition which we have engraved (p. 321): "A picture which pleased everybody, and which may truly be called the best picture in the whole exhibition, because it is really and truly faultless, is 'A Dog with Puppies.' It is impossible by any effort of the pen to give any idea of the truth and vigour of expression which is here displayed by the artist. The semi-stupid languor and the menacing fear of the beast are the work of the real and undoubted genius of the painter. A ray of the sun, which falls on the head of the mother through a loophole, is something really marvellous. This ray of light seems really to stand up out of the picture. This canvas, which is four feet wide by three high, of an oval form, has been recently purchased by the Baron de Holbach, who gave a hundred pistoles for it."

D'Argenville, in his interesting and lucid biography of this artist, has said: "The pictures of Oudry are rather the work of mind and imagination, than of sentiment and the heart. There are in Oudry none of those dashing and exciting effects, which genius grasps, divines, snatches at, when warmed by the heated imagination. His inventions are calm, real, well-considered; his drawing correct, his lights ably disposed, his pencil blower and easy; and, nevertheless, in all his works there is wanting that sort of surprise, that spirit, that frankness of style, which add so much to the charms of talent and genius."

It is difficult to say how Oudry was a worthy and excellent man. It is difficult to say how he was any one with hatred, and that

being surrounded by many and warm friends. He loved music almost as much as he did painting. "To love music," says a French critic, "is almost to possess a virtue." When Largillière painted his portrait, he took care to remind us of this circumstance, by surrounding the medallion with appropriate ornaments. On one side is a palette, on the other a violin. The probity of the "beloved painter" of Louis XV. was beyond suspicion; and he was always above the corruptions of the court and the venality of his day. He was, in fact, an honest man in every sense of the word. The generality of French critics, from this very circumstance, doubt his claims to be considered a great painter.

If the talent of Oudry sinned somewhat on the side of liberty and fancy, on the other hand what correctness he shows in imitation, what truth in the physiognomies, what charming *naïveté* in the position of his personages, that is, of his favourite, his "beloved characters"—animals. In his hunting scenes that he loved so much to paint, it is not so much the wild chase, the helter-skelter scamper through woods, over hedges, stiles, and ditches that we see; it is not so much the excitement and emotion of the combat, when the wild boar turns round against the panting dogs, when the deer falls wearied under the teeth of ever renewed enemies; it is rather the peculiar physiognomy of each animal, the special character of each race, the distinctive features of each individual. One day Largillière was so pleased with two of his hunting scenes, a wild boar and a bear hunt, copied by Oudry from a Dutchman, that he opened his purse to buy them; Oudry refused the money, and made him a present of them.

We have already alluded to his having painted the portrait of every animal in the Jardin des Plantes; he further drew a series of hunting hounds, into which he introduced distinct race. It would be endless to attempt to enumerate all the drawings with which Oudry has enriched French art. He himself has engraved several on steel. Of these, the most celebrated are five hunting pieces, drawn and engraved by himself, and amongst which the most remarkable are:—"A Wolf at Bay," "A Deer hanging to a tree, with several Birds," and "A Fox caught by Four Dogs."

"The Fox startled while devouring his prey" (p. 324) is very cleverly executed. The background is clear and definite, the animal is represented with scrupulous fidelity, the attitude is admirable, his ears intimate clearly that the deep baying of the hound has been heard; his teeth, his mouth, combine to form an expression of fierce rage which is peculiarly effective; the tail lying over the paw is exceedingly natural, while the unfortunate victim lies in an attitude so real, so exactly as we should expect to see it, that too much praise can scarcely be given to this production.

"The Roebuck run down" (p. 328) is also a very fine piece. The dogs, the hunted beast, the tree, the accessories of every kind, are effective and natural. This is a celebrated picture, of which the colouring is peculiarly successful.

"The Rat and the Elephant" (p. 329) is a representation of one of those fanciful allegories to which we have already alluded. It is exceedingly correct in its details, and holds a deservedly high place in the minds of amateurs, from the power of its lights and shadows. The car is imaginative certainly, but what is wanting in truth is gained in picturesqueness.

"The Wolf at Bay" (p. 333) is held in high estimation. It is exceedingly effective in the engraving, and still more so as a painting. It is a subject which Oudry thoroughly comprehended. The wolf is correctly painted, and the dogs admirable in truth, vigour, and expression. A previous allusion has, however, been made to this work.

"The Heron" (p. 332) is a specimen of those still nature productions which have carried Oudry's reputation into the private galleries of so many of the country gentlemen of the world. The trees, the old trunk, the game, the dog, are painted with expression and rare fidelity.

The most picturesque of all these representations is, our page is too small to show, "The Rat and Elephant" (p. 329). It is difficult to

any which is most successful, the monkey or the cat. They are startling from the life-like vigour with which they are painted. This is an illustration of a favourite fable of La Fontaine's.

Whatever may have been the talent of Oudry for drawing and painting animals, it must be allowed that he was not equally well acquainted with every species, and is not always successful in seizing the true character and manner. If he was perfect in dogs, foxes, wolves, even monkeys; and in general in animals which figure as principal characters in hunting scenes, and which he was so fond of dedicating to

more perfect in the art of grouping in trophies, pikes, seals, tench, carp, and shell-fish; or in combining on one canvas, to please the eye, some snipe hanging by a claw, partridges, and quails, ducks of changing colour, with their beautiful emerald spots. How common it is to see artists of the present day imitating these signs over doors, by Oudry, where in chance medley we find violins, guitars, flutes, tamborines, and a hundred other different attributes of the arts. These happy and successfully "arranged disorders," to use an hyperbolical French phrase, invented with so much care, executed with so much talent, have since become mere



THE ROEBUCK RUN DOWN.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

"Messire Louis Bontemps, *capitaine des chasses de la venerie du Louvre*," he was far less fortunate when he attempted to portray lions, panthers, and leopards. It seems as if it was reserved for the modern artist to comprehend, elucidate, and create the savage and poetic side of creation. Oudry humanised his tigers, softened down and civilised his panthers, and made his lions quite tame and gentlemanly beings; but he was at home and true when he had to reproduce the bounding deer or the delicate doe, and he knew admirably how to so order and arrange the wooded scene, so full of delicate and country balminess. He was also exceedingly in the representation of still nature. No one was

fillings up—agreeable enough, but so evidently copies as to lose all zest and power.

Oudry used his talents also sometimes in providing models, sometimes in executing table ornaments. France has always been a peculiar country, and one of its greatest peculiarities has been minute attention to the philosophy of the table. In early days, before art had discovered the means of decorating tables, it employed those offered by nature. Flowers, which grew so abundantly and richly on the surface of the earth, were naturally enough the principal objects selected; they were eagerly chosen by man to adorn his table. The walls of houses in early days in France were decorated with

ornament. A rare book, that of Fortunat, tells us that the walls, instead of showing the naked stone, were adorned with ivy. The floor of the festive hall was carpeted with flowers: silver lilies and purple poppies covered the ground. The table was loaded with roses, which took the place of a table-cloth. Flowers, too, were used to adorn chapels. The poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries often allude to this custom; while guests wore chaplets of flowers, which also hung from the bottles.

In the fourteenth century artistic contrivances were added,

Objects adorned with scenes of the chase were those chiefly selected by Oudry when he designed these ephemeral sketches, sketches which had for their sole object the amusement and gratification of a prince whom he wished to please, because he patronised him largely. Stags, dogs, wolves, as in his pictures, were the subjects selected; and though only designed for the pleasure of the hour, they were, it is said, sometimes singularly beautiful. Of course, they are not in any way preserved, and the memory only of these trifles now remains.

Oudry has condescended even to make charades and



THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

and we hear of white cloths, on which flowers were tacked by way of ornament. Louis XIV. in his banquets had his tables also thus adorned. In 1680, at the marriage of Mademoiselle of Blois with the Prince of Conti, no other decoration appeared. Later, a kind of cake was invented of clay, by Polish artists, who stuck flowers all over it; and later still, various ornaments of the highest taste, more artificial, but more permanent, were introduced. Oudry conceived many of these for such men as Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, who, whatever their depravity, always encouraged a spirit of

rebuses; but they want that startling effect, that amusing absurdity, that salt which now is generally found in these productions. The talent of Oudry was so naive and so decent, that he was never able successfully to illustrate the "Comic Romance" of Scarron. To enter with spirit into the very reality of this grotesque conception required a liveliness, a gaiety, a humour, which Oudry did not possess. In the seventeenth century, amidst the magnificence and splendours of the reign of Louis XIV., the poem of Scarron was one hundred years after date, and quite out of place. It may be readily imagined, that when reading the "Comic Romance,"

Louis XIV. must have been quite as much offended as at the "magots" of Teniers the younger; and he must have been profoundly humiliated to have married the widow of such a poet, to have succeeded—after having loved Athenais de Mortemart—the historian of the Cavern and of Ragotin. Oudry, who, by the dignity and decency of his manner, was a man of the seventeenth century, could not understand the spirit of a novel which reminded the reader of the jokes of Don Quixote and the indecencies of Brantome. He was, therefore, rather cold and heavy when he tried to paint the scenes of this celebrated book. It needed the pen, the wit, the ease of Pater, to paint that wandering caravan of comedians, making a triumphal entry into Mans upon a car drawn by oxen, and carrying all the baggage and materials of the dramatic company: ladder, cages, decorations, old carpets; this one with a guitar on his back, the other with a plaster on his eye; the mob, and particularly the women, scattering their jokes mercilessly after them.* A certain dose of buffoonery was required to paint the burlesque adventures of Ragotin—the rows, the riots, the adventures in the gaming-house, the showers of fisticuffs, at which are present the washerwoman and Angelica, while on the ground roll the hats of the vanquished. At all events, Oudry showed his great power over light and shade, which plays so marked a part in his compositions, whether it lights up in a picturesque way the scene on the stairs, or the chastising of the servants, or sheds its beams upon the very spot where fall the blows. But it wanted Hogarth to do justice to the subjects which were not either very decent or very refined.

Oudry, always laborious and always inexhaustible, was suddenly checked in his studies by an attack of apoplexy, which struck him in 1755. Afflicted by painful presentiments, he used to say, "If I do not work, I shall die." He had become director and manager of the factory of Beauvais, after being over the Gobelins. He wished to start for Beauvais, in the hope of recruiting his health by the balmy breath of the country air. He died on his arrival, on the 30th of April, 1755, at the age of sixty-nine.

He was widely regretted, for he was a very able artist, a clever master, a sincere friend, a good man; and this is much indeed to say in a time like that in which he lived—the age of good old-gentlemanly vices, when Louis XIV. was king; of orgies and monstrous depravity, when Louis XV. was monarch.

Oudry introduced into some of his scenes, morning breaking in craggy hills and forests with considerable effect; and once, in a scene supposed to be in Switzerland, he is exceedingly successful. The subject was good, but difficult, and the picture is now in one of the private galleries of Paris. M. Bouchard, a very well-known amateur, says that it is exceedingly fine. The following will give some idea of the difficulty of the subject. "All the world over," says one who has described in a few dashes the best of Swiss scenery, "the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds, which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valais Alps, the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless wreaths of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy-flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment displays new colours, glancing off in fugitive coruscations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs upon cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, showers down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—'And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good'—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such

moments; and by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellows the character and improves our relish of life."

Jean Baptiste Oudry engraved seventy-five pieces with his own hand.

Of these we have engraved "The Roebuck run down," and "The Wolf at Bay." The "Roebuck run down" is a very able and effective engraving in the original.

Out of thirty-eight pieces which Oudry sketched for the comic romance of Scarron, twenty-one are engraved by himself. He also sketched several designs for Don Quixote.

His best, however, are those illustrating "La Fontaine."

For the chapter of St. Martin-des-Champs, he painted "The Adoration of the Magi;" for the apartments of the king at Choisy, a monstrous wolf held by four dogs, a jackal attacked by two bull-dogs, some specimens of still nature, boars, deers, herons, pheasants, horses, hung up; for the apartments of the dauphiness at Versailles, subjects taken from the fables of La Fontaine—"The Two She-Goats," "The Fox and the Stork."

The pictures of Oudry are principally found in Paris and the departments.

In the Louvre there is "A Wolf Hunt," "A Boar Hunt," "A Dog guarding some Game."

The Museums of Dijon, Toulouse, Montpellier, Nantes, Caen, and Rouen, have some excellent specimens of this master.

In 1770, at the sale of the Cabinet of M. de la Live de Jully, two pictures of Oudry, representing "Seven Ducks lying," and "A Dog barking at a Fox," were sold for £20. "Two Hounds lying near a Hare and a Partridge," £15.

At the Prince de Conti's, there were six paintings by Oudry.

At the sale of the collection of that amateur, in 1777, two specimens of still nature, painted at Dieppe in 1724, representing "Parrots and Fish," rose to the high price of £36.

THE TOMB OF JULIUS II.

MANY persons have heard of the sufferings of artists and authors, of the struggles and difficulties which almost every man of genius has had to endure, especially in the beginning of his career. Often, too, this has lasted far beyond the time when men have acquired celebrity and fame. It is too true, that those who delight us by their pens and by their pencils are often thoughtless, to use no stronger term; though it would be unfair and unjust to accuse all of the errors of some, and to fancy that every man who suffers does so from improvidence and want of ordinary foresight. In many instances, among the men of the greatest genius, difficulties have arisen from a very different source. Jealousies, suspicions, and heartburnings, have been indulged by rivals, who have contrived, by petty and weak annoyances, to make the existence of some of the best of men a misery.

Michael Angelo, that great painter, whose name is familiar to the merest tyro in the history of art, was not exempt from the heartburnings and annoyances which so many men suffered in common with himself. At a very early age he entered with Ghirlandajo as a pupil; but instead of being taught, he began to teach. In truth, though he was but thirteen, his copies were better than the original. But the master smiled, and encouraged his bold apprentice. Not so the pupils: they were jealous of the juvenile artist. Benvenuto Cellini, himself a great man, often speaks of the blind hatred of his fellow-students. He could feel for him and sympathise with him. A quotation from the wondrous memoir of the Florentine silversmith will be well worthy of a place here.

"About this time (it was in 1518, thirty years after the event—Cellini was only eighteen), there came to Florence a sculptor named Peter Torregiani:—he came from England, where he had stayed several years. This man, seeing my designs and my labours, said to me: 'I have come to see the

* See "Illustrated Magazine of Art," vol. II. p. 298.

to take away as many young men as I can. I have a great work to execute for the King of England; and I will have no assistants but my own countrymen; and as your mode of working and drawing is more that of a sculptor than a jeweller, I will take you away with me, and I will make you at the same time rich and able."

"He was a bold proud man, was Peter Torregiani, of manly appearance and great beauty. His air, his manners, his sonorous voice, were more like those of a soldier than an artist; he had a mode of frowning enough to startle the most resolute; and every day he told me of his strange stories about those fools of English! One day we were speaking of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; Torregiani was holding in his hand a drawing which I had copied after the great master, and he said:

"'Buonarrotti and I used to go to work when young in the church of the Carmine, in the chapel of Masaccio; and as he was accustomed to make fun of all those who drew along with him, one day, being more angry than usual, I raised my fist, and gave him so violent a blow on the face that I felt the bone and the cartilage of his nose break under my hand; so that he will bear the mark of it all his life.' 'These words,' adds the indignant young man, 'shocked me so much, as I had the works of the divine Michael Angelo constantly under my eyes, that I conceived for Torregiani an implacable hatred; and not only did I lose all desire to follow him to England, but I could no longer bear even to see him.'

This noble and generous anger was worthy at the same time of him who excited and of him who felt it. It is quite true, however, that Michael Angelo, perhaps without knowing it, was every day committing some new crime, which drew upon him the vengeance of his comrades and the jealousies of his masters. The unhappy youth could not succeed in quelling his genius. One day a portrait was given him to copy, and when he had finished his work, he gave it to the man who had lent him the portrait, instead of the original. The painter, who was one of his friends, though professing to be a great connoisseur, did not perceive the change; and it may easily be imagined that he was overwhelmed with confusion when the anecdote got abroad. The lad had somewhat smoked his picture, in order to give it that antique appearance which adds so much to the price of works of art in the eyes of those who judge by date, and not by merit.

Michael Angelo had now time to commence a few works in sculpture. Already his productions were considered of so much value that they are preserved to this day as precious relics. Among these was a bas-relief, representing, according to Vasari, "The Battle of the Centaurs," with a virgin, in the style of Donatello, and a statue of Hercules, which nobody has seen except his biographers. But suddenly Lorenzo the Magnificent, seized by a mysterious and incurable disease, died at Carreggi in the midst of his rhetoricians. He finished his career as he had lived, rather as a poet than as a Christian. Arts and letters lost in him a Mæneas. Michael Angelo lost more than a protector—he lost a friend.

Overwhelmed with grief, he now returned to his father's house. At the age of eighteen years his prospects, which were becoming so splendid, were suddenly overcast. Pietro de Medici, the heir and successor of Lorenzo, began his reign by throwing his father's physician into a well; this promised favourably for those who continued in his service. However, Michael Angelo was one morning called to the court. It was snowing hard, and the brother of Leo the Tenth had awoke with great projects. A man is not a Medici for nothing.

"Master," said he to the young sculptor, "I want you to make me a colossal figure—a giant, who will arise as if by enchantment in the court-yard, and be higher by a head than the battlements of my palace. As my father chose you for his sculptor in ordinary, your genius must be equal to such a task. Go, and set to work."

"But of what material must this statue be?" inquired Michael Angelo, with rather a surprised look.

"The material," replied Pietro, laughing, "you will find

in the court-yard. There is plenty of it. There must be at least three feet of snow."

"True," said Michael Angelo, bitterly, "I am in your employ as I was in the employ of your father. Only, when he ordered statues, he preferred marble to snow. Every one has his taste, sire."

Then he added to himself, "As is the prince so will be the monument. Go, poor soul and weak heart; your greatness will scarcely last longer than your statue."

However, he complied with the orders of Pietro with scrupulous exactness, and leaving his colossus before a single beam of sun came to melt it, he retired to one of the cells of San Spirito, where he passed days and nights, sombre, sad, isolated, weeping for his benefactor, and meditating on the darkness of his unhappy country.

It was in this austere retreat, surrounded by dead bodies, which he obtained from a hospital attached to the convent, that, by the light of a lamp, Michael Angelo gave himself up to the long and persevering study of anatomy, which was to be his governing passion.

Armed with his scalpel, he investigated the muscles, he studied the fibres, he laid bare the scaffolding of the human heart. The fruit of his vigils was a wooden crucifix, a little larger than nature, which he presented to the prior of the monastery which had afforded him an asylum, and where he had been able, at least, to rest in peace and to retire from the shame of these melancholy days.

Michael Angelo produced from a common block of marble, which had been massacred by Simon of Fiesole, a colossal statue of David. He was then twenty-four years of age, and his absolute and haughty temper would not suffer a single observation to be made. Woe to those who took the liberty to make any remark. He overwhelmed them with his anger, or pitilessly satirised them.

The too celebrated Soderini, although he was gonfalonniere, learnt this to his cost. The worthy man, who was as able a connoisseur as he was an excellent politician, ventured to express an opinion upon David. He said that the nose was too large.

"Do you think so, illustrious signor?" answered the artist, with his most hypocritical look. Then he took a little powdered marble in the hollow of his hand, and gave two or three raps with his hammer, without touching the statue.

"There now," cried the gonfalonniere with delight, "that's how a David ought to be. You have given life to him."

"'Tis to you that he owes life, signor."

After this it is not astonishing that Machiavelli, in speaking of the same Soderini, wrote four verses, in which he relates that the worthy gonfalonniere, having presented himself by mistake at the gates of the infernal regions, Pluto shut the door in his face, and said: "What do you want here, you fool? Go to the limbo of children."

However, if the poor gonfalonniere was stupid, as appears to be historically demonstrated, he was not avaricious. He gave four hundred Florence crowns to Michael Angelo, and got him to paint in fresco a part of the hall of council. Leonardi di Vinci undertook the other half.

Leonardi chose for the subject of his fresco the victory gained over Piccinino, general of the Duke of Milan. In the foreground is a battle of cavaliers and the capturing of a standard. Michael Angelo undertook an episode of the war of Pisa.

Generally a battle, above all at a time when soldiers are clothed in iron, offers few resources to an artist accustomed to the naked. The genius of Michael Angelo did not stop at a little.

An incident, which in the case of any other artist would have passed unperceived, suddenly illuminated the ideas of the great artist, and his cartoon was made.

Overcome by the stifling heat, the Florentine soldiers are bathing in the Arno, when the Pisans suddenly make a sortie. The enemy appears; the cry is to arms; a crowd spring up; some, half-naked, catch at their swords; others try, by superhuman efforts, to get their clothes upon their wet limbs. The drum beats; impatience and despair are depicted in the faces

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

tures of the unhappy footmen who cannot join their flag. The appearance of this masterpiece cast the first artists of the day into a profound stupor. From every part of Italy people came to admire it, to copy it, to study it. San Gallo, Ghirlandajo, Granini, Andre del Sarto, San Jovino, le Rosso, Perrin del Vaga—all of these, young men and old, masters and pupils, bowed in silence before the sovereign artist, who, with a giant's step bounding over his whole career, touched the last limits of the sublime, beyond which it is not possible or man to go.

Benvenuto Cellini speaks much of the events of this time. It was about this time that the brutal Torregiani boasted of his anecdote.

"As long as the cartoon stood," says Cellini, "it was the school of the world; though the divine Michael Angelo after-

"I had made up my mind," says Benvenuto, "to dash him to the ground wherever I found him. Having reached the Plaza Santa Dominica, I perceived Bandinelli, who was entering the same square on the opposite side. More decided than ever upon carrying out my sanguinary project, I ran towards him; but I had no sooner cast my eyes on the wretch, and seen him without arms, mounted on a wretched mule that looked like a jackass, following a little boy about ten years old, than Bandinelli saw me, turned pale as death, and trembled from head to foot. I thought it base to kill such a wretch, and said: 'Do not fear, vile coward, you are not worthy of my blows!'"

Scarcely was Julius II. on the throne when he sent for Michael Angelo. Such an artist was worthy of such a pope. Julius reflected several months upon the work which he



THE HERON.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

wards executed the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never reached half the talent displayed in this masterpiece."

A Frenchman observes: "This was the time to have poignarded Michael Angelo."

But this was not enough. Hatred sometimes acts with atrocious calculation, and envy has diabolical inspirations. They forgave the artist, but the work suffered for him. In the year 1512, while there was an *émeute* in the streets, while the republic was expiring, when the Medici were coming back victorious, Baccio Bandinelli, of base and execrable memory, crept in with slow step, treacherously, a dagger in his hand, to the hall where the masterpiece was hung up, and while people were fighting in the streets, this wretch, assassin, and thief, thrust his knife into the canvas, tore it to pieces, trod it foot, and carried away the remnants.

destined for the greatest sculptor of his age. The ambition of the pope knew no bounds. His thirst for glory was insatiable. He dreamt of immortality upon the earth, and was not long, therefore, in making his choice.

He accordingly sent for the great artist, and addressed him thus:

"If you were to erect a tomb for Julius II., what would be your design for that tomb?"

"I should wish," answered Michael Angelo, after having thought a moment, "that the grandeur of the tomb should answer to the grandeur of the pontiff who orders it. The general form of the monument should be that of a parallelogram, thirty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. The height should be at least thirty feet. Forty statues, without counting the bas-reliefs, should enrich the mausoleum, crowned by a group of

figures representing the apotheosis of your Holiness. Four victories, two feminine and two masculine, should stand on each side of the monument, trampling under foot slaves or rebels. Sixteen statues should represent the conquered provinces, or the captive virtues riveted with chains to the tomb of him who, whilst he lived, reduced the pride of the first and constituted the glory of the second. Eight colossal statues, of from ten to twelve feet, should adorn the upper portion. In fine, there would be entrances to the interior by the two sides, leading to the rotunda, in the centre of which the sarcophagus should be placed."

The pope listened in silence, and looked fixedly at the artist, who was inspired by the grandeur of his subject, and talked with the greatest coolness of this mortuary palace,

Nicolas V. caused the foundation to be laid. I will finish the new church according to the drawings of Horeslino, and the chapel shall be worthy of the tomb."

"And how much will this new building cost?"

"About a hundred thousand crowns."

"Two hundred thousand, if necessary," answered the pope.

"Then I may start at once for Carrara?"

"Immediately. And don't forget to come to me, without any internuncio, whenever you want to speak to me. Or rather," said the pope, after a moment's thought, "I will cause a bridge to be constructed that shall lead from my rooms to your workshop, and I will come and see you, and scold you whenever the work lags. Adieu, Michael Angelo; you have understood me."



THE WOLF AT BAY:—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

without thinking of the sombre and lugubrious reflections which he was suggesting to the heart of the old man who was to occupy it.

Those who know the character of the inhabitants of Italy, and the instinctive aversion which is felt in that country for death and for all the ideas which relate to it, will easily understand the majestic and strange character of the conversation of these two men, one of whom was giving orders for his tomb, whilst the other was explaining in the most minute manner how it was to be constructed. When the sculptor had finished, Julius II. made only one objection.

"Where shall we place this immense monument?" said he.

"I have thought of it," replied Michael Angelo. "Your tomb, such as I have conceived it, could not be contained in the old church of St. Peter; but we have the tribune of which

The great place or St. Peter was soon encumbered with enormous blocks of marble, brought from Carrara. The last instalment had been disembarked at the quay of the Tiber, and Michael Angelo, who generally lived in the most complete isolation, did not know what had happened at court during his absence, and went up to the Vatican to ask for money to pay the sailors. He was told that his holiness was not visible. A few days afterwards he went again to the pope. As he was crossing the antechamber, a valet stopped the way, and said to him drily, that he could not enter.

"Unhappy man! Do you know to whom you are speaking?" cried a prelate who had recognised Michael Angelo.

"I know it very well," impudently answered the valet; "and I only obey my orders."

"Very well," answered the indignant artist; "when the pope sends for me, tell him that I am gone."

An hour afterwards he started for Florence. But Julius II. was not the man to allow the artist whom he considered to be in his pay to escape from his hands so easily. When he learnt the answer, and the flight of Michael Angelo, his anger was great. Five couriers, one after the other, set off at full gallop to bring back the fugitive. When they saw that entreaties were of no use, the messengers of Julius attempted to resort to force; but Michael Angelo seized his weapons, and cried with a terrible voice, "If you come on, you are dead men!"

The messengers, in alarm, allowed Michael Angelo to continue his journey. The anger of the pope knew no bounds. He threatened to reduce Florence to ashes if his sculptor was not restored to him. Soderini received three despatches within three days; the first promised amnesty and pardon to the artist; the second declared war against the republic; the third announced that if Michael Angelo did not return to Rome within twenty-four hours, all the Florentines would be excommunicated.

"Do you intend to destroy us all?" said the poor gonfalonniere, trembling with fear.

"Ha! ha!" answered Michael Angelo; "this will teach him to forbid me his door."

"But I cannot keep you here, unhappy man."

"Well, then, I will go to the Grand Turk."

"To the Grand Turk!"

"Yes; he will treat me better, I am sure. Besides, he intends to throw a bridge from Constantinople to Pera, and has made me the most magnificent proposals."

"Go where you please, but deliver us from the anger of the pope."

Meanwhile, Julius II., true to his word, was advancing at the head of an army. He had taken Bologna, and was extremely delighted with his victory, when Michael Angelo, changing his mind, presented himself before him. Julius II. was at table at the palace of the Sixteen, when the arrival of the sculptor was announced to him. He made a sign that he should be introduced, and not being able to restrain his rage at the sight of the rebel, he cried out—

"You should have come to us, and you expect us to come to you."

Michael Angelo bowed his knee; but in spite of this attitude of submission and respect, it was easy to see that his features expressed rather pride than repentance. Sombre, silent, with bent brow, he seemed to say to the pope, "*Non homini sed Petro*," not to the man but to Peter. All the witnesses of this scene trembled for the poor sculptor, but as the impetuosity of the pope was known, nobody dare to speak, except the cardinal Soderini, worthy brother of the gonfalonniere, who, with the best intentions, began to offer excuses for the artist.

"Holy father, pardon this man; for he did not know what he did. Artists, if you deprive them of their art, are always so. If he has sinned, it is from ignorance."

Julius II. could restrain himself no longer, and giving the *maladroit* cardinal a blow with his stick, he cried in a voice of thunder, "Unhappy wretch! do you dare to abuse my sculptor? Thou only art ignorant and sinful. Get out of my sight."

Every one trembled with fear; and as the poor prelate remained motionless with astonishment and terror, the exasperated pope added, "Throw that fellow out of the window."

The valets had some difficulty in removing his eminence through the door. As we have seen, the Soderini were always unfortunate.

The same evening beheld Michael Angelo and Julius II. the best friends in the world. These two men understood each other completely. For such a workman such a master was required. The pope sat for his portrait and started for begging the sculptor to follow him as soon as the work was finished.

"Remember, Michael Angelo," said he, "that my tomb is waiting for you."

Such were the last words of his holiness. Michael Angelo spent sixteen months upon the colossal statue, that is to say, fifteen months more than was necessary for his enemies to recommence their intrigues. This time, Bramanti was at their head, and among the rivals who were opposed to Michael Angelo, was Raffaele. Happily for our artist, Julius II. was as obstinate in his friendships as in his hatreds. He continued to favour Michael Angelo; and although the courtiers, who were inimical to him, insidiously worked upon the pope by praising the efforts of the great artist in painting, at the expense of his reputation as a sculptor, they did not entirely succeed in their object. It is true, however, though Michael Angelo did not lose the good opinion of the pope, that the famous tomb was never completed.

The fact is, that the genius of Michael Angelo developed itself more and more every day, and the whole artist-world became aware of his might. Artists admired him; amateurs and connoisseurs loved him, but mere courtiers hated him. He was proud, haughty, brave, and, worse than all, he had the favour of the pope, who freely opened his purse to him. Money, which the hangers-on about the court thought might be advantageously spent on them, was lavished by Julius in painting and statuary, which was certainly grand—but was it useful?

The delight which Michael Angelo felt at the prospect of erecting such a tomb as that of Julius, can scarcely be described. Those who have the idea of beauty, of the sublime in art; those who have long been weighed down by the influence of a fixed implacable idea, the realisation of which does not depend upon themselves; those who have conceived, in the delirium of their imagination, a gigantic, immense, impossible project, and who suddenly see obstacles removed, thought take a form, and the impossible retreat—those alone can understand what then was passing in the mind of the artist, when Julius II. decided on his tomb.

While a whole crowd of workmen, under his orders, were working in the quarries digging out the marble, he, silent, pensive, overwhelmed by gigantic images, stood upon a great rock which overlooked the sea.

"Why should I not carve the rock?" he cried, while his imagination, roused and on fire, carried him away into realms of space. "Why should not my chisel cut into the flanks of this mountain? Under my hand the rock would become a colossus which would startle the passing navigator. My name would be engraved on it in ineffaceable characters—my work would be eternal as the work of God. But patience. I, too, will have my mountains of marble, and a whole creation of supernatural and mighty beings shall rise to life under my mighty hand. I shall only have to say, *Live*, and they shall live."

Meanwhile, by the influence of a courtier, a mere insect, whose very name is not recorded in history, the pope had cast Michael Angelo from his heart for a short time, and the event which we have recorded had happened.

The same again took place while he was carving out his statue. A knot of mean and narrow-minded courtiers attacked the pope on all sides.

"He is a great painter," said one.

"It is a pity he should try to be both sculptor and artist."

"Some men will be everything; and yet he is not equal to Raffaele."

"Silence!" the pope roared at these sycophants, and they held their tongues, to begin again next day.

At one time there was a talk of prosecuting Michael Angelo for the sum he had received on account of the tomb of Julius. The sculptor, in a furious rage, came to Rome; but the cardinal de Medici, who soon after was Clement VII., begged him to have patience, and got him to build, in the mean time, the library and sacristy of San Lorenzo, the two first architectural works executed by Michael Angelo. He was now forty years of age.

The Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., finding other modes of proceeding too slow for his fancy, tried another at

perment to make the sculptor hurry with the monument of his uncle. He had him menaced, in that day of summary justice, with a poignard, if he did not yield to his desires. The proud artist made no reply, and left the Duke of Urbino to his impotent rage.

Clement VII., having ascended the throne, called Michael Angelo to him.

"My dear Buonarrotti," said the pope, whispering familiarly in his ear, "instead of defending yourself, attack the heirs of Julius II. It is time that you received money on account; but at the rate at which your statues are paid now-a-days, the money that you have received does not cover the labour you have had. Bring them before the tribunals; from debtor you will become creditor."

"I would rather finish the monument," said the artist, drily; and he returned immediately to Florence.

But the monument was one of those things which was not to be finished. There was always some reason or other for delaying it or putting it off.

Clement VII. kept the artist fully employed. He visited him every day. One morning a servant told him that Clement VII. would visit him no more—he was dead.

The first thing the new pope, Paul III., did, was to present himself at the *atelier* of Buonarrotti.

"Come! come!" said the pope, "now, master Michael Angelo, your time belongs to me."

"Your holiness will excuse me," said the artist. "I have just signed an undertaking to finish the tomb of Julius II."

And yet it never was finished.

MODERN BRITISH ART—THE PRÆ-RAPHAELITES.

WHEN Pope Adrian I. delivered, in his infallibility, a bull, which declared that all painters should represent our Saviour as possessing every attribute of beauty which they were capable of exhibiting, he founded the Præ-Raphaelites. The reader may perhaps see no connexion with the eighth century and the nineteenth; but if he only consider that since then painters have had but one type for the heads of the Saviour and the Apostles, and have degenerated into continual smoothness and into unmeaning faces such as West or Cosway produced, he will see at once what we mean. The earlier Byzantine fathers had taken it as a fact that, since the Saviour "should not be desired of men," he was repulsive, and they continually represented him so; but a dispute happening as to the truth of this, the earlier fathers, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, St. Bernard, and others, joined in the controversy, and Pope Adrian settled it with his bull.

Art is by its nature imitative. The earliest head of the Saviour which exists has the same attributes—the oval, melancholy face, the parted hair and calm eyes—as the most recent, and to a certain extent Adrian's bull had a vast effect. Great geniuses did not alter the type, but threw their weight into the improvement of manner. Till about the time of President West, which we take it was the most inartistic period of English art, we had gone on,

"Improving and improving oft,
Till all was ripe and rotten."

Character, force, and originality were forgotten, everything was intended to be pretty and pleasing, and the grand was deserted for the profitable. The mind of the income-seeking artist became imbued with the spirit of the times. Richard Wilson, with his wondrous genius in landscape, could not make a living. Fuselli, who, with all his eccentricities, was of immense talent, declared with a wretched pun that his name should have been "Few-sell-I." Von Holst was neglected, and R. B. Haydon destroyed himself in despair. With the exception of the first, none of these artists were perfect, but they were great men who should have found appreciation where they met with neglect. They certainly should not have been driven to despair whilst Cosway, Opie, and West flourished. Their deaths, however, produced some result; yet with little improvement and much

mannerism, things went on in the same course. England produced great painters individually, but, as a school, mannerism and platitudes were triumphant.

Some half-dozen years ago, a few young men, impressed with this, determined to alter it, and, like all enthusiasts, at the first overshot the mark. To prove their perfect distinctness from modern art, they called themselves Præ-Raphaelians, which, if we understand the term rightly, was about tantamount to a dramatist of the time of Colman and Reynolds calling himself, out of contempt to those playwrights, a Præ-Shaksperian.

Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt, who were the Coryphæi of this school, seeing that all other painters took pretty models, employed plain if not downright ugly ones; finding that the ordinary painter neglected detail and finish, studied every point, speck, or nail in the accessories of their picture; observing that modern artists excel in air and distance in the atmosphere of the picture, they painted sharply and coldly, so that every fold of the dress and feature of the face came out as distinctly as if one was examining it with a diminishing glass. It is plain that amongst these resolves there were many of the faults of enthusiasm. When they exhibited their pictures, amongst many merits, one saw that they had as much to unlearn as to learn, and their eccentricities were so plainly the effect of determination, that they excited an antagonism which resulted in ridicule and odium.

To support their ideas, they employed the pen as well as the pencil. They published a work bearing the name of "The Germ," which was upon the whole the most verdant production we recollect. It bore all the impress of youth, florid of fluent poetry, crude prose, and undigested ideas; illustrated with an etching which might have been copied from a missal. It was unlike anything modern. It was an attempt to reach the golden age by walking backwards; it was, a thousand-fold more than their pictures, an effort against nature, and it died.

With such determination and such vigour of thought, the young painters who formed the school were not likely to die too. He who thinks originally must think *against* a large portion of mankind, but he will soon have disciples of his own. So it was with the Præ-Raphaelites. There was so much truth with them that they soon gathered respect; yet their earliest endeavour had grave faults.

Let us take, for instance, a picture by Mr. Millais, which was exhibited some four seasons ago. We allude to the "Holy Family," a painting in which the young Saviour was pictured as an ill-looking red-headed boy; the Virgin as a woman stricken in years (which was untrue at the period) and excessively commonplace; and St. Joseph as a carpenter of low and mean appearance, the muscles of his arm raised and strained from overwork. In addition to this, the feet of the Saviour were unwashed, and the dirt of them carefully copied. Here Mr. Millais was ignorant, the Jews being particularly careful in their daily ablutions. To redeem all this practical degradation, the detail of the picture was wonderful; time and knowledge had been expended upon every accessory. The shavings and tools looked more like reflections of the things than copies.

But in our opinion the grossness of the representation was a sin, and served to degrade Divinity rather than to elevate it. No one supposes the Saviour to have been crowned and robed as the later Italians make him, or as gorgeously arrayed as the cheap lithographs sold in Roman Catholic countries represent him. But Mr. Millais, though in another way, sinned equally against the truth. If we paint "Holy Families" at all, to which we strongly object, there is no reason why we should make them repulsive. The obvious purpose of such pictures is to exalt the ideas of those who have little imagination. Their earlier use, and that to which a religious society now turns prints of sacred subjects, was and is to instruct those who could not read. With the majority in England, that use has ceased; but we have yet to learn why they should not, still elevate the beholders, as certainly the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo do. The faults of this picture extended also to others. Mr. Collins, in one

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

called "Convent Thoughts" (we believe that the young artist embraced as well as illustrated Catholicism), chose a very plain model, an awkward and stiff position, somewhat after the Byzantine school, and a most unnatural method of holding a flower, at which the young lady is pensively looking. He also showed the same wonderful exactness in rendering the very petals of the flower or grain of the oak door, and thereby secured its defence by that *rara avis* amongst the critics on art, an original thinker—one no less than Mr. Ruskin.

deservedly so. He has no longer sought out repulsive models, but observing that golden mean which always leads to truth, has also disdained the doll-like face of the vacant model, and produced such feelings, such tenderness and animation, that one unconsciously recalls the phrase of Byron,

"The mind, the music breathing from her face ;"

and whilst doing so acknowledges that the canvas glows with an emanation from true genius. Any one who has seen the pictures of this artist—"The Huguenot" and "The Order of Release"—must have observed that the expression in the



"BERTRAND AND BATON."—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

The great critic, who, to show how extremes meet, was also an enthusiast on Turner's landscapes, did much for the Pre-Raphaelites, but their genius did more. Though still young men, practice and success has been gradually removing many foibles, and the chief amongst them bid fair to be honoured with posterity. Their very eccentricities have been useful, and have read serious lessons to rising and risen artists. Carelessness is now no longer pardonable, and simpering and stupid prettiness is only reproduced upon the canvas of the mediocre and unteachable. The latter pictures of these artists—of Mr. Millais especially—have attracted the notice of every one, and

faces of the female figure of each tells the whole story as plainly as a book. The deep feeling which imbued the painter was communicated by a glance to the spectator.

With such triumphs as these, with original views and a determination to think for themselves, the Pre-Raphaelites have founded an English school of worth and great merit, and by it have produced works which the world "will not willingly let die ;" and we therefore hope that, whilst every year chastens their efforts and detracts from their eccentricities, we may be enabled to forge the latter in the excellencies they possess.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.



THE history of a great painter is the history, for the time being, of the nation to which he belonged. Certainly, as genius is the greatest gift of heaven, the man possessed of genius should be the hero of the hour. It has seldom been so. Some booted and spurred ruffian, with a castle as big as a dozen factories, some cunning little statesman, some petty potentate who should have been a woodcutter, only



he was born a prince, generally occupies more of the world's attention—more of the vulgar world's attention—than the man of mind can obtain. In the first place this arises from the fact that in modern times we leave art to itself; we neither educate the people in taste, nor do we encourage art itself in an efficient way. In ancient times, in Greece, the connexion of the state with art was avowed and distinct. We trust it

to amateurs, and the encouragement of art is greater or less according to the number of amateurs. The office of the state appears to be, in our times, to prevent the total decay of pictures when painted, or to use them for some particular object.

Such was not the case with the Greeks. The arts were with them public, and not the duty or affair of individuals. They became so in after times when they had ceased to flourish, but never to the degree which exists with us. We mean by arts, of course, architecture, painting, and sculpture. Arnold Heeren, in his "Ancient Greece," and James Augustus St. John, in his elaborate work on "The Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," have both fully developed this theorem. Architecture was the first to be encouraged, its object being use as well as beauty. Not only the Italians, but the Romans of the later ages, tried to unite the two, and in this way private buildings became works of art. But among the Greeks, there was a tendency to the same style of things even in the heroic age. In the halls and dwellings of kings, there was a peculiar grandeur and splendour, which some have called scientific architecture, which, however, disappeared with the monarchical form. Heeren thinks that after Athens became a democracy, there were no handsome private buildings. The investigations of Mr. St. John appear to show that if ostentation did disappear with the monarchy, private dwellings in Attica were really and truly elegant even after the advent of the government of the people.

It is common to find allusions to the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome built of brick and left it of marble; whereas the truth is, that nearly all the splendid enduring monuments, whether dedicated to religion or to facilitate the operation of industry, or the social convenience of the people—temples, aqueducts, roads, etc.—belong to a date anterior to the imperial usurpation.

The plastic art and painting held to each other the opposite relation of that existing in modern times. The first was highly cultivated, and though painting was supported and encouraged, it was in a less degree. The few remains of this department of Grecian art, which existed at the time when historians began to collect evidences of the glorious civilisation that had passed away, may in some degree account for the idea, not unfrequent, that the pencil was never employed in Hellas, but that the chisel alone was wielded by the artistic hand. In Greece, however, the arts, instead of being the instruments of luxury, were the ministers to an honourable public pride. Paintings could not so easily be set up to delight and teach the people; statues might be erected in open squares; the crowds of gods and heroes who were represented upon the Acropolis, could be gazed at by the multitude, and exist uninjured after the sun of centuries in that dry atmosphere had shone upon them.

Paintings could only be placed on walls, and the ancients broke up the even surfaces in their architecture with such profusion of pilasters, cornices, and sculptures, that there were no long ranges, such as we find in the galleries of modern Europe. They do not seem either to have discovered those light and durable colours, which in Egypt retain their vividness after three thousand years. Pictures, therefore, were more designed for furniture than the works of sculpture; indeed, there was scarcely an instance of a statue being the property of a private individual. Even the beautiful Phryne, the model of a hundred Hebes, after she had by an artful stratagem persuaded her lover, Praxiteles, to make her a present of a god of Love just born from a block of marble, immediately presented it to the inhabitants of a Grecian city. Besides, since the ancient artists rarely laboured for gain, wealthy individuals, like the Medici of modern Italy, could not so easily secure the selfish gratification of vast private collections. Still, when Pericles began to corrupt Athens by the display of inordinate grandeur, landscapes and portraits and religious legends, groups of ideal beauty, painted in vivid and delicate colours, began to glow on the walls of the public porticoes and temples. Alcibiades, also, is said to have introduced the custom of adorning private chambers with a kind of fresco. Portrait-painting did not, however, flourish largely among the Greeks until the Macedonian age. Only very celebrated men, such as Miltiades, saw their likenesses produced, in the representations of their battles, which were hung—the trophies and achievements of their glory—in the Hall of Pictures in Athens; though sometimes the vain artist hung his own portrait before the people's gaze, or that of his mistress, for all citizens to admire. When, however, princes began to love flattery, and nations began to yield it to them, artists were employed to produce their likenesses, in which they were delighted at seeing an ideal beauty ascribed to themselves. Napoleon would never countenance an artist who painted him faithfully. In fact, portraits came to be, what dedications of books were, entirely unworthy of trust.

Great landscape painters are those who behold nature with emotions of delight, and impress on their representations of it the stamp of their personal idiosyncracies. Ruysdael recalls to our minds the forgotten dreams of youth. When we look on his pictures, after long familiarity with the crude and hard realities of existence, we begin to believe in the truth of what our every-day experience had induced us to resign as delusions of the fancy. We had thought that the bright and lovely landscapes, glowing under golden suns, with sparkling water, graceful trees, and many winding valleys, were simply the reflections of our own imagination. But when we see that the eye of man has seen, the hand of his genius has preserved, beauties more than ever came to our visions—his still-lakes sleeping amid soft and green slopes, his groups of oxen

"Awake! cropping their even meal,"

with all the magically-tinted variety of grace in which his pencil delighted—we no longer think it philosophical to despise the notions of our best and early days.

Salvator Rosa, with his gloomy imagination, over which a kind of wild poetry throws indeed a light, but the light of a storm, imagines regions which appear like the haunts of monsters and brigands. Everdingen sees nothing in nature but vast pine woods, rushing torrents, and waterfalls disturbing lonely and barren wildernesses. He never paints a bower by the side of a stream; he can only imagine the den of the wolf, or the retreat of the disappointed robber. Even his sunrises have a dark and threatening aspect, and his moon appears pale and cold and spectral in the sky. Hobima imagines little more than solemn silent expanses. He seems to love to brood over the blanks of nature—the lonely desert, or the still more lonely ocean. Berghem, on the contrary, if he paints a glade in a wood, fills it immediately with groups of rustics, dancing as if they had been restored to the golden age: he makes his gardens bright with flowers, his woods alive with buds. Van der Neer spreads over the most beautiful scenes an air of desolation and melancholy. Cagliari, in depicting some of the most mournful scenes in sacred history, throws everywhere a feeble character upon the *tableau*. Carlo Dolce is celebrated as the best painter of tears in all that school of noble artists who made Italy, under the republics, so illustrious. The rustic assemblages of Guasprè are like groups on the stage; and even when he makes the wind bend down the forest tops, it seems to do it in a bland and accommodating manner. Rubens reproduced himself in enormous waists, broad shoulders, and Herculean arms; and when these had been ingeniously distorted, the masterpiece of his genius was completed. Nicolas Poussin seemed to give additional breadth even to the grandest landscapes of the world. His imagination seemed to have too vast a range, even for the great theatres which he selected for its display; and when he painted the "human face divine," there was always the exhibition of power and grandeur.

Claude Lorraine, contrasting with all these, came, as if with an inspiration from the antique, to take away a reproach from his country, and to vivify and restore and renew the arts in France. With an exquisite sympathy with nature, his genius combined the dignity which prevented him from ever sinking from simplicity into frivolity. He was, like his works, noble, calm, and full of delicate fancy. He had a gentle aspect, lofty and severe, and this gave a character to all those delicious representations of nature which his pencil produced. He may be said to have been among artists what Tasso was among poets. As the eagle is the only bird which can fly gazing at the sun, Claude Lorraine is the only painter who seems ever to have looked boldly on its burning disk. It was he alone who could paint aerial tints—who could suffuse his landscapes with a luminous, ethereal element, which appeared to fall in floods from heaven, visible to the eye, yet transparent and bathing all the scene in a rich and ineffable glow. Artists too often forget that the presence and influence of the light and air are as essential, even in a picture, to the freshness and brightness of the vegetation, to the colour of the rock, to the hue of the water, of the wood, of the straw in the thatch, of every inanimate or living object, as to the existence of man himself. Claude had the genius and the courage to paint skies without a speck of cloud; but there was no one who knew better than he how to throw through the vapour which gathers round a descending sun long sloping beams of coloured light, to gild and beautify his citizens and streams. It will be seen that Oudry and his master were apt disciples of Claude Lorraine.

It has been said, with reference to Claude, that only a love of the marvellous can induce his biographers to adopt those uncouth stories, so often controverted, about his youth and the rude beginning of his art. Some persons are unable to exalt his great genius with satisfaction to themselves, unless they can prove that when a child he was an idiot, or, still worse, the son of a pastry-cook! In fact, the historian Baldinucci,* who has left us an account of the early life of this splendid artist, and wrote from memoranda supplied him

* Baldinucci: "Notizie de' Professori del Disegno," vol. iii.

by Claude's own nephew, makes no mention of these circumstances; but, on the other hand, Joachim Sandrart,* who, in his "Academy of Painting," has recorded the achievements of the artists of his day, asserts, in direct contradiction to Baldinuchi, a number of statements which concur with the favourite popular traditions. His testimony, however, if at all important, is only so when it concerns the intercourse which he held with the great landscape-painter when he resided at Rome, for he was his intimate personal friend. In all other particulars, we prefer following the authority of family papers, to which the Italian biographer had access.

Claude Gellée, commonly called Claude Lorraine, was born in the year 1600, the commencement of a great epoch in the history of science, discovery, and political changes; his family then resided in the Chateau de Chamagne, which is on the banks of the beautiful river Moselle, which runs through the Vosges hills, near Mirecourt, in the diocese of Jarl. He was the third of the five male children of Jean Gellée. His eldest brother, named Jean, as the eldest brother in that family was named for generations, carried on the profession of an engraver on wood at Frisbourg, in the province of Brisgau. Claude, having lost his parents, at the age of twelve years, without friends, and without any prospect of employment among the people of the place where he had been left an orphan, had no other alternative than to go and seek his brother at Frisbourg, and to ask from him hospitality, assistance, and advice. He was besides attracted by the occupation to which Jean devoted himself; for he had already exhibited a decided taste for design; and no sooner had he received some elementary instructions from his brother, than, with an aptitude and a facility quite astonishing in so young a child, he produced some ornamental drawings and arabesques of quaint but most original and striking variety. "Therefore, it is not true," says Baldinuchi, indignantly, "that Claude Lorraine was ever placed apprentice at a pastrycook's." The good Italian, who had patrician tendencies, thought it necessary for genius not only to have a lineage, but to be respectable and work with white hands. "I detest," he adds, "all those stories related by biographers, who have taken no trouble to authenticate their statements, and who only repeat their ridiculous anecdotes to give meretricious brightness to the dramatic contrast they are about to draw."

In the same way, many historians have tried hard to show that Christopher Columbus was descended from one of the oldest families in Spain. Be this as it may, however, certain it is, that Claude had worked about a year with his brother, when one of his relatives, who was a lace merchant, had to undertake a journey to Rome. Fortune, which too often baffles the hopes of the aspiring, could not in this instance have offered a more hospitable invitation to a young artist, who already felt, but vaguely and in his day-dreams, presentiments of a mighty destiny.

Claude, hearing of the intended expedition, started off immediately to the house of his relative; was introduced to him, and immediately preferred a request that he would allow him to accompany him to the great city of Italy, to which the hopes of every artist turned, where the stores of ancient genius were gathered up, where poets were still crowned in the Capitol, and where pages had been known to rise to the high prelacy and become the masters of the world. The lace-merchant did not at first understand of what use so young a companion, entirely unaccustomed to commercial dealings, could be to him; but he was unable to resist the earnest solicitations of the boy; and so Claude Lorraine found himself in Rome. He immediately took a lodging not far from the Rotunda, and began to develop as well as he could those principles of his art which had germinated in his mind under the humble culture of his brother. A strict economy in his manner of living was rendered absolutely necessary by the scantiness of his purse; for all he had to subsist upon was a slight donation occasionally transmitted to him from his

friends at Frisbourg. But cheered by life and enthusiasm, and by the courage which is a characteristic of genius, he struggled with the difficulties of his position; and if he could gaze on the Colosseum; if he could sit in the rich galleries of the Vatican; if he could look on the works of pure glory, the goddesses and heroes immortalised in marble by the ancient artists; if he could go forth from Rome and survey the soft and glowing landscapes, with all their tender tints and graceful forms, which are spread out in the neighbourhood of the noble city, it mattered little to him that he lived in a narrow town and had no luxuries to place on his table.

At the end of three years, this kind of existence, pleasant if not Sybaritic, was brought to a close. War broke out between the treacherous house of Austria and the protestant powers; that war which during thirty years afflicted Italy and buried half the civilised world in blood and slaughter. Intercourse was now exceedingly rare and difficult between the communities on the different sides of the Alps. Rome especially felt the unholy commotion, and Claude Lorraine, then only eighteen years old, quitted his favourite city and travelled to Naples. It was perhaps not unfortunate for him that he was compelled to make this change. Around the shores of that beautiful bay, on which Torquato Tasso loved to gaze and which he so often remembered, and whose beauty he realised so truthfully in his songs, the young artist found landscapes with myrtle and ilex groves, gentle green hills, fields like garden lawns, and all those accessories of elegance, which, under his pencil, appear to our eyes like the unreal creations of fancy. In that happily-situated place he lived, as the pupil of Godfrey Wals, a painter of Cologne, who enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation. From him Claude acquired the principles of architecture and perspective.

He remained, however, only two years in the studio of this master; precisely the time necessary to harmonise in his mind his perceptions of two elements which impress so distinctive a character upon his wonderful landscapes—monuments, and the far-retiring horizon. He then returned to Rome, abounding more in knowledge, more rich in hopes, more audacious in ambition, but so poor that he was obliged to install himself in the household of Augustino Tassi, less in the character of a student than under the humiliating conditions of domestic servitude. This at least we must believe, if we choose to trust the version of his life which has been given by Sandrart, who impresses a character of truthfulness by the precision and minuteness of the details with which his account is filled.

Augustino Tassi was one of the most attached disciples of the celebrated landscape-painter, Paul Brill. Although afflicted by the gout, he had, like the orator Chatam, a vivacity of spirit which enabled him, in despite of physical pain, to be an interesting and even a fascinating companion. Courted, feasted, overwhelmed with commissions from the opulent citizens of Rome, Tassi surrounded himself with a pompous retinue, and inhabited a house built with those wide open doors, emblematical of hospitality, for which Italy was renowned. Here he was visited by cardinals and nobles, and by illustrious strangers of all countries. Here he was appointed by the conclave of cardinals to paint, for the public adornment of the city, architectural decorations, marine views, cartoons with deep perspective, and landscapes of every description; and with surprising energy he accomplished every task that was assigned him. Still, with a burden of sixty years and many infirmities upon his shoulders, he required an expert and agile assistant, who could superintend the affairs of his house, take care of his horses, arrange all ceremonial details, and otherwise manage his domestic concerns, while he received visitors, held the pencil, or directed the works of his disciples.

In Claude he found a young man sufficiently talented to undertake all that he desired, and sufficiently poor to accept the employment. No doubt, however, the position of the young painter, notwithstanding the degrading circumstances allotted to it, was not altogether unendurable. He enjoyed frequent intercourse with a mind of distinguished resources; he heard daily in his master's studio dissertations on art, which princes were ambitious to hear; and thus the genius of

* Joachim Sandrart: "Academia Nobilissima Artis Pictoriae," in folio, Nuremberg, 1682.

the painter of Lorraine was cultivated and his memory stored, in spite of the little education he had received in his youth. It is certain that he remained in the service of Augustino until the spring of the year 1625; but why does it happen that history is an oracle which is dumb precisely when we are most curious to interrogate her? That which is most unknown concerning illustrious men is the obscure place of their existence, when they stood in the dark valley of their youth, before they reached the luminous elevations of their greatness.—the long probation, the purgatory of genius, their groans at the threshold of the temple. We yearn to see others labouring through their hard apprenticeship, toiling at the commencement of their sublime labours. Alas! could we perceive and know how many others, perhaps with souls as great, having gazed from a distance at the enchanted landscapes of the earth, at the sweet land of promise, fell exhausted on the road, and perished under discouragement and fatigue, without a witness of their sufferings. Are there any among us who do not rejoice if we can trace the perilous and painful commencement of the journey by which the children

the evening blacken the summits of these mountains. He staid a little time in the monotonous country of Bavaria, the nest of princes, where he painted two pictures of the environs of Munich. The collection of works of art in that city also attracted his attention. Thence he proceeded into Suabia, and on the road met a party of brigands, who stripped him of all he possessed; but they could not strip him of his genuine treasure—his genius—and he became richer after viewing the sublime scenes which nature spread around him, even though he had not a *zachino* in his pocket.

At last, after many adventures, he once more reached the chateau of Chamagne and dwelt there for a considerable time. It is in vain that we search the records of his life for an account of his residence there. More easily may we penetrate to the retreat of the poet Petrarch, in the sweet valley of Valchiusia, "by Sorga's trembling waters." We can recover no idea of the impressions made on the mind of the great landscape painter by the scenery amid which he lived.

All we learn is that, having stayed sufficiently long to settle some family affairs, he proceeded to Nancy, where he was



THE HERDSMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

of genius in all ages and countries have travelled the dreary flats of unnoticed and unrewarded exertion, hidden, perhaps, by those clouds of calumny, of envy, and detraction, which, like vapour, always gather about the rising sun? We love to see the first pale copy of their brilliant works, their efforts full of anguish and danger, and the gateways of fame and delight. The stars which now burn in the zenith most radiantly, and astonish us with their lustre—shall we attempt to discover their origin?—shall we watch for the earliest glimmerings of the day, so like that magic Aurora, still trembling and uncertain, which Claude Lorraine saw and painted, leaving a dawn everlastingly bright, to show how he loved nature and how nature had gifted him?

In the spring of the year 1625, Claude departed from Rome in order to return to his native country. Amidst his efforts, his hopes, the changes and chances of his career, he had continually gone back in imagination to the place of his childhood—"the banks of the blue Moselle." He visited Loretto and Venice, observing the dark green colour of the water there. He crossed the Tyrol, noticing the very tints which in

introduced to Claude de Ruet, one of the most famous artists produced by that part of France. The pupil of Tempesta, the envious rival of Callot, Ruet, opulent and proud, appears at that time to have enjoyed the first rank in the society of Nancy. The ducal impostor, Henry II., had in 1621 conferred on him a patent of nobility. He moved from place to place in superb equipages; he was followed by a pompous suite of attendants; and, like Augustino Taasi at Rome, he was commissioned to execute some very important works. Among these was the decoration of the roof of the church of Carmelites, and several Italian artists were employed under his superintendence. Claude Lorraine, who had, since his journey to Naples and his residence with Cardfey, Walas, acquired great skill in painting perspective, wished to be intrusted with the conception of the design. His friend Ruet promised at least to employ him; and he was occupied for more than a year in the decorations of the roof and of the adjoining chapels. But this cold and barren employment little suited the glowing ambition of the young artist, who had not come from Italy without a memory enriched by ideas

of her pure blue skies, her vineyards and gardens, her snow-white ruins, her broad and smiling fields, and heroic monuments, which added sadness to her fame and radiance to her glory. He was dreaming of returning thither, when an accident, which occurred to one of the assistants who was employed in gilding some parts of his work, had the effect of completely disgusting him with the equivocal honour to be derived from painting on a fragile and lofty scaffolding. The assistant alluded to, having made a false step, fell from the scaffolding, and was only preserved from a mortal injury by falling on a cross beam, from which he was able to hang for a moment or two. Claude had just sufficient time to descend and save him at the moment when his weight was breaking the piece of timber to which he clung. But the catastrophe, to which he was every instant exposed, had such a powerful influence on his imagination, that he resolved to abandon a task in which his genius had no free or ample scope for the development of his powers. He accordingly started on his

overtopped their varied talents, and looked down upon them from the height of his own genius; he assisted them with his affectionate counsels, and taking up, with many of his faults, the antique traditions of Raffaele, endeavoured to combat the influence of the mannerists. Dwelling at the Trinity on the Mount, on a hill whence his eye took in a magnificent and gorgeous view, he had engrafted on landscape painting a sentiment of grandeur and might, which in those days was quite new; for though Titian and Hannibal Carachi had given a very glowing foretaste of historical landscape, Poussin it was who fixed and determined the style, became its most profound model, and grafted on it the peculiar genius of the French school. Few painters have indeed been more true, more real, and more suggestive of beauty than Nicolas Poussin. Claude Lorraine soon became acquainted with his illustrious countryman, and he accordingly took up his residence near at hand, also on the Trinity on the Mount. It may with justice and truth be predicated, that



THE WATERING PLACE FOR CATTLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

way to Italy, through Lyons and Marseilles, but was detained at that port by a severe illness. He then embarked in the same vessel with another French painter, Charles Erard de Nantes. The voyage was peculiar, for a frightful storm assailed the ship off the coast of Civita-Vecchia; but Claude at length saw the dome of St. Peter's, the centre and crown of Rome, in October, 1627; and he discovered that he had entered the city precisely on the day on which the people celebrated the festival of St. Luke—the festival of painters!

There resided in these days in Italy a Frenchman who exercised over the Italians all the usual ascendancy of a superior mind. We allude to the great Nicolas Poussin, who had been established in Rome ever since 1624. Around him, basking, as it were, within the warm rays of his genius, were grouped many eminent painters, Valentin, Guaspre, Jacques Stella, Peter de Laer, called Bamboche,* Cornelius Pommersburg, Jacques Callot, and many others. Nicholas

this contact acted much on the character of the artist's productions, and in some degree fixed his style. Claude had certainly, previously to meeting with his countryman, a presentiment of style; but after the lessons he derived from communion with Poussin, his thoughts were elevated, his ideas enlarged, and his education was, in a word, finished and completed in the company of one who appeared to give majesty even to the mighty productions of nature itself. We cannot but become convinced, on a little reflection, that the pupil of Godfrey Wals and Augustino Tassi derived from Poussin a capacity of elevating landscape, by breathing on it the charm of ideal beauty. Able and tasteful in his appreciation of architecture, Claude Lorraine would doubtless have embellished his landscapes by selections from ruins, and by choice bits of architecture; but the selection of his edifices would have been less happy, if the bright example of Poussin had not enabled him to see the distinguished part which monuments can play in great landscape painting.

But to speak frankly, the true master of the great painter of Lorraine was the bright, the glowing, the warm and vivifying sun. We may conceive, but not describe, all the efforts, the indomitable patience, the labour and fatigue, the thought, the care, required to cope with such a model. Claude endeavoured to fathom, deeper than any one else ever did before, the most secret mysteries of nature; he determined to catch the sun at every hour of the day, to know it by heart—not by study of the mere caprices of light, but by a careful examination of its truest harmonies. He would rise, many a time and oft, before the dawn, to wander into the country and watch the first rise and birth of day. While other men forgot, slumbering securely on their pillows, or turned away through indolence from one of the grandest spectacles that can meet the eye, Claude had ascended some lofty eminence, some green-bosomed hill, or mossy crag, and stood there like the out-posted sentinel of art; and then rosy-fingered Aurora displayed to him all the glorious beauties of her jewel-case, allowed him to play with her jewels, which are but fleecy clouds and transparent vapours; and all this he admired at a time when it was not thought ridiculous to speak of the rosy fingers of the blushing beauty, opening the gates of the East and flooding the earth with light. He wandered alone amid these luminous scenes of beauty, without pencils, without paint-boxes, for he drank in the lovely poetry of the scene, became exhilarated and inspired, and wanted no canvas to receive what he had seen. He watched in their most rapid variations every shade of colour when, in the morning of a lovely day, the sun appears at first of a silvery hue, preceded by a white aureole. This white is then tinged with yellow, some few degrees above the horizon; a little higher up the yellow turns to orange, the orange becomes vermilion, the vermilion turns to violet; and thus from tint to tint, from shade to shade, by delicate hues of marvellous riches

"Le jour pousse la nuit,
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre,"

to use the quaint words of old Ronsard, the most original of French poets in his day.

Then on the sea-shore he would gaze with rapt admiration on the glorious picture of the orb of day, bursting suddenly forth from beneath the waves, a minute before dark and gloomy, now dancing, a sheet of molten gold, beneath the sunny radiance of the morn. It is difficult to say where sunrise is most beautiful—on the mighty waste of waters, on the vast mountain chains, or when leaping forth from fertile fields, where the corn is yellow and ripe, where the vine blushes rich and rosy, where the orange-tree blooms and the myrtle shows its deep green foliage, or the rose sends up its bursting fragrance to the senses.

And when he had caught these glimpses of nature, he would return to the silent studio, and seek from memory to reproduce on canvas that which lived in his mind's eye, coloured, tinted, and complete. And as he had always noted in preference great effects, leaving small details on one side, he was sure that no unfortunate recollection of details of vegetation would come to disarrange the harmony, beauty, and ensemble of the whole. His studies, or rather his genius as a painter, thus advanced like the sun itself, which bathes every variety of nature, every tint of the earth and air, every colour of flower and skies, in the one warm flood of his own golden light.

The German artist who wrote the life of Claude, Joachim Sandrart, informs us that he sometimes met with the great artist amid the rocks and cascades of Tyrol. "Seeing me," says he, "paint rocks after nature, rather than from imagination, Claude approved highly of my method, and took advantage of it so largely, that, by unwearied industry and invincible patience, he was soon able to paint beautiful landscapes, which amateurs bought at a very high price, and of which he could never produce sufficient to please them." The two

painters became great friends, often met at Rome, and associated together in order to go into the fields and paint objects on the spot. While Sandrart selected rocks of wild and fanciful form, trunks of trees of strange and wrinkled shape, and the waterfalls, ruins, and buildings best suited, according to his idea, for historical landscapes, Claude Lorraine chose less complicated subjects, and studied rather the gentle sloping away of objects from the second foreground to the horizon,—that is to say, the phenomena of aerial perspective.† His object was to, as it were, pierce the canvas through and through, and represent the immeasurable distances which the eye groups in a landscape; above all, to preserve in a simple picture on an easel the grandeur of the aspects, the serenity of the whole scene, and the majestic harmony of nature, when the sun, from a blue firmament without clouds, sheds below its torrents of light and heat—a glowing and mighty deluge, as it were.

The great genius, the varied and bold talent of Claude, soon became known in Rome; and how, in fact, could it be otherwise, when he shone in the full light of the sun? His renown spreading like the rays of light, was scattered over Italy, crossed the mountains and the seas, reached France, and then flew to Spain; and there was soon a contest of no common character between princes, sovereigns, cardinals, and the pope, as to who should possess the finest Claudes. Baldinucci has left behind him some interesting details with reference to the names of the purchasers, and the high price they gave for the pictures.‡ Two landscapes, ordered by Cardinal Bentivoglio, having been shown to the pope, Urban VIII., were thought so admirable by his holiness, that, proclaiming aloud the superiority of the French artist over all other landscape-painters, he ordered of him four paintings in that style, one of which was to be a view of the port of Marinella. Claude painted this view, and another similar one, a sea-piece, with pontifical galleys; he then painted two village festival scenes—scenes which owed their existence to his imagination, which was as rustic as the mind of the poet of Mantua; luminous pastorals they are, in which the wedding of a goatherd becomes grand and magnificent from the beauty of surrounding nature and the gorgeous splendour of the horizon.

We need hardly say to our readers, who know the force of fashion in all these things, who are aware that courtiers will assume even the defects of a sovereign they wish to please, that the whole college of cardinals hastened to imitate the example of the pope; and as the pagan antique was in favour at the Vatican ever since the days of Leo X., the free and easy princes of the church, who were rather men of fashion, gallantry, and intrigue, than priests, were delighted to make the pencil of Claude, his lovely landscapes, supply an excuse for painting subjects from the metamorphoses of Ovid, the history of Cupid and Psyche, or that of the lovely nymph Egeria, who was changed into a fountain. These old men of the church were like the elders who admired Susannah; beauty was what they sought; they cared not how nude or equivocal the mode of treatment.

The king of Spain came in his turn. He ordered eight marine landscapes; four taken from the Old, and four from the New Testament. But while Claude was working with

et inventionis vi, sed naturâ ipsâ suggerente varia pingentem, quæ tantopere ipsi placebant, ut simili debine insisteret methodo, et postmodum laboriositate indefessâ et pertinaciâ invincibili in imitanda quod tractus subdiles natura eos usque pertingeret, ut subdilia ejus graphico pennis anxie debine congruantur, carâ pretio emantur." J. Sandrart: "Academia, etc."

† "Quemadmodum ego rupes saltem exquirebam singulares, stipites arborum extantiores, ramorum comas magis frondosas, cataractarum undarum, ædificia et ruinas majores et pro complemento plenius historiarum magis mihi idoneas, ita ex adverso ille minori saltem prægebat formâ, quæque post secundum longius distarent fundum et horizontem diminuerentur."—Sandrart. The old artist's Latin is worth quoting for its quaintness.

* "Donec aliquando libere intra rupes me offenderet asperitas, manu tractantem et ad naturam referentem."

ardour at one of these compositions, he learnt that it had been sold as his by plagiarists and copyists. The high price that our great artist charged for his pictures, without any one even complaining that too great a value was set upon them, had stimulated forgers, who came and stole the ideas of Claude Lorraine, and imitated, in some degree, his effects of light, so as to deceive foreigners and ignorant amateurs. Every one will see what a great misfortune this was for the artist, who was not only injured in his purse and fortune, but calumniated by the sale and preservation of bad copies, which, shown as his to men of taste, lowered him in their estimation and detracted from his well-earned fame. Claude, on making this discovery, and on finding the extent to which the system had been carried, resolved to keep a copy of every picture which left his workshop, making a note on the back of the drawing, the name of the purchaser, its date, and, on many occasions, its price. He made himself a portfolio, in which he registered every one of his thoughts as a sketch, so that he was able to offer to amateurs the control of his originals, and confound the impudence of forgers bold enough to imitate the aerial light of his pictures. He called it "The Book of Invention, or the Book of Truth."* This was the immortal register where he collected together all the wandering fancies of his genius. These sketches, which were, so to speak, the dawn of his pictures, are washed in with bistre, with a rather heavy hand as regards the figures, and yet with all the evidence of power and genius. Some pen-and-ink dashes show us what the character of the leaves will be; we catch, too, a glimpse of the light; we guess, beneath the glimmering indications of a flat tint, the distribution of the manor, the slope of the grounds, the general set off. We can conceive nothing more exquisite or pleasing to the eye of the artist than these prefaces—these dreamy outlines of what is to be a splendid picture. It seems as if we looked at the future rich canvas through a gauze curtain, and could catch a flickering indistinct glimpse of landscapes, even more beautiful than we shall ever see. Now it is a grove, where the Muses halt, beautifully and gracefully grouped, to hearken to the song of Apollo, beside a rippling lake on which float the lazy swans; and with a country behind, the distances of which probably gave the poet the idea, when he speaks of seeing in the distance hills and mountains the summits of which are lost in the clouds, while their strange shape and vague character leave us to form an horizon where we please; now it is a mysterious bark gliding on the moving waters, and just about to fade away from our sight between two willow-clad islands; sometimes we gaze with admiration on the bulls of the Campagna Romagna, up to their knees in a marsh, and tended by a herdsman as wild and savage as the place itself.

Many days indeed may be passed in turning over the leaves, in examining the rich and original designs of this book, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and of which the fac-similes have been so ably and artistically engraved by Earlom. On the back of the first drawing in the "Book of Truth," we find the following inscription stuck on a piece of paper, written in the handwriting of Claude himself—still the ignorant Claude in all but painting—and which we give exactly, without correction or alteration:—

"Audi 10 Dagosto, 1677,
Ce présent livre appartient à moy que je fais durant
ma vie Claudio Gil'oe, dit le Lorrains,
a Roma, le 28 eos. 1680."†

But the "Book of Truth" was no effective protection for Claude against the rapacity of his greedy imitators. Some, adventuring even into his studio, caught up at a glance his ideas and sketches, and did not even wait until the pictures were issued to reap the profit; so that, by a disgraceful and scandalous system, the canvas of the plagiarist was issued before the original picture. The master, as a last resource,

was compelled to shut up his studio to all visitors, except a few friends on whom he could rely, like Poussin and Cardinal Bentivoglio, or disinterested admirers, like Prince Panfilii, the Cardinals' Medici, Spada, Giori, and Mellino, the Constable Colonna, the Florentine Paolo Falconieri, and a few others. This decision, to which the generous artist was driven by a sense of justice to himself, excited great murmurs; but he had no other remedy against the pestilent thieves who picked his pocket and desecrated his genius. But when the painter shut himself up in his studio, excluding the vulgar crowd, he kept the bright sun with him there, and lived in that company and on the memory of real and true nature. He had grown old and had the gout, and his favourite walks near the waterfalls of Tivoli, where Sandrart had so often met him, were past for ever. He now painted wholly from the elements with which he had stored his mind in the past—those glorious and magnificent landscapes, perfumed by the ideal, warmed by beauty, and resplendent with light and the glow of Italian summer.

The French artists of that and other days always placed nature in the background, and made man occupy the first place. The fact is, that, with rare exceptions, the French never cared about nature—Florian was an anachronism—man, his passions and his actions, alone occupied their attention. They neither comprehended nor sympathised with calm and quiet loveliness. The storm and the battle engaged their thoughts, when the sweet beauty of rich and lovely landscape would have passed by unheeded. Claude Lorraine himself, who was so fond of the light and the sun, never went beyond the limits of historical landscape; he remained faithful to the lessons he had taken from his great master Nicolas Poussin. The rays with which his canvases are flooded light up some choice scene in nature, play in the classic colonnade, or peer through the cords of an antique trireme. It was not without result that Claude lived in Rome, surrounded by learned men and poets, and protected by erudite and classical cardinals. That vast sea, into which the setting sun plunges, bears the galley whence descends Cleopatra the Beautiful. One landscape of Claude exhibits "The Consecration of David," while another exhibits all the preparations for a sacrifice. Warriors in heroic costume saunter about in the foreground of his seaports; all his pictures, in fact, are at all events as much filled by historical recollections as they are by the warmth and glow of the sun. Even when his fancy induces him to delineate the dances of a pastoral festival, the land to which he takes us is that of the Eclogues, and there exhales from them a perfume of the idyls of Anacreon and of the laurels of Virgil.

With regard to putting figures in a landscape, there prevails an error—at all events we regard it as one—which should be corrected. "Intelligent painters," says a critic of the last century, "have rarely painted desert landscapes without figures. They have peopled them, they have introduced into these pictures a subject composed of several personages whose actions may touch us and attach them unto us. It is thus that Rubens, Poussin, and all the other great masters have acted—he might have included Claude Lorraine—who have never contented themselves with introducing into their pictures a man going slowly along his road, or a woman taking fruits to market. They introduce thinking beings, that they may give us subjects to think about. They introduce men moved by the ordinary passions of humanity, in order to move our passions, and to interest us by this very agitation."‡ These very sage remarks by the learned Abbé Dubos are incorrect, and in fact simply puerile. When an artist desires to create a genuine landscape, that is, to depict the beauties of the country—the evening, a morning scene, the charms of water and wood, to snatch and trace the mysteries of nature—he should avoid introducing any very interesting action, for the landscape loses naturally in interest as far as the action interests, and the real object of the painter is lost. No man who wished to depict correctly and

* Libro d'invenzioni ovvero libro di verita.

† The above interesting facts are found in an article on Claude by Eugene Piot, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur," for the year 1843, vol. II.

‡ Abbé Dubos's "Reflexions sur la peinture et la poésie." Vol. I. 42.

convey to the idea the grandeur of Niagara or Mont Blanc, would think of introducing them as mere illustrations of some scene of action.

When Poussin introduces into his landscapes historical figures, or men agitated by passions, as Dubos says, it is the action of the figures, which is the chief end and aim of the picture, and the landscape is an accessory, or rather the framework of the subject. "Arcadia" is an example. Imbued with the great principle of unity, had he desired to create in our minds admiration for the splendour of the horizon, or to show us his power of portraying them, he would have been very particular not to introduce complicated figures. It would have sufficed fully for his purpose, just to recall the image and idea of man, by introducing a solitary cavalier, or a shepherd gazing at his flock as they watered. Having often violated this eternal principle of unity, Claude Lorraine has committed an error very common with French artists; that is to say, he has divided the interest of his pictures.

equally successful, equally admirable in the arrangement of their trees, according to the more or less massiveness which their foliage produces, and also in the art of painting, so that each particular species is recognised at a glance, either by the appearance of the boughs, the division of the bouquets, or the characteristic shape of the foliage. Sandrart himself has made this remark with regard to our artist. He insists very much upon this point, and says, in his German Latin,† that the leaves of the trees, painted by Claude, seem to move and shake in the wind.

Claude Lorraine had, properly speaking, no pupils, though historians have given him two: Herman Swanevelt and Le Courtois. Herman was nothing more than a very clever imitator of Claude; Courtois, if we are to believe a very distinguished amateur,‡ has executed some landscapes in the style of Lorraine; among others the "Siege of Rochelle," and the "Pas de Suze," which are found in the Louvre. It does not, however, appear that these two painters received any



DANCE ON THE EDGE OF THE WATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

On the other hand he has never been more successful or more grand, than when he has introduced figures of sailors without a story, pastors without a name; all the while preserving the lofty, sublime, and elevated taste of those ruins full of majesty, which make us think of the absent heroes, and the strange stories of those immortal gods who by their lives, as told by their worshippers, often make us rejoice that they were false, and that we live in a time when we know the true and great God of Christianity.

Turning to trees, we find that those which Claude Lorraine was fond of introducing into his landscapes, are the horse-chestnut and the Spanish, with lofty branches, round forms, and the brown bark of which is enlivened by the clear gray of the moss attached to them. It is easy to remark, as Le Carpentier* does, when speaking of Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine, that these two great landscape-painters have been

direct lessons from him, though, in reality, he was their master. The only pupil whom Claude formed under his own eyes was a certain Domenico Romano, a poor young cripple, whom he took into his house and fed, and who was for a long time to him what he had been to Tassi; but Domenico Romano, having learnt to paint, the rumour was set afloat that he was the unknown artist, the true author of the pictures which were given to the world as the production of Claude Lorraine. When this news was sufficiently spread, the pupil became ungrateful, thought himself a great man, and was inflated by vanity. He left the studio of the great landscape-

† Ubi arbores expressit diversas naturali omnes quantitate quasi veras, stipitem, frondes, coloreque tam argute juxta cujusvis speciem singulis tribuendo tamque distincte cunctas representando, ut vix motu perscrutari viderentur.—Cap. xxiii. Partis secundæ, lib. iii.

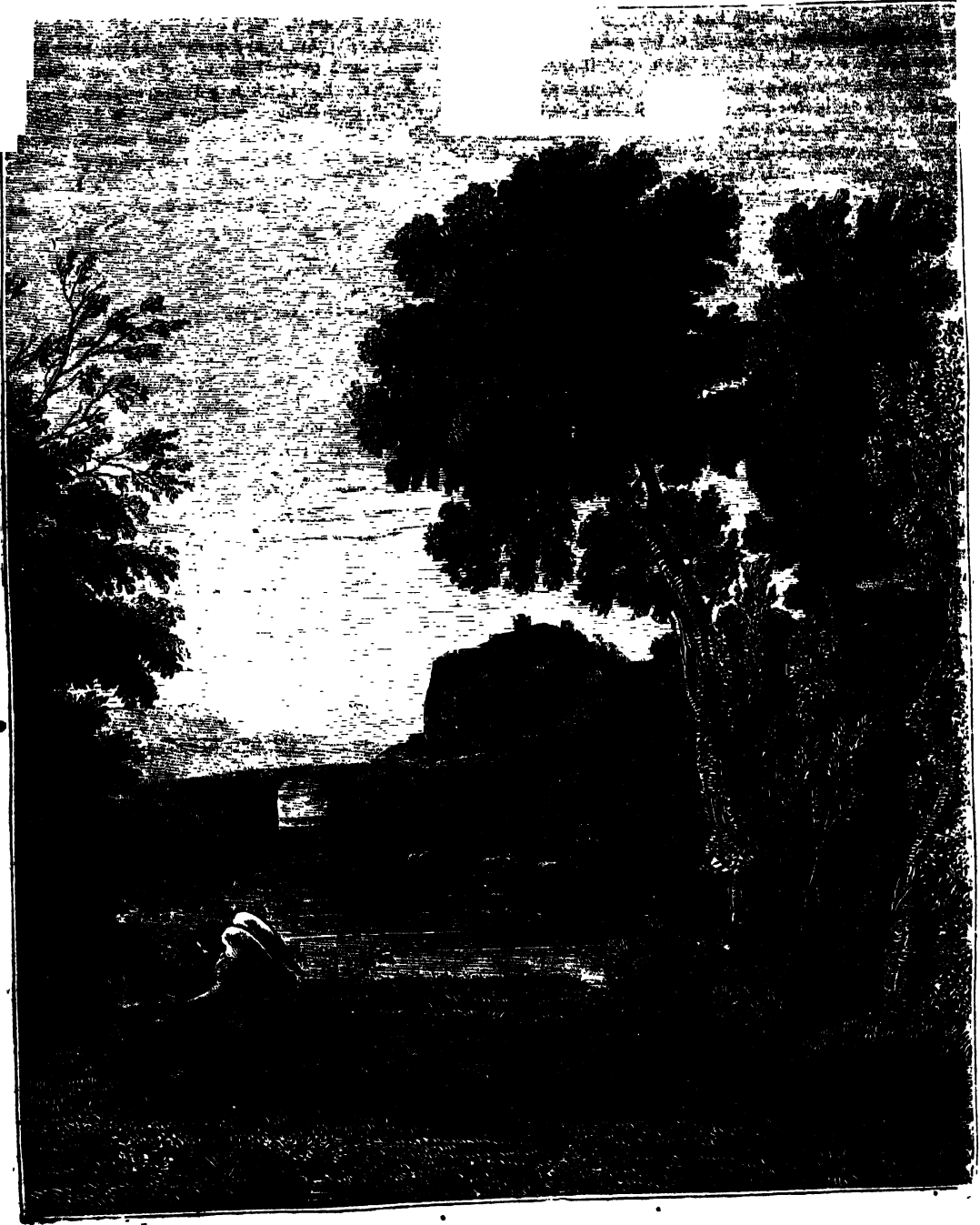
‡ Duperthes: "Histoire de l'art du Paysage," p. 157. Paris, 1822. The catalogue of the Louvre gives the pictures alluded to as!

painter, and brought an action against him for the wages that he said were due to him.

Claude Lorraine sent for his disciple, who stood before him bold and audacious, for vanity and egotism had made him half mad.

"What is this I owe you?" said the great painter, sternly. The crippled pupil mentioned a sum.

As for the imitators of Claude, they were innumerable. All the Dutchmen, Germans, and Spaniards who went to Italy, were inspired by his paintings. In the present day, the brilliant success of our landscape-painters is mainly owing to their enthusiastic admiration and careful study of Claude Lorraine. In France, where they are justly proud of one who was truly great, he has been a constant model for imitation—



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

"Come with me," said Claude, with a scornful smile.

He took him to the bank of Spirito Santo, where all his money was deposited, and counted out to him the money he asked for.

"Go," continued he, "poor soul. Money may rejoice you, but it will not give you genius. Paint, and let the world judge whether or no I have harmed you."

No more was heard of Domenico Romano.

he has been the classic artist for two centuries. A whole Pleiad of renowned and celebrated artists, from the two Patels to Valenciennes, without omitting Bourdieu, Francois Milet, Mauperché, Joseph Vernet, and Lantara, undoubtedly felt the influence of Claude, combined with that of his master, Nicolas Poussin. This is natural enough. Before the revolution which the nineteenth century so fortunately made in art, by infusing into it the fresh perfume of the

romantic poetry of the north, the France of that indistinct period called the Renaissance knew no ideal but that of paganism, and none had ever elevated classical idealism higher, or painted the scenes of the heroic past better, than Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine.

A distinction must be drawn between the two, however, and can easily be made clear. The Norman painter painted the land of heroes and philosophers, while the artist of Lorraine cast the light of his ideal beauty over the dwelling-place of herdsmen and demi-gods. The landscape of Nicolas Poussin is generally historical—that of Claude is Arcadian. Pythagoras would have been pleased to saunter with his disciples on the banks of that river that percolates the country scene of Poussin, or beneath the shadows which lead to the neighbouring villa. In the rich conceptions, the sunny bright pictures of Claude, nature is less solemn, and its varied aspects recall rather the primitive period—the fortunate golden time, when the earth of Saturn belonged to poetry, and the heart of man to love. Scarcely ever, in his marine landscapes, does he represent a tempest; for nothing that is strange, violent, or in rude motion is attractive to him. He never runs after fantastic clouds or sudden or unexpected effects of light. His favourite part of light is its peaceful and dazzling brightness; he paints the deep blue firmament when it is pure and unspangled by clouds—the country when it is happy and smiling—animals when they feed in perfect liberty, watched over by the apocryphal shepherds of Theocritus or Virgil. His landscapes are truly those of the golden age. There is one in which the old fable of Narcissus is recorded, with a scene of marvellous beauty around him. Some women, concealed behind a tuft of thick bushes, are watching young Narcissus as he gazes at himself in the fountain, while the sun and nature, and the soft breeze which waves to and fro the summits of the tall trees, and the distant ruins flooded with golden light, all tell of love. What a soft and balmy temperature—what a delicious evening! Who would not wander across that scene of such august tranquillity, lose himself, listen to the waterfall, and come back to that grove in the foreground to find again that deserted nymph dying a languishing death near her river, amid the green turf and surrounded by the narcissus flower?

Of all hours of the day, Claude Lorraine loved the evening, the setting sun; and, to give additional play to his scene, he generally chose the banks of the sea. When just about to dip into the ocean, the sun casts upon the calm sea a positive carpet of light; the waves rustle, as it were, beneath the soft evening breeze; and the gently-moved waters of the trembling ocean reflect, in myriad sparkles, the dying brightness of the luminary. No clouds are in the sky, or very few; perhaps a light vapour, like a veil of gauze, is lit up by the expiring sun. On the borders of the water rise Italian palaces—noble porticoes, whose columns give scarcely any shade, wrapped as they are in a luminous atmosphere which impregnates every place with light. Statues, which rise on the splendid terraces of these palatial halls, swim in golden vapour. Gallies are at anchor; the rays of evening light come dancing through the rigging, and show in the water the long narrow shape of the ship—a furrow, so to speak, of shade. On the shore walk people who are, it seems, dazzled by the rays of the setting sun; and it would be a pleasure for us to imitate those among them, who use their hats as a kind of parasol, to avoid being blinded with the too great effulgence. On the edge of the horizon the sun seems to penetrate into palaces of fire, and is about to disappear in the midst of a conflagration which all the waves of the sea cannot put out, but which will soon be extinguished as it passes through every gradation of vermilion, violet, and deep blue, even unto darkness.

All this is admirably exemplified in "The old Port of Messina" by Claude.

One remarkable thing about Claude Lorraine was, that he never began to be wholly himself until he reached the second day, that is to say, until his lungs began to breathe.

In the front are in general palaces and masses of which serve him as side-scenes, and he might even be

reproached with the monotony of the foreground; but on some occasions the "set-off" is skilfully concealed and dissimulated by the careful discrimination of the darker shades; it is valuable rather from the mass than the actual strength of each shade, so that all remains lit up, though there is a kind of demi-tint to bring it up. We must also not omit to observe that Claude Lorraine was the first painter who studied the laws of refraction, when he painted the sun mirroring itself in the waters of the sea. "If water bends a stick, my reason straightens it," says Lafontaine. But the artist prefers the *naïvetés* of nature to the correction of reason.

Drawing and engraving on steel occupied a considerable portion of the life of Claude Lorraine. In the year 1636 he had already engraved some of his best pieces, amongst others, one of his masterpieces, the "Campo Vaccino," in which we are made familiar with the grandeur of the Roman city. It is the ancient Forum, an immense space filled with thousands of people and with light, and surrounded by monuments, such as the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Temple of Antoninus, the ruins of the Temple of Concord; and in the background, the Coliseum and Arch of Titus. "However, the engravings of Claude," says an amateur, the Count Guillaume de Lamoignon, "have nothing brilliant in them; they produce no great effect, and the magic effect of the *chiaroscuro* which we admire in the engravings of Rembrandt, for example, is wholly wanting; the figures are, moreover, generally badly drawn, as they often are in his pictures; he was not very clever in the mechanical part of the affair, and had not fully acquired the art of applying the aquafortis; sometimes it produces no effect, and sometimes it does not bite at all. His engravings, therefore, have little charm for the superficial amateur; but the enlightened connoisseur admires the choice of the subjects, the beauty of the arrangement, especially that of the trees, the nobility of the architecture, and in general, the taste, style, and spirit of the man of genius."

This judgment is rather too severe, especially as far as the figures are concerned. If it be true, as is very generally believed, that those in his *tableaux* were chiefly from the hand of Courtois, of Philippe Lauri, Jean Miel, François Allegrini, and even of Nicolas Poussin, we must hesitate before we decide that Claude did not know how to draw the human form. When having recourse to the hands of strangers or the pencils of friends, he only followed a very universal custom. The figures which the great landscape-painter has drawn in his "Book of Truth," and in his engravings, have sometimes, it is true, an amount of awkwardness, but it is a powerful and energetic awkwardness; they are correct in their motions and correct in their pantomime. In some few dashes they express with rare vigour and truth the roughness of the men of a seaport, or the somewhat heavy and ponderous elegance of the gentlemen who wore doublets and swords. It was only out of sheer modesty that Claude was wont to say to those amateurs who came to buy his pictures, that he gave the figures in for nothing.

There is still preserved in one of the Queen's collections, a drawing by Claude, which bears the date of 1682, and which represents a scene of the Eneid. The painter was then eighty-two years old, and still he worked. He died calmly in the month of December of the same year, and was buried in the church of the Trinity on the Hill. He left, as an inheritance to his nephews, amongst other works, the "Book of Truth." This marvellous book was sold to a French jeweller, Louis XIV. having charged his ambassador at Rome, the Count d'Estrees, to purchase this precious monument of the genius of the French nation, he endeavoured to fulfil the monarch's wish, but in vain. The "Livres de Vérité" passed into England, to the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, who had it engraved, in 1777, by Earlom. The heirs of Claude placed the following inscription on his tomb, which is the more worthy of being preserved here that it is utterly obliterated on the white marble tablet where it first was cut:

* "Œuvres de Claude Gellée, dit le Lorrain," par le Comte G. de L.

D. O. M.
CLAUDIO GELLÉE LOTHARINGO,
 Ex loco de Camagne orto
 Pictori eximio
 Qui ipse Orientis et Occidentis
 Solis radios in campestribus
 Munificè pingendū effinxit
 Hic in urbe ubi artem coluit
 Summam laudem inter magnates
 Consecutus est
 Obiit IX. Kalend. Decembris, 1682,
 Etatis suæ LXXXII.
 Joann. et Josephus Gellée
 Patruo clarissimo monumentum hoc
 Sibi posterisque suis poni curarunt.*

In the month of July, 1840, the ashes of Claude Lorraine were transferred from the Trinity on the Mount to the church of Saint Louis des Français, in a tomb elevated to the prince of landscape painters, by order of the Minister of the Interior. The inauguration of this monument, executed by M. Lemoine, professor of the academy of St. Luke, took place in presence of the chargé d'affaires of France, M. de Reyneval, and of all the artists who were then at Rome.

The following inscription is upon it:—

LA NATION FRANÇAISE N'OUBLIE PAS SES ENFANTS CÉLÈBRES
 MEME LORSQU'ILS SONT MORTS A L'ÉTRANGER.

Whenever we find ourselves in presence of a great master, we are led, despite ourselves, to think of principles. With painters of the genius of Claude all becomes matter for learning, and their faults are even as instructive as their triumphs. Do we wish to know if painting is or is not a simple imitation of the outer world? Claude Lorraine is there to answer for us. What, will people say—that disc of yellow ochre and white, pretends to represent the sun—the sun itself? A little colour on a piece of canvas, that is the great luminary of the world; this is what you call the most faithful copy of the great work of the divine Creator. Yes, doubtless, between nature and art, between the sun of God and the sun of Claude Lorraine there is a wide abyss. And yet it must be said that the landscape of the artist is much above and much below nature. Combined with the individual sentiment of a great artist, it bears the imprint of a poetry which matter alone does not contain, or which at least lies latent and unknown within it. If Claude had not come upon the banks of the sea to gaze on the magnificent spectacle of evening, nobody would have ever opened his eyes to the beautiful spectacle of a hot and burning sky. Those sailors who are lying on the deck of that ship at anchor; those merchants who are counting their bales along the golden strand; in fine, those noble promenaders who may be seen coming out of that palace, the steps of which descend to the sea, probably would not experience the same emotions at the reality as would be awakened in them by the sight of a sunset by Claude Lorraine. In the picture all is elevated, if it is only by evoking the recollection of ancient history or heroic fables, and we may readily fancy that the coffered ranges along the banks contain the famous purple of Tyre, twice dyed and unalterable. In this way, by passing through the crucible of a painter's inspired soul, by being touched by the emotions of his heart, the work of God is often more eloquent in painting than in reality. When the earth is beautiful, the painter knows that it is so, and the earth knows it not.

Many criticisms on Claude Lorraine have been written. The following by J. A. St. John is new and fresh:—"It strikes me, if I were a painter, I could have discovered a hundred landscapes between Fouah and Cairo, which would not have been unworthy of the pencil of Claude.

To be in fashion, I ought, perhaps, to have named some other artist, the current of opinion setting in just now against the delineator of the warm and genial south. But whatever happens, it is best to be honest. If my ideas offend the conventionalists, I am sorry for it; but having myself beheld nature

in her loveliest forms, both in the temperate and torrid zones, I may at least be allowed to judge whose pencil reminds me most of her serene splendour. The object of all art is pleasure, which can only be awakened in us through the instrumentality of beauty, whether in the aspect and colours of external nature, or in the symmetry of the human form.

"To me, Claude in landscape, and Raffaele in historical painting, appear to have worked most in conformity with this theory, and consequently to have produced the noblest and purest results. To derive enjoyment from looking at nature, is practically a simple process; but if we attempt to explain the laws by which the sources of delight are stirred within us, we find the whole apparatus of metaphysics scarcely equal to the task. It is the same precisely with the mimetic arts. When I stand, for example, before one of Claude's landscapes, supposing my mind to have been previously agitated by the perturbing influence of the passions, the storm begins immediately to subside, while a serenity like that of a sweet summer's day takes its place. The beauty, snatched as it were from nature, and rendered permanent by art, sinks into the soul, and through a law or force inexplicable to me, disposes it irresistibly to assume that unruffled composure necessary to its reflecting properly the external image, to the magic of whose influence it is for the time subjected.

"No other landscape-painter accomplishes this triumph so invariably and completely as Claude. Salvator Rosa appeals with singular power to our sympathy for wild and savage nature, chasms, mountain-torrents, sombre and frowning crags, dark forests, with the figures of fierce banditti looming through their obscurity. Nicolas Poussin awakens our classical or scriptural reminiscences, revives the impression of our school-boy days, or, which is still more, carries us back to those moments of unmixed delight, when on our mother's knee we first lisped through the marvellous traditions of Palestine and the East.

"But they, neither of them, put us in possession of that sunshine of the breast which streams in upon us, or is kindled by the works of Claude, who felt all that is serene and lovely in the countenance of our mother earth, and has represented his conceptions in colours which we must grieve to think should ever fade. His architecture, his seas, his glassy rivers, his mountains blue and hazy with distance, his skies full of light and brilliance, his trees displaying every variety of forest beauty, his foregrounds, copses, flowers, weeds and all, fresh, dew-dripping, and almost exhaling fragrance as we look on them, so full are they of suggestions to the sense as well as to the mind,—this combination of things, I say, acts like a glorious poem on the imagination, and hushes it into a rapt feeling, not unakin to devotion. My friend, Linton, especially in his Venetian pictures, is every year giving fresh proofs that he has been drinking at the same great fountain. His sunsets are delicious, his ruins seem to crumble before the eye, and his waves, leaping, cool and translucent, transport us forcibly to the shores of the Mediterranean."

The pictures of Claude Lorraine, so much valued over all Europe, have become very rare. They are now chiefly found in national galleries, or the galleries of the English aristocracy.

The Louvre contains the best collection of pictures from the brush of Claude Lorraine. This Museum contains sixteen, several of which are masterpieces, in which the painter shows himself in all the splendour of his most brilliant qualities. More than half of these pictures are found in "The Book of Truth."

"The Consecration of David," and "The Landing of Cleopatra" (Nos. 80 and 96 in "The Book of Truth") were painted for Cardinal Giorio; in the inventory of the Louvre, made in 1816, they are estimated, the first at £2,800, the second at £4,800.

The two "Seaports" were painted for the Prince de Liancourt and an amateur of Paris. This last picture bears the signature of Claude and the date of 1646. They were both engraved by Dominique Barrière. The one is estimated at £4,000, the other at £3,200.

"The Village Festival" and "The View of a Seaport"

the *Setting of the Sun* were executed for Pope Urban VIII. The first of these pictures, painted in 1669, has been estimated at £4,000; the second, very well engraved by Lebas, was sold at the sale of Gaignat, in 1768, for £204; at the sale of Choiseul-Praslin, in 1793, for £600; and is now valued at £4,800.

"The Campo Vaccino" and "View of a Seaport" were painted for M. de Bethune, ambassador of France at Rome. These two pictures were sold in 1737 for £134; in 1768 for £248; in 1776 for £476; in 1780 for £440. In 1816 they were valued at £1,200 and £1,600.

The Gallery of the Hermitage of St. Petersburg almost equals the Louvre in the importance and riches of its Claude's. It possesses no less than fourteen. There is a magnificent series of four pendants of equal dimensions—three feet nine inches by five feet three inches—representing the four parts of the day, in which the ordinary assistant of Claude, Philippe Louis, has painted "The Vision of Tobias," "The Return

There are besides in the Hermitage two landscapes, representing, one, "The Judgment of Marsyas," the other a "Pastoral Scene;" and two marine landscapes, in which are seen, on one side, Apollo and the Sibyl of Cumæ, on the other, men loading a ship. These four superb specimens of this master were purchased by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia; the two first in 1776, with the Crozat collection; the two latter in 1779, with the Houghton gallery.

The Museum of Madrid, and the National Gallery of London, have each the same number of Claude's. Those of the Museum of Madrid are incontestable and very valuable. One, the least of all, is a landscape adorned with figures and animals. The nine others form three series, one of three, one of four, one of two.

The first series, which are the largest-sized Claude's known to exist—five feet nine inches by eight feet five inches—comprise "A Penitent Magdalen in the Desert," and with a rising sun, "A Hermit Praying in the Desert," with a



CATTLE DRINKING AT A POOL.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

of the Holy Family," "The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel," and "The Struggle of Jacob with the Angel."

These four pictures, Nos. 160, 164, 169, and 181 of "The Book of Truth," were painted for several amateurs of the Low Countries; they then passed into the Electoral Gallery of Cassel, where they remained until the time of the German war in 1806. They were packed up with a number of other pictures, the most precious of the gallery, which were being removed from Cassel for the purpose of concealment, until the peace enabled them to restore them to their old place. But a French general succeeded in capturing them, and presented them to the Empress Josephine, who adorned her Malmaison with them. There the Emperor Alexander of all the Russias bought them, with the "Arquebusers" of Teniers, "The Cow" of Paul Potter, the "Gerard Douw au Chien," and thirty other of the best pictures of that collection.

four *tableaux* by Claude cost the emperor £4,000 out money he paid for the pictures bought at Malmaison. They were engraved by Schlotterbeck and Haldenwang.

setting sun, and the "Temptation of St. Anthony," a landscape with a moonlight effect.

The second series is composed of four large pictures; they represent, in the first place, "Moses saved from the Waters," secondly, "The Funeral of St. Sabine," thirdly, "The Embarkation of St. Pauline," the fourth, "Tobias and the Angel Raphael" (see p. 345). These four pictures, of which the figures are attributed to William Courtois, brother of Jacques, called the *Bourguignon*, were painted for the king of Spain.

The last series of two pictures represents two landscapes, smaller than those in the preceding series; one, "A Morning Effect," the other "An Evening Scene."

The ten pictures in the National Gallery of this country are, with two exceptions, as authentic and as fine Claude's as any in the world. There are two of very great dimensions; one well known under the name of "The Queen of Sheba," and the other as "Rebecca's Wedding."

The first picture is of a seaport, seen under the effect of the rising sun, while the action of the production is the

Embarking of a Princess and her Court;" the English generally call it the Bouillon Claude, says a French critic, because it was painted for the duke of that name in 1688.

The second represents a landscape adorned with figures dancing on a vast open sward. These two pictures were for a long time the pride of the Hotel Bouillon, on the Quai Malaquais in Paris, which also contained numerous other precious pictures, which still remained there in 1787, but in a furniture warehouse, where they were rotting, as the Duke of Bouillon rarely occupied his hotel in Paris.

About 1804 these two Claude's passed into the hands of

Each of the galleries lays claim to the possession of the original, which connoisseurs usually declare to be that in the Doria palace in the eternal city of Rome.

Besides "The Queen of Sheba" our National Gallery contains two other exquisite marine pieces, "The Embarking of St. Ursula," and "The View of a Seaport at Sunset." These two were painted, the first in 1646, for Cardinal Barberini, the second, in 1644, for Cardinal Giorio. They also came from the collection of Mr. Angerstein, who had them from Messrs. Desenfant and Panné about 1800. They also cost £8,000.



THE BEGGARS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

Charles Sebastian Erard, who sent them to England. A distinguished English amateur, Mr. Angerstein, bought them for £8,000, and it was at this sum that they were valued in the collection of this amateur, when it was bought by the English government in 1823, to form the basis of the present National Gallery.

The "Queen of Sheba" is regarded as the finest marine landscape ever painted by the great Claude Lorraine; as for the "Wedding of Rebecca," there is a fac-simile of it in the Doria Palace at Rome, where it is called "Il Mulino."

There are also four other Claude's, very much admired for their beauty. They bear the titles of "Reconciliation of Cephalis and Procris," "The Death of Procris," "Narcissus and the Echo," and "Agar in the Desert." The first of these four pictures also comes from the cabinet of that same princely amateur, Mr. Angerstein. The other three were left to the National Gallery by Sir George Beaumont in 1826, with another landscape, which is the fellow to "Agar in the Desert."

A sixth landscape, the most important of all, was left as a

legacy to the same gallery by Mr. W. Holwell Carr, in 1831. It is "Sinon taken before Priam," a picture dated 1657. This picture, painted for the Prince Don Agustino, was for a long time at the palace of Ghigi at Rome. At the sale of the Walsh Porter collection, which took place in London in 1810, it was sold for £2,750. It is valued by Smith at £3,700.

The other museums of Europe contain very few pictures by Claude. The Pinacothec Museum of Munich has four or five pair, each representing a morning and an evening. The Gallery at Dresden contains three, of which two are of great beauty, reproduced in "The Book of Truth," Nos. 110 and 141. The Museum of Berlin and that of Naples each possesses two pictures by Claude; the Gallery of Florence has only one, but it is an admirable one, "A Seaport with a Setting Sun," No. 28 of "The Book of Truth." It was painted for Cardinal Medici. It is valued at £3,000.

English amateurs, as well as artists, have always shown great attachment for the pictures of Claude. In the years 1799 and 1800, the English who were at Rome bought from the Princes Colonna, Borghese, Doria, Corsini, and others, who were obliged to sell their pictures to pay the heavy contributions imposed upon them by the government. Among these pictures were some of Claude's very best, which before had decorated the palaces at Rome. Most of the works painted for Italy have left that country: poverty and despotism and bigotry have done their natural work.

Mr. Forster found only about a dozen in all the museums and palaces of Italy. In England, on the contrary, there are few private collections, visited by Waagen, which had not some. He found at least fifty. The collection of Mr. Thomas Coke, at Holham, alone has ten—as many as the National Gallery. Most of them are very important productions of the great artist, and are found in "The Book of Truth;" such as "Argus and Io," "The Punishment of Marsyas," "Apollo keeping the Flocks of Admetus," "Apollo and the Sibyl of Cumæ," "Perseus," "Rest of the Holy Family," Nos. 86, 95, 135, 161, 181, 187, of "The Book of Truth."

The Grosvenor Gallery, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, in London, contains seven pictures by Claude, all choice pictures, which are taken from the collection of Mr. W. Agar. The most precious of the thirteen Claude's, altogether contained in this collection, are two landscapes, with houses, rivers, mountains, figures, and animals. They belonged to the cabinet of M. Blondel de Gagny, and at the sale of that cabinet, made in Paris in 1776, they were sold for £960. In 1805 Mr. Agar refused £8,000 for them.

The Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to Earl Ellesmere, in London, possesses four *tableaux* by Claude; amongst others, "Moses on Mount Horeb," and "Demosthenes on the Borders of the Sea," two admirable works, numbered 161 and 171 of "The Book of Truth," painted in 1664 and 1667 for M. de Bourlemont.

In the collection of Earl Radnor, at Longford, there are two, named "Morning in the Roman Empire," the other "Evening in the Roman Empire," Nos. 82 and 152 in "The Book of Truth." Smith attributed to them the value of £8,000, twenty-five times the price paid for them a hundred years before at the sale of the cabinet of the Countess of Verrue, in Paris, in 1737. The collection of Mr. J. P. Miles, at Leighcourt, near Bristol, contains two of the finest *tableaux* of Claude.

The first, called the "Temple of Apollo," bears the signature of the master and the date of 1698; the second signed also, and dated 1679. These two pictures, celebrated in this country under the name of the Allieri Claude's, came from the palace of that name in Rome, of which they were the ornament until the French invasion in 1810. They were sold to an Englishman for 9,000 Roman crowns, about £2,000. Messrs. Fayan and Trignon sent them to London, where William Beckford bought them for £10,000. At the sale of Fonthill Abbey, in 1823, these pictures were sold for £12,000.

of the finest *tableaux* of Claude which has been re-

cently sold, the "Arrival of Ereas at Delos," No. 179 in the "Book of Truth," was knocked down for the sum of £1,700, at the sale of the cabinet of Mr. Jeremiah Harman in London, in 1814.

This picture, painted for M. Passy le Gout, is three feet one inch high, and four feet two inches long. It was successively sold in 1737, at the sale of the cabinet of the Countess of Verrue, for £80; in 1747, at that of the collection of Blondel de Gagny, for £396; in 1816, at the cabinet of Mr. Hope, for £1,500.

The other picture, of smaller dimensions, but also of fine quality, "A Seaport with the Rising Sun," height two feet four inches, width three feet one inch, was paid £2,000, at the sale of the cabinet of Sir Simon Clarke at London, in 1840. It was sold in 1787, at Madame Bandeville's, in Paris, for £120; in 1801, at Robit's, in Paris, for £400; at Bryant's, in London, for £1,500.

M. de Garron, grandfather of the President of Bandeville, brought this picture from Rome to Paris. He bought it from Claude himself, as well as another picture from the same master, representing the "Rape of Europa," No. 136 of the "Book of Truth." This work is now in Buckingham Palace. It was bought by George IV., at the sale of the collection of Lord Gwydyr, at London, in 1829. It went at the sale beyond £2,000, while in 1787, at the sale of the cabinet of Madame de Bandeville, at Paris, the same picture only fetched £100.

At the sale of the collection of the Count de Venice, in Paris, in 1760, "A Seaport with the Setting Sun" was sold for the insignificant sum of £33. Having reappeared in 1820 at the collection of the sale of Danoot, at Brussels, it was sold for £1,080. It is doubtful whether his sunrises or his sunsets were the most beautiful. At all events in this, as in other cases, the effects of light and shade were beautiful. The author of "Isis" describes an Egyptian dawn, which really appears taken from Claude: "As I looked, however, towards the east, over the undulating, sandy plain, and saw the faint, pearly light begin to flush the sky on the edge of the horizon, I thought I had never beheld anything more glorious. Every instant the arch of splendour expanded, and embraced a larger section of the heavens, while streaks of saffron and crimson, shot up rapidly from some fiery centre, seemed to pierce the firmament like arrows, blotting out the stars with their quivering pulsations, and imparting to the whole face of nature a profusion of gorgeous features inexpressibly magnificent. The figures of poetry could never keep pace with the chariot of Eos. Before language could supply epithets to paint one phenomenon, a series of new appearances would have succeeded and vanished. The change from saffron to crimson, from crimson to rose colour, from rose colour to purple, from purple to amethyst, and from this again to cerulean blue, chased and veined, and quivering tremulously with light, was as swift as thought. At length the sun itself arose, and the desert lay blushing before it like an eastern bride."

Two landscapes, one representing "Juno confiding Io to the care of Argus;" the other, "Mercury setting Argus to sleep to the sound of his Flute," each eighteen inches high by twenty-seven wide, were sold for nearly £1,600, at the sale of Mr. Walsh Porter, in London, in 1803. These two charming *tableaux*, Nos. 149 and 150 in the "Book of Truth," Nos. 110 and 111 of the cabinet Choiseul, have belonged to several celebrated collections; they were sold in Paris in 1777, at the Prince of Conti's, for £316; in 1772, at the Duke de Choiseul's, for £270; in 1762, at Gaillard de Gagny's, for £72. They have increased ten-fold in price in the space of fifty years.

Claude's drawings are numerous; they exhibit the harmony and the grandeur which characterise his paintings. They are generally drawn with a pen, with sepia or bistre, brought up with white. These drawings have been very much sought after by amateurs, and have commanded great prices, a small one never having been sold for less than £50. Claude was accustomed to engrave in aqua-

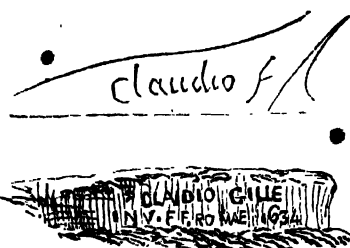
ortis, using a very powerful instrument with a somewhat blunt point. Of productions of this description a considerable number exist. M. Robert Dumesnil, in his "Peintre-Graveur Français," has given an account of forty-two engravings in aquafortis, which form a most *recherché* cabinet for the amateur.

Fine proofs are very rare, and seldom to be met with at the sales, which accounts for the large sums offered for them whenever they are to be met with.

"The Dance on the Border of the Water," sold at the sale of Robert Dumesnil, in 1847, for £14, and at Debois' sale for £15. "A Group of Brigands," on the same several occasions, sold for £20 and £21. "The Campo Vaccino" sold for £16.

Claude Lorraine often put his signature to his pictures and always to his engravings. On the latter he sometimes added brief inscriptions, of one of these we present the fac-simile.

*L'ischi dell'Ecc^{mo} Sig^r Marchese di Castel Rodrigo Ambasciadore della
Maeſta Carolica nell'elezione di Ferdinando Terz Re de Romani ſette
in Roma del meſe di Febraio M. DC. XXXVII
Romæ Superior. licentia Cſaudius F*



*CLAUDIO IN
ROMA 1639*

THE BEGGARS, BY REMBRANDT.

As we shall probably have an opportunity on a future occasion of discussing the life and works of Rembrandt, it will be unnecessary for us now to occupy much of the reader's attention. The education and mode of life of this great master may in some measure account for the want of charm with which certain critics have reproached his style. His father, who had gained great wealth as a miller, at first wished to make him a literary man; but Rembrandt, who had already a decided passion for painting, succeeded in gaining admission to the studio of James Van Zvaanenburg, which he afterwards quitted for those of Peter Lastman and James Pinas. He then returned to his father's mill, where he executed a painting, which he took to the Hague and there sold for a hundred florins.

This success, which was the more welcome because it was quite unexpected, inflamed Rembrandt's ambition, or rather his avarice. Seeing in his art a means of obtaining a fortune, he henceforth devoted himself to it with persevering assiduity. He had married a woman no less avaricious than himself, and who confined his expenditure within the narrowest possible limits, compelling him to live upon dried herrings and cheese. One day he persuaded her to put on widow's mourning and spread a report of his death, that she might sell the pictures in his studio at a higher price—a stratagem which completely succeeded. Another trick, equally discreditable, was that of giving his son designs which he was to sell secretly as precious works stolen from his father.

Rembrandt's pupils made great fun of his avarice, painting imprints of coin upon pieces of card and throwing them at his feet, whereupon he never failed to snatch them up with the greatest avidity, to the no small amusement of every beholder.

It is well known that in Rembrandt's style the luminous points are distinguished by touches of great thickness, which render his canvas rough and uneven in surface. He excused himself by saying, he was a painter and not a dyer. In a

general way he was much annoyed whenever his compositions were too closely examined. "A picture," he said, "is not made to be smelt; the smell of oil is not wholesome."

Rembrandt died in the year 1674, at the age of sixty-eight.

The painting which we have engraved (p. 349) represents a woman who, carrying a child at her back and leading an old man, begs alms at a citizen's door. A young boy, with uncouth head-gear and dirty ragged clothes (probably her eldest son), is looking attentively at the money which his mother is receiving. Her face indicates attention, but is vulgar; the expression of the citizen who bestows his charity is almost harsh; the figure of the old man breathes a noble and tender sadness. As for the distribution of light and shade, it is this peculiar magic which has gained him a special position in the Dutch school, and no one has carried to a higher degree of perfection the poetry which results from the opposition and play of colours. But it has often been regretted that his productions do not exhibit more taste, dignity, and especially grace of style.

MODERN BRITISH ART.—THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET.

THE misdeeds of the Royal Academicians, their favoritism, their injustice, and in some cases their ignorance—for against that incorporated body, as against all others, those crimes can be urged—raised against them many enemies; whilst their success, and the money they obtained by their exhibitions, made them many imitators. Of these, some have perished, but others have apparently established themselves permanently with the public. These rivals and imitators are supported chiefly by those great artists who, having established fame, are yet angry at some slight put upon them by the larger body, and by a crowd of meritorious and rising artists, who, having risen, frequently, it must be said, desert their walls.

One of these incorporated societies is that of the British Artists, the exhibitions of which take place in Suffolk-street, and the nucleus of which is formed by a body of twenty-eight members, having for its president Mr. Hurlstone, its vice-president Mr. Pyne, and its secretary Mr. Alfred Clint. All these, the reader will recognise as known and talented artists; but amongst its members, it is but fair to say, that there are those whom we do not recollect to have produced one meritorious work.

The consequence is, therefore, that a mediocrity amongst members who, we presume, form themselves into a committee of judges, induces a general mediocrity amongst the exhibitions of the society. The ill-natured, indeed, have said, that as its members number artists in every branch, so every first-rate exhibitor, be he a painter of landscape, history, or figures, becomes obnoxious to them, and his pictures are at once slighted or excluded. We cannot say that this is the fact; but the members, who themselves send many pictures, naturally claim the best places, and those exhibitors who are non-members are frequently disappointed. Certainly, with so many excellent artists of every class which England can boast, we should imagine that some cause besides an adventurous one, must give rise to the effect of exhibitions so mediocre as the present, the thirty-first of the society.

The picture which holds the first place in importance, though not numerically, is that by Mr. Hurlstone, "The Last Sigh of the Moor" (178), a fine picture of a well-known subject, treated in the artist's peculiar manner, and valuable as an ethnological study. The Moorish feature is rendered with that correctness which residence amongst the people depicted alone can give. The treatment is at once excellent and novel, although a little more feeling might certainly have been thrown into the face of King Boabdil. (300) "A Jewess of Barbary" is more pleasing in colour than the majority of Mr. Hurlstone's pictures; we cannot, however, award the same praise to the portraits of this artist, which, with the exception of (189) "Portrait of Mrs. Wilmer," appear all to possess the same dull brown complexion, totally devoid of transparency.

Very different in colouring are the portraits of Mr. Baxter, (149) "Portrait of a Lady;" and (513) "Portrait of Thomas Appach, Esq.," the latter in the north-east room, which are the best in the exhibition, and glow with life and health. "La Pensée" (48), by the same artist, is but a conventional affair, and the flesh tints by no means so good, as in the portraits.

(378) "He went out and wept bitterly," by E. Rolt, is finely painted; the drawing and colouring both good and forcible.

(392) "Le Souvenir," by W. D. Kennedy, is a beautiful little bit of colour, very like Etty, from whose model we should imagine it to have been painted. (333) "Gayeté," in the next room, is not so good, the drawing being exaggerated and the flesh too pink.

Mr. Woolmer exhibits some of his usual eccentricities in drawing, as in (23) "The Princess Badroul Boudour," and (401) "Susanna," in the south-west room, in which no beauty of colouring can compensate for so much carelessness. (510) "Spring," in the north-east room, on the contrary, is as well drawn as it is coloured.

(507) "Repose," by T. F. Dicksee, a very highly-finished picture, well drawn, but the flesh-tints of the sleeping infant are too brown. (497) "Girl at the Spring," a very pretty little painting, but rather too hard, by T. Smart. (489) "The Turkish Scribe," a forcibly-painted picture, agreeably coloured.

Mr. T. Clater has several pictures scattered through the gallery, which are as various in subject as they are indifferent in execution; the best, perhaps, is "The Bridal Morn" (29); but what claims the family of "William Brook, Esq." (440), in the south-west room, has to be hung on the line, or even exhibited at all, we confess puzzles us, as a worse picture we never saw; the drawing bad, the colouring disagreeable, the family without the least pretensions to beauty. Mr. Buckner has two graceful but very weak productions—(78)

"Portrait of Master Barkley" and (119) "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas." (169) "Belinda," by J. Noble, does not equal this gentleman's usual productions, the best part of the picture being the reflection in the glass and the male figure; Belinda is too short. (83) "Corn Flowers," by J. J. Hill, a nicely-painted picture, good in colour and well finished in detail. We had almost forgotten Mr. Cowie, whose picture (406) of "Hotspur and the Letter" is not to be overlooked, although we think the lady, graceful as she is, is rather too tall. (400) "An Incident in the Slave Trade," the separation of a mother from her child, is one of the best pictures in the room; the drawing and colouring both good, and the figure of the woman graceful, but rather wanting in force; and last, though not least in merit amongst historical compositions, is one by Mr. Samuel Blackburn (65), an artist new to the London public, but who is well known, we believe, in Scotland. The specimen before us has evidently been painted some time, but is distinguished by correct drawing and a careful study of costume and detail.

Amongst the landscapes, few are particularly worthy of remark; the specimens by Boddington and Alfred Clint are ordinary achievements by practised artists. A "View of Berne in Switzerland," by Pyne, only wants a more effective foreground to render it the best landscape exhibited. In animals, Mr. Earl has attained a meritorious pre-eminence; his pictures of dogs, &c. (372, 429, 526), being all careful studies, attention to which is drawn by a somewhat quaint selection of titles. In fruit, the best picture is by Mr. Duffield, whose wife, in the water-colour portion of the exhibition, stands pre-eminent for her flower-pieces. (276); by Miss Rumley, is also a very excellent and soundly-painted picture, second only to Mr. Duffield's. This lady artist is one of the most promising in the peculiar line she has chosen.

In the water-colour, besides the "Flower-pieces" of Mrs. Duffield, we may notice "Fruit," by Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew, and a "Girl Knitting," and other pieces, by F. Cruickshank, which deserve especial attention. We may add, also, that in this department lies the strength of the exhibition. The enamel of the "Duke of Wellington," by Essex, is very fine, and the "Keepsake" (711), by Karl Hartmann, deserves also to be much praised. The sculpture is by no means remarkable either for originality or merit. "Two portraits of the Queen," the one by Hughes and the other by John Bailey, may possibly resemble her Majesty; but—if we apply the axiom of Euclid, which states, that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other—must certainly fail to do so, since they are utterly unlike. A "Bust of Louis Napoleon," by John Bailey, is very meritorious.

Last, and oh, not least, we must notice a picture, which we have reserved to a place by itself, since we can scarcely class it as landscape or historical. We allude to that bearing the name of "The Golden Image" (227), which occupies so unworthily so large a space on the walls. An attempt to portray Nineveh, partly from Mr. Layard's book, partly from Mr. Charles Kean's scenery, arranged after the architectural vagaries of the late John Martin, could not but signally fail. An image as high as our cathedral of St. Paul appears surrounded by miles of palaces, thousands of priests, millions of votive fires, and billions of an Assyrian population. Winged bulls and sphinxes, the outermost one drawn and the others apparently outlined from it, in a straight line, and in an interminable vista, and Assyrian soldiers multiplied on the same plan, and clothed in every variety of gorgeousness, the whole overlooked by a perfectly scarlet king, and surmounted by a blazing Assyrian sky, present a *tout ensemble* which would delight the lessee of a low theatre on boxing-night, if he could but achieve such a blaze of triumph. But as a picture, it is beneath criticism, the canvas, after being covered with paint, being even worthless as an oilcloth, a Turkey-carpet pattern of which it somewhat resembles. It is a mere eccentricity, which is as worthless and about as far from the truth, as the pedigree from Adam, which we have seen lately advertised in the papers.

CHRISTIAN WILLIAM ERNEST DIETRICH



DIETRICH was truly, to a certain and definable extent, a great painter. He was one of those whose peculiar genius



was of a very universal character. He stood apart and aloof from the many mere mannerists and copyists of his day. He did not bind himself down to any particular branch of art;

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his mind took in with an energetic and general grasp almost every phase and part of the subject to which he devoted his existence. And yet he was not an original, and therefore not a great artist in the highest sense.

If we examine that canvas over which the sun spreads all the vigour of its noontide heat, chasing away the light vapour from the ground, and which loses itself in the far-off distance, we shall certainly fancy it a Claude Lorraine. That obscure chamber, with an open window which allows a ray of warm light to fall on the figures of three men sitting round a table, appears to be some work of Rembrandt. That tranquil landscape, where the cows, the goats, and the sheep, are led by a fat and buxom maid, who is about to cross a limpid stream, would readily be taken for a Berghem. It must be Wouwermans who is the author of that picture, in which a horse, with clean and wiry limbs and mounted by a gallant horseman, plays the principal part. One is led to think that it is Salvator Rosa who is the author of this landscape overhung by rugged rocks, in which we catch sight of narrow and dark glens, where hide the robbers of the Abruzzi. Those cascades falling from abrupt summits, where grows the gloomy pine, belong to the style of Everdingen; in the same way that those nymphs leaving the bath, to take refuge in the grove near at hand, must belong to the graceful easel of Poelenberg.

We are mistaken. All these pictures, so varied in composition, so different in style, in manner, are the work of the same painter—of an extraordinary man, who was able to combine all departments of art, and who in each was masterly; guessing at every process, seizing the art of colour, penetrating the character of each style of painting, and imitating them all with wonderful success. The man of whom such rare remarks are true was Christian William Ernest Dietrich. He was born at Weimar, on the 30th October, 1712, and

his first master was his own father. This hereditary talent was common enough in the last century, and belonged to the Dutch and Flemish schools more especially. At the age of fifteen he entered the studio of Alexander Thiele, an eminent landscape-painter, who resided at Dresden, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, elector of Saxony. He remained with him only three years, and he left the place very much advanced in the only style which he ever successfully followed without being an imitator—that is to say, in landscape. At eighteen a certain great lord of the court* of Dresden took him into his service, and gave him a pension of fifteen hundred livres. Thus enjoying protection and ease, he lived four years at Dresden, free from all care, and wholly devoted to his art. But, in 1731, the great admiration he felt for the paintings of Rembrandt, Jean Both, Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and Elzheimer, impelled him to start on a journey to Holland. Artists are in general restless beings, and few have ever been able to sit down calmly and enjoy any good fortune which might fall to their lot.

During the time that he worked under Alexander Thiele, we may guess, from the way in which he imitated the landscapes of his master, what kind of talent nature had given him. "He did not copy," says Hagedorn, "but he entered on a kind of contest with the original." The fact is that Diétrich was never a mere imitator, because his ambition was too elevated for that. He sought to do better than what lay before him, which prevented him from ever being servile. As soon as he reached Holland he began to rouse himself to a contest with the great models he had so much admired. Elzheimer, Van Ostade, Karel Dujardin, and, above all, Rembrandt, furnished the subject, the style, the composition of numerous paintings. He devoted much labour and time to the study of the great Rembrandt. He undertook to copy from him the art of combining lights and shade—an art which that artist used with such marvellous and wondrous effect. He endeavoured to imitate the warm and transparent tones of his colouring,—his execution, now soft, now hard,—and the bold reliefs of his touch and harmonious arrangement. Diétrich is not the only artist who has endeavoured to walk in the footsteps of this inimitable model, and it must be at once allowed that he did not do so with the same success which attended Govaert Flinck, Arnold de Gelder, Leonard Bramer, and Van Eeckout. If, however, his shades have not the depth which we admire in those of Rembrandt, if he be far inferior in his *chiaroscuro* effects, if his colouring be heavy and wanting in those brilliant and sharp tones that belong to the painter of the "Night Watch," if his impastings upon the light are heavy without being thick—it is because to imitate and rival Rembrandt was a thing all but above the power of any man. We do not believe that what one man has done, another may not do; but when an artist has, as it were, created something new to equal or excel, it is then extremely difficult and doubtful. But with these reservations, and looking at the canvases painted by Diétrich, after Rembrandt, only as excellent pasticcios, it is impossible not to own the great and deceiving talent of the man who executed the painting known as the *Piscina*, engraved by Flipart, and the "Return of the Prodigal Son," with a great many other etchings, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

It must be at once frankly allowed that had Diétrich confined himself wholly and solely to the study of Rembrandt, and never done anything but remind us occasionally of the pencil of that great painter, he would scarcely have deserved his very extensive reputation. In art, as in literature, a mere imitator of one man will never make a name. How many imitators have there been in our own day of Dickens, and Jerrold, and Scott, and Cooper, and Bulwer; not one of whom has acquired any reputation of value. But how many living men are there, who, from a careful study of these and

other models, have, without possessing much creative genius, written and produced many works well worthy of being read. It is too much to ask that all those who amuse and instruct shall be original—it is enough that they do not slavishly adopt the style of one man, and seek to make a reputation of it.

The great talent of Diétrich, and that to which he in a great degree owes his extensive reputation, is, the universal power of his imitation. He caught, with rare aptitude, almost every style. When Rembrandt was the object of his study, he was dreamy, meditative, expressive in design, rapid and capricious in execution. But suddenly he found himself in presence of the vulgar and comic physiognomics of Adrian Van Ostade—heavy peasants smoking under a trellis-work of hops beside a pot of beer, great fat dowdies, with enormous heads and short legs. He was at once transformed; he gave up in an instant his Old and New Testament subjects; he drew grotesque heads, covered by coarse woollen caps or shapeless hats. His pencil became soft and unctuous; his colour, just now warm and golden, became cold, and was clothed in that beautiful blue tint which Ostade spread over most of his pictures, and which gives so much harmony and suavity to his compositions. "The Strolling Musicians"† of Adrian Van Ostade† is well known—a picture which becomes, so to speak, one of his masterpieces in the hands of the engraver Cornelius Visscher. Diétrich had the courage and boldness to re-paint this great work of the Dutch master. He has changed very little in the composition (p. 369). As in the picture of Ostade, the father, armed with his violin, towers above the troop of children who press around him. They cross a kind of door, or arcade, through which we distinguish the open sky and the country. Diétrich has taken some liberties with the details. We find in his picture a child blowing a bagpipe, which is not in that of Van Ostade. The physiognomics of the modern painter are also finer and more sarcastic, which proves that he did not thoroughly understand the sentiment and idea of his master. It was both philosophical and correct in Van Ostade to represent a sad and wearied sickness on the faces of that poor family dragged from village to village by misery. However, when correcting or travestying the thought of Adrian Van Ostade, Diétrich has, to a certain degree, been influenced by the painting of Van Ostade himself. Thus we easily recognise in the features of the father another of Van Ostade's personages, who also plays on the fiddle, and tells indelicate stories to some peasants sitting before the door of a rustic house.

The picture of Diétrich has been engraved by the celebrated Wille, a friend of the German painter. Wille possessed many of his pictures, and did much to make them known. Several compositions of Diétrich, indeed, were engraved by Wille. His engraving of the "Musicians" is a masterpiece of that art. Besides the picture of which we speak, Diétrich made an etching of one on the same subject. Smaller than his painting, it is also different from it in some of the minor details.

Diétrich often ventured to mix up the style and manner of several painters whom he had carefully studied, in one single picture. This is the case with the "Rat-killer." In this picture, the general effect of which is original and very creditable to Diétrich, several of the physiognomics are copied from Van Ostade, while some belong to others; and indeed the general idea of the whole, and some of the faces, are very much in the style of Karel Dujardin.‡

In landscape-painting, he gives with a few touches, and as if playing with work, new and rare proofs of that extraordinary penetration which made him guess all those secrets that the great masters appeared to have carried away with them to the tomb. He revels with Berghem in the still depth of smiling valleys; he can tell the secrets of those skies of gold, and more transparent horizons, of Jean Both and his brother André; he is fully capable, when he likes, of following Everdingen to the very summit of his solitary rocks, where the wind moans through his lofty pines; or he will sit

†† supplies us with this fact in his "Letter to an Amateur," † give us the name of the nobleman; but it appears that it ‡ person to whom this letter was addressed.

† WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 224.

‡ WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 224.

down with Ruysdael beside the noisy and foaming cascade. "That waterfall," says Hagedorn, "which he painted for his friend Wille, would have excited the enthusiasm of Ruysdael and Everdingen, and the troubled surface of the water below would have warmed a Backhuysen or a Parcellis."

He excited considerable admiration in his own day, amongst contemporary artists and amateurs, by the way in which he discovered the mode of proceeding of certain masters. The grace, the suavity, the harmony of Poelenberg were familiar to him, as well as that of all others. Following the traces of Elzheimer, he painted a "Flight into Egypt" (p. 357), which is regarded as one of his masterpieces, and which excels in exactly opposite qualities to those he exhibited in his imitation of Rembrandt. We even find productions of the Chevalier Van der Werff, the most insipid of painters, imitated, on some occasions, by the pencil of Diétrich.

Burtin,* a great admirer of Diétrich, says: "A precise, learned, soft, and rich touch, combined with judicious glazing, always causes us to recognise the rare talent of Diétrich, though he has been so varied in style, and has chosen such subjects as the 'Village Quack,' the sublime 'Communion of St. Jerome,' the picturesque 'Odisto,' and then risen to the admirable finish of his precious and valuable 'Flight into Egypt.' The composition, the design, the expression, all equally perfect, the learned attitudes, the graceful nobility, the striking truthfulness of the stuffs, the charms of the soft colouring, the *chiaroscuro* of a most piquant character, the admirable toning down of the lights, combined with the most soft and delicate pencilling, which surpasses even the finish of Van der Werff, place this masterpiece of Diétrich amid the pearls of art." We may, perhaps, have occasion to correct the enthusiasm of a man speaking of a picture which was his own property.

It was ten years and more since Diétrich had returned from Holland.† Since this journey he had not left the city of Dresden, where he lived, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, except to go to Brunswick. In 1743, however, he started on an expedition to Italy. The earnest desire he had always felt to see this classic land of painting, this soil of art and fancy, was not his only motive for undertaking the journey. Though he laboured without ceasing, and though his facility was something really surprising, he could not keep up with the tremendous demand that existed at the court of Dresden for his pictures. Already he had been obliged to fly to the Duke of Brunswick, and could not find with that prince the rest and repose he so much desired. He determined to place the broad expanse of several kingdoms between himself and his thoughtless admirers. But he did not remain absent more than two or three years. He came back to Dresden, where he remained until the hour of his death, which took place in 1774.

A Dutchman with the Dutch, Diétrich in Italy became quite an Italian. He there painted pictures in the style of Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, as he had formerly painted in the style of Berghem and Everdingen. "The easy drawing of this artist," says a biographer,‡ "is quite in the modern Roman style; the energy and lightness of his pencil appeared to unite the taste of the schools of Flanders and Italy, and his landscapes have often the freshness of Lucatelli, and the firmness of Salvator Rosa." We cannot indeed perceive, without considerable astonishment and surprise, in the same gallery, landscapes in the style of Guaspre, smiling country scenes in the style of Lucatelli, wild sights and romantic scenes such as Salvator Rosa would paint, and all of them signed by the name of Diétrich. But it is to the city of Dresden we must go to understand and appreciate Diétrich.

* *Traité des Connaissances nécessaires à l'amateur de tableaux.*

† According to Hagedorn, Diétrich appears to have gone to Holland only once in 1724. He returned to Dresden in 1735; but Papillon de la Ferté assures us that he returned in 1741, when coming back from Italy, and remained a long time.

‡ *J. P. de la Ferté, Extract from different works published on the Lives of Painters. Paris, 1776, li. p. 55.*

The gallery of that city, where he lived so many years, and which was his true country, contains numerous paintings from his hand, and in every conceivable style. There you can, in less than one hour, judge of the incredible subtlety of Diétrich's talent; and it appears as if, to show off this peculiarity of our artist, they have united purposely all the most opposite masters, those whom he successfully imitated with his hands. Here we have a pasticcio of Vandermeulen; there an imitation of Watteau; further on, a copy of the "Hundred Florin" piece of Rembrandt; but it is proper to observe, that these several trials do not give a very lofty idea of the master. In the gallery where we find such splendid Rembrandts, such charming Watteaus, we are more than anywhere else struck with the insufficiency of copies which are neither original nor correct imitations.

Thus the "Christ healing the Sick," so admirable, so lofty, so expansive in the original by Rembrandt, becomes a very cold production in the hands of Diétrich. The disposition of the figures is nearly the same. The *chiaroscuro* represents the same proportions of light and shade; but somehow, all this leaves the spectator indifferent. The sick people around our Saviour are not interesting, though their faces bear all the marks and signs of suffering and grief. The "Christ" of Diétrich is delicate and poetical, but there is not a trace of divinity in its composition any more than if it had been painted by David. There is no sign of any marvellous power in that figure or in that face. None can feel that sickening of the heart, none can feel tempted to weep, as men have been known to do when gazing at the sublime painting of Rembrandt. They are fictitious sighs, of which painting has taught but the show; it is a light without warmth, a shadow without mystery.

The same may, with considerable truth, be said of "The Presentation to the Temple," another copy of Rembrandt, which is equally cold and awkward, the artist having merely imitated the vulgarity and coarseness of the master, without one iota of his poetry. But if we examine carefully the whole Dresden gallery, we find here and there more happy and successful imitations. Whenever he had only to deal with artists whose merit was wholly exterior, if we may so express ourselves, Diétrich, clever to seize appearances, and incredible in his subtlety when the secrets of any mode of painting were to be discovered, was invariably more successful, and often triumphant. If he undertakes to paint a sketch by Vandermeulen, he succeeds in painting a picture which recalls that master, but in such a way that the pasticcio in the freedom and liberty of its style resembles some painter near at hand—say like Parrocel. He makes attempts upon the most opposite artists, in their turn—the precious Miéris, the easy Subligras—and reproduces what may be described as the costume of their thought, if not the thought itself.

One day, when painting one of those little canvases where he delighted in representing over again the favourite subjects of Cornelius Poelenberg, he painted a very pretty picture, which few, who have visited the Dresden gallery, can have failed to observe, in which he has been exceedingly successful in the expression. It is, indeed, only from the chaste and delicate tone of the style and the painting that the subject can be looked at with pleasure. It is a little more nude than any of the works of the gentle Poelenberg himself. Diétrich has, in this instance, represented an episode in the constantly recurring subject of "Diana's Bath." The chaste goddess surprises two of her nymphs under circumstances which, according to the mythological view of her character, are objectionable. They have allowed men to violate the sanctity of her grove. The power of the painter is here indeed very great, whether we examine the faces of the goddess, the nymphs, or the men. Nothing could be more difficult than to represent the astonishment and anger of the goddess, the guilty fear of the nymphs, and the curiosity and pretended alarm of the men. Diétrich here, without copying any one, has manifested great power and originality. The figures, too,

are gracefully and elegantly modelled. The nymphs are in the water, up to their waists, save only one, who has been seeking to escape the angry glances of Diana, and whose feet only are in the water. This figure is admirably painted, while the outline and form are graceful and beautiful.

The French school, which then exercised such a decisive influence in Germany, could not but excite the curiosity and

to the antique, while Winkelmann laid his erudition and his fanatical enthusiasm at the service of that reform, Watteau was more admired at Weimar than he ever was at Paris. Diétrich, naturally enough, then adopted Watteau as one of his masters, and began to plagiarise his "Conversation on the Grass," his charming and fascinating masquerades, in which the whole world appears to us with its joys, its dreams, its loves,



THE WOODEN BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIÉTRICH.

draw the attention of Diétrich. The one most admired in the little courts, which made up so large a part of Germany, was the admirable Watteau, the delight of the fair sex. A celebrated connoisseur of that time informs us that there were where the paintings of Watteau were more popular any of the Italian masters, not even excepting Raffaele elf. Thus, while Vien, Drouais, and David were mediating the reform of the French school, and a solemn return

and its sadness, under the aspect and dress and fanciful appearance of the Italian stage. But to interpret and render Watteau, it is not sufficient to have seductive colouring, and a power of using rose, vermillion, and blue; it is necessary to have his mind, his vast and prodigious imagination, his adorable caprices, his insatiable love of reverie and pleasure; it is necessary to have an intuitive belief in the passion of love, as Watteau had. Diétrich confined himself wholly to

the outward surface, and copied Watteau without understanding him; he only saw the sheath of the beautiful and brilliant blade. It is therefore very visible that in his pastorals his grace is borrowed, his delirium pretended, and his passion feigned. As for Diétrich's lovers, they are by no means the lively triflers of Watteau; they are sad, and dull, and monotonous.

who did not care a fig for Diétrich, who studied these Bourguignons, and declared that their touch was inimitable."

All that we have previously remarked and quoted sufficiently demonstrates to the mind of the reader that Diétrich spent the greater part of his life, and expended nearly the whole of his energies, in the somewhat sterile and thankless task of painting an innumerable quantity of pasticcios. While per-



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

He was once more successful and pleasing, when the handling of the pencil, the fire of the touch, and practice and experience had to play the principal part. "In his youth," says Hagedorn, "he amused himself by imitating Bourguignon. He was so eminently successful that, having re-painted two battle scenes by this great master, which had been brought from Italy, and had been spolia by the way, commissioners took them for Bourguignons. We knew a stranger

sovereign in this spirit of imitation, which led him to wander through the galleries and museums of Europe in preference to studying nature, Diétrich obeyed an impulse which then was purely natural. During the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century, science, literature, art, politics, industry, in Germany, were but timid and unfortunate imitations. All the originality and genius of Germany seemed to have been exhausted in the first years of the sixteenth

century. "The political and religious wars," says Madame de Stael, in her able work on Germany, "when the Germans were unfortunate enough to fight one against the other, turned away all persons' attention from literature; and when they began to think of it again, it was under the auspices of the age of Louis XIV., at the time when the desire to imitate the French had obtained possession of most of the courts and writers of Europe. The works of Hagedorn,* of Gellert, of Weiss, are but heavy French. * Nothing original, nothing which was in conformity with the genius of the nation, was produced."

What Madame de Stael very properly and correctly observes of the literature of Germany at that time, may be equally justly applied to the pictures of the two artists who flourished in that country towards the same epoch. The works of Mengs, his portraits alone excepted, are but heavy and disfigured Raffaelles. Diétrich, despite his prodigious ability, has to endure the reproach of having laid a heavy hand on Rembrandt, diminished Salvator, obscured Claude Lorraine, and vulgarised Pölemborg, except in one instance, where he improved him.

In general, works on the divine art of painting have been rather recklessly prodigal of praise to Diétrich. This is very easily explained. Most persons, until of late years, who have written books on painting and the works of painters, were what are called amateurs of *tableaux*. More alive to the material qualities of the execution than to the general character of a work, or to the mighty inspiration of genius, these superficial connoisseurs, these men who live at sales, think every composition admirable, the arrangement of which is able, the *chiaroscuro* well developed, and the pencil managed with ability. As all these varied merits are to be found in the works of Diétrich, they have praised him beyond all reason, and little is wanting for these writers to have placed him on a level with the masters he has copied.

It is the province of the sincere and impartial critic to be more severe. Imitation, even when it is perfect, is proof of want of power. What characterises genius is the fact that it is true and new, as creative in its mode of proceeding as in its inspirations. If Rembrandt has a manner, which is not that of Titian or Corregio, it is because this great painter manifested in his works his thought, his soul, his very life. To a certain extent one can reproduce the system of composition, of style, of touch, and tone of the great masters, but how can we hope to grasp the fire of that genius which gives principal value to their inventions? Besides, of what use would it be? To imitate is to weaken. Every imitator has been fatally condemned to remain below his model. If he were but nearly the equal of the great men he copies, would he think of imitating them? In art none can walk on the road marked out by genius; it is effaced and leaves no mark, like the wake of the sea. Diétrich—called by himself and by some of his contemporaries Diétricy; so little original was he as to deny his own name—is a striking proof of the truth of this axiom. There is not one of his innumerable pasticcios which can be advantageously compared to the original works which have inspired them; and we must ascribe to courtesy, or to natural self-love, the judgment of a contemporary who says:—"He is with these masters all that he wishes to be; he feels himself the beauty of their productions. Always full of his subject, a master with an easy pencil, he renders with warmth the sentiment he feels, and adds original beauties to those which strike him in the inventions of others."

We are perfectly well aware that painters of the very first order of merit have delighted in manifesting the flexibility of their pencils, and have painted in the manner and in imitation of all masters, with such success that they have placed the judgment of connoisseurs at fault. We are perfectly well aware that this peculiar talent gained for Teniers the name of the Proteus of painting. But if Teniers had not combined with this one style of merit that of excelling in the style

peculiar to him, he would not have become immortal. It is not because he copied in one picture the whole gallery of Philippe IV., that he is placed in the front rank of the masters of the Flemish school. He owes his most solid glory to those grotesque *fantasies* in which the spirit of the author is seen revelling in the free outline, and in the rapid and light touches, of his magic pencil.

We must not, however, for one moment suppose that Diétrich never did anything from his own inspiration—from his own genius, and that his individuality is never brought out. Even in his pasticcios he has not been able so to disguise himself as that it is impossible to recognise him. In vain has he abdicated his nature. In him is always found the German master: the pieces which are called his masterpieces, like the "Flight into Egypt," and the "Communion of St. Jerome," belong rather to the precise and pointed style of Van der Werff, of Elzheimer, of Pölemborg, than to the school of bold colourists, such as Rembrandt, Rubens, and Salvator. His design is often wanting in grace; we can find fault with certain stiffness in his draperies; his touch is dry and thin; his colouring is wanting in brightness and sharpness.

These defects, easily noted by an experienced eye, in divers degrees, in all the works of Diétrich, are especially to be remarked in his original works. The picture which is to be seen in the Louvre, and the subject of which is taken from the Scriptures, representing "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," gives a very good idea of the qualities of this painter, and of the imperfections of his talent. By his elaborate study of Rembrandt he had acquired a most incontestable power of disposing of light and shade. Thus, on the canvas we allude to, the woman, who is the principal personage of the picture, is lighted up brilliantly. She forms, so to speak, a luminous circle, of which the rays glide somewhat weakened upon the figure of the Saviour, and are lost by a series of learned effects—are melted away, in fact, in the two corners of the picture where stand the groups of old men.

The colouring of this canvas is harmonious, the touch warm and rich, though in some places thin; but the opposition of lights and shadows wants frankness, and thence it arises that the effect of the whole is weak. The drawing is poor in expression; the physiognomies, especially that of Christ, are wanting in elevation and life. The features of the young woman are charming in grace and Germanic candour; but this face, faithful mirror of a soul scarce woke to sensation, belongs rather to an innocent virgin than to her whose sins were forgiven her, and unto whom He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

This form of a woman was to Diétrich one of those types of beauty which the artist prefers to all others, and the image of which is renewed on all occasions by his pencil. It is found in another work by the same artist, engraved by Schmidt in 1775, where we see "Sarah leading her servant Hagar to the aged Abraham;" it is also seen again in the Virgin represented in "The Flight into Egypt." Though the form and conception of "The Woman taken in Adultery" belong properly to Diétrich, he could not help yielding here, as elsewhere, to his intense love for imitation: the personages who surround Christ are quite in the style and after the manner of Rembrandt; and we might apply to it the rather bold words of Michael Angelo, who said to a young painter, after admiring his work: "This is a very clever work, will please everybody, and make the reputation of the artist; unless, indeed, the varied authors of limbs and arms, and hands and legs, were each to claim their own. A pretty state of things indeed would then ensue!"

Diétrich, as laborious as any of the masters whom he took for a model, has left a great number of etchings. He has perhaps shown more ability in wielding his point than his brush. Unfortunately, his engravings, like his pictures, are copies. The great library of Paris, in its wonderful collection of engravings, possesses two proofs of the two first pieces engraved by Diétrich. One represents a strand on the borders of the sea, the other a scene in country life. In these

* Hagedorn was the brother of Charles Christian

the track of Van der Velde, when that great master himself was yet scratching the copper with an inexperienced hand. The timid point glides over the plate, the lines are as fine as hairs, and the whole is a confused mass. Later, in 1731, a "Christ Preaching" is executed in quite another taste; the point is heavy, the dashes stiff and symmetrical, a little in the ancient German style. But we must not be unjust enough to judge our artist from the works of his youth. The true Diétrich, considered as an engraver, exists in those plates where he has imitated the portraits and the religious compositions of Rembrandt, the landscapes of Everdingen, the rocks of Salvator. If some of these productions are beautiful enough to make us sometimes doubt the name of the author, it must be owned that the etchings of Diétrich, now fine and light, now energetic, are presently too black and too overloaded with shadows, failing in the magic and wonderful effects of the painter of Leyden. And then how could he succeed—he, a German artist, cold in imagination and patient by nature—in discovering the audacious fancy of the point of Rembrandt? But his landscapes, in the style of Everdingen, of Ruysdael, and of Salvator, his imitations of Ostade and of Berghem, are admirable. It is much and always to be regretted, that he did not finish his "Christ Healing the Sick." The composition of this engraving is combined with great art. If Diétrich could have completed it, there is no doubt that it would have been remembered as his best work, as his masterpiece.

When we consider with what attention the portrait of Diétrich, painted by himself, is executed, we are very much struck by the gentle and placid beauty of his countenance. A calm intelligence beams upon his lofty forehead; but in his eyes, large and pure, one is easily able to detect rather a sagacious and frank mind and character, than a profound soul. The inward flame of genius is not seen, but a delicate sensibility, accessible to every impression from without. Nature seems to have written his destiny in his face. In the history of the arts, as in literature, celebrity is the lot of only those men who are gifted with a rare and positive original inspiration. Really great painters have been distinguished from each other by such marked characteristics, that none could fail to recognise them. It was upon condition of being unique, to speak in his own style, that each obtained his brevet of celebrity. Their names even cannot be pronounced without recalling to the mind the idea of perfection in one of the essential branches of art. Diétrich was not one of these. By very opposite qualities, he has saved his name from oblivion. Gifted with the surprising faculty of taking, like old Proteus, every form, and every appearance, he is like everybody, and he is never like himself. But he often carries pasticcio to such perfection, that he astonishes even those whose severe taste rejects these imitations as plagiarisms unworthy of his genius.

To compare and paint in the style of others, is properly to make what is called a pasticcio, a kind of art which we must not confound with a mere copy. Good copies of a master are often precious objects, because they multiply and spread abroad the noble pleasure one has in gazing upon a masterpiece. Clever and faithful, the copyist gives us the facsimile of a picture much better even than the engraver, because he gives character to the design, to the composition, to the justice of the *chiaroscuro*—that is to say, of the effect, the qualities of tone and touch so agreeable for us to survey. The pasticcio, on the other hand, never gives anything but a false idea of the original master to those who knew him not, and only inspires regrets in those who know him. Unless you rise to the ranks of those sublime painters who take their property, as Molière says, where they find it, or who, as Voltaire says, kill their men, it is rare that you do not weaken the ideas of others when you steal them. As for the painter Diétrich, we may quote the words of the poet:—

Coloriste aujourd'hui, demain dessinateur,
 Un tel est un débauché, l'autre un imitateur.

Et fut, dans ses tableaux, fleur, suave et grand,
 Recommencer Watteau, Poelenberg et Rembrandt."

Diétrich has engraved about two hundred subjects, of which copies are very rare. He has treated subjects from Bible history, and profane story; he has engraved half figures and head studies, pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes.

In Bible history he has engraved nineteen subjects; amongst which the most remarkable are "Lot and his Daughters," "Abraham Sacrificing Isaac," "Isaac on his knees before the Pile," "Abraham Sacrificing the Ram—these four plates no longer exist—"Christ surrounded by the Doctors," twenty-six figures; "Christ healing the Sick," also with twenty-six figures; "The Descent from the Cross," with nineteen figures; "St. James Preaching in a Village," with seven figures; "The Nativity," and "The Flight into Egypt," in the style of Rembrandt.

In profane story he has many. "Venus on the Rocks," imitated from Poelenberg; "The Combats of the Tritons," in the style of Salvator Rosa; "The Satyr and the Passerby," from Jordaens; "The Spectacle Dealer," six figures, in the style of Van Ostade; "The Knife-grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 361), "The Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 353), "The Dentist," "The Quack," all in the style of the same master; "Belisarius Begging," a very rare and beautiful engraving; and "The Dinner," a piece equally rare and equally admirable.

Subjects in half figures and heads are "The Strolling Musicians" (p. 360), engraved in the style of Rembrandt, and imitated from Van Ostade; "The Tea Party," "The Dutch Priest," "The Monk with the Beard," "The Man with Moustaches," "An Old Man standing erect," and heads of women and children.

Pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes are "Young Girls at the Entrance of a Cavern," "Herdsmen leaning on a Cow"—these two compositions are imitated from Poelenberg—"A Shepherd tending his Flock," from Berghem; "Landscape with Ruins," six landscapes; "The Chapel," "The Wooden Bridge" (p. 356), "The Flock," "The Lake," in the style of Salvator; "A Cowherd, with a stick in his hand," "Two Hermits," "Two Peasants," "Studies of Animals: He-Goats, She-Goats, Rams, Sheep, Lambs, the Goatherd, and three Goats."

The nineteen pieces from Holy History were sold at the Royal sale for £11 in 1817.

Most public galleries in Europe possess pictures by Diétrich.

The Louvre has "The Woman taken in Adultery," which was only valued at £24 in 1816.

Belgium has the portrait of the artist, engraved, in 1765, by Schmuizer. It is given at page 353.

The Museum of Vienna has "The Shepherds," a night-piece, signed and dated 1760; and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," another night-piece, executed the same year.

The Royal Pinacothek Museum of Munich is richer. It has five pictures by Diétrich: "Lazarus in the Bosom of Abraham," "The Avaricious Man in Hell," "A Landscape on the Sea Shore," "A Landscape, with Fishermen's Huts," "Two Blind Men leading one another."

At Dresden there are fifty pictures by this master, of which the principal ones are: "A Man, a Woman, and a Boy Feeding some Sheep," in the style of Bassan; "The Portrait of the Mother of Diétrich," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Presentation to the Temple," "The Prodigal Son," "The Marriage Feast of Cana," "A Pastoral Scene," in the style of Watteau; "A Flock of Sheep and Goats, guarded by the Shepherd and Shepherds," "A Holy Family, by the light of a Lanthorn," "Christ Curing the Sick," "Christ on the Cross," "Mercury and Argus," and "Nymphs Bathing."

* To day a plourist, to-morrow a sketcher, and even when inventing always an imitator, Diétrich was in turns Van Ostade and Corregio. In the arts he had the privilege of Proteus, and was able, in his flowery,

A few prices at different sales may be interesting.

Blondel de Gagny, 1776. "Two Landscapes," £15.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. The "Flight into Egypt," £91; "The Bathers," £166; "Twelve Women, in a Landscape," £95.

Sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. "A Landscape," with animals, £78.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1849. "Flight into Egypt," £37.

The pictures represented in our pages give various instances of his style.

The first is the little cut, representing a "Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 353). This is a clever production—man, dog, dress, rats, are all in keeping.

"The Knife-Grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 361) is a very



THE STROLLING MUSICIAN. FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

Sale of Marin, 1790. Two fine "Landscapes," £81; two others, £33; another, £20.

Sale of Lanjeac, 1802. Two "Landscapes, with Bathers," £69.

Solirene Sale, 1812. "Resurrection of Lazarus," £53.

Laperrière Sale, 1817. "The rest of the Holy Family," £70.

able picture. The cobbler in his stall, the cat above, and the queer old knife-grinder, are all faithfully given. The colouring of this is very rich, and the play of lights and shades very forcible.

"The Rest of the Holy Family" (p. 364), though well painted, is defective in costume. The Virgin in her dress is too like an Italian peasant girl, while the infant Jesus is

"The Strolling Musicians" (p. 360) is witty in conception and ably carried out. The players are vigorously rendered, and the *chiaroscuro* is admirable.

"The Flight into Egypt" (p. 357) is to a certain extent powerful; but, though not wanting in *chiaroscuro* and general tone, is defective in the figures.

"The Wooden Bridge" (p. 356) is pretty, tasteful, and original.

Smith, in his Catalogue, gives the following observations on D'érich: "Many very clever pictures, from the pencil of this painter in the style of Rembrandt, partly merit him a place in the present list. He was born at Weimar, in Saxony,

the court of Dresden to send him to Italy. How long he studied in that far-famed school, or what were the important advantages he derived from it, does not readily appear in his works, for these reflect the style and peculiarities of other masters' pictures, as Rembrandt, Poelenberg, Ostade, and Salvator Rosa; but those of the former artist appear to have made the greatest impression on him, for he imitated them so servilely, that even his original compositions have the appearance of being, in many instances, copies from his favourite painter's picture. Two of his finest productions of this man, representing a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Entombment,' brought some years ago in public sale upwards of



THE KNIFE-GRINDER AND THE COBBLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

in 1712, and having acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of his art from his father—a painter of very moderate abilities—

three hundred guineas; and a picture by his hand, of very superior merit, in the manner of A. Ostade, engraved by

Dietrich: Pinx. 1753: Dierx-fest 1763.

and he improved himself under Alexander Thiele, a
landscapist, who gave such proofs of genius as to induce

Wille, under the title of the 'Musiciens Ambulants,' is in the
collection of Richard Simmonds, Esq."

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE accession of Leo X. marked the commencement of a period wasted in fruitless labour, in bitter regrets, and more bitter sufferings, by the great Michael Angelo. It seemed to have been ordained that, from time to time, the career of this man should be like that of a torrent chafing in its channel of rocks, but afterwards bursting out more free and bright than ever. During nine years, however, the eclipse of his fortunes was unbroken, and only one incident is recorded of him; but this was one alike honourable to his spirit as an artist and to his feelings as a citizen.

The Academy of Florence had sent deputies to Leo X., petitioning him to restore to their country the ashes of Dante Alighieri, the noble and unhappy exile, who, after reviving the language and restoring the literature of Italy, had, two centuries previous, breathed his last sigh at Ravenna.

Michael Angelo relieved his long days of compulsory indolence, of sad monotony, by reading the songs of the Florentine poet, marking with his pen on the margin all the passages, which struck his imagination. What an inestimable relief this volume would have been, if it had not, like Ovid's last song, been lost in the waters; for who, better than Michael Angelo, could have illustrated and interpreted Dante?

At the first intelligence which came concerning the embassy, then on its way to Rome, the artist became excited. With a generous enthusiasm, a vivid and ardent sympathy with genius, he joined at once in the work of reparation and justice. We may still read at the bottom of the original petition, preserved in the Florentine archives, these words:—"I, Michael Angelo, sculptor, address to your holiness the same prayer, and I offer to execute for the divine poet a sepulchre worthy of his memory."

And Leo X., the ostentatious Maecenas, the vain patron of letters, refused this magnificent offer, and deprived the world of the monument which such an artist's memorial of the great poet would have been! But the whole Medici family, though servile historians have endeavoured to exalt them, were sordid, treacherous, and contemptible. We fully agree with the author of a brilliant article in "The Eclectic Review," who has assailed the betrayers of Florence upon that pedestal to which they have been raised by the worshippers of success:—"History," he says, "has agreed to reprobate the treason of Sforza and of the Visconti, but, with a traditional perverseness, continues to applaud the Medici as benefactors of Italy. They the benefactors of Italy! Florence alone, humiliated and enslaved, is a suffering memorial of their crimes. But turn from her to the pestilent Maremma of Sienna. That was a beautiful salubrious tract, until Cosmo wasted it and transformed it into a deadly marsh. Fever-breeding swamps exist in the places where the republics cultivated fertile and healthy plains. The Roman territories, from Ferrara to the Pontine Marshes, have become bare and putrid since the stagnation of industry ensuing on the decline of freedom. Cosmo dried up the fertilising springs and streams of his country, by hewing down the forests on the Tuscan Apennines. Rocky deserts now exist where the pastures in ancient times were rich with fleece, and a population of banditti derives its descent from shepherds and cultivators of the soil. If, therefore, they are benefactors who make men happy, the Medici have nothing to claim from the gratitude of mankind."

It was about this period, according to all the testimonies we can collect, that the unhappy quarrel took place between Raffaele and Michael Angelo, the most eminent painters of their age. Angelo met his rival on the steps of the Vatican, surrounded by a crowd of scholars, and ironically exclaimed, "You march like a general at the head of his army." "And you," said the other, with fierce contempt, "go skulking alone, like an executioner." Perhaps, however, we may absolve the memory of the two great artists from much of the stain cast by this quarrel; for the fault is to be attributed to a crowd of parasites who only sought their intimacy in

Meanwhile, Leo the Tenth died suddenly, carried off by poison. If the arts in general lost a patron, Michael Angelo at least had nothing to regret. The Florentine pope had never bestowed friendship or aid upon his countryman. However, no change for the better took place. Adrian the Sixth, of Flemish origin, succeeded to the papal throne; and this was a misfortune for the painter. The new pontiff conceived the strange and barbarous resolution of pulling down the roof of the Sistine Chapel, because, he said, it looked more like the roof of a bath than of a place of worship.

It was not, therefore, with sorrow that the painter saw this pope and the next pass away—feeble princes, who never held the sacerdotal sceptre until their hands began to tremble with the weakness of approaching death. But the succession of despots was unbroken. Florence again and again threw off the yoke of those proficient traitors, the Medici; and the seventh Clement, born from that hateful stock, when his native city had once more become free, hired a host of barbarians to assail her. Their savage standards were soon perceived flying on the summits of those sun-touched hills, whence the beautiful city of Florence may be seen—a picture of delightful houses and gardens, in the glowing Italian light. Forty-four thousand men laid siege to the Tuscan capital. Less than thirteen thousand defended her walls, during eleven months, with heroic fortitude. Eight thousand patriots died in the breaches, and fourteen thousand of their enemies were buried in the plains around. Now was Michael Angelo called on to decide whether he should act as a painter or a man—whether he should offend a family of benefactors, or deny his country. He hesitated not a moment. Being named a member of the famous Council of Nine, and director of the fortifications, he proceeded round the city ramparts, and declared, that unless vast preparations were made, the usurping Medici would enter at their will. But the nobles of Florence, like true oligarchs, were already conspiring to betray the commonwealth. They complained of the sculptor's vigilance; they said he was cowardly and extravagant, because they knew he was faithful and sagacious. Their poisonous tongues prevailed. Florence was already sufficiently corrupted by her nobles to listen to their slanders. Michael Angelo, therefore, indignant and ashamed, himself opened a gate, returned to Florence, and remained in angry solitude, like Achilles in his tent. When he was gone, the Florentines repented. They sent messengers after him, by whom he was found, lonely, sad, stern, and immersed in dreams, in one of the most obscure little streets of the sea-built city. They approached him with humble deference; they prayed him to forget the slight which the provisional government had put upon him; they conjured him, in the name of liberty and of his country, to return. He at first resisted and refused, but in vain; for they pressed him again, and at length he consented. Once more, therefore, we see the artist in Florence, a general, a strategist, at the head of the defenders of his beloved city. It was too late. The last hour of Italian independence had sounded. Charles the Fifth, another of the hateful tyrants whom history flatters, had thrown his sword into the scale. The artillery, by night and by day, poured a storm upon Florence; the bravest of the citizens had already fallen. The old men and the women, pale with hunger, decimated by famine, clothed in black, and smeared with ashes, came together into the squares, or knelt in the churches, and swore they would all die rather than surrender. Michael Angelo had stationed himself on the steeple of Santo Miniato. Two guns, pointed at the besiegers and discharged incessantly, made his post conspicuous. They fired furiously at the spot. He smiled with contempt, and hung down immense draperies of cloth, which were more effectual than stone in resisting the light balls which alone could reach that elevated eyrie. Certainly, if Florence could have been saved, Angelo would have been her deliverer. Already his courage, his firmness, the resources of his mighty genius, stirred and multiplied by the heat of patriotism and the excitement of battle, had carried wonder and awe into the hearts of his enemies.

dearly a cry of sorrow arose from the streets below; women were heard shrieking; the imprecations of the soldiers were terrible. In a few moments all was explained. Malatesta had been corrupted by the Medici; the infamous Valori had sold his country. It is hard to say which was worse, the men who paid, or the man who received the nefarious price of treason. But the moral of the story would not have been complete without its sequel. A capitulation had been signed, opening the gates on condition of a general amnesty to be granted by the conquerors. Let us see how the magnificent Medici, the benefactors of Italy, kept their faith. Six of the noblest citizens were immediately beheaded; many others were condemned to exile or to the galleys. And these friends of art hunted Michael Angelo about, searched his house from the cellar to the roof, drove him from one concealment to another, until the glorious artist was compelled to hide in the lofty clock-tower of the church of San Nicholo del Arno.

At last, the Seventh Clement was artful enough to abandon the pursuit. He knew that, if he laid hands on the artist, supposing this to be possible, he would only be troubled by a new prisoner; while, if he granted him life and liberty, he would have one enemy the less, and be able to claim the praise of clemency, magnanimity, and so forth. So he pardoned Michael Angelo. And not this only. He humbled himself before him; he made him all kinds of offers and promises, on condition that he would resume his sculptor's chisel, and occupy himself without delay with the monuments to Julius the Second, and Lorenzo de Medici, that other impostor whom it was, until lately, the fashion to culligise and admire.

On his return to Rome, a new trial awaited Michael Angelo. The representatives of the Duke of Urbino, with that tenacity which has characterised the followers of the law in all ages and countries, revived the affair of the tomb of Julius II, of which we have already in a former article given the particulars. The artist had no inclination to fall into the hands of his enemies, and so came to terms with them, by engaging to perfect the monument without further delay. He, therefore, set himself seriously to his task. The design of the mausoleum, which was originally intended to be the grandest work of the kind ever executed, had been reduced to that of a simple façade of marble upon one of the walls of "the church of St. Peter of the Bonds." The vain Julius himself had chosen the spot in which his tomb should be placed. He loved the name of the church, which had been bestowed by Sextus IV., one of the first founders of the greatness of his family. He himself had been its cardinal during thirty-two years—and, as being elected pope, had transmitted the dearly-cherished honour to his nephew. Some fatality, however, seemed to forbid the completion of the work, frequently interrupted as it had already been. Numerous influences conspired, and of the whole abortive plan, nothing but a figure of Moses was executed in a style worthy of its artist's name. And this statue, beautiful and grand as it is, has been taken from its original position, displaced from the point of view in which it appeared in its proper character, and isolated from the groups of which it was intended to form a porch; and, therefore, produces little of the impression it was intended to create. Had it been seated beside a gigantic tomb, amid a throng of prophets and sibyls, as the artist desired, it would have been an example of the solemn and grand in sculpture. Even as it is, if you enter the church at nightfall, and contemplate by the uncertain and lingering radiance of the evening that supernatural apparition, your mind cannot rest calm when the eye falls on the figure of Moses. He is seated like a demigod of the ancients in Olympian majesty. One of his arms is extended over the table of the law; the other reposes across his breast, with the superb nonchalance of one who knows he has but to frown, to command obedience from the multitude. A thick and ponderous beard hangs down upon his enormous shoulders like a torrent arrested in its course. The simple and majestic character of this great shepherd of a nation is a happy development of his form—in every fold of his robe, in every lineament of his face, in every glance given to him since the

divine vision on the Mount, beams from the high, broad, massive brow; and power and benevolence combined seem to speak in every lineament of the countenance.

While Michael Angelo was employed upon his "Moses," Clement VII., like Julius whom he was honouring, troubled him incessantly.

One day a messenger came to the artist, telling him that he need not expect his customary visit. Clement VII. was dead. He had leisure, just while the conclave was sitting, to elect a new pope.

Paul III. was announced. He came, with a pompous retinue of ten cardinals, to the studio of Buonarroti.

"Now," said the new pontiff, "I shall expect, Master Buonarroti, that all your time will be given up to me."

"Will your holiness pardon me?" replied the sculptor; "I have signed an engagement with the Duke of Urbino, by which I have pledged myself to complete the monumental tomb of Julius II."

"What!" cried Paul; "it is thirty years since I formed a wish, and now that I am pope I am not to gratify myself."

"But my contract, holy father—my contract."

"Come, come; I will take the responsibility of that affair upon myself. You shall execute three figures with your own hand, and other artists shall do the rest. I will answer for the Duke of Urbino's consent. And now, my master, to the Sistine Chapel; there is a great vacuum there awaiting us."

What could Michael Angelo urge against a will so positive, and so imperiously expressed? He completed, as best he could, his two statues of "Active Life" and "Contemplative Life," the symbolical Rachel and Leah of Dante; and, not daring to make any profit from an engagement he was forced to break, gave a large proportion of the sum he received himself to pay liberally the artists employed by him to execute the rest of the work. Having thus brought to a conclusion an affair which had cost him so much labour, vexation, and perplexity, he threw himself, with all his enthusiasm and his genius, into the execution of his vast design, "The Last Judgment," the painting of which occupied him during little less than nine years.

This picture, enormous and unique, represents the human figure in every conceivable attitude; it depicts every sentiment, every passion, all the infinitely-varied reflections of fancy and thought, all the impulses and workings of the soul; with an inestimable profusion of forms, tints, and tones, such as are found nowhere else within the domain of art.

In this work, Michael Angelo seems to have challenged with his courage an infinite difficulty, which his genius overcame. The object of this vast composition, the manner in which it is conceived and developed, the admirable variety and skilful distribution of the groups, the unsurpassable boldness and force of the outline, the contrasts of light and shade, the obstacles, almost insuperable, in the very nature of the design, which he appears to have assailed as if in sport, the happy power with which this prodigal variety and these innumerable details are wrought and combined into one harmonious whole—all these render "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo a prodigy of painting. Immense as the surface is, each part of the picture gains in effect by close study; for no cabinet-piece for the most fastidious amateur was ever more lovingly retouched, or finished to more exquisite perfection.

This magnificent work, after nearly nine years of labour, was exhibited to the public on Christmas-day, 1541. Michael Angelo was then sixty-seven years old. Several anecdotes are related in reference to his "Last Judgment."

The pope, it is said, objected to the style of representing some of the figures, and sent to tell the painter that they must be altered.

"You will tell Pope Paul," he replied, "to trouble himself less with correcting my picture, which it is easy for him to do, and to try and reform public manners, which he will find more difficult."

The master of the ceremonies of the Vatican accompanied the pope one day on a visit which his holiness paid to the studio of Michael Angelo, when "The Last Judgment,"

about half finished. This creature also would express his opinion on the work.

"Holy father," he said, "if I might utter my thoughts, I would say that this painting is more fit for a tavern-room than for the chapel of a pope."

Unhappily for the master of the ceremonies, Michael Angelo was behind him when he uttered these words, and lost not a syllable of the compliment paid him by Signor Biagio. The moment, therefore, that his visitors were gone, the artist sat down and drew a portrait of his critic, and

placed him among the "Lost Souls," under the flattering character of Midas. This was a revenge suggested, perhaps, by the practice of Dante, who punished those who offended him by consigning them to his *Inferno*.

We may imagine the misery of the poor master of the ceremonies, when he saw himself condemned in this way. He threw himself at the pope's feet, begging for deliverance, and for the punishment of the offender. But Paul professed that he had no jurisdiction. And so Michael Angelo gratified his malicious whim, and went on painting his great picture.



HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETHECH.

GABRIEL METZU.

To have seen a few pictures of Metzu, of Terburg, or of Gaspar Netscher, is to have acquired fresh knowledge of the manners of the Dutch citizen of the time of the Stadtholder, of his costume, of his physiognomy, of his courtesies, of his mode of life, and even of his style of thinking; and this knowledge is to be gained from such a study, as well as from history and description. To be sure, the painting would be unintelligible without the book; for the pencil would create mysteries without the pen, though it is the fashion among the critics of art to say that their craft is superior to that of the writer. But what would a whole gallery, as vast as the Vatican, of historical portraits be worth, if the biographies of the individuals did not exist? What would all the sculptures in Niamey tell us, if the sacred and the classic records did

not interpret their mystical tongue? What frescoes could have told us Roman history, if Livy had not written? or what painter could have left such a familiarity with old Spanish manners as we have derived from the literary pictures of Cervantes? We cannot, therefore, agree with the few artists who are able to write at all, that whole libraries of information are rendered superfluous by the paintings of one master. No one will suspect us of a wish to depreciate a branch of art, but it is just to that art itself to remember its office, and not to claim the dominion in a realm which belongs to another genius. From a picture we may learn the fashion of a mantle or a boot, the style of ornamenting a chimney piece or a chair, the mode of wearing a beard or a wig; but the spirit and moral of all valuable history is not conveyed

exclusively for the pen; and the painter in this department must be for ever subordinate, and illustrate what the superior artist—of words and thoughts—describes and explains. Nevertheless, as we have admitted, such a painter as Gabriel

spice was first collected for them, and when their exchanges began to grow opulent by the trade with Borneo and Sumatra. In the pride of his freedom, after the yoke of Spain has been broken, he appears before us, a formal citizen, methodical in



THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY METSU.

Metsu is, in some respects, an historian. He exhibits, in dramatic groups, the national manners of his time. In his pictures we see the Hollander of the age when the United Netherlands were first reaping the riches of the Indian isles; when

his life, and very systematic in the conduct of his affairs. His house is to him a world; he gathers into this one place around this pleasant centre, as many delights as were heaped up in the ancient palaces of the kings of Ecobata and Suse.

The ships of his country—perhaps his own ships—have for him traversed the ocean from one zone to another,—have searched for porcelain and amber in Japan, for ginger in Malabar, for pepper in Java, for precious canes and drugs in Malacca. From the farthest parts of the world, the famous islands of the Malays, they have brought him all that could enrich his home, benefit his family, and charm away the dreariness of mind naturally inspired by the cold sky and long winters of the north. Asia sends him its muslins, its spices, its diamonds, its feathers of the bird of Paradise, its ivory and camphor. The ices of the Pole have furnished him with those splendid furs, to border the velvet mantle which his wife or his eldest daughter is proud to wear, even in the warmest apartment of the house. The birds, the insects, the shells, and minerals of the remotest lands, fill his cabinets, exquisitely arranged under covers of glass; and, protected in the same way, the rarest plants, the most delicate Persian lilies, the sumptuous tulips, flourish and are cultivated under his inspection. His furniture, wrought with extreme taste, and preserved with the utmost care, suffers no changes from the caprices of fashion, but is transmitted from father to son, one generation after another. The canopy of his bed is supported on pillars of carved ebony, and hung round with drapery of green damask. Hanging from the roof a mirror of gilded copper is twined round with wreaths of elegant workmanship. The floors of the rooms are waxed into beautiful lustre; the glass is finely cut; the lintel of the door is richly carved; the furniture shines with polish; and the light, at morning or evening, falls across bright variegated tapestries, which moderate and harmonise it with the tone of the whole interior. The manners of the Dutch at that period, as well as the material physiognomy of their citizen life, their interiors, their furniture, the luxury and decoration of their apartments, are delineated in the pictures of Metzu with a charming freedom, which is the more attractive since it appears to be entirely without effort on the part of the painter. His walls, after a lapse of two hundred years, would afford materials for the complete restoration of a Dutch interior, just as architectural fragments enable us to build up a perfect temple of antique proportions. And the representation would be an interesting study, harmonising so faithfully as it would with the spirit of the seventeenth century, with the climate and natural characteristics of the country the manners of the inhabitants, and the historical circumstances associated with the fortunes of the merchant classes of Holland, then the masters and leaders of the trade of the world. And they to whom nothing is insignificant which relates to the intimate life, the familiar habits of a people that once filled the globe with the fame of their achievements, will discover nothing puerile in such remarks or such details. It is indeed delightful to enter, favoured by the painter Metzu's introduction, one of those warm Dutch interiors, which were, unlike the Italian houses of the same period, so inaccessible to strangers. It is most frequently by a glimpse through a window, opening in the centre of the piece, that he admits us into the comfortable privacy of a fashionable lady's boudoir, in which he allows us to surprise her in her graceful morning attire, writing some important letter, or completing her toilette, in expectation of a wished-for visitor; or reclining on a couch and touching the strings of her lute into the expression of the thoughts and desires of her heart.

Metzu possessed a power of interesting, not only the eye, but the mind, by the representation of the most simple acts of domestic life. A lady engaged in sealing a letter, which a servant is waiting to carry to the post, is a subject sufficiently humble, yet, thanks to the finish and excellence of the work—to the attentive care bestowed on the delineation of this occurrence, so common in "every-day life"—the picture attracts and rivets our attention. If the painter's touch were less precious, if the details were not so well chosen and so discreetly managed, no one would pause a moment to examine them. But it is impossible not to notice with care that which the artist evidently conceived to be of such importance, and in which the composition is so admirable, that the general effect

surpasses that of many ambitious pictures, possessing no little merit. It is impossible not to feel curious, not to ask, "To whom is that fair lady, in her elegant *negligé*, writing so careful a letter this morning, and so delicately pointing a seal on the wax? and what means that light but significant smile on the lips of the waiting-maid who attends to carry away the letter, standing with her apron rolled up, and her sleeves turned above the elbows?" And in the background, the closed curtains hint that the bed is still unmade; and the lady, in her half-completed toilet, tells us that she has passed the night more in dreaming than in sleeping.

The expression, so to speak, of Metzu's pictures is often so subtle that it is not caught at the first glance of the eye. Dutchmen's faces, in general, appear imperturbably tranquil, immovably phlegmatic. It is no easy matter to discover in them the latent smile or the reserved sentiment. But, upon a closer observation, it will be found, that there is not one in which, under an exterior perfectly calm, there is no play of thought or feeling. Of course, this remark must refer solely to the originals themselves; for, in the engravings from them, however faithful the engraver may have been, there is unavoidably a loss of some volatile and fleeting essence, as it were, which the painter diffused over his picture,—some airy and spiritual tone, impossible to fix or copy, which was not created by the use of any particular colour or form, but the absence of which, intangible and indescribable as it is, denaturalises the work. The solemn citizens of Metzu bear, in their placid countenances, not the expression of indifference or *ennui*, but of serene souls, in which enjoyment is produced by repose, confidence, and content. We perceive at once that on this surface, apparently so impassive, the least emotion would leave its trace, and that the lightest thought could be interpreted to the sight by the almost imperceptible motion of the lips and eyes. There is a young girl receiving a declaration, in a charming picture called "A Lady tuning her Guitar." Her eyes are raised to look on the countenance of her embarrassed lover; a half-secret gladness beams through her face; something like self-love heightens the carnation on her beautiful cheeks, more glossy than satin; and a change seems visibly coming over all her features. A Spanish lady would not display this, so general would be the vivacity of her countenance and the play of expression in her eyes. But a fair Hollander is seldom disturbed from what Tasso would call "the beautiful scene of her face;" the angers or disappointments of her soul only betray her into the expression of a moderate melancholy, and the gratifications of a flattered heart, which in others would produce a brilliancy of smiles, mark her cheeks with a very gentle dimple. If we criticise the valuable painting, in the collection of the Duc de Choiseul, which is known as "The Hunter's Return," the same delicacy is noticeable in the expression of the lady, and the same quietness in her attitude. Attired in a rose-coloured bodice and a skirt of white satin embroidered with gold, she is looking at a miniature and chatting with her maid, of whom we know not; but at the very moment her husband, coming home from the chase, enters abruptly the apartment of his lady. The conversation in an instant is cut short; the maid puts her fingers on her lips, and her mistress, pretending to play with the spaniel whom she strokes with her hand, awaits with downcast eyes and unmoved countenance the first words her husband is about to address to her.

There are masters of the Dutch school who accumulate innumerable details in their pieces, but animate them with no spirit whatever. They make the representation of manners a pretext for a ridiculous assemblage of furniture, glass, lustres, china vases, and all sorts of curiosities; their interiors are inconveniently crowded bazaars. Metzu, on the contrary, being a man of intelligence and taste, only brings into juxtaposition with his personages such things as are essential to the meaning of his composition; to illustrate the adventure, or explain the conversation. His skill in painting inanimate objects was marvellous; but he never allowed it, like the Pre-Raphaelites of our own day, to draw him into a vulgar deference to a vulgar taste; and yet, how perfect was the

finish he bestowed on such simplicities! He could weave over one of his floors a Turkey carpet, or elaborate the decorations of a gold or silver cup, or paint the transparency of Bohemian glass, or of the wine that glowed and sparkled half-way up to the brim of his crystal goblet! Glasses, be it remembered, were of great importance in his pictures, for the life of a retired Dutch citizen was chiefly passed in smoking and drinking, to dull his intellect, and to degrade him into premature and unnatural imbecility. But we do not see in Metzu's pieces the heavy horn cups perpetually passed from hand to hand by the peasants of Van Ostade; his are fine and elegant glasses, tall or shallow, such as were worthy to be filled with Haarlem beer, glasses cut into octagons, with prismatic edges, which seem richly to stain the light. In some the chalice forms a cone reversed on the foot of a heron or the neck of a swan, or ends in a trumpet shape.

One feature, particularly remarkable in most of the pictures of Metzu, is the shape of the chimneys of that period. In general, the mantel-piece belongs to the Corinthian or Composite order; the entablature rests on columns of fine marble, sea-green, gold-veined, or jasper-coloured. Sometimes it is black and white. Frequently, instead of pillars, there are Caryatides, representing creatures as beautiful women down to the waist, but terminating in the form of fishes. Others are carved in satyrs, such as we see in our gardens; and a specimen of this kind may be found in the collection of Sir Robert Peel—a woman tuning her voice to her master's viol. Occasionally the comic is enriched with a bas-relief after the antique. The Italian Renaissance had imported into the north those noble models of architecture which produced in France the palace of Fontainebleau, the châteaux of Anet and of Blois, and in Spain the palace of Madrid. Gradually this renewed taste for the antique spread into Holland where it flourished during the age of that Louis XIV. whom stupid historians have denominated "great," a hundred years after it had influenced the style of France. But such chimney-pieces peculiarly suited a people like the Dutch, who lived so much in the midst of their families; and it is not surprising that such great care was bestowed on the delineations of them by a painter so intimate with their private life as Gabriel Metzu.

In the love-scenes painted by Metzu, the artist's intention becomes at once apparent, from the care he has taken to make his "Conversations" *life-a-lie*. If there are three persons in the piece, the third is insignificant; it is some waiting-maid or page, who brings in a letter on a tray, and looks askance while retiring from the room. Generally music serves as the pretext, or more strictly the preface, to the timid declaration of the cavalier who leans on the end of the chair on which the fair young Hollander sits tinkling her guitar, listening to his protestations, and considering what their value may be. Sometimes he holds a glass in his hand to aid his nervousness, as we may observe in two charming compositions in the collection of the late Sir Robert Peel—one of them entitled the "Music-Master;" or else he pretends to be trying the strings of a violin; but with all his thought intent on one end, he seizes every occasion to interpose a word between the notes. "Chamber-music was a new revelation to me," says the affected French author of a recent extravagance;

"it explains to me the secret and the ideal of Northern life."

There is something delicate in the compositions of Metzu, and something more than delicate in the touch of his pencil. But there is one singular characteristic of his pictures, which critics have not often remarked upon. There are scarcely any in which we do not perceive a personage figuring, who, apparently, was then considered essential to a "Conversation Piece"—we mean the lady's dog, her spaniel with silky flanks, who by his attitude and expression adds much to our comprehension of the group. He tells us, in fact, what the human figures leave unexplained. Let us, for example, notice the piece called "A Charitable Lady." We are at the door of a Dutch house, in a narrow street, and there are two steps to mount to the entrance. A seat of iron-work is on the right, and the mistress of the house is seated there, enjoying the fresh air. A little beggar, passing along, has been asking for charity, and the lady is giving alms with grace and good humour. But Metzu, to show the temper of the household, represents the dog standing on the steps. He, accustomed to see poor persons come thither, regards the young mendicant, not with vicious anxiety and restlessness, but with an air of benevolence, so that the hospitality of that place is there doubly illustrated. The whole composition is simple but charming; a masterpiece of nature and sentiment exquisitely coloured. The house is embowered with foliage; a little stream, another of the numerous canals of Amsterdam, runs beside it by two shady rows of trees; between we discern at a distance one of the tall, quaint clock-towers of the city. A copper-plate glistens on the door, with the name of the merchant who lives within engraven on it; and there is also a bright metal bell. And the name of the merchant dwelling there is set forth as Gabriel Metzu, as if the artist would tell us that he himself was the owner of this hospitable house.

In order not to pass over the details, which are so many charms in the compositions of Metzu, we must notice the ornamental varieties he has introduced into many of his conversation pictures. It is not in useful articles or in objects of art that fashion has undergone most changes. In the seventeenth century the Dutch framers affected different kinds of decorations, according to the importance of the painting and the subject. "The Young Man writing a Letter," a beautiful piece, in the possession of Mr. Hope, represents, suspended from a wall, a picture with a frame most elaborately designed. It contains large flutings, shells, marine plants, and leaves so intertwined and so rich, that our attention is fixed even on this slight accessory. Whether the design was the painter's or a copy of something he had seen, it is certainly a fine suggestion.

Little is known of Metzu's life. Picture-histories give us only the true date of his birth, which was in 1615, and a false date of his death, which they, one and all, fix in 1658. This error was excusable, because it had the authority of Arnold Houbraken, who might have been supposed to be well-informed. Metzu, he says, died at Amsterdam from the effects of a surgical operation performed on him in his forty-third year; but it is clear that he survived the trial, since several of his paintings bear a subsequent date. Many circumstances render it probable that 1669 was the real year of his decease.

WATTEAU.

WATTEAU was the painter of revels, dances, masquerades. His frivolous pencil sought for such subjects as were described in court pastorals, programmes, and books of ceremony. But his delicacy of colouring, the graceful gaiety of the scenes he represented, the ease and freedom of his joyous groups, gained him admission into the Academy, with the title of Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King.

The genius of this skilful colourist, developed very early by an attentive study of Rubens' works, was immediately turned to the class of subjects in which he always principally delighted. His reading was almost confined to pastorals,

interludes, operas, and ballets. He had a strong taste, also, for diversions and spectacles of every kind, and thus fostered a natural inclination, which perhaps owed part of its strength to the influence of one of his masters, Claude Gillot, painter to the opera, who excelled greatly in compositions of a grotesque character. All that is serious or thoughtful in the productions of Watteau appears to have been the inspiration of a later master, Claude Audran, the engraver.

Watteau often drew outlines in red and black chalk, and these studies, whenever they are to be found at the sale of collections, universally excite great emulation among the

amateurs. These designs for the most part represent figures in easy and careless attitudes, and were probably intended as studies of groups to be introduced into larger pictures. Sometimes they are merely sketches of popular subjects, types of character or costume, or every-day scenes. For this last species of composition Watteau possessed no inconsiderable aptitude, since he had the qualifications so essential to it—great power of observation, freedom in drawing, and a fine but bold touch. He bequeathed nearly all of these designs to four of his dearest friends—Henin, Harangin, Julienne, and Gersaint. Julienne was his protector, and one of those who,

In the museum of the Louvre, we discover a few of the quaint but ever-fresh and pleasant productions of Watteau. There are always gazers admiring them, for his works are pre-eminently popular, and have at different times been engraved by some of the highest French masters in that art, by Audran, Chereau, Boucher, and various others. The "Knife-Grinder," which we give in this page, is a fac-simile from a fine plate engraved by Chereau, but of a much larger size, for a collection of the works of Watteau, published in two volumes by Audran. The sketch is in the most simple style. The subject is unpretending. There is only one figure—that of a



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.

with Crozat and the Abbé Laroque, originally brought him into notice. Gersaint was a picture-dealer on the Bridge of Notre-Dame—that famous spot in Paris, whence, in the age of Watteau, the artist could see an assemblage of buildings, every one of which was picturesque enough to be the subject of a painting. It was for him that Watteau painted the famous "Roof Sign," which, as soon as it was set in its place, created such astonishment by its beauty, that the whole population of Paris crowded to see it. It was ultimately purchased for a very large sum by M. de Julienne, who hung it in his own private gallery, but had a fine engraving of it executed by Cochin.

poor grinder; the only other objects are his rude implements. Yet, in the natural ease of the attitude, the careful finish of the countenance and costume, and the true expression, so to speak, of the whole, there is something to fix our attention.

Of all French artists Watteau is the one who has most imitators and really good copyists. Pater and Lancret succeeded in attaining distinction even by following the footsteps of this master. In the gallery at Nancy there is a very beautiful picture by one of Watteau's pupils, named Conscience, who may have been the painter of a piece in the Swedish gallery, which is attributed, in the synopsis of the Louvre, to Watteau.

ALEXANDER FRANÇOIS DESPORTES.



Dogs and horses have always been the favourite animals selected by artists for delineation. This is natural, especially



in the case of the dog, which has been a kind of friend to man. The attachment and fidelity, the clever and surprising

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instinct of this creature, and its usefulness in so many ways, create a sympathy for the canine race that can scarcely be experienced for any other. It would be a wondrous book which should tell all the tales of affection, of fidelity, of cunning, of instinct, which are true of this beast. Whether we look at the brute as a shepherd's companion, as the guard of the house, as the guide of the blind, or the saviour of the perishing traveller in the snow-drift; whether we admire the fleet hound, the beautiful Newfoundland, the magnificent Mont St. Bernard, or the faithful cur, there is always something to interest and captivate the attention. The quickness of comprehension, the patience under fatigue, the acute senses of the dog, are, on many occasions, wonderful. Is it a matter of surprise, then, that painters have been found to devote almost their whole energies, their entire capabilities as artists, to the history of the dog? This has been more the case in England than elsewhere.

François Desportes was the first French artist who painted animals and hunting scenes. The French school of painting, which had flourished about a hundred and fifty years, had never thought of descending to animals—at all events, as the principal personages of a composition; and after the Renaissance there was not, properly speaking, one painter of domestic subjects in the whole French school previous to the days of Desportes. It is true, that Sebastian Bourdon had dashed off in his leisure moments

some masterpieces, but it was simply to rest himself from his great historical works. The Lenains, though really fond of country scenes, had only obtained indulgence for such departure from high artistic notions by painting religious subjects. As for Baptiste, who was a flower-painter, he treated his subject in a showy style, and with so much nobility, that the gentlemen of the Academy did not think him unworthy of being one of their venerable body, which, as elsewhere, was generally made up of the second and third rates of art and literature; just as, in the Academy of Paris, Lamartine is not a member, Victor Hugo is not a member, and Alfred de Musset is not a member; while the Duke de Noailles and, with two or three exceptions, thirty and odd non-entities fill the academic chairs.

It is a fact worth noticing, that the public and posterity almost always give fame to men whom the learned cliques of the hour never would condescend to notice. Every one can tell of some genius of his own acquaintance, utterly neglected by the world, recognised only by a limited number of discerning friends. Learned associations and bodies never introduced to the world either a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Byron. Even the literary fund of our own days does not fulfil its mission, since those relieved are generally but the outsiders of literature; while many of those doing battle, and desperately too, who might be saved from much pain and misery by timely-offered aid, never receive anything from its overflowing and bursting coffers.

But genius and talent have a much better means of appreciation than the favour of cliques. The man wholly neglected by the literary world, has but to appeal to the public, and if there be anything in him, he will be supported and appreciated. To return, however, to the particular subject of this article.

François Desportes was the first who imported into France the style which had been made illustrious and famous by the Sneyders in Flanders and the Benedettos in Italy. To form a painter of hunting scenes in France, it was necessary that he should live in the days of Louis XIV., that vain and proud monarch, and that he should have witnessed all the pompous importance which, induced by the cunning calculations of his intolerable pride, he gave to his own acts, his slightest gesture, his fancies, and his pleasures. It really did not appear too much in that day of courtly servility, that, because the king honoured the art of venery so far as to foret a boar or hunt a stag, an eminent artist should come expressly to the hunt, follow with his eye the movements of the pack, watch the bounding leaps of the hounds, and paint the greyhounds and curs of his majesty.

"We lost in 1743," says D'Argenville, "an excellent painter in the person of François Desportes, born in 1661, at the village of Champigneulle, in Champagne. His father, who was a rich farmer, sent him at twelve years of age to Paris, to one of his uncles, who was established in business in that city. Poets and painters owe their extraction, not to any particular name or family, but to the beauty and fame of their works: that is their patent of nobility. During an interval of sickness, immediately on his arrival in town, his uncle gave him a drawing, which he copied in his bed. This trial and attempt, though crude and unfinished, demonstrated his taste for drawing, and he was put with Nicasius, a Flemish painter. This master was reputed to be a very good animal-painter." *

Nicasius was in reality a pupil of Sneyders, from whom he had learnt the secret of that bold and unerring touch, that art of distinguishing each animal by a dash of his paint-brush, that talent of displaying by contrast the colours and variety of action, those terrible combats of wild beasts, and those hunts with roaring lions, with bounding and furious tigers, with wild boars defending themselves against a pack of panting and turn dogs, which characterised his master. What Nic-
asius learnt from Sneyders, he transmitted to François

Desportes; but the lessons of the Flemish painter, taking root in the Frenchman's mind, became less wild and far more temperate in their effects. What was the wild fire of genius in Sneyders was graceful motion in Desportes; the fury which the proud comrade of Rubens infused into his animal-paintings was easily varied and changed into a composition quite as true, perhaps, but less warm and striking. The impulsive fire of the master became, on the canvas of the facile French artist, mere vivacity and quiet nature. Sneyders and Nicasius had painted the hunts of heroes and demi-gods; Desportes produced the hunting scenes of noblemen and country gentlemen.

Unfortunately, death removed Nicasius from the world ere he had quite formed his able and interesting pupil. Still it is easy to distinguish, in the freshness of colour of Desportes, in his free touch, in his decided tones, that he took immediate advantage of the advice and example of Nicasius. What is certain is, that Desportes, though very young, would never have another master. All that he did, when Nicasius died, was to devote himself with redoubled energy to his art. Resolved in his own mind to be a painter of hunting scenes, he devoted his whole attention to all that could serve to embellish his compositions; it was with this view that he drew the bas-reliefs from the antique which so often ornamented his pictures. He also studied figures from the model extensively; and when, at a later time, he painted portraits, he felt the impression of his severe early studies, in which he introduced, moreover, most of the objects which are furnished to the painter by the observation of real nature: plants, fruits, vegetables, animals of every kind, elephants, tortoises, serpents, living and dead, landscape, and even grotesque effects. He had not reached the age of thirty when his reputation was made. "He gave himself up first," says D'Argenville, "to all kinds of work undertaken by builders, whether roofs or stage scenery, ornaments, animals, etc.; and then he worked, in concert with Claude Audran, a clever ornamental painter, at the embellishment of the Chateau d'Anet and the Menagerie of Versailles. Everywhere we find a fertile and lively genius, full of truth and expression, a light touch, with an admirable tone."

His first appearance in the world—that is, in the world of fashion of the day—was not as a painter of hunting scenes. Some Polish noblemen, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, and the Abbé de Polignac, ambassador of France at the court of king John Sobieski, persuaded Desportes to go to Poland. Presented to the king and queen, he painted their portraits, and from that moment became a great favourite at court. To be the king's painter, in the eyes of a courtier, is to be the king of painters. Men of the most distinguished character, and, amongst others, the Cardinal of Arquién wished to have their portraits painted by the hand of François Desportes. He was loaded with presents, above all, with flatteries—it is so easy to respond to them when one is a portrait-painter. This popularity lasted about two years, at the end of which time Desportes, who was a true Frenchman in character, was carried away by an irresistible desire to revisit Paris, which city, like all his countrymen, he believed to be the capital of civilisation and art—an opinion not merely entertained in his time, but still widely prevalent at the present day.

Hunting, in the time of Louis XIV., was an expensive pleasure, more expensive, indeed, than at any subsequent period, the subjects of that king seeking always to imitate the gorgeous luxury of their master. Many a chronicler of the time has alluded to the huge preparations made to kill a poor deer. The king's venery formed a perfect army, which cost millions per annum. The woods and forests in the neighbourhood of Paris were carefully preserved and stocked with deer, bucks, wolves, wild boars, and other animals. The customs of the middle ages were revived, and Louis XIV., in hunting, as in everything else, played the part of a heartless and haughty tyrant. In summer the court went to Versailles, to Meudon, to Compiègne; in winter to Rambouillet and to Fontainebleau. These last woods, silent, gloomy, and solitary

* "Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres," vol. iv. p. 232. Paris, 1762.

during nine months of the year, became suddenly full of life, activity, and noise. From every part of the forest came to the rendezvous, the outriders seeking the wild beasts, detachments of *gens d'armes*, of servants in many-coloured liveries, of elegant lords mounted upon foaming steeds, king's messengers, chairs for the officers of hunting, carriages for the fair ladies invited to witness the scene, pages on horseback, cross-bow men, and the van containing the unfortunate deer. Behind this came the pack of two or three hundred dogs, held in leash by the king's outriders. The king always appeared last, his presence being theatrically announced by some lord-in-waiting.

Desportes, having again given way to his taste for painting animals and hunting scenes, was created by Louis XIV. historiographer of the chase to the king, and with that magnificence which was so familiar to him, because it cost him nothing, Louis generously presented him with a pension and a free lodging in the Louvre. If any animals were sent from India to the menagerie of Versailles, if any rare birds were presented to the king, Desportes was immediately requested to paint them. Attending all the royal hunts in his official capacity, he followed every act of the drama on horseback. He caught at the most interesting moment the attitudes of the dogs, their motions, their bounds, the deer at bay, the harkaway, and the death scene. When he had thoroughly seized the whole combination of lines and figures necessary to the complete realisation of his picture, he went to the kennel, and drew from nature the handsomest dogs of the pack, and when he had sketched four or five upon a sheet of paper, showed them to the king, who, recognising them, instantly took great delight in pointing them out by name. When he was satisfied with merely studying the structure of animals, their physiognomy, and the model of their forms, he contented himself with a charcoal drawing upon tinted paper without many shadows, the whole relieved with white chalk. Sometimes he caught them successfully with a pen and a little wash of India ink. But as most of his studies contained the elements of his picture, he took care to colour them, because he was thus able to prepare the exact tone as well as the outline. He then transferred his drawings to a coarse thick paper in oil—very excellent practice, if it is executed at one sitting. We have seen some very beautiful studies of dogs by Desportes in varied crayons of exquisite beauty; all amateurs have admired in these brilliancy, warmth, a careful and, at the same time, fanciful touch, as well as a close imitation of nature.*

When a painter is protected by a king, even should he be clever, he is always received into the Royal Academy of Painting. François Desportes was admitted as a member of this institution on the 1st of August, 1699; he was then thirty-two years of age. His reception-picture is a celebrated piece. It represents him standing nobly in the attitude and costume of a hunter; and he has availed himself of this opportunity to display in union all his versatile talents. We see a magnificent dog, of the pointer breed, with elastic and muscular limbs, who, looking up at his master, as if to examine his countenance, charms us like a creation in some far more interesting department of life. At the feet of the hunter he quantities of game, hares, pheasants, foxes, drawn with wonderful truth, in fine outline and clear relief, but all properly subordinated to the main figure of the composition, the hunter himself, a noble full-length portrait. He is leaning on his gun, which he holds in one hand, while with the other he impartially caresses a group of beautiful dogs. In the record of the Academy's proceedings we find a memorandum of Desportes' election, in 1701, as a member of the council—no inconsiderable honour, as it gave him a share in the power of distributing publicly the honours and rewards of the national art. His son, Claude François, also, at a later period, enjoyed a similar distinction.

* Description de l'Académie Royale, des arts de peinture et de sculpture, par feu M. Guérard, secrétaire perpétuel de la dite Académie. Paris, 1716.

That simplicity, that perfect interpretation of nature, which was the great virtue of Desportes' art, was not only characteristic of his small and more finished cabinet pieces: it is observable also in the large, elaborate, and more poetical productions. Yet there is never any conventionality in his works; never any trace of artistic dogmatism, by which we mean the pedantic insisting upon a set of stereotyped rules or canons, which form the technicalities by which inferior minds are trammelled. Intending to represent all the various incidents connected with the chase, from the figure of a sleeping dog to the animated tableau of the pack closing at full cry upon the victim, he allowed Nature, as it were, to preside over the design of his picture. He observed, and what he observed he reproduced on canvas, adding nothing from fancy, yet softening the crudities of the real scene by touches more truthful than imitation itself. In the beautiful specimens contained in the Louvre collection—"A Dog pointing at a Partridge," and "A Dog pointing at Pheasants"—we recognise details which tell at once that the artist was himself a sportsman. He paints dogs as Audubon painted birds—under the arches of the forest, in the natural studios where genuine art is most familiar and most at home. He seizes the sudden fixed expression of the creature's eye as it discovers the object of search, and as it is caught he paints it. A nervous contraction is visible in the animal's limbs, an eager anxiety expresses itself in its attitude; and to this menacing steadiness of the dog, with what subtle ingenuity does the painter oppose the trembling humility of its prey, crouching, and expecting vainly to escape its enemy by hiding low and quietly in the grass. Oudry,* another painter of hunting scenes, was the successor, we may almost say the contemporary, of Desportes. It is not easy, at the first glance, to distinguish their works; for the peculiarities consist, not in deeply toned shades, or strongly marked outlines, but in those less perceptible tones, which mark the paintings of the two artists. Nor is it astonishing to find this general similarity, when we remember that the incidents of a chase are not in themselves very varied; the subjects of such a painter's representations are, indeed, nearly always the same. In addition to this, they had both derived their instructions and their inspiration from the same sources; they were pupils in the same school. Oudry derived from Largillière the principles of the Flemish masters, and Desportes, as we have already stated, was a disciple in the second degree of the celebrated Sneyders. Nevertheless, a closer examination reveals the difference between the works of these two painters. Desportes has an easy, free, abounding genius; he attentively remarked the aspects of nature, and he painted them as if by instinct; in fact, he diffuses over his pictures more of native grace and beauty than of scientific touches or reflection. Oudry, on the other hand, has an able pencil; he is a connoisseur who knows all the resources and varieties of his art; he is expert in the distribution of shadow and light; he combines his personages and objects into striking groups, and there is a unity, according to academical rules, in his productions for which we vainly seek in the works of Desportes, who was, as Montaigne would have said, an off-hand painter. He belonged to that generation of exuberant and glowing spirits, who, with a true spontaneous genius, appeared in the seventeenth century to invest its formal models with all the bright and rich drapery of the sixteenth. As a colourist he preserved, in a greater degree than Oudry, the traces of his Flemish teaching. The latter is often cold, gray, and monotonous; the former almost invariably fresh, vivid, and cheering, bringing out his tints most effectively through a transparent medium; and it is owing to this fact that his works, at first sight, seem to have more finish than they actually possess.

No doubt it is true, that Oudry, as an artist, possessed talents which did not belong to Desportes; he understood better the arrangement of a grand scene; he elevated into a more poetical creation the object he was painting. But how

* WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 321.

charming is Desportes in his *naïve* way! His very dogs are graceful, lively, and elegant; his birds fly lightly and buoyantly through the air. There are in the Louvre two pieces, each representing a cock-fight; the one by Desportes, the other by Oudry; for they were barbarians enough to think these exhibitions, disgraceful to any but savages, worthy of the efforts of their pencils. Oudry has placed his bellicent birds with somewhat more skill than his rival; one of them lies on its back, endeavouring to strike with its powerful claws at the other, which has thrown it down. Its plumage is brilliant and dazzling; the motion of its wings, of which one is thrown upwards so as to assume a pyramidal shape, is full of grandeur and power. These striking qualities are not observable in the composition of Desportes. He was unable to give to his bellicose scene so fiery an aspect, such a fierce mimicry of passionate human war. But the introduc-

Since he succeeded in carrying to such marvellous perfection the humble branch of art to which he dedicated all his energies, there is no reason to dispute the probability of his having attained high excellence had he selected another branch. We are ourselves of opinion, however, that he understood his own talents perfectly, and went the length of his genius in delineating the hunting-scenes peculiarly adapted to the disposition of his mind.

The number of Desportes' productions was immense. From the day on which the celebrity of his name had opened to him a fortunate career, in the decoration, in high art, of panels, sideboards, and designs for doors and walls, he continued to labour without ceasing until he attained the age of sixty years. He, with Claude Audran, ornamented the Chateau of Anet, the menagerie of Versailles, and the palaces of Marly, Meudon, Ninette, and Fontainebleau. This last is one of the



THE WOLF HUNT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

tion of a crowd of fowls, witnesses of the affray, terrified by the shocking combat which is taking place "in their honour," adds to the scene a piquancy, and a tone of delicate irony, similar to that which we discover in the exquisite fables of La Fontaine, and we cannot but give our preference to this, deficient as it is in the high science which marks the rival composition.

It has frequently been remarked, and not, we think, without some justice, that had not Desportes confined his efforts to the lowest department of art—such as dog and fowl-painting confessedly is—he might have ascended with success to the superior, devoted to the painting of fruits or flowers, and still nature. He did not find it difficult to mix upon his palette that rich vermilion, soft as velvet, required by fish, by the feathers of some birds, or the pale though glowing tints of gold, such as would have been needed had he taken the fruitage or the flowers of the East as objects for imitation.

most charming retreats in France; itself a picture, with the splendid forests sweeping round, the artificial lakes, the parks, the green and pleasant hills, the rocks heaped up in enchanting confusion, affording landscapes, from the midst of which we pass into the long quaint galleries in which Napoleon delighted, to find the most radiant spots in Italy, the palace-crowned isle of Isola Bella, the banks of the Arno and the Rhone, and the lakes of Como and Maggiore, interspersed amid snug Dutch interiors and hunting pieces, by Sneyder, Oudry, and Desportes. In 1735, this painter received a commission to execute eight large designs intended for the restoration of some of the Gobelins tapestries. Amid these we find one of his best productions, "A Stag at Bay." But it was not only in France that his pictures were appreciated and admired. He came to this country with the Duke d'Aumont, ambassador of Louis XIV., and left behind him many very agreeable and

talented compositions, amongst others "The Seasons," besides a name which was soon familiar and popular all over Europe. His pictures were, indeed, to be seen everywhere—in London, in Poland, at Munich, at Vienna, at Turin; and not long ago, M. Viardot discovered some in the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.* This great and wonderful fertility is the less surprising when we reflect that Desportes lived eighty-two years, dying in 1743; and that he worked until an extreme old age with perfectly juvenile ardour; for never in any one of his productions does he show any falling off. The Abbé de Fontaine calls him the Nestor of painting.

The able and talented painter was also a worthy and good man. He married at thirty, was a good husband, and retained, in a profligate time and under the influence of a vicious court,

in France. They are no longer venerated or respected by the nation. They have vanished from popularity with the monarchy and the hunts. There is nothing of the old attachment to royalty now left in France. Men may call themselves monarchs, but they will never occupy the same place in the feeling of the nation as before the memorable year of 1789. Call a man emperor, king, president, he is still in reality only the ruler by the choice of the nation. The old solemn divine-right feeling has gone out with powder and paint drawing-room abbés, and the Bastille. It cannot be revived. The admiration for Desportes, then, will be always in part simulated. But if we carry ourselves back to the days of Louis XIV., of royal pleasure and pomp, we can comprehend the vast importance of pictures which, blazoned



DOGS AND PARTRIDGES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

the character of a man of honest and irreproachable life. He was extremely amiable, always lively, and perfectly simple in character. His physiognomy as seen in his portrait is that of an accomplished man, who was easy and pleasant in his manners. Delicate and proud, he had a great objection to the impertinent familiarity of fools. One day a moneyed man was boasting of his riches before many people, in an extremely offensive way. Desportes listened to him quietly for some time; but at last, irritated by his impertinence, cried out, "Sir, I could any day be what you are; but you can never be what I am."

The time, however, for the pictures of Desportes is past

on the entrance hall of the Mucette, on the grand staircase or of Meudon, in the vestibule of the Castle of Compiègne, recalled every act of the hunting drama to old hunters, to the lively ladies who joined the chase, and to their gentlemen and pages.

It requires a considerable exercise of imagination to look on the wild boars, deers, and dogs of Desportes with the same eyes they were looked upon by Louis XIV. and the lords of his court, before old age in the king made it fashionable to despise mundane pleasures. We are actually compelled, when gazing at his pictures, to carry ourselves back a century, or to condemn them, especially in France, as out of place. It is a fact which artists would do well to ponder on, that many pictures lose much when they are seen in a time

* *Les Musées d'Allemagne et de Russie*, par Louis Viardot. 1844.

and at a place which are not suitable to their being properly comprehended. They want the "local colour," the inspiration of the time. Who but a turf-man admires the portrait of a race-horse? But these pictures, arranged in vast galleries, where they are preserved because of their origin and for the love of art, the works of many masters resemble some of the heathen gods, for whom the Roman Pantheon was opened, and which, when once they were within the temple, lost the same day their private altars, their worship, their followers, and were but a multitude of random divinities, no longer recognised, or, at all events, worshipped without being understood.

But if Desportes is no longer understood or appreciated in France, where great but hardly successful efforts have been made to revive the gorgeous hunts of the days of Louis XIV., it will be a long time before his dogs and scenes of venery will be without value in England, where all such sports and pastimes form a part of the existence of a large portion of the community. The chase, against which much may reasonably be said, has, at all events, preserved for us much of that stalwart character which is our boast; and though justly denounced as barbarous in its character and tendency, is not without some advantages to counterbalance the grave objections to which it is liable.

But though the French people do not and cannot appreciate Desportes, the Museum of the Louvre is rich in his pictures. In the catalogue of 1847 there were but five of his pictures, but the active and admirable director, Teanson, is believed to have hunted up the rest in the garrets of the Museum, for now we have three-and-twenty.

The first of these is a full-length portrait of Desportes, in his costume of a hunter, resting at the foot of a tree, with a pointer, a hound, and several pieces of game.

After this we have:—

"A Duck, a Partridge, a Hare, a Snipe, a Cabbage, some Pomegranates, Thistles, Onions, and Beetroot."

"Two sporting Dogs guarding some Game."

"A fine white Pointer, beside a vase of white porcelain."

"A Dog lying down, a Powder-horn, a Game-bag, a Jay, some gray Partridges, a Melon, some Apricots, some Peaches, some Grapes," with a background of scenery.

"A Dog pointing at some gray Partridges."

"Shooting Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges" (p. 373).

"A Dog watching some aquatic Birds."

"A Dog pointing with Partridges."

"A Boar-hunt," imitated from Sneyders.

"A couple of Dogs pointing at Pheasants, of which one is flying away."

"Some Prunes, Peaches, a Hare, a Parrot, and a Cat."

"Two Cocks fighting, a Fowl, and some Chickens."

"A Fox-hunt."

"Two English Dogs"—that is to say, of the King Charles breed—"hunting a Hare in a Park."

"Dogs and Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges."

"Guns, Game-bags, and Powder-horns."

All these paintings are admirable, both in conception and design.

There are many of the compositions of Desportes to be found in the museums of the provinces; in that of Grenoble there is a "Stag at Bay, surrounded by a pack of Hounds." In that of Lyons, eight pictures, "A Bear-hunt," and some still-nature pieces. The catalogue of the Rouen museum mentions "A Stag-hunt."

In the royal palaces of Fontainebleau, Versailles, Trianon, Meudon, Marly, La Muette, La Menagerie, a vast number of paintings by Desportes are to be found.

The Print department of the Royal Library is less rich than usual. There is a full-length "Portrait of Desportes," engraved by Ferrarois; "A Boar-hunt," engraved by the same, and a series of ten dogs in different attitudes, engraved by Le Bas.

The productions of Desportes in France are rarely met with in sales, and their price is generally from £12 to £30.

Desportes

JOHN BOTH.

If the reader would imagine a rough, savage and somewhat theatrical Claude Lorraine, he would at once understand without further description what was the peculiar style of Both of Italy, as he was wont to be called by his contemporaries. Between the rural style of Ruysdael and the historic conception of Poussin and of Claude there was a style to be created, and John Both filled up the gap. The question has often been asked, Why do men born within the cold and foggy regions of the North feel much more deeply the beauty and grandeur of nature than the children of the South? Whenever a northern painter—a Fleming, like Paul Bril; a Dutchman, like Berghem or Poelenburg; a Norman, like Guaspre; a Lorraine, like Claude—is introduced to Italian scenery, he appreciates and enjoys it quite as much as—French critics think more than—an Italian himself. Certainly, there are peculiarities and details of scenery which are more apt to strike the stranger than the man who has seen them from his birth. Warmed by novelty, the foreign painter feels and endeavours to convey all that poetry of landscape with which his mind is imbued.

A Dutch historian, whom we have often quoted, Arnold Houbraken, relates an anecdote of John Both, which is characteristic of this excellent painter.* Van Der Hulk, burgomaster of the town of Dordrecht, proposed a prize, for which

* *Le Grand Théâtre des Peintres, et des Femmes Peintres des Pays Bas.* The French translation of this work exists only in manuscript.

Berghem and John Both were alone to compete. The worthy citizen wished to try the talent of these two friends. Both competitors were to receive the sum of 800 florins; but the victor was to receive in addition a magnificent present. Berghem painted on this occasion his masterpiece. It was a mountainous landscape, with numerous oxen, sheep, and goats. The trees, the terraces, and the sky, were painted with so much richness of tone and finish, that none doubted his carrying away the prize. But the landscape of John Both was not less admirable. There was so much light, and so much of the lofty and heroic style mingling with the rural, that none could decide between Berghem and Both. A generous and just connoisseur, the burgomaster of Dordrecht, put an end to the difficulty in a way that is worthy of being recorded in any history of art. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have not given me an opportunity of choosing between you. Both of you have merited the prize, and both of you must have it." †

In the country scenes of John Both, the principal objects are not silent shepherds keeping their flocks, nor the peasant driving his ass before him—but great trees with their lofty summits and their verdant boughs. He does not paint them cut by the trim gardener, nor does he represent them wearing their leafy boughs with effeminate grace, as in the pictures of Herman of Italy. Nor does he make them too wavy in their outlines. On the contrary, he loves to

† Descamps relates this fact in his article on Berghem, in the second volume of his "Lives of Flemish and German Painters."

represent them wild, with boughs blasted by lightning or broken by the storm. When we examine the magnificent oaks which are to be found in the pictures of John Both, relieved with so much boldness, now against the warm light of the setting sun, and now against the dazzling and fresh brightness of an Italian morning, we seem to feel as if there were a life in these ever-moving objects, and we can scarcely separate the conception of the tree from something with more than vegetable existence. "To the pantheist painter of the North every tree is a hero," says a French critic; "the forest giant is wrapt in his cuirass, his ligneous muscles swell, his arms are contorted, sometimes he lies down in an attitude of sadness, and then his torn bark, his broken branches give him all the appearance of a dying gladiator; but oftener in the landscapes of John Both the oak stands up triumphant, shakes his shaggy head, in which the vulture cradles its young, while larks play in the lower branches." The French critic was doubtless strongly imbued with the metamorphoses of Ovid, and dreamt of Hamadryads and Fauns when he indulged in this hyperbolic picture of Both. We quote it simply because, amongst our French brethren, it has been considered to convey a correct idea of the artist.

It is, however, by means of his trees, in the form, taste, and truth of his rocky scenery, by the imposing aspect of his mountains, and by the richness of his luminous back-grounds, that we always recognise a true Both. While seeking to be great, and when awakening in our minds a sentiment of poetry and light, he does not ask us to gaze on the gods in the woods, nor does he show us the beautiful forms of women bathing in rivers, like Poelemburg. He does not introduce us to demigods, as did Poussin. He is satisfied when he has given an imposing aspect to the oaks of his foreground; and nature, which he studied with such patience and devotion beyond the Alps, appeared poetical enough to him, without the assistance of gods and goddesses of more than doubtful morality. The plants, the lakes, the foaming waterfalls, and the rural scent of the bushes and flowers of Italy, their capricious profiles relieved against a fleecy sky, were enough for him. With the great Poussin, history, mythological and real man in his more elevated actions—is all. With Both nature is everything; but it is a wild and savage nature, so picturesque, and at the same time so real, that it seems to awaken in our bosoms the wish to wander through such scenes, and to gaze upon such trees, mountains, and hills. The enthusiastic lover of art could scarcely gaze upon the warm southern landscapes of the Netherlands artist, without being seized with an irresistible desire—in far distant places, at all events—to whistle some tune familiar to the shepherd; and he is even tempted to believe that he hears the tinkling sound of the bells on the mules' necks, as they slowly ascend the mountain. There is nothing mean, nothing low, nothing common, nothing dirty, in Both. He views still nature in the same way that Albert Cuyp has studied the cow.* His vegetation is vigorous, sombre, and real. The air is pure and pellucid; the sun shines upon every detail of the picture; and not one shadow of the agitated and active life of great cities ever troubles the calm and reflective beauty of the scenes which seem made for mute contemplation. He never introduces a sign of civilisation, except in the form of ruins. We see a broken column, a huge piece of a wall, nothing else to remind us of the mighty nation which once dwelt upon that historic soil, trodden once beneath the hoof of Scipio's cavalry, crushed beneath the weight of the chariots of Hannibal. And these signs of a life that is past are cast into the distant background, beneath the shadows of the trees. He speaks to us in his pictures only of youth—of the eternal youth of nature. What he seeks to interest us in, is a ray of light falling through a long vista of trees, or in a garden dotted with beautiful flowers. It is sufficient to remark that John Both was born in Munich, to enable the student of art to comprehend why, even when beneath the rich Italian sky, he remained faithful to the purely rustic style; why he loved

nature more than men, or, at all events, than demigods; and why he asked for no sweeter scent than the honeysuckle.

John Both and his brother Andrew, who painted his figures in his pictures, studied together at Munich, under the learned guidance of Abraham Bloemaert. They started together for Italy, and resided some time in Rome. They attached themselves to two masters: John became the pupil of Claude Lorraine, and Andrew attached himself to the style of Bambocce. The former became necessarily a landscape-painter, the latter painted the human figure; but they divided their styles, the better to unite their talent; for Andrew studied rather to paint in the figures in his brother John's pictures, than to create for himself a distinct reputation. He succeeded at last in introducing them with so much ability, in working them up with so much finish, that if he had not compelled himself to sacrifice them to the general effect of the picture, he would have spoilt its unity; but, moved by a double feeling—great and tender affection for his brother, and by the good taste of an excellent artist—Andrew Both took care to make his figures subordinate to the general design, leaving the real and great triumph to the landscape. It was rare and beautiful to see how John Both, on the other hand, often sacrificed his landscape to bring up with more effect the figures painted by Andrew. The result was, that, by means of this friendship and by the full development of the two talents, pictures were produced so harmonious and so full of beauty, that it has been impossible for even the best judges to separate the work of one brother from the other.

The landscapes of John Both usually represent a mountainous country, great accidents of land, convulsed nature, a winding rocky path carried away by rains, or cut in the rock. Along this road, between two precipices, on the flanks of some mountain, itself a spur of the Apennine chain, we notice travellers, peasants, and mules, with steady foot, covered with bells, carrying little barrels of precious and rare wine. These mules have the shoe made especially for this traffic, and on they go without guide, their driver, perhaps, drinking afar off at a spring. In the distance we remark a rich plain, a pasturage, with islands of trees waving in a flood of evening sunlight; or the scene, rough and full of startling effects, sinks away at last into the quiet hues of some still bay, such as Sorrento. All breathe soft gentle Italy. As the eye of the amateur, abandoning the background, lingers on the foreground, he feels all is freshness, while the warmth of day illumines and burns the distant scene. The shadow of the trees, deep and mysterious, allows but faint rays of the sun to reach the foreground of the picture. The spectator thus fancies himself more at ease, protected here by huge masses of rock, and there by the rich vegetation of that gifted country. He may even refresh his eyes with the spectacle of a pond, sleeping silently on the front of the picture, the transparency of which is shown by tufts of reeds and water lilies.

It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that even during their lifetime, the brothers Both were ranked among the first of living landscape-painters;† and it was even said by very eminent judges, speaking of the great Claude Lorraine, that he was less happy in his figures than in those marvellous creations of light, those rich landscapes, which we have already described;‡ while the brothers Both, uniting their brushes, excelled in both styles.§ It is perfectly certain that their style of art was exceedingly popular, and that their workshop was full of buyers, *emptoribus abundans*, though John Both always kept his pictures at a very high price. Joachim Sandrart is, therefore, exceedingly proud that the excellent painter of Utrecht was good enough to make him a present of two landscapes, representing "Night" and "Morning,"

† Ut juxta excellentissimos haud immerito locari possent artifices. Academia artis pictoriae. Nuremberg, 1683. Folio.

‡ WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 337.

§ Lorrenius . . . subdialibus ingeniosior erat quam imaginibus humanis . . . fratres in utroque exercitissimi erant.—Sandrart,

when so many amateurs were glad to obtain possession of such pictures almost for their weight in gold.

The great and crowning merit which has been noted in the landscapes of John Both, and indeed of both brothers, is the nicety, the care, the truth, with which they have always

finished—those boughs of trees, illumined and warmed by the sun. He was excellent in the contrast of his grounds, in dashing off on a mass of sombre verdure a projecting root, or some such accident of vegetation by means of those able touches, or, if we may so speak, those theatrical effects of



JOHN BOTH.

succeeded in marking the different hours of the day. In fact, the play of the sun through the forest trees, of its silvery light in the morning, and its golden light in the evening;—these were things which the great landscape-painter studied and noted with as much love and artistic devotion as his master Claude Lorraine, and which he rendered with almost

light and shade, so familiar to Adam Pynaker. His ground is too rough, too rude; his foregrounds are covered by too many thorny plants; his roads are too rude and steep, for us to suppose such a landscape inhabited by divinities of fable or by the soft pastors of Arcadia. The nymph of Poëlemberg would prick her beautiful legs amid those bushes, nor could her tender and soft feet run along those paths so rude and steep. And it is in this that John Both distinguishes himself in such a marked manner from Claude Lorraine. If there is in nature, as represented by John Both, an heroic point of view, certainly his personages are not aware of it; they tread with light and thoughtless step that soil sacred to the memory of great deeds, and every inch of which has had its tragedy or story. The sentiment which bubbles up from the artist's soul is felt only in the heart of the spectator. That is to say, the landscape is sublime, grand, sad, and wild; but that man in a red cap, who is urging his mules with many a cry and shriek, would never have noticed the fact.

Joachim Sandrart speaks of the brothers Both as having sometimes painted night-scenes:—"Nec non nocturnum lunæ splendorem et similia proferebant." These night effects are not familiar to continental amateurs. None of them are found in any of the Dutch galleries, so rich in artistic productions. These moonlight and evening scenes are rather to be met with in England than elsewhere, as we have always been great admirers of John Both, from his resemblance to Claude Lorraine, the prince of landscape-painters, especially in English eyes. A very fine engraving, published in 1791, represents a picture in the possession of Sir Thomas Dundee, Bart.—a picture called "The Bandit Prisoners." In no other painting have the figures of Andrew assumed so much importance, and yet the beauty of the picture and of the landscape is by no means sacrificed to the human form. The prisoners are brought out upon the edge of the forest where



as much success. We must not, however, pretend that he succeeded in rendering aerial perspective as his master did; nor do we find in his pictures that solemn tranquillity which appears to suit the gods of Virgil; but he expressed admirably, as we may see in "An Italian Sunset," which adorns the museum of the Louvre—he painted with truth and exquisite

they have been just captured; their fierce brigand physiognomies, the gestures of the soldiers, the officer, and the reflected light on the armour—all give dramatic interest to the scene, completed in the distance by the appearance of a fortress; but the eye turns with pleasure to the majesty, the grandeur of the foliage, to the irregular beauty of the knotty trunks, broken

tempted to Venice to study the masculine landscapes of Titian, so fiery in touch, so robust, and so free. They remained some time in that city. But one day Andrew Both, having supped with some friends, was coming home along the silent highway of Venice in a gondola, when he fell overboard into the canal, and, for want of assistance, was drowned.* From that fatal



THE WOMAN MOUNTED ON A MULE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

and contorted, and the lofty mass of underwood that skirts the forest and dies away on the borders of the streams.

During the life of the brothers Both, most of their pictures were owned in Venice; and though their appearance in Rome was exceedingly successful, though their life was enlivened, ennobled, and honoured by the acquaintance and friendship of Bamboche, of Herman Swanevelt; of Claude, of the two Poussins, and Elsheimer, the two artists were doubtless

and unhappy hour, a residence in Venice became impossible to the surviving brother, who had lost his best friend. He accordingly returned to his native country, and established himself at Utrecht. There he again found his countryman, P'oelemborg, who had also been, before Both, the pupil of

* "Donec alter istorum fratrum qui imaginibus ditabit tabulas, noctu, dum e sodalitie domum abiret, ex improvise in canalem illapsu defectu auxilii, undis miserrime suffocaretur."—*Sandrart*.

Abraham Bloemaert. On many occasions the painter of sylvan beings and ancient dryads embellished with his little figures the rustic scenes of Both; but the softness of Cornelius' pencil did not suit the spiky bushes, the rough plants and rocks of Jean Both, as did the muleteers of his unfortunate brother. Berghem, in his turn, who was very much attached to this painter, whom he could neither compete with nor envy, was delighted to put out to grass, in the landscapes of Both of Italy, some of those black-streaked bulls which he painted under the walls of the castle of Bentheim.

But John Both did not, could not, long survive his brother. He resisted the feeling; but he never painted anything great after his fatal loss. Houbraken does not fix the date of the death of John; but he informs us that Andrew died in 1650; and as he adds that the landscape painter died soon after, we are able pretty well to fix the date from this expression. Sandrart also affirms, that John Both died in 1650.

We may truly say with the celebrated amateur Le Brun, that John Both is one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world, though his reputation is less vast and world-wide than that of Claude Lorraine.† We may add, that he engraved several landscapes with a fine free point, in exquisite taste. Upon copper, as upon canvas, the great talent of John Both was to enable the eye at once to catch the truthfulness of every species, to notice not only the character of the leaves, but whether they are attached to their branches in bunches, or in regular order. He was so minute, so careful, and so true, that we cannot say of him what Laress has said of so many others, that he placed the leaf of an elm on a willow, an ash or an oak. What also distinctly marks this luminous landscape-painter is, that he seems to have selected, to make his task the more difficult, trees which have no heavy and solid

This landscape, so tranquil, so full of light, is also remarkable for strict observation of the rules of art in all their nicety.

Henri Verschuuring and Guillaume de Heuss were the only pupils of John Both. The first devoted himself to battle scenes, and those robber subjects so familiar to Bambocce; but the second imitated the manner of his master so perfectly—his touch, his light foliage, his warm and luminous skies—that an unaccustomed eye would easily confound his works with those of Both of Italy. Though free and easy, the touch of this admirable painter—we are speaking of the master and not of the pupil—is apt to catch its tone in a most marked manner from the object rendered. It is rough when he paints the rugged trunk of the huge oak; it is terse when representing bushes; it becomes soft over the sleeping pool; it is lively when he has to convey, without servile minuteness, thorny little bushes, small grounds, reeds, roots, fine and light plants. "John Both has been reproached," says Descamps, "with tanning his colour, by touching the leaves of his trees with a somewhat saffron yellow." This reproach is well founded sometimes; but from the testimony of Descamps—rather than that of our own observation—we must add that the fault of which this historian, and after him the amateur Le Brun, speak is not general. John Both cured himself of it, and many of his pictures are wholly exempt from it. We may truly say of these, that they are masterpieces, worthy of being placed alongside the greatest works of the greatest masters.

For picturesqueness, for the variety and richness of his compositions, for the exactness of the foreground, and its vigour and form, Both of Italy is a perfect model. The profound and strong sentiment of rural beauty, in a nature of heroic character—this is what, above all, marks the originality

Both
Jan: Both 1650

mass, those whose branches let in the light, and allow the sky to sparkle between the smallest intervals of their boughs, and even the smallest bunches of leaves. If he wishes to vary his compositions, he throws in some great wooden bridges flanked with towers and fortified. He likes the country where a chain of rocks ends in a precipitous cliff, where cascades bound off and fall in froth and rain upon a cluster of bushes below. At the foot of these rocks start up some stiff pines. A tuft of chestnut trees have fixed their roots below upon a hillock which springs from the mountain, and a little spout of water comes bounding along amid the rock in front of the picture, while some peasants with two mules cross a wooden bridge.

The finest picture by John Both, and undoubtedly his masterpiece in his own estimation, as he has made so many copies of it, is his "Italian View at Sunset" (n. 581). A boatman is passing some oxen over in his ferry-boat which already touches the shore. A gentleman appears to be waiting for the animals to land to take his turn. We are at the foot of a steep rock, which rises to the left and dies away at the edge of the water. Two fine masses of trees rise in the fore and background, between the two passes a ray of the sun, which paints on the ground the long shadow of the legs of two horses which are about to cross the river. An old unfinished bridge, or a toll carried away by the tenapest, spans in the middle of the water. To the left is a large demi tint, created by the shadow of the mountain and which is softened by the reflected light of the sun; a peasant leads his ass along by its halter. Two or three fleecy clouds fill the right of the picture.

* "Galerie des Peintres Flamands et Hollandais." Par Le Brun.

† See Depertio's "History of Landscape Painting."

of Both of Italy—this is what distinguishes him from all his rivals. Sometimes, it is true, his buildings are in a style so noble that they appear to elevate the thought of the painter above a purely Dutch intention—that is to say, above the rustic style which De Piles has so well defined. A temple, with a façade and columns, or an Italian abbey, adorned with palasters and surmounted by a campanile, sometimes gives to the compositions of Both a purely historical character, quite *alla Pissani*. We feel a kind of inexpressible charm in gazing on this shelter, which a community of Italian monks has raised at the foot of the mountains, but ten steps off from a river, which flows silently across a scene of mingled majesty, solemnity, and silence.

But nevertheless, on all occasions, the artist shows his love for the rural and the beauties of nature, even in his moss-clad ruins.

Good Boths are dear and rare. In 1792, when the pictures of this school were not valued at anything like their present prices, Le Brun paid 500 louis (about £175) for a fine picture by this admirable artist.

The merit of Both was recognised by all his great contemporary artists, countrymen and others; while Berghem, Poelenberg, Wouvermans, and Karel Dujardin were always eager, after the death of his brother, to paint in his figures for him.

If we may judge from the engravings of Daudet, De la Barthe, Bovinet, Niquet, Duttenofer, Dequevauvilliers, Fortier, etc., from Both, without counting his own ten admirable copper-plates, he must have painted numerous works, though he died at an age when many men have only just begun to gather renown.

There were originally a great many pictures by Both in

Italy, before English amateurs began to buy them up. Few galleries now are without one or two pictures by this artist. There are two in the Louvre. There are several in Munich, especially "Mercury setting Argus to sleep." The Dresden Gallery possesses two pictures by this master.

THE DAUGHTER OF MIGNARD.

ONE fine June morning, three men and a young girl were together in the Castle of St. Cloud, in the great Salon de Mars. One of these men was Louis XIV., who was advancing to age and infirmity. The second was Bloin, first *valet-de-chambre* of the king, whom the Duke of St. Simon has thus painted:—"Witty, gallant, particular, cold, indifferent, unapproachable, conceited, self-sufficient, and sometimes obstinate, always rather wicked, but not to be offended with impunity; a real personage, who had good cheer at home, who was courted by the greatest, even by members of state, who could serve his friends but rarely, and who never served any one else, and was, in fact, rather dangerous than otherwise."

The third was the celebrated artist, Pierre Mignard, the only rival of Lebrun who did not bend beneath his yoke.

The young girl was Mademoiselle Mignard, an admirable model of the young beauties and goddesses painted by her father.

At this moment, Mdlle. Mignard, who was in all the brightness of her youth and beauty, was sitting for Spring in the picture of "Apollo on his Car, surrounded by the Four Seasons"—a painting sketched by the artist in the hall it was to adorn.

Louis XIV. and Bloin were watching the work of Mignard, and were talking as familiarly as royal etiquette allowed. Suddenly the king interrupted the painter, and handed him a parchment with a large royal seal on it. It was a *brevet* of member of the Academy of Painting, founded under the auspices of Lebrun.

Louis XIV. expected Mignard to fall on his knees and pour forth enthusiastic thanks.

His surprise, and that of the courtier-valet was great, when the artist, after having read the brevet attentively, returned it to the monarch with a low bow, saying, however, these words, which, to the ear of the haughty king, were all but new:—

"I thank your majesty from the bottom of my soul, and I shall always feel deep gratitude to him; but I cannot sit in the academy presided over by Monsieur Lebrun."

Louis XIV. frowned, Mademoiselle Mignard turned pale, and Bloin thought his *poterri* lost for ever.

"And what academy do you intend to honour with your presence?" said the king, in that pompous tone which by his courtiers was called crushing.

"The Academy of St. Luke, which to-morrow will elect me president, and the next day will submit that election to your majesty."

Louis XIV. understood Mignard, and his pride effected the king's anger.

"Altar against altar," said the king, with an ironical smile.

"Brush against brush," replied Mignard.

"We shall see," replied the king, flattered at the rivalry of two reputations, which he considered owed their very being to his glory.

"Pardieu, my master," said he, rising to leave the room, "I admire your disdain for royal parchments; it is rare among people of your class."

This insolent remark caused the cheeks of Mademoiselle Mignard to crimson. Her beauty was now so dazzling, that the king, about to leave the room, stopped to gaze on her.

Encouraged by his admiration she spoke:—

"Sire! People of our class have shed their blood on the battle-field, and we merited the notice of your most illustrious ancestor."

"How was that?" said the king, coming back.

"Sir! my grandfather's name was Pierre More. He was

in the service of Henry IV., with his six brothers, all as brave as he was, and all handsome."

"Beauty is an inheritance in your family," said the king, smiling.

"One day, when our seven ancestors had fought like men, Henry IV. saw them together, and cried '*Centre-Saint-Gris*, these are not *Moors*, but *Mignards*!' They have preserved the name, and it is nobility of which your majesty will allow us to be proud."

"I will allow you, and it depends on your father, whether or no I one day remember his ancestors. We will speak again of my academy and of yours. I will sit for my tenth portrait one of these days, if I am not too old!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, "I shall only have to add some more victories to the glorious list!"

The king said no more of the Academy, approved his election to that of St. Luke, and it was only at the death of Lebrun that Mignard became, the same day, academicien, professor, rector, director, and chancellor of the Academy in which he had refused to sit beneath his rival. It was but two days after the scene above referred to that the king sent letters of nobility to the artist.

MODERN BRITISH ART—THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

WHEN Turner was a rising man, and was exciting some of that notice which his eccentricities no less than his talents demanded, he sent a picture full of brilliancy and colour to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. As chance, or ignorance of the Hanging Committee, would have it—(or it might be, to be very charitable, that the size absolutely required it)—it was hung side-by-side with a very dark and sombre painting by Northcote. The latter artist, when he came to his own, upon the private view, found it literally "put out." "You might," said he to the hangers, when he indignantly remonstrated with them, "you might as well have opened a window under my picture."

The force of this remark—and Northcote was celebrated for his happy expressions,—the majority of art-students must at once perceive. The light and brilliant picture naturally attracts more than its sombre and dull pendant. The one is termed "high," and the other "low," in tone or colour, and the effect produced by hanging one by the side of the other, is termed technically "killing."

Now, for "killing" other people's pictures, some artists—and Turner was amongst the number—have a genius. His were so bright, that some one said that they were like holes cut in the wall; and Sir Francis Chantrey, on a varnishing day, which happened to be excessively cold, stopped before one of that artist's pictures, blazing with vermillion and chrome, and rubbing his hands, as if warming them at the glow, said, "Hang it, Turner, this is the most comfortable place in the room!" But even this brilliant artist could himself be killed, and in 1827, at an exhibition had the misfortune to have his "Rembrandt's Daughter," a very vivid picture, hung close to a portrait of a member of Dublin University in a scarlet gown, the effect of which was, that the Turner was "killed;" and a passer-by found that artist very busy adding red lead and vermillion to his picture, and trying to outblaze his neighbour. "Why, what are you at, Turner?" was the question. "The hangers have checkmated me," was the reply; and the artist's pencil pointed significantly to the scarlet gown of the university man.

These anecdotes we have quoted to illustrate the remarks which we are about to make concerning exhibitions. No one can have failed to observe that some pictures, carefully painted and well finished, have a weak appearance when in a gallery of newly-painted pictures, which they have not when looked at alone. They are hung, it is very possible, near a picture which is high in tone, and which boasts a very brilliant colour. The picture which kills its rival is painted, doubtless, by an "income-seeking" artist, who knows very well that a bril-

liant prettiness is sure to attract. It may not attract judges. Unfortunately the great majority, even of picture-buyers, and much more so of gallery or exhibition visitors, are not judges, and the picture attracts them, excites an undue attention, and effectually prevents its more modest neighbour from being seen and appreciated. True worth, the public may urge, is sure to find its place some day; and the saying is to a great extent true; but in addition to the evils with which genius has to struggle, and we have Johnson's authority for the line—

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd,"

we need not load it with unfairness, and by that unfairness vitiate the taste of the public. Pictures of a very high tone, and of great brilliancy, should be hung in a room by themselves. Then the artists who sought, by meretricious ways, or by eccentricity, to jump into notice, would have the battle all to themselves; but it is obviously unfair, when a small historical picture of the time of the Puritans, whose chief

of being the nursing mothers of art, become but cruel step-mothers, who oppress it. Their true province is

"To foster talent young and shy,
To tender those, which else unfriended die."

And so far from doing it, most of these societies seem to exist for the purpose of affording excellent opportunities of display to those who are lucky enough to be members or associates of them.

The other causes of complaint against exhibitions, and things to be observed by those who frequent them, are of minor importance; but the complaints against the Hanging Committee are loud, long, and unceasing, and in every instance with which we are acquainted, most perfectly founded. The effect of their ignorance, or unfairness, is to negative the value of an exhibition both to the public and to the artist, and the sooner they take the advice which is solemnly written over the gates of the Dublin House of Correction, and "cease to do evil and learn to do well," the better for art in England.



ITALIAN MULETEERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTT.

merit lies in its sombre and sober hue, is hung by the side of a brilliant sunset, set off by a red cloak, as bright as the robes of a cardinal. The one is no more to be seen than is a violet hid behind a peony. The eye is attracted by the brighter colour, which has a greater effect on the retina; the sombre picture is passed over; and the artist, who might deservedly have sold his performance, and have been cheered on his way by success, finds that he has nothing left but to paint so brilliantly as to outblaze his rival. It is certain that the hangers have as much to learn as the public on this subject. There is little doubt but that the numbers of pictures and the various sizes of the frames, must to a certain extent determine them, and they have also to reserve, which is most unfair both to the rising artist and to the public, all the best places on the line of sight for the pictures of the members of the academy, or the associates of the other exhibitions. Under these circumstances, meritorious artists rise but slowly. The exceptions to the rule, and Mr. Millais is the most brilliant of these, owe their happy fortune rather to an extravagant eccentricity or some lucky chance, than to anything else. The Royal Academy, also, and the other bodies, chartered or not, instead

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE successes of the Pre-Raphaelites and the strictures of the higher class of critics, and also, let us add, the very great prices now given, not to picture-dealers, but to the painters themselves, have given an impulse to artists which presses on one as a thing "not to be put by." There is now no doubt about the success of the English school; each year marks its course by some triumphant work; and not an exhibition opens, but has within it some picture of talent, sufficient, thirty years ago, to have made a reputation. That of the Royal Academy of this year, with which we have at present to do, is so much superior to those of the few years lately passed, that in academic history it is decidedly worthy to be marked with a white stone. It was heralded with a note of praise both long and loud; for somehow the performances of artists creep out into artistic circles, and are known and criticised before they are exhibited. Long ago we had heard of the great picture by Maclise, of the wonderful and quaint scene by Frith, and of the *hiatus* to be made by the absence of Millais. Long ago we had been told that the exhibition of

this year was to exceed its predecessors; but certainly we did not expect that in this case rumour would lag so far behind the truth.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the exhibition, some of the most brilliant exhibitors—to use a term of expression nearly amounting to a Hibernicism—are absent. There is no Mulready, no Dyce, no Herbert, no Millais, who may all be termed brilliant exceptions; and besides these absentees, there is also an absence of familiar names which cannot be regretted—we allude to the fact of the wholesale desertion of those books which “Mr. Punch” declared to constitute the painter’s library. “The History of England” is sparingly quoted from, “The Vicar of Wakefield” is laid by, and even “Gil Blas” and “The Percy Reliques” seem to have been passed over. From this arises a freshness of subject which is quite delightful. But we will no longer perform the office of button-holder, and keep the reader waiting; but, after having indulged in a private view, we will enter with him amongst the crowd of fashionables, artists, literati, and nobodies, who throng the rooms on the first day.

yard,” by Mr. Uwins, are two very indifferent pictures, which would never have made a reputation. Royal academicians sometimes exhibit very indifferent pictures. If Mr. Uwins had paid more attention to the painting and drawing of the mother in the latter picture, and had not given us the verbose and unnecessary quotation in the catalogue, it would have been more satisfactory, the subject being quite capable of telling its own tale. The dog is well painted, and the children very fairly executed; the flesh in the “Cottage Toilette” has a very disagreeable hue. There are several good portraits in this room. (No. 33) “My two Boys,” by Knight; “Martha, daughter of E. H. Baily” (No. 14), by Mogford; a picture which would be better in effect if the background had been cooler. Mr. Grant has some beautiful portraits, of which we think (No. 69) “The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay,” and (No. 74) “Viscount Gough,” the best of the male, and (No. 353) “Mrs. Percival Heywood,” of the female portraits; the latter is very life-like and forcible, and the black silk dress is carefully finished. Sir J. Watson Gordon and J. P. Knight also do credit to their previously earned reputations;



AN ITALIAN VIEW AT SUNSET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

In criticising so vast an array of pictures—and, by the way, we may mention that between four and five hundred were, *after being accepted*, not hung for want of room; therefore let young artists take courage—we may as well begin numerically, noticing those pictures which are most interesting, premising that we do not intend, like Mr. Ruskin, to abuse any of the public into an intense admiration of any pictures which they neither like nor understand.

In the East room we find (No. 9) “Cinderella,” a very clever and fanciful little picture, by George Cruikshank; the figure of Cinderella is not so good as the other parts of the picture. (No. 20) “Death of Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice,” by Pickersgill, is in some respects a fine picture, but we imagine we have seen it before, there is such a sameness in the figures; the yellow-haired lady and the white dress we are sure are old acquaintances; besides this, the lady’s head is much too small. These are grave faults of carelessness in an artist of such evident talent as Mr. F. Pickersgill. (No. 25) “The Cottage Toilette,” and (No. 79) “A Cabin in a Vine-

yard,” by Mr. Dicksee’s portrait of “A Lady and her Child” (No. 96) is decidedly the best female portrait in the room; the lady dances her child naturally and gracefully, and the silk dress is perfection. This is certainly the best picture Mr. Dicksee has as yet exhibited.

“The Swing” (No. 50), by F. Goodall, cannot be too highly praised; for grace, action, and beauty of colouring, it is almost unequalled. The boy whispering to the little girl at the foot of the tree is quite a miniature cavalier. The park and distant country seen through the trees, prove Mr. Goodall to be a first-class landscape painter, and renders his picture one of the gems of the exhibition. The productions of Mr. Gale deserve honourable mention for their care, brilliancy, and finish, although their general effect is somewhat injured by an adhesion to the missal-like style of the *Præ-Raphaelites*. Thus in the “Wounded Knight” (No. 55), the ferns and wild flowers, amongst which he is lying, are of equal importance with the figure, and render the general effect glaring and confused; besides this, such minute finish is untrue to

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

nature, small objects being toned down, and the mind exercised upon the larger objects, prevents the retina from attending to the *minutiae* before it. No. 492, by the same artist, though in another room, represents a scene from "Cymbeline." This is equal in execution to No. 55, while more prominence being given to the figures, the picture is thereby the better of the two. The face of Imogen is refined, natural, and beautiful. "The Last of the Crew" (No. 57), C. Stanfield, R.A., is painted with this artist's usual brilliancy, and is the most touching and poetical sea-piece we ever saw. (No. 63), "Royal Sports on Loch and Hill;" the Queen, Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, the Viscountess Jocelyn, etc.—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Of this picture it is difficult to speak, as it is unfinished, with the exception of the game, which is finely painted. In our opinion it ought not to have been exhibited in such a state. The Queen's face has a most extraordinary flush on it. Prince Albert's figure is most effeminate, while the Viscountess Jocelyn's large unnatural eyes have the appearance of blindness. (No. 360), "Dandie Dinmont," the Queen's favourite Skye terrier, is certainly not equal to Sir Edwin's earlier efforts. Mr. Webster has an approaching rival in a young artist of the happy name of Smith, who has two excellently-painted works of children (No. 70) "Blackberrying," and (No. 112) "Bob-cherry." In these, colour, execution, and drawing, are all excellent. War, about which every head in the nation is either turned at the present moment, or violently affected, has two illustrations, termed "Fuentes d'Onor. May, 1810, and August, 1811" (Nos. 71 and 210). Both of these are well painted, and tell a very common but sad tale; the hanging committee having, unfortunately, spoilt the narrative by hanging the pictures,

which are evidently pendants to each other, in different rooms, No. 85 a "Villager's Offering," and No. 104 a "Breakfast Party," are two highly finished pictures by Webster. We may mention, *en passant*, that only the other day, a picture by this artist, which had cost a connoisseur only forty pounds some four years ago, sold at his sale for *three hundred*!

Mr. Leslie has three pictures, none of which can be classed as more than sketches, the execution being altogether slovenly, the drawing careless, and the colour crude. The principal of these is from Pope's polished court pastoral of "The Rape of the Lock," of which it cannot be called an illustration. Poets have, indeed, to complain of such pictures being foisted on their works. Who, for instance, would dream of the coquettish Belinda, surrounded by gnomes and fairies to do her bidding, when looking at the awkward and somewhat melancholy sketch in the picture of Mr. Leslie? The last picture which we shall notice at present, leaving for our next number a still greater treat, is a curious and beautiful illustration of modern "Life at the Sea-side," by Frith. A multitude of figures are seen upon the sea-shore, following all sorts of methods to kill time, which people at the sea-side generally indulge in. All classes are here represented, from children who use their toy-shop spades to dig in the sand, to the vagabond Ethiopian serenader who kicks and flourishes in the background of the picture. There is a great deal of the treatment of Hogarth about this painting—the same life, bustle, and vivacity; and if there is less force and knowledge, there is yet more prettiness. Few will easily tire of the present work of art. Amongst the crowd may be recognised the artist, his wife, and child. It has, we hear, been already twice sold, the last price given for it being one thousand pounds.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WE have already alluded to this great artist, one of those who has done so much credit to this country, and whose productions are of such value to the connoisseur.* It is as much for what he did to elevate and spur on others to the noble emulation of fame and success, that we admire and love the great English painter. Before his time art was at a low ebb in England. We had taste to admire the productions of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, but we were not productive in art. It is a fallacy very deeply rooted in the minds of continental nations, that we are a very fine race of shopkeepers, very excellent sailors, very good at constitutional government, first-rate merchants, and deeply cunning diplomats, but that of fancy and imagination we have nothing. It is in vain that an Englishman, indignant at such an aspersion, points to the greatest poets and dramatists in the world, English born, whose works show fancy at its very highest point—it is in vain that we explain that romantic writing, as an art, owes its very existence to this island. Though Frenchmen have sometimes heard of Shakspeare, possess a vague notion that one John Milton did exist, and are familiar with Byron—whom they claim as a Frenchman, Biron!—and Scott, yet still they stick to their old text, and deny us any taste, any fancy, any imagination.

Slowly and vaguely the idea is working itself into continental minds, that England is great in everything. Sir Joshua Reynolds is but one instance of the universality of our genius. It is difficult to explain the slow growth of art in this country, unless we seek for the cause in those religious and political troubles which absorbed every mind in the days of the first Charles and the great Cromwell, while under Charles II. the universal depravity of morals, the degeneration of king and people, and the narrow escape of moral extinction which we had at that time, must have prevented anything great or noble from making way above the surface of disorganised society.

The study of Vandyck, and the appearance in England of Lely and Kneller, two foreign artists, paved the way for the

higher art, which soon was to be developed in Sir Joshua. Great indeed were the deficiencies of the British school when he arose. Its members seem to have been groping in the dark, conscious of power, of vigour, of energy; but, from want of artistic education, ignorant how to use it. Sir Joshua went the right way to work. He studied hard, gained a thorough knowledge of the elements of his art, and then went to the classic soil of Italy to complete his studies, and drink inspiration at the true fount of art. It was beneath the eye, as it were, of Michael Angelo and Raphael—at all events breathing the atmosphere in which they once lived, and gazing on their matchless works—that he gained such perfect mastery over his pencil.

High art is a phrase which is often used, never very accurately defined. Everything appears entitled to that epithet which elevates the standard of nature to sublimity. Reynolds did this with portrait-painting. He made it something superior, something greater than it had ever been before. It is probable, that had Sir Joshua enjoyed the advantages of a sound early education, he would have been as great in historical as in portrait painting. Here lies the weakness of most British artists. Generally speaking, they study nothing but the elements of their own art. While the foreign artist, especially the French painter, imbues his mind with general knowledge, studies history, anatomy, the intricate history of costume, too many of our own countrymen either cram for the occasion or fall into strange and painful errors.

This is notoriously the case with many living men, who, did they not wholly confine themselves to outline and colour, who, did they but elevate their minds by grasping that which expands and ennobles the intellect, might rise to original conception, instead of being eternal mannerists and copyists. A man will never paint well that which he does not understand. If he seeks to produce a Scripture subject, he must be familiar with all that learning and research has laid bare in reference to the age gone by. He must comprehend the climate, natural productions, costume, and *couleur locale* of his subject, or he never will be great. How admirable, how perfect, are

* ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 19.

many of our English artists, when they paint English scenery. It is because they paint what they thoroughly understand. As in speaking and writing, so in art, a thorough conception of the subject is half the battle. The artist attacks his canvas with a boldness and courage which he can never feel, when he is in doubt as to details. Imagine a novelist, who knew nothing of the reign of Charles II. but a few leading facts, writing a novel laid in that day. His production would be something ludicrous. Paintings, meant to be sublime, are often ridiculous from this great error. The tragedians, representing Brutus in a bag-wig and red heels, were not more absurd than an artist who, painting a scene in British India, dressed his natives like Syrians; nor at all more out of character than the painter who, representing an event in Virginia, painted Peruvian Indians instead of Sioux or Choctaws. Such errors strike not the vulgar, but they utterly destroy the effect of a picture in the eyes of a man of taste and education.

The severe taste generated by the change from Romanism to Protestantism checked for a time the progress of art, which, owing its birth to lands imbued with popery, could not fit itself at once to the more chaste and pure ideas of a purified religion.

It was not until the days of Reynolds, when Hogarth and Gainsborough also flourished, that British art took an impetus, and became a firm plant in a rich soil. They were men worthy any age and time, and as long as the English language endures—and what mind is there vast enough to grasp the fact of what the English language has yet to do?—will these men be admired and venerated as the leaders and masters of a school, that will yet in all probability rival any that has existed. Reynolds matured what the less cultivated genius of the others prepared.

Devonshire has been peculiarly rich in painters. It produced Reynolds; it has since given us Hudson, Hayman, Cosway, Humphry, Flaydon, Northcote, Prout, and many others. Reynolds was originally intended for the church; but fortunately for posterity he changed his vocation. Many a good tailor and shoemaker has been spoilt in the effort to create a painter; but many a man of genius has been kept from his proper sphere in the effort to make him a clergyman. The ministry is a vocation to which a man should rather turn from choice than be brought up to it. It would have been well for Reynolds, perhaps, had he acquired the knowledge which a university education would have given him. But his father, good easy man, taught him little, and he began the world with a very small stock of knowledge.

It was in the society of literary men, from frequent intercourse with the wits and poets and historians and divines, who assembled round his table, rather than from any early habits, that Reynolds acquired a taste for literary composition. Johnson and Goldsmith were his friends. The following from Farrington is high praise. He is speaking of his intellectual evenings:—"Such an example at the head of the arts, had the happiest effect upon the members of the profession. At this time, a change in the habits and manners of the people of this country was beginning to take place. Public taste was improving. The coarse familiarity, so common in personal intercourse, was laid aside, and respectful attention and civility in address gradually gave a new and better aspect to society. The profane habit of using such in conversation no longer offended the ear; and Bacchanalian intemperance at the dinner-table was succeeded by rational cheerfulness and sober forbearance. No class of society manifested more speedy improvement than the body of artists. In the example set by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was supported by some of his contemporaries, who were highly respected for the propriety of their conduct and gentlemanly deportment. So striking was the change, that a much-esteemed artist, far advanced in life, being a few years since at a dinner-table surrounded by men of his own profession, recollecting those of former times, remarked the great difference in their manners, adding, 'I now see only gentlemen before me. Such is the influence of good example.'"

But it is in his pictures that Sir Joshua will live. It is by them that the world knows him; and that which we represent in this number (p. 384) is not one of the least deserving.

Here is the young street-wanderer, holding out one hand to solicit a gift, but offering in the other a few old-fashioned matches for sale. This is his last compromise with shame, the last prudent act of the mendicant-boy. By this he half-conceals from himself the idea that he is a beggar, and eludes the letter of the law, which declares it criminal for the hungry to ask for bread of the passer-by.

But the painter's touch imprints on the figure and countenance of this boy the unmistakable characteristics of mendicancy. The humble and patient attitude, the sorrowful expression of face, the extended hand, all claim our pity; a compassionate tenderness must be roused by the sight of this poor suppliant. In nothing has the painter exaggerated his subject. Even in the beggar's clothing there is a decent propriety observed; he is not a vagrant in uncouth tatters, a creature repulsive in his dirt and rags, but one who, though possessing nothing of value, still keeps himself above abject and degrading destitution. On the other hand, however, he is no softly-clad beggar, picturesquely ragged. In his countenance there is nobility and feeling; we think, when looking at him, that he is the best object of sympathy, as one who, in other circumstances, would have been sympathising himself. Thus it is not by the externals of misery, or by tears, or by distorted features that Reynolds moves our pity for this poor boy; his appeal is not to our senses; it speaks directly to the soul. The moral sympathies of our nature are touched and awakened far more completely by this sad, quiet, manly countenance, than by an aggregate of terrible details of suffering, of want, wretchedness, and privation.

It is in this, if our theory be not altogether erroneous, that we find the true solution of that problem, so long disputed.—What is art? Art idealises form and colour, so as to clothe a sentiment or an idea in truth and beauty. The artist, who describes an object in painting or sculpture, as a poet would depict it in an epic or an ode, possesses the real genius to which chisel and pencil should belong. The most skilful imitator of nature is not the true painter; he stands to him in the same relation that a mason holds to an architect. Otherwise an exact copyist would be equal to the original painter.

The artists who have adopted this as their principle, have usually selected, for the subject of their compositions, the high and noble emotions of human nature—sorrow, enthusiasm, devotion, and meditation; while those of the more material school delight chiefly in scenes of earthly joy, in dances such as made Boccaccio's gardens happy, in festivals such as Cagliari painted, in fêtes like those of Velasquez, in flowery and radiant landscapes, or laughing, blooming groups of beauty. The Flemish school is made up almost entirely of such painters. Why is this? Is it because joy has less power over the deepest emotions of man? Is it more accidental and external to him? Is it less bound to him by roots striking far into his innermost nature? It seems difficult not to believe at least something like this. The appearance of felicity, no doubt, is pleasing to us; it inclines us to agreeable thoughts, and, perhaps, communicates such thoughts to our minds; but it does not assume that control of all our emotions which belongs to the sight of moral suffering. We are fascinated by the smiling Hebe; but we are riveted by the Niobe, with upturned eyes, speechless and stricken, without even a prayer or a cry upon her lips. That seems to command all the feelings which live in us; it pierces through our human materialism; it troubles, it softens us, and makes us yearn for power to assuage those pains of the soul which we witness; and it is by this invisible bond, linking all humanity into one, that, unless evil passions completely sway our hearts, we are made to weep with those who weep; so that it is among the gracious dispensations of Providence, that to console others is consolation to ourselves.

It results from this, that every work which awakens, by the representation of sorrow, such a remembrance of our better

nature, tends to elevate the sentiments and to dignify the moral sympathies. It teaches what is noblest in humanity; for it inspires the heart with a desire to accomplish those duties which the divine precepts and the laws of society have established as relations between man and man.

The spectacle of a bright image or a joyous scene awakens

particular class of painters. There are two things to be considered in a question of art—the perfection of the work, and its influence on men—and the latter is by no means invariably proportionate to the former. A work may be a finished masterpiece without exercising any appreciable influence on the beholder's mind, or its influence may be far from good;



THE BEGGAR-BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

by no means such great emotions. It pleases, it diverts, but it does not improve us; it is addressed to the inclinations, but it does not penetrate to the heart. Even if its influence be powerful, the effect stops with us, and is of no value to others.

This is not said in order to create a prejudice against any school, or to stamp with inferiority the productions of any

while a statue or a picture of considerably less excellence may attract or excite a crowd. It is rarely, indeed, that the art of one painter is so perfect as to combine the highest purpose with the highest power of execution, to make the work admirable in spirit, taste, and beauty. When the artist does this, he is indeed a poet.

PAUL REMBRANDT.



REMBRANDT was the son of a miller named Herman Gerretsz, surnamed Van Ryn, or of the Rhine; because his mill was situated on a branch of that river, near Leyden, between the villages of Leyerderp and Koukerck. His mother, Cornelia Van Zuitbroek, brought him into the world on the 15th of June, 1606, and he was baptized by the name of Rembrandt, which he rendered so famous. Being intended for the profession of letters, he was sent when very young to the university of Leyden; but the demon of painting was already exciting him, and, soon finding fewer charms in the Latin authors than in engravings, he quitted the study of Suetonius for that of *chiaroscuro*. If we may believe Sandrart, his contemporary, Paul Rembrandt at first attended the studio of Van Swanenburg, who gave him his first lessons. Houbraken, on the contrary, informs us that his first master was Peter Lastman, a painter who enjoyed a considerable reputation at Amsterdam; and that at the end of six months he quitted Lastman and worked with Jacques Pinas. This assertion of Houbraken's seems not improbable, since we find in the works of Pinas and of Lastman the elements of the style that was to immortalise their pupil. Whatever may be the originality of a man's genius, his works will always display some indications of obscure affinity with earlier productions; his manner has been dimly foreshadowed by some peculiarity of his predecessors: thus it might be said that there was a germ of Rembrandt's style in that of Correggio, and its development might be traced by almost imperceptible steps through the works of Elsheimer

and Lastman. It is very natural that many painters should contest the honour of having guided the youth of an artist who, on quitting their studios, became at once their master. Thus it is that Leewen, in his description of the city of Leyden, assigns him a fourth master in the person of George Schooten.

Rembrandt has taken good care to transmit to us paintings of his person, or at least of his countenance, from the period of the freshness of youth up to that of shrunken old age. When he returned from Amsterdam to his father's mill he numbered some twenty years. He was a man at once robust and delicate. His broad and slightly-rounded forehead presented a development that indicates a powerful imagination. His eyes were small, deepset, quick, intelligent, and full of fire. His flowing hair, of a warm colour, bordering on red, and curling naturally, may possibly indicate a Jewish extraction. His head had a great deal of character, in spite of the plainness of his features; a large, flat nose, high cheekbones, and a copper-coloured complexion, imparted a vulgarity to his face, which was however relieved by the form of his mouth, the haughty outline of his eyebrows, and the brilliancy of his eyes. Such was Rembrandt; and the character of the figures he painted partakes of that of his own person,—that is to say, they have a great deal of expression, but are not noble, and possess much pathos, but are deficient in what is termed style.

An artist thus constituted could not but be exceedingly original and independent, though selfish, and entirely awayed

by his caprice. Therefore when he began to study nature, he entered on his task, not with that simple good-nature which is the distinctive characteristic of so many of the Dutch painters, but with an innate desire to stamp every object with his own peculiarity, and joining his own imagination with an attentive observation of real life. Of all the phenomena of nature, that which gave him most trouble was light; and of all the difficulties of painting, that which he most desired to conquer was the power of expression. Traces of these two prevailing desires may be found even in his early engravings.

How frequently has the tragic scene of Calvary been represented by the painter's pencil! From Daniel di Volterra down to Rubens, how many painters have especially chosen the moment when the dead body of Christ is being lowered from the cross! But when Rembrandt approaches the same subject, he presents it to us with an unforeseen sublimity. Considered with reference to those proprieties which we call style, costume, tradition, "The Descent from the Cross" by this master would doubtless be an indefensible picture: the head and body of the crucified Redeemer are frightfully ugly. The men who have drawn the nails, and those who hold the winding-sheet, or who support the descending body in their arms, as well as the three Marys and the spectators of the scene, belong, judging by their odd and dilapidated raiment, their head-dresses, and their figures altogether, to the least elevated, or even to the very lowest classes. In the foreground a sort of burgomaster is standing in an attitude of indifference, with a turban and a braided mantle lined with fur. He is leaning on an official-looking cane, and has quite the appearance of an officer sent by the magistrates to witness the removal of the body. But Rembrandt with one master-stroke has imparted an astonishing poetry to this scene of mourning, by introducing a ray of light falling from above, a glance, as it were, from the Almighty, upon the body of the victim. A stream of light pierces the obscurity of the heavens and inundates the picture with light; while, in the valley, Jerusalem is only seen through the misty half-tint, a glorious splendour illumines and gives brilliancy to the scene of death. Those servants in tatters no longer have a vulgar aspect; and we only notice their expressive gestures, their careful and zealous precautions, and their heartfelt grief.

Retired within the obscurity of his father's mill, the miller's son had long been an admirer of nature before he had ever thought of admiring himself. Some amateurs, however, had noticed him. Holland was at that time full of connoisseurs and patrons of the arts, which were held in great honour there; and it was hardly possible that some picture, engraving, or drawing of Rembrandt's should not cause a sensation among a nation who were then running mad after painting. A people whose life is not merely one of external enjoyment, as is the case with the Italians and other nations of the South, but one of a domestic, retired, patient, and profound character, must have readily comprehended the works of Rembrandt. One of the first pictures of the young painter having attracted notice, he was advised to take it to the Hague; and he was recommended to a rich amateur by whom he would be well received. In fact, the artist, to his great astonishment, met with a reception and a reward far beyond his expectations or hopes; his picture was bought for one hundred florins. But here we prefer borrowing the language of the historian Descamps, without altering the simple style of his narrative. "This sum of one hundred florins nearly turned the head of the young artist. he had undertaken his journey on foot; but in order to reach his home the sooner, and to acquaint his father with his great good fortune, he travelled back by the diligence, and thus escaped the fate of Correggio." All the passengers descended when the carriage stopped for dinner, but Rembrandt remained. He was anxious about his treasure, and would not run the risk of losing it. The stable-boy, on

removing the trough in which he had given the horses their corn, not having unharnessed or tied them up, they continued their journey, without waiting for their driver or the other passengers, and arrived safe with Rembrandt at Leyden, where they stopped at the customary hotel. Our painter quickly jumped out of the carriage, and hurried off with his money to his father's mill."

This success would not, perhaps, have been sufficient to tempt Rembrandt from the solitude in which he had grown upon the banks of the Rhine, if a new passion had not at that time found its way into his heart. The day upon which he was able to count down a hundred florins, gained by a few strokes of his pencil, he felt himself a miser; whether it was that he had been born with this vice, or whether in the ringing of so many pieces of money he only heard the echo of the admiration his work inspired, it is certain that, seeing fame so readily translate itself into florins, he went to seek it at Amsterdam, and in 1630, at the age of twenty-four, he had already established his residence in that city. The feeling of self was very largely developed in Rembrandt. In the very year of his settling at Amsterdam, he painted and engraved his own portrait in a hundred different positions, and in all sorts of costumes; sometimes covered with a rich cloak and a velvet cap; sometimes with a hawk on his fist or a gleaming sabre in his hand; at others with a ruff of plaited lace; or again bareheaded, his hair standing on end and flying out from his forehead in all directions, like the waving rays usually given to the sun. When he had once made himself known, he opened a school, and divided the establishment into small cells or compartments, where each scholar might study from the life-model. He was doubtless afraid that studying in one common room might cause his pupils to lose their originality of manner; it might be said that as he was jealous of his own originality, so he equally guarded that of others. How many painters were destined to issue from these cells, without resembling each other it is true, but not without bearing with them some fragments of the genius of their master! Fictoor, Gerard Douw, Lievens, Van Eeckhout, Van Hoogstraten, Govaert Flink, Leonard Bramer, Ferdinand Bol, and many others.}

As to the head of this convent-like studio, he was a fantastic dreamer, a man wrapt up in himself, full of originality, contradictions, and uncouthness. He had a large press full of turbans, fringed scarfs, old spangled stuffs, armour, rusty swords, and halberds; and he used to exclaim, when showing these to visitors, "These are my antiquities." He did not fail, however, to buy the engravings of Mark Anthony after Raphael; indeed, his biographer states that he possessed an ample collection of fine Italian engravings; but, different from those who affect to despise the things by which they profit, Rembrandt admired all, but imitated none. By a contradiction still more surprising for one so avaricious, he married a wife without fortune, a pretty country girl of the village of Ransdorp in Waterland; and he forthwith represented her by his side in one of his engravings, holding a glass in her hand, with smiling looks, smart with the finery of her dress and her blooming complexion. However, it is but just to say that if Rembrandt allowed the unworthy passion for money to find a place in his heart, he at least did not exclude from it the sentiment of gratitude. From the very commencement of his career he had enjoyed the patronage of a physician named Tulp, professor of anatomy at Amsterdam; and two years after his establishment in that city, he painted this professor surrounded by his pupils, and thus immortalised him, in the picture well known by the name of "The Anatomical Lecture." This picture appears to us somewhat cold, and wanting in that general relief in which Rembrandt always

† *Visit* the catalogues of Clausen and of Bartsch. The greater number of his portraits are of 1630 and 1631.

‡ This portrait is the one that is placed at the head of this biography. It is known by the name of *Rembrandt appuyé*.

§ A complete list of these can be seen in the "Historical Researches" by Hagdorn. Dresden, 1755.

Correggio having received 200 livres in copper money for the price of a picture, carried that heavy burden himself the distance of twelve miles, in very hot weather, and caught a pleurisy, of which he died in 1518, at the age of forty.

exceeds. The painter has only succeeded in this in relieving the separate parts; each head taken by itself is full of life and expression, finely and vigorously modelled; but each attracts the attention separately, and thus injures the general effect; there is no sufficient decision in any part so as to concentrate the interest; the dead body laid out upon the table forms, from its diagonal position and the monotony of its greenish tint, the only point of the picture; the countenances, however, are good, spirited, and full of thought; the professor, with his hat on, in the presence of his pupils who are uncovered, holds at the end of his forceps the flexor muscles of the hand, and explains to his class the simple mechanism of them; he operates with the indifference of the anatomist, and like a man hardened against the scenes of the dissecting-room.

To copy nature even to the minutest details of the model, and to lend an extraordinary power to the representation with great effect and bold relief, is, doubtless, the perfection of art; but this was not the secret, or we may say, the practice, of Rembrandt. It is true, that in his early manner he finished highly; each head in "The Anatomical Lecture," for example, when closely examined, offers an infinity of extremely fine tones, even in a single eye; yet, seen at a proper distance, the object presents only the three elements of the model—the high light, the shade, and the half tint. Although this manner of the painter was not deficient in force, and had an immense success at Amsterdam, owing to the passion of the Dutch for high finish, Rembrandt became bolder by practice, and created for himself a new style, sharp, striking, even coarse in appearance, but dazzlingly brilliant, and of a truth to nature which almost amounted to magic. However delicate the subject might be, he gave the appearance of finish by spirited touches; without altering the forms or disturbing the masses, he rendered them striking in luminous places by vigorous and even rough touches, the passionate expression of which was all calculated by the consummate artist; for such a dashing style of execution is only to be attained by profound study, and when the painter has become the perfect master of his palette. A stroke of the brush, which may seem to have been dashed at random upon the canvas, like cement upon a wall, is nevertheless so correctly placed as to express character, action, and life, to make the nostrils expand, or soften the look; and if it be true, as Descamps asserts, that the originals of Rembrandt's portraits were obliged to submit patiently to the long indecision of the painter on the choice of the *pose*, and on the nature and style of the accessories, it is certain that they were amply rewarded by the speaking likeness that resulted, the truth of the colouring, and the fine play of light in which they saw themselves depicted: they were fortunate if they did not suffer from some strange fancy of this most whimsical of painters, for whoever sat for Rembrandt was compelled to submit to his caprices, or to renounce the gratification of being the original of a *chef-d'œuvre*. It is related of him that one day, as he was just completing a picture of a family group, the death of his monkey was announced to him, whereupon he immediately painted the portrait of the animal, from memory, in the corner of the very canvas upon which he was working. The persons whose portraits composed the picture, and who were to pay him for it, were naturally offended at the introduction of a new member into their family; but Rembrandt chose rather to keep the picture than to efface the memorial of his favourite.

The mere imitation of nature, however, was so much beneath the genius of Rembrandt, that he made it a sort of pastime. In the intervals between his poetical compositions, to which his whole soul was devoted, illusive paintings of various objects formed a sort of amusement. Although it may be easy to deceive the senses by representing inanimate objects, such as fruit, flowers, shells, butterflies, and all that is comprehended in the term *still life*, it is not so easy to imitate *life* with such degree of truth as to deceive the eye. Rembrandt tried this more than once with startling success: it struck his fancy one day to paint his servant-girl opening

the window, as if to look into the street; he cut his canvas off exactly the same dimensions as the window, so that by taking out the sashes he might fill up the opening with his picture. The position of the figure was so natural, the relief of the hand so good, and the head so full of animation, that every one was deceived by the trick. This feat, so like those which are related of the Greek artists, though far superior (since it was not a bunch of grapes, or a curtain, but living nature, that was imitated), might, perhaps, seem an idle story, but that it is mentioned by Roger Piles, who adds, "This picture now forms part of my collection." *

Dietrich, who was one of Rembrandt's imitators, said to the ingenious amateur Hagedorn, "When we wish to compose and light a picture in the style of Rembrandt, we must also adopt his manner of draping and adjusting the figures, without which the work would be deprived of that spirit which constitutes its charm." This observation is perfectly just; but it is most remarkable that so distinguished an amateur as M. de Hagedorn did not feel the value of the remark, but accompanies it in his book with the following lines:—"I believe, however, that if Rembrandt, that successful colourist, had studied the other branches of painting like Poussin, he would have been only the more admired, and that the combination of two perfections, force of colour and a strict adherence to the story of the picture, could not but have added to his celebrity."

We think there cannot be a greater mistake than this; for if Rembrandt had drawn in the style of Poussin, it would no longer be that of Rembrandt. How could a painter who addressed himself to the imagination of others, and drew entirely from his own, always respect the proprieties of his story or of costume, the beau-ideal of form, or conventionality and tradition? His pencil could not be guided at the same moment by the rules of reason and by flights of the imagination. If an artist places before our eyes the classical imagery of processions of young girls walking gracefully at the Panathenaic festivals, he may allow us to admire the purity of their profiles, and to trace the beauty of their forms under the thin covering which betrays them. Let plastic art have its triumph then, for the caprices of light and shade are useless; the antique school took its rise in sunny climes, and it would be unreasonable to shut up its works in the cavern of the alchemist. The heroes of Rome and Athens, clothed with the buskin and enveloped in the toga, would have been strangely out of place at the bottom of those caverns where Doctor Faustus believes that he sees the sparkling of cabalistic letters!

It is often said that Rembrandt was very defective in his drawing, and that he failed in this branch of the art; this is a heresy on the part of the orthodox critics. Certainly, Rembrandt did not draw with the correct elegance taught in the classical school; he was not acquainted with the chaste forms of the antique; he did not study the nude, at least that which the antique school has decided to comprise the most exquisite proportions and the purest outlines. His Bathshebas are Dutch matrons, whose homely charms would not seduce King David, unless by the warm and life-like flesh-tints; his chaste Susannahs are servant-wenchs, whom no one would be eager to surprise on coming out of their bath, did not a fanciful shadow conceal the poverty of their half-exposed charms, and throw a poetical mystery over the prose of their beauty; but there are some essential qualities of drawing, which Rembrandt possesses in the highest degree—expression and perspective. "Perhaps even," says the learned and classical author of the "*Traité complet de la Peinture*," † when on this subject, "he was superior in his appreciation of these qualities to Giulio Romano himself, or I even venture to say to Annibal Caracci." For the expression which results from the play of the features, and the attitude of attention, it would be difficult to meet with more simple, more energetic, or more striking examples than may be found in the works of

* De Piles "Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres, avec des réflexions sur leur ouvrages." Paris, 1715. Second Edition.

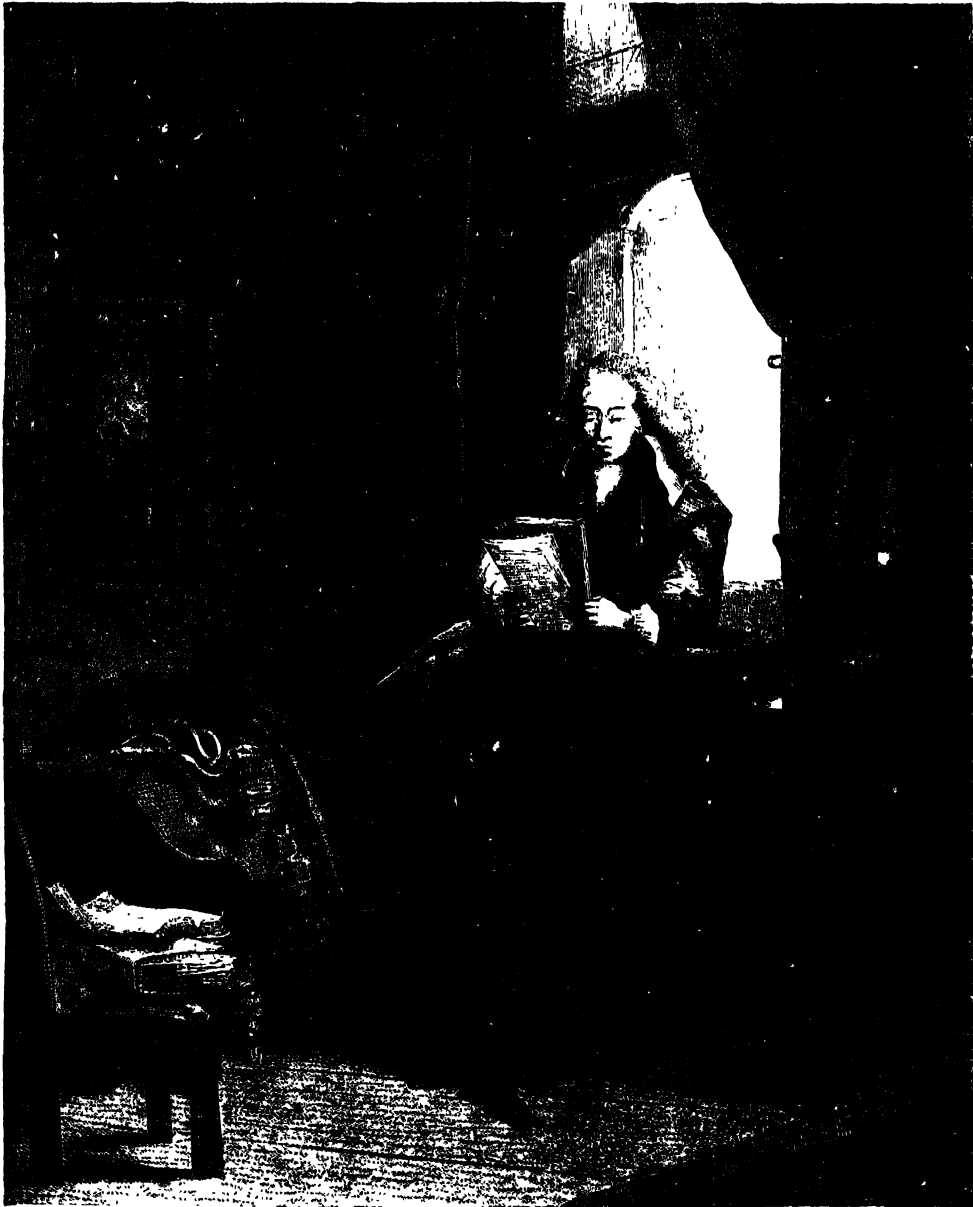
† M. Faillot de Montabert, in vol. iii. of his "*Traité*," p. 11.

Rembrandt. Was astonishment, for instance, ever better expressed than in the "Raising of Lazarus?"

Some authors have thought that Rembrandt visited Venice; De Piles has asserted it on the authority of certain etchings, on which the words, *Rembrandt, Venitiis, 1635*, appear to have been engraved. These words, in fact, can be made out upon three plates of oriental heads, turbaned and furred; but even if this be not a trick of the miser, and if Rembrandt did make a journey to Venice, of which there now only remains the evidence of these three prints, the illustrious painter did not

1628—the peculiarities of his style can be traced. He appears even then to have felt that the most important agent in his pictures was the light.

Rembrandt's principal and peculiar means of expression, especially in his paintings, is the *chiaroscuro*. Despairing of imitating the brightness of sunlight, he shuts his door against it, and closes up his window, only allowing it to penetrate through a small loophole. Having thus, as it were, imprisoned the daylight, he disposes of it at his own will, and makes the captive ray travel round his darkened apartment,



PORTRAIT OF THE BURGOMASTER SIX.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

sojourn long in the land of the great master of colour, since, according to the Chevalier de Claussin, who was well acquainted with the works in question, the word *Venitiis* is found upon all the three plates with the same date of 1635. However this may be, it is certain that Rembrandt could not have borrowed his peculiar style from the Venetians, it is so strongly marked with the impress of a great original genius, and so easily recognised, even in the smallest of his etchings previous to the year 1635. Even at the age of twenty-two, in his earliest known works—his first engravings being dated

causing it to fall, according to his fancy, now upon the skull of a hermit wrapt in meditation, now into an alcove with a woman in bed, perhaps the wife of Potiphar. There is no sentiment or idea which this painter does not express by light and shade only. When Jesus says to the buried Lazarus, "Come forth," Rembrandt represents the miracle of the "Raising of Lazarus" (p. 392) by a miracle of light and shade. The scene was pictured in his imagination as having taken place in a sombre cavern suddenly illuminated with a blaze of light. Rembrandt expresses life by light, and death by darkness.

Sometimes he seems to have desired to represent silence, and then a sweet harmony of tones, gently graduated, produces upon the eye the same effect as silence would produce upon the organ of hearing. We have often arrested our steps in the gallery of the Louvre to contemplate the two "Philosophers" of Rembrandt. A faint ray shines through the beared glass in the leaded casement of the hermit's quiet abode. Before him are some open books; but the dreamer no longer regards them; he is wrapt in meditation. The light seems to glide along the wall, and creeps along the floor, scarcely revealing the steps of a winding staircase, then loses itself almost insensibly in the apartment, and dies away into the darkness. In this vaulted retreat there reigns such per-

executed four etchings. In no other instance has he exhibited such consummate skill in toning down the light, and in lowering it to the point at which it seems actually to have disappeared, even while it is still present; for in Rembrandt's works there never is any actual black, but a mysterious half-tint, where the light and the darkness seem to be equally mixed. "Jacob's Dream" is the subject of the first of these mystic compositions. The angels gently ascend and descend a ladder, which is only illumined at its upper extremity. The dreamer, whom we suppose to be at the bottom of the ladder, is in the most profound darkness. This is the first state of the etching; but in a second proof, his figure may just be distinguished through the bars of the ladder as he is



CHRIST DRIVING THE MONEY-CHANGERS OUT OF THE TEMPLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

fect peace, that the mere contemplation of the picture awakes a desire for the solitude. On a closer examination of this picture, we perceive on the statue the figures of two women, whose colour differs so slightly from the mass of shade, that they do not in the slightest degree interfere with the subdued effect, or, to make use of the metaphor we alluded to above, they do not break the silence of the composition.

There exists a Spanish book* of great obscurity, written by the Jew Manassé-ben-Israel, for which book Rembrandt

stretched at the foot. The celestial ray has descended the steps, and with its dying gleam indicates the vague outline of the sleeping traveller. The mystery is profound, the effect grand. The angels who brush against Jacob with their wings are, it is true, neither light nor aerial, but their very weight seems to render them more powerful and formidable. The lighting of the picture supplies the poetry of the subject, or rather of itself constitutes the poetry, for by means of it the effect is elevated to unequalled grandeur. This engraving,

* This book is entitled, "Piedra gloriosa, ó de la Estatua de Nebuchadnezar, con muchas y diversas autoridades de la S. S. y antiguos sabios" (Glorious Stone, or of the Statue of Nebuchadnezzar, with many and diverse authorities taken from the Holy

Scriptures, and from the learned men of old). The four etchings of Rembrandt having been executed expressly for an edition of this book, it is not astonishing that they should be very scarce. This curious little book has fetched the price of £16.

destined for a small book, is not so large as the hand of the engraver; but the genius of Rembrandt, in spite of the narrow limits within which it is confined, gives the effect of gigantic proportions to the subject. In the same book he has represented the "Vision of Ezekiel," and he seems to have taken delight in making it pass through all the variations of his magic lantern. A glory is shining above, in the midst of which the Almighty appears surrounded by adoring angels. Below are seen the four animals of which the prophet speaks, loathsome beasts, as frightful as the gnomes lately discovered by Goya, and which, in the twilight where they are seen spreading out their hideous wings, serve as contrasts to the glories of heaven. This engraving measures only three inches; yet it comprises both worlds, hell below and heaven above, the brightness of paradise and the horrors of the infernal regions; it commences like the dream of a perfectly happy man, and finishes like the nightmare of a condemned felon.

Painting was not, perhaps, the principal source of the extraordinary fame of Rembrandt. It was particularly, by his immortal etchings that he made himself known in the world of art, from Holland even to Rome. Merchants came from the remotest parts of Italy to offer him some of Mark Anthony's engravings in exchange for his corrected proofs. Shut up in his sombre studio, he silently pursued his occupation without witnesses, his door being closed against visitors. He wished it to be believed that he was in possession of some wonderful secrets, and he hoped that even the smallest print issuing from a laboratory into which nobody was permitted to penetrate, would be the more highly prized by amateurs; and he knew them well. According to his biographers, he would endeavour to enhance the value of his works by first striking off a few impressions of an unfinished engraving; he then continued to work at it by means of a second transparent varnish, making a few slight alterations, either with aquafortis or with the dry point; and thus succeeded in selling as different engravings a number of proofs from the same plate. It is certain that his engravings were the more in demand throughout Europe, because he required very high prices for them; and yet he still further raised their value by tricks which were worthy of a patriarch of the Synagogue. Sometimes he put them up for public sale, in order to raise the price by bidding for them himself; at other, he even sent his son to sell them clandestinely as stolen prints. Taking advantage of the infatuation with which he had inspired his countrymen, he would occasionally threaten to go to England; so that, being uncertain of the time he was to remain with them, the amateurs hastened to buy his prints at any price. He one day caused a report of his death to be spread, in order to enjoy the malicious gratification of coming to life again, in the midst of the astonished bidders, after his portfolios had been knocked down at auction. Amongst his numerous works there were etchings which he would not sell at first, even at the price of a hundred florins. "It was necessary," says Descamps, "to coax him in order to obtain them. It was the fashion—it was the rage. People were actually ridiculed who did not possess a proof of the little Juno with a crown, and another without the crown, or of the Joseph with a white face, and the same with a black face, or of the woman with a white bonnet, and with a little foal, and the same without a bonnet."

Rembrandt had already amassed a considerable fortune. His studio, full of pupils, who were sent to him by the principal citizens of Amsterdam, brought him in enormous sums. Sandrart, his contemporary, informs us that each of the pupils of his great but avaricious painter paid him no less than a hundred florins annually; * to which must be added the produce of a great number of copies of his works by his pupils, retouched by the master, and sold by him as originals of his own: these were paintings by Fictor, Giovaert Flink,

and Van Beekhout; this lucrative business brought Rembrandt as much as 2,500 florins, without reckoning the sums which he acquired by his own labour with the pencil, the graver, or the pen; for his designs, which exhibited great spirit and talent, were also valued at very high prices. In the midst of so much wealth, the painter of "The Night Patrol" lived in the same primitive simplicity as when he was only the son of the miller Gerretsz. Chary of his gold, he was only lavish of it in his pictures, where his warm lights resembled the colour and richness of his coin. But, in fact, even his engravings were coloured with that harmonious tint, the colour of the India paper, which Rembrandt liked to have them printed on, and which almost resembled thin sheets of gold. His pupils were so well acquainted with his weakness, that they often amused themselves by painting pieces of gold upon scraps of paper, and placing them on the floor in some corner, where the painter never failed to pick them up, though his good-nature would never allow him to punish those who had so cleverly deceived an eye like his. But, if Rembrandt loved gold, it was only for the sake of the enjoyment which the thought of it afforded him. His mode of living was parsimonious; his meals consisted, says Houbraken, of a salt herring or a piece of cheese. His manners and tastes kept him amongst the lower classes; and when he was one day reproached with this, he replied, "When I wish to amuse myself after my labours, I do not seek grandeur, which is only troublesome to me, but liberty."

The stern humourist, however, had some friends among the superior classes. Professor Tulp, Renier Ansoe, an anabaptist minister,† Haaring the elder, the great amateur of engravings, Abraham France, the famous goldsmith Janus Lutina, and lastly, Rembrandt's most intimate friend, the burgomaster Six, would all have been glad to introduce into their society an artist whose person would have excited at least as much interest as his engravings; but he declined it. His eccentricity, however, never lost him a friend: he knew how to attach them by his good-humour, and to immortalise them with his graver. John Six, when he was only secretary of the city of Amsterdam, composed a tragedy of Medea. In honour of his friend, and as if to illustrate this tragedy, Rembrandt engraved the admirable print of "The Marriage of Jason," which seems as if created by the wand of an enchanter.

The portrait of burgomaster Six (p. 388) is well known to all amateurs, artists, or patrons of the arts. He is represented standing, leaning against a window, by which the scene is lighted; he is occupied in reading a book, the reflection from which lights up his countenance. This portrait is so finely engraved, that the work of the graver resembles more a vigorous drawing in Indian ink than an etching on copper.

It was on the excursions which Rembrandt made from the city of Amsterdam to the country-house of burgomaster Six, that this great painter acquired a taste for landscape. He brought to the study of nature that sombre poetical feeling from which he never was free, and he often chose for his subject the strife between sunshine and tempest. The landscapes of Rembrandt are generally of a gloomy cast: a boat upon a stagnant canal, a lost road, a bull tied by a cord to the trunk of an old tree, are quite sufficient in his hands to supply subjects for contemplation, and to give us a dreamy view of nature. Broad shadows sometimes envelop the landscape, and the painter-engraver converts a scene in the open air into an interior dramatic composition; he treats his landscape like a vast chamber, with the heavenly vault for a ceiling, and he only allows the sunlight to appear in gleams, to which he opposes some dark trees in the foreground. The landscape of "The Three Trees," which is among our illustrations (p. 397), is composed in this manner. It is valued, and with reason, as one of his finest productions, and it may also be considered as

* Sandrart, edit. in folio, 1683. "Qui singulis annuatim centenos ipsi numerant florinos præter emolumentum aliud, quod è venditis typorum suorum, picturis et figuris ætææ graphicis obtinebat." "Academia Artis Pictoriæ," lib. iii. cap. xxii.

† It is thus Robert Graham speaks of him in his "Lives of Painters" appended to the edition of the poem of Dufrenoy, translated into English by Dryden. London, 1716.

‡ According to the historian Baldinucci, Rembrandt belonged to a sect of anabaptists, then very numerous in Holland.

most characteristic of his style. That which is known as "The Pont de Six," now extremely rare, is worth mentioning, from the anecdote connected with it, related by Gersaint in his catalogue. On one occasion, when Rembrandt was staying at the country-house of burgomaster Six, the servant announced that dinner was ready; but, as they were sitting down to table, they observed that there was no mustard. The burgomaster ordered the servant to go immediately to the village and get some. Rembrandt, who knew the habitual tardiness of this servant, and who was himself of an active disposition, offered his friend Six a wager that he would engrave a print before the domestic returned. The challenge was accepted, and as Rembrandt always had some plates ready prepared, he took one immediately and engraved upon it the landscape that he saw from the windows of the room in which they were seated. The plate was completed before the return of the valet, and Rembrandt gained his wager.

The attempts at copying and imitating, or producing fac-similes of the works of Rembrandt have been very numerous; the merest scrawls by his hand have been counterfeited and imitated with more or less skill. Besides the very deceptive copies by Baasn, Folkema, Watelet, Vivarès, Richard Wilson, Jacques Hazard, and Monsieur Denon (who was the Director of Museums of France), or the admirable retouching executed by an English officer, Captain Baillie, upon the plate called "The Hundred Florins," a vast number of painters and of young engravers, since the time of Bernard Picart, have tried the success of these innocent impostures. The author of this history, when studying engraving some years ago under Mesars, Calamatta and Mercuri, made himself a copy of the "Janus Lutma," not so much for the purpose of attempting the difficult task of making a perfect copy, as with a view to discover the pretended secrets of Rembrandt. Our readers, whether amateur or artists, will perhaps be indebted to us if we enter here into some explanations on the subject. •

When a great painter occupies himself with engraving, he looks only to the result, without reference to the *modus operandi*. All his attention is directed to the proper disposition of the light and shade, and he endeavours to draw with the graver upon the copper just as he would do with his pencil upon paper. It is useless to talk to him of academic rules, of lines arranged with military precision; or to tell him that the well-known lozenge style of hatching must be rigorously adhered to. Of what importance to him are all these established rules and patent methods, if he can embody his ideas or render the effect of his picture without them? All the traditions of the craft, he will say, are insufficient for a man who has not a true feeling for his art, and are unnecessary to one who is endowed with it. Thus we observe how vigorously Rembrandt handles the great masses of his compositions, whether the material be fur, silk, or velvet; he attacks all with the same freedom of manner; he allows great scope to his hand, though it is always guided, even unconsciously, by an instinctive knowledge of form, by a delicate feeling for perspective, as to what parts should advance and what be kept back; of the texture of objects, whether dull, hard, polished, sparkling, woody, or friable. In the portrait of Lutma, the stone of the wall, the oak of the table, the iron of the hammer, the box full of tools, and the silver salver, which shines in a place where every other substance would be dull,—all these things are rendered by more regular and more equal hatching, and consequently appear colder than those which express the furred lining of the mantle and the rough plastering of the wall. But still it is as if playfully, and amidst the picturesque disorder of his numerous hatchings, that the engraver has intentionally altered the movement, graduated the touch, and varied the expression of the etching-needle. If Rembrandt's prints, however, have taught us that tradition can be dispensed with, and replaced by feeling, they have also added to the number of methods previously known, by showing us how to efface in certain cases the transparency of the paper. We may now naturally pass on to the explanation of the engraver's secrets, if he really had any other than that of his genius.

The Chevalier de Clausin distinguishes as many as seven dif-

ferent methods which Rembrandt made use of.* The enthusiasm of an amateur, who had devoted thirty-six years of his life to the study of Rembrandt's works, makes it sufficiently clear that he was desirous of discovering in his favourite master more secrets than had been known to his predecessors Bartsch, Pierre Yver, Helle, Glomy, and Gersaint. But even according to his own explanation of these various secrets, it is evident that the seven pretended methods of Rembrandt resolved themselves into three. Thus, the habit of employing etching-needles of various sizes in order to finish both the delicate and powerful parts at the first working, without requiring any retouching upon a second varnish, was not peculiar to Rembrandt. In doing this the engraver only followed the ordinary process of etching, and there is no secret in it any more than in the method of retouching by passing a clear varnish over the first work, which remains visible through the transparent covering, and can thus be strengthened by further crossing the lines. The real improvement made by Rembrandt—and it is a very great one—was the introduction into etching of stains resembling delicate washes of Indian ink, and also dull parts of a velvet-like texture, like mezza-tint; it may indeed be called the invention of the art of painting on copper. How he accomplished it is a question; but it is a great mistake to suppose that, after the lapse of two centuries, it still remains a profound mystery; for there are at least three methods of obtaining this tint, which may be compared to the glazing colours in painting. By either touching the naked copper with a brush dipped in aquafortis, or by roughening with pumice-stone the parts of the plate which are required to be deadened; or, lastly, by passing over it with fine rollers, the grain of which is invisible, we are enabled without difficulty to imitate the peculiar texture of Rembrandt. But as these operations only affect the surface of the metal, and do not penetrate it, they cannot long resist the process of printing, which soon effaces them. Rembrandt, in order to give durability to his work, most frequently made use of the dry point, which, by light hatching with very fine and very close lines, produces the required tint: afterwards, according as he wished to obtain a vigorous or delicate tone, a flat or velvet-like effect, he removed more or less of the roughness from the surface, which thus retained the printing-ink in the same proportion, and produced gray half-tints, or shadows resembling mezza-tint.

The two methods most commonly employed by Rembrandt were those of roughening the copper with pumice-stone, of which we have an example in the "Pêcheur à la Barque," and of scratching the plate delicately with the dry point, without afterwards entirely removing the roughness, as the artist has treated the portrait of "Burgomaster Six," and of which the print of the "Hundred Florins" is particularly an example; this may be considered as the whole history of the great master's secrets. There remained, however, one other resource, which was for the artist to keep in his own hands the printing of his engravings; the genius of art being by a sad *misalliance* associated in his case with the genius of avarice, our artist retired into his mysterious studio, and there using the printer's ink ball artistically, he was able to vary the proofs according to his fancy. Sometimes he contented himself with partially wiping the plate, at others he used the black very thickly, and occasionally his aim was to obtain transparency. In fact, he continued his experiments even to the very last impression the plate would yield, thus subjecting the work to every turn of his capricious humour.

According to de Piles, Rembrandt died at Amsterdam in 1688; according to Houbraken, in 1674.* He left only one son, named Titus, who inherited the immense fortune, but not the genius of his father.

While Rembrandt was inimitable as an engraver, in painting none have surpassed him in three essential elements of the art; chiaroscuro, touch, and expression. If his subjects are vulgar, his treatment of them is grand; if his drawing is want-

* The German Art-critic, Dr. Franz Kugler, has adopted the latter date.—ED.

ing in purity, or incorrect in proportion, it is redeemed by the superior quality of pathos; he goes at once to the sentiment of his subject. Moreover, his very defects are of a nature which it would be a pity to remove. A thorough genius, Rembrandt admits of no corrections, and this constitutes his greatness.

of the sentiment of the art. His treatment of the light is so powerful, and his shadows are so transparent, that he yields neither to Giorgione or Correggio for force or delicacy of painting. His style, though often rude and coarse, became, when he pleased, sweet, blended, and finished. This latter manner was worked out by his scholar, Gerard Douw.



THE RAISING LAZARUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

In the department of light and shade this master has no rival, being able to produce at the same time the relief of individual parts and of the whole of his picture. As to the practical part of his profession, he united a perfect knowledge of the art of manipulation with a refined appreciation

Rembrandt occasionally softens his tints, and moderates his shadows, and thus gives repose to the eye by a calm and harmonious *ensemble*; at other times he is rough, his execution is unfinished, and he affects an absurdly thick style of painting; but his touches are so certain that they

produce at a distance the effect of harmonious colouring. He sometimes finished the hair and beard with the handle of the

If any one wished to examine closely his bold juxtapositions of colour, and thickly-painted high lights, he would push him



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

brush. His tones are placed above or beside each other, with such a perfect knowledge of their proper relations to one another, that he had no occasion to impair their freshness by mixing them; a simple glaze was sufficient to complete the blending

back, saying, that paint was unwholesome, and should not be smelt at.

As to his portraits, it will be sufficient to quote the opinion of Piles :—"Far from suffering by a comparison with those of

any other painter, they often throw those of the greatest masters into the background."

Considered individually, Rembrandt seems to have detached himself from the traditions of his art, and to have broken through all trammels; but if he be compared with other painters of the first order, as Raphael, Correggio, Poussin, or Rubens, it will be acknowledged that he is a member of that great family, and that his absence would create a void in the history of the art. Rembrandt seems to be identified with ourselves, while Raphael, by the purely beautiful, appeals to the soul; and Poussin, by his knowledge, speaks to the mind, while Correggio awakens our sensibility by his graceful drawing, and Rubens dazzles the eye with his colouring.—Rembrandt, by his treatment of the light and shade, excites the imagination, and transports us into the land of dreams.

During the life of this great artist, as well as since his death, so high a value has been placed upon the least of his productions, that our readers will no doubt excuse us if we multiply on this occasion the detailed information specially destined for amateurs. This task being one of such extent, we will divide it, for greater convenience, into three parts. *The first* will contain the subjects and prices of the principal etchings; *the second* will indicate the place and subject of the principal pictures; and *the third* will give the prices of the small number of the latter which have been put up for sale at public auctions.

ETCHINGS.

In the etching style of engraving, Rembrandt is unrivalled. Of all masters who have laboured in this branch of art, there is not one whose prints have met with such continued favour; the numerous volumes that have been published on the works of Rembrandt are a sufficient proof of this. Gersaint devoted a part of his life to making deep researches on the engraved works of Rembrandt, but death overtook this amateur before the publication of his labours. Helle and Glomy having obtained possession of his MS., corrected it, augmented it with their own materials, enriched it with the information which they had derived from the examination of the most celebrated works, and published in 1751 an octavo volume. Pierre Yver, a broker of Amsterdam, celebrated for his critical knowledge, published in 1756 another volume, to serve as a supplement to the works of Gersaint, Helle, and Glomy. Subsequently, in 1797, Adam Bartsch, a learned Austrian, himself an engraver of great merit, published a "Catalogue raisonné" of all the prints that are the work of Rembrandt. Lastly, Chevalier de Claussin published in 1824 a new catalogue, which, though the third, is not the least curious.

The catalogues which we have cited, inform us that Rembrandt engraved 376 plates, of which only 173 bear the date of their execution. The earliest of them are of the year 1628, and the latest of 1661. According to these dates, Rembrandt could only have begun to engrave at the age of twenty-two, and did not relinquish the etching needle until thirteen years before his death.

To facilitate the researches of amateurs, we shall adopt here the general arrangement of Bartsch.

PORTRAITS.

18. "Portrait of Rembrandt holding a Sabre," an unique piece, sold in October, 1847, at the Verstolk sale, at Amsterdam, £19 10s.

21. "Rembrandt Appuyé," from the Pole Carew collection, a fine proof, was bought at the same sale for £25.

22. "Rembrandt Drawing," from the Wilson collection, first state of plate, fetched £14 10s. At the sale of William Segurier, in London, this proof was sold at £21.

23. "Portrait of Rembrandt," in an oval form; from the Denon collection, first state, a magnificent proof, which at the sale of the same author (Verstolk), reached the price of £160.

271. "Portrait of Renier Anslon," first state, on India paper, £67 10s.

273. "Portrait of Abraham France," first state, India paper, £36.

277. "Portrait of Jean Apelyn," first state, India paper, £33.

278. "Ephraim Bonus," first state, almost unique, £148; in the second state, £18, from the Denon collection.

279. "Wienbogardus," first state, £49.

281. "The Gold-Weigher," first state, at the Revil sale, £26 (1838).

282. "Le Petit Coppenol," first state, on India paper, from the Haaring collection, sold (Verstolk), for £67; in the second state, £15 10s.

283. "Le Grand Coppenol," from the Denon and Wilson collections, first state, India paper, fetched at the same sale (Verstolk), £112; the second state, from the Buckingham collection, also on India paper, went up to £14.

214. "The Advocate Tolling," a magnificent proof, in a condition almost unique, from the Barnard and Pole Carew cabinets, sold at £162. This proof had cost Verstolk £224 10s.

285. "Burgomaster Six" (p. 388), first state, on India paper, in perfect preservation, reached the price of £80 10s.; an impression of the second state, from the collection of R. Dumesnil, was bought for £120 at the Debois sale; an impression of the third state, at the Revil sale, was sold at £108 (in 1838).

292. "A Baldheaded Man," first state, £13 5s.

357. "A White Moorish Woman," first state, £9.

SUBJECTS FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

36. "Four Subjects for a Spanish Work," magnificent proofs, of the first state, India paper, from the Wilson collection (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844), £27.

56. "Flight into Egypt," unique proof, on parchment, Wilson collection, was bought at the Verstolk sale for £34; on India paper, at William Segurier's sale, £65.

73. "The Raising of Lazarus" (p. 392), unique condition, described by Claussin, £51; second state, very scarce, in the collection of R. Dumesnil, £27 5s.

74. "The Piece of the Hundred Florins," first state, a magnificent proof on India paper, Denon and Wilson collections, was bought at the Verstolk sale for £144. There are only eight proofs of the first state of this plate; two in the British Museum, one in that of Amsterdam, one in the Library of Paris, another in that of Vienna, and the other three in private collections.

76. "Jesus presented in the Temple," described by Claussin, first state, India paper, sold for £49 at the Verstolk sale.

77. "The Ecce Homo," first state, very scarce; Michel and Debois collections, sold for £81; fine proof of the second state, £24.

78. "The Three Crosses," first state, very scarce, £13 15s.

81. "The Descent from the Cross" (p. 393), first state, Verstolk sale, £22 10s. There are only three proofs known; the one quoted was from the cabinet of Robert Dumesnil.

90. "The Good Samaritan," superb proof of the first state, £31 15s.; the same piece was sold for £72 at the Debois sale; it was a very fine impression, with a landscape sketched in the side margin.

107. "St. Francis kneeling," on parchment, Pole Carew's collection (Verstolk sale), £22.

208. "The Bridge of Six," a piece not mentioned, and almost unique (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844), £17 15s.

211. "The Huntsman," first proof, Wilson collection, £18.

212. "The Three Trees" (p. 397), first state, Debois collection, £16. That which is in the Royal Library at Paris was bought for £6.

"View of Amsterdam," on India paper, not described, Esdaile collection, sold for £22.

214. "The two Houses with pointed Gables," on India paper, £25.

215. "Landscape with Carriage," retouched with the brush, £22.

217. "Landscape with three Cottages," a magnificent proof of the first state, £33; the second state, £19 10s. A proof of the first state was sold at the Debois sale for £68; it came from the Claussin collection.

223. "Landscape with Tower," first state, on India paper, £31.

227. "The Obelisk," the very first proof, £36.

230. "Landscape with two Roads," first state, £27.

232. "The Cottage surrounded by Palings," first state, from the R. Dumesnil collection, £27.

234. "The Country House of the Gold Weigher," first state, India paper, £30 10s.

240. "The Canal, with a little Boat," first state, India paper, Pole Carew's collection, £22 10s.

This plate was exhibited in the Royal Library at Paris, with the number 117, as "View of a Canal," and was considered as unique by M. Duchesne, Senior Curator of that establishment.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.—BEGGARS AND BOORS.

118. "Three Oriental Figures," first state, very scarce, sold for £11 (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1814).

122. "The Vendor of Ratsbane," almost unique, £27.

142. "Small Polish Figure," almost unique, £22 10s.

159. "The Shell," first state, bought by the Royal Library at Paris for £32. This proof was in the possession of Burgomaster Six.

186. "The French Bed," a very fine impression of the first state, £10 15s., Haaring collection.

197. "The Woman before the Stove," first proof, £18.

NOTE.—From an inventory of the prints in the Royal Library of Paris, drawn up on the 1st January, 1810, it appears that this establishment contains the enormous number of 900,516 different plates. Rembrandt's works amount to 1,805 out of that number: 1,038 originals and 767 copies, the duplicates included. It is interesting to know that, when limited to original pieces, this work is composed of only 687 prints, and at this number the collection of the library is considered as the most complete in Europe.

PICTURES.

The catalogue of the Museo del Rey, at Madrid, only mentions as the work of Rembrandt the portrait of a lady very richly dressed, and three-quarter length; it is signed, and dated 1634.

The Gallery Degli Uffizi, at Florence, so complete in most things, contains but two of Rembrandt's portraits.

The National Gallery in London contains the following works of this master:—

1. "Christ taken down from the Cross;" a study in black and white. The finished picture of the same subject is said to be in the gallery of Count Schonborn, at Vienna; the original drawing is in the British Museum.

2. "The Woman taken in Adultery." This picture was painted by Rembrandt in 1644, for Johan Six, Sieur de Vromade, in Holland. It ultimately came into the possession of the well-known Burgomaster Six, in whose family it was preserved with an almost religious care, in a cabinet of which the owner kept the key, until the revolution. When it was bought by Monsieur la Fontaine, a picture-dealer; who, not finding a purchaser in Paris, brought it to London, and sold it to Mr. Angerstein for £5,000. As it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, it would now be difficult to estimate its value.

3. "The Adoration of the Shepherds." This beautiful production was painted by Rembrandt in 1616, and was purchased by Mr. Angerstein for £100.

4. "Portrait of a Jew Merchant." Presented to the nation by Sir George Beaumont.

5. "A Landscape," in which the figures represent Tobias and the Angel.

6. "Portrait of a Capuchin Friar." Presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Northumberland.

7. "A Woman Washing." Painted by Rembrandt in 1644, and bequeathed by Mr. Holwell Carr to the National Gallery. The Gallery of Windsor Castle contains two Rembrandts:—

1. "Head of a young Man in a Turban."

2. "Head of an old Woman in a black Coif," absurdly called the Countess of Desmond, at the age of 120; it is, perhaps, a portrait of Rembrandt's mother.

At Hampton Court there are only two pictures by Rembrandt:—

1. "Head of a Jewish Rabbi," very fine.

2. "Portrait of a Woman," half-length.

There are five Rembrandts in the Dulwich Gallery:—

1. "Jacob's Dream." Jacob, whose figure is that of a common peasant, and scarce distinguishable amid the thick darkness, lies asleep on the left beneath some bushes. From the opening heavens above, a strange winged shape, "not human or angelic, but bird-like, dream-like," comes floating downwards, and beyond it another figure just emerging from the abyss of light, in which its ethereal essence was confounded, seems about to take some definite form, and glide after its companion.

2. "Portrait of a Man," very highly finished.

3. "A Girl leaning out of Window."

4. "Jacob stealing his Father's Blessing."

5. "A Portrait." Head only; said to be that of the painter, Philip Wouvermans.

But it is in private collections, and especially in that of her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, that the finest pictures of this master are to be found. Sir Robert Peel's collection contains—

1. "A Portrait of a Man" in an oval, one of the remarkable pictures of this master.

2. "A Landscape and some Cattle by the side of a piece of Water."

The Bridgewater Gallery contains four:—

1. "Portrait of Rembrandt himself, at the age of fifty."

2. "A Female Portrait in a rich dress."

3. "A Study." The head of a man, painted in a masterly style.

4. "An Old Woman in a bright red dress, before whom a boy is kneeling," intended, probably, for the prophetess Hanneh with her son Samuel.

Mr. Rogers possesses three:—

1. "An Allegory," in brown and white, on the deliverance of the United Provinces from the yoke of Spain and Austria.

2. The artist's own portrait, at an advanced age.

3. "A Landscape, with a few trees upon a hill in the foreground."

In Sir Abraham Hume's collection there is one, the portrait of a stately man, whose right hand rests upon a bust of Homer.

In Blenheim Palace there is a duplicate of "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Rembrandt.

There are five Rembrandts in Lord Ashburton's collection.

1. Portrait of a middle-aged man; 2. Portrait of the artist, at an advanced age; 3. The celebrated writing-master, Lieven Von Coppenol; 4 and 5. Portraits of a man and his wife.

In the Grosvenor collection, formed by the Marquis of Westminster, there are six of Rembrandt's pictures. 1. "The Visitation," dated 1610; 2 and 3. Portraits of a young man and young woman; 4 and 5. Portraits of N. Berghem and his wife, bearing date 1611; and 6. "A Landscape with Figures," in the manner of Teniers.

In Mr. Hope's collection there are three Rembrandts. 1. "Christ asleep on board the Ship, being awakened by his terrified Disciples;" 2 One of the rare family portraits of this master, in whole-length figures; 3. "A Plain traversed by a River, with Buildings on both its Banks."

There are two Rembrandts in Lord Cowper's collection. 1. Portrait of Marshal Turenne on horseback; and 2. Portrait of a young man.

Rembrandt's celebrated "Mill," once the ornament of the Orleans Gallery, is in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood.

At Corsham House there is "An Old Rabbi in a Turban," by Rembrandt.

At Burleigh House there is a small portrait, by Rembrandt, called "William Tell."

The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, possesses the portrait of an officer in a steel cuirass, marked with the name and the date 1635.

Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp contains "The Circumcision," by Rembrandt, a small picture of remarkable finish, and a portrait of a woman, which is believed to be that of his mother, in spite of the richness of her attire.

In the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chiswick there are two Rembrandts, portraits of men.

In the Duke of Bedford's collection at Woburn Abbey, a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, when young, and an old Rabbi, with a gold chain round his neck.

Amidst the splendid pictures of Rubens and Vandyck which adorn the Museum at Brussels, a fine portrait of a man by Rembrandt attracts all eyes; it is dated and signed.

In the rich gallery at Munich, it is impossible to forget the

all of them portraits, one of his mother, two of himself, and one of a Jew in Asiatic costume.

The Gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, contains two portraits of Rembrandt, young and old, by himself; a sea-piece, a rare subject of this master, and a meeting of "Diana and Endymion," exceedingly grotesque, but with the most beautiful effect of light.

The collection of Prince Esterhazy, in the same capital, contains the "Ecce Homo" of Rembrandt, which engrosses all the admiration of visitors.

The Museum at Dresden contains no less than sixteen pictures by Rembrandt; "The Sacrifice of Manoe and his Wife," "The Abduction of Ganymede," and several por-



THE NIGHT WATCH.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

chef-d'œuvre that Rembrandt has left there in the celebrated "Taking down from the Cross;" this picture is not more than from two to three feet square.

Around this *chef-d'œuvre* are grouped a "Crucifixion" in "sunre and stormy weather, a "Deposition" in the obscurity of a deep vault, a "Resurrection" illumined by a fitful ray of light in the midst of the deep gloom, a "Nativity" by the light of a lamp, and an "Ascension," in which the figure of Christ lights up the whole scene by its brilliancy. The Pinakothek also contains several portraits; one of a Turk very richly habited, another of Rembrandt in his old age, another of Govert Flink, his pupil, and his wife, and some other very valuable ones.

The Belvedere at Vienna contains ten works of Rembrandt,

traits; amongst others that of the painter himself, represented with a glass in his hand and a smile on his lips, embracing his wife, who is sitting on his knee, and accompanied by his grown-up daughter.

In the Gallery at Berlin, out of eight of Rembrandt's pictures two are portraits of himself; also a "Blind Tobias," and the "Angel speaking to Joseph in his Dream," small companion pictures, signed, and dated 1645. "Duke Adolphus de Gueldre threatening his aged Father," painted in 1637, a celebrated picture, the colouring of which is excellent, and in which the play of light is wonderful.

No city, not even Munich, says M. Viardot, can boast of having so numerous a collection of the works of Rembrandt as St. Petersburg; the Hermitage contains forty-three, and of

the greatest variety of style,—landscapes, sea-pieces, portraits, &c. The finest, perhaps, amongst the portraits, bears the great name of Jean Sobieski.

Among the subjects from Scripture history, are:—"The Sacrifice of Abraham;" "The Return of the Prodigal Son"

"Corporation of Merchant Drapers," a capital picture, and of astonishing power of execution; "The Beheading of St. John the Baptist;" and the "Portrait of a Man."

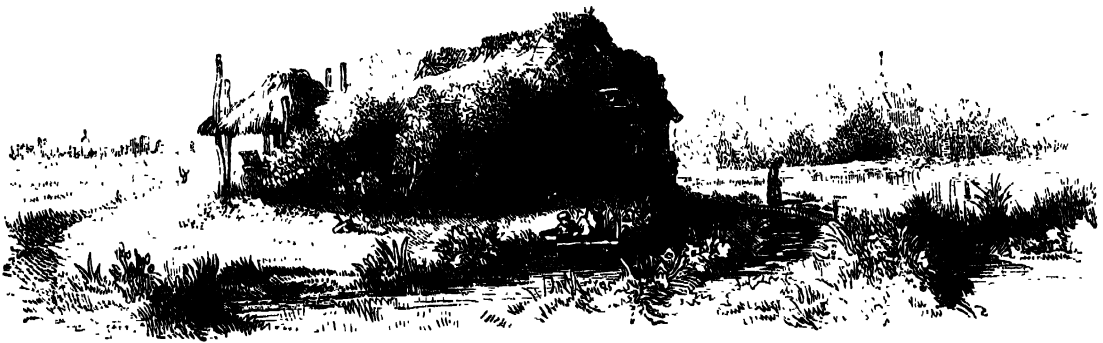
The Museum of the Hague may be proud of being able to show "The Anatomical Lecture of Professor Tulp," a serious



THE THREE TREES. —FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

(p. 400), a painting of powerful effect in spite of the strange drapery of the figures; "The Education of the Virgin by St. Anne;" a "Holy Family;" "St. Peter in the Judgment Hall," an absurd composition, but admirable for the colour

composition, equally well conceived and executed, an admirable easel-piece; "Simeon in the Temple," a composition of a magical effect, and finished like a Gerard Douw; "Susannah in the Bath;" and lastly, two portraits.



THE MILL. —FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

ing; and a "Descent from the Cross." The finest piece in this collection is "La Danaë."

The Museum at Amsterdam is not the worst provided; it possesses the famous "Night Patrol," the masterpiece of all Rembrandt's masterpieces; "The Syndics of the Ancient

The Gallery of the Louvre contains no less than seventeen pictures by Rembrandt; amongst others, four portraits of himself, admirable for touch and colour, especially that in which he is represented with a chain round his neck, the head bare, and the hair curled; two "Philosophers in Medi-

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. —II.

On a further examination into the Exhibition of the present year, we are still more struck with its general excellence. Seldom has it been our fortune to witness a more sterling year, or one more pregnant with actual accomplishment, as well as of promise for the future. The number of pictures is so large, and those capable of being well studied, from their position, in comparison so few, that the sooner the rooms are altered, or a new gallery raised, the better. The artists surely are now rich enough to do this themselves, the exhibition in a monetary point if we judge from the crowds who flock thither paying well.

We now, however, proceed with our notice, reserving what we have to say on this head till a future opportunity.

(No. 180), "Columbus, when a boy, instructed in geography," by T. A. Hart, R.A. Mr. Hart appears to have thought it necessary to give Columbus a most unnaturally-shaped head—probably to prove his claims to genius. There is no composition in this picture, which is as uninteresting as it could well be, and we think Mr. Hart has great cause to complain of the want of judgment of the hanging committee in putting this picture on the line, since there is nothing more disagreeable than to be stared in the face by heads as large as life, in which you can see little else but defects. Another act of flagrant injustice on the part of the committee is to be seen in the Octagon Room, in which they have placed one of the most promising productions in the exhibition; we allude to Mr. D. W. Deane's picture—

(No. 1301), "Van Dyck and Frank Hals." Here is life, expression, colour; certainly, three of the greatest requisites in the production of a fine picture. The surprise of Hals at seeing the effect of his sister's attempt at portrait-painting, is well expressed, and the enjoyment of the joke expressed in the handsome countenance of Van Dyck is so genuine and natural, that it quite leads the spectator to laugh with him; moreover, the rich brown tone of the whole picture reminds us of one of the old masters, and leads us to expect in future great things of Mr. Deane.

(No. 200), "The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice," D. Roberts, R.A. In saying that this picture is equal to any the artist has produced, we are passing the highest possible encomium on it, in merely stating the truth.

(No. 212), "An Old English Homestead," R. Redgrave, R.A. This is a thoroughly English scene, in which the greenness of the trees and the dewy freshness of the greenward are skilfully rendered; the trees appear to be of a gigantic order as compared with the farm buildings. Mr. Redgrave has most judiciously changed his style, as his landscapes far surpass his figure scenes.

"The Disobedient Prophet," J. Linnell (No. 271), is the grandest landscape in the Exhibition; the conception of the solitary road is poetical, and the foliage of the cedars executed with Mr. Linnell's accustomed skill. There is also we grieve to say—his usual defect in the heavy leaden sky, which threatens the spectator no less than the prophet.

Mr. F. Stone has retrieved himself this year. His picture (No. 214), "The Mussel-gatherer," has a healthy rustic face of great beauty, glowing with life and vigour. (No. 258), "The Old, Old Story," by the same artist, represents a French peasant girl and boy leaning against the door of a cottage; the girl is listening with a bashful pleasure to the youth, who urges his suit with pertinacity and earnestness. The defect in the piece is that the figures are rather large for the canvas, and the colour, though very agreeable, might have been less florid with advantage.

(No. 314), "First Class the Meeting," and (No. 361), "Second Class—the Parting," by A. Solomon. Here the Hanging Committee are to blame again in separating so far pictures painted as pendants, neither of which are in fact perfectly complete without the other. The same judicious treatment has been awarded to (Nos. 71 and 210), "Fuentes d'Onor," as we have before noticed. Those we are now criticising tell two simple tales. In the first class there is the

meeting for the first time of a young lady and gentleman in a railway carriage. All goes merry as a marriage bell. The stuffed seats and easy motion of the carriage have inclined the guardian of the lady, her old father, to fall asleep, leaving the young lover, who is so smitten with the beauty of the lady, to gaze his fill, "and sigh and wish and gaze again." The story is plain enough. In the "Second Class" it is, as plain, but more painful. A widow of a gentleman—it might be the same lady who sits so happily in the other picture—young and beautiful, but full of sorrow, is conveying her son, a midshipman, to Portsmouth, there for the first time to enter the Queen's service. The sad face of the mother gazing on her boy will not soon be forgotten; whilst the bluff honest face of a sailor and his wife, injured to parting, add to the interest of the pictures. The faults, since we must mention them, of these paintings are that they are too literal. Mr. Mosca's advertisements and the shirts (six for forty shillings) of European notoriety appearing in one picture, and the varied lights and colours in the other necessarily subtracting from its unity of purpose.

(No. 377), "The Awakening Conscience" is one of, if not the most extraordinary picture in the academy. A girl, who sits with her scanner, wearing the livery and eating the bread of guilt—one, in fact, who bears the anomalous but expressive title of "mistress"—has, whilst turning over her music-book, fallen upon one of her old home songs. Starting almost from his very embraces, for his arm is round her, she stares out of the canvas right full upon the spectator, with a blank horror which is appalling. The trembling of the lips, the setting of the teeth, and the rising tears, all betoken an internal struggle, rendered the more bitter from the sneering laugh which proceeds from the rolling and vulgar debauchee who has ensnared her. Two mystical passages from the Bible, introduced on the frame of the picture, alone give the reader of this sad tale a hope that the victim will yet break through her toils. Nothing can be greater than the *mind* displayed in this picture. Some of the details are very finely painted; some, it appears to us, as badly as can be.

The other picture, by Mr. Hunt (No. 508), "The Light of the World," has been so prominently brought before the public by a somewhat egotistical letter in the *Times*, by the great high-priest of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, Mr. Ruskin, that we could not, even were we inclined, pass over it. It is a fine but peculiar and excessively symbolical picture. Our Saviour, represented by a tall and emaciated figure, with a most expressive and sorrowful countenance, in which pity is predominant, stands at a door typical of the human heart, and knocks for admission. In his hand he holds a lantern of antique shape; and in the strange twilight, and beneath the trees of an orchard bared by the autumnal blast, he waits for admission. Again he knocks, listens, and again knocks. The heart may revel within whilst the steady light falls upon the pure dew, the ripe fallen fruit, and the orchard grass, and the steady glow of the glow-worm burns without a twinkle, mystical and pure. Years of patient thought and quiet, yearning love—love not less intense because aware of the sinfulness of the beloved object—are painted in the look of the Saviour. Those who see beyond the surface will see all this; those who look only at a picture as a picture will think it a painful and dull affair. It is *not* by any means a Protestant composition, unless we class the Puritans and Oratorians with us; it is pre-eminently Catholic, and somewhat Byzantine in execution, fit only to be hung in some of those little chapels which are to be found in the side aisles of continental cathedrals, where conscience-stricken devotees might find a solace in the patient face, and burn their tapers whilst they prayed beneath it. Mr. Ruskin's exposition of the picture was clever and certainly full of mind; but we must say that his stricture, if applied to the ordinary mass of those who flock to the Academy merely as sight-seers, was ill-judged, since it is useless to

"Break a butterfly upon the wheel;"

and if to those who look at pictures as pictures should be

looked at, it was unjust. "The Light of the World" must, in our opinion, be looked at as another instance of great excellence amongst the Pre-Raphaelites.

(No. 379), "The Marriage of Strongbow and the Princess Eva," by Maclise, attracts perhaps as many earnest admirers as any. It is the largest and most populous picture we have seen for some time upon the walls. It is carefully painted, full of excellent drawing, finely finished accessories, and brilliant costume. It represents Strongbow claiming the hand of his youthful bride upon a battle-field, the foreground of the picture being filled with the wounded, mourners, and searchers for the dead. Yet, notwithstanding all its merit—shall we not rather say, because of its meritorious carefulness

us. With Hamlet, or with a scene from the life of Cromwell, or even Louis XVI., the event would have been different.

The last pictures which we shall notice in this room are (No. 403), "The Last Sleep of Argyle before his Execution, A.D. 1685," by E. M. Ward, forming the second of a series of eight pictures painted for the House of Commons, by order of the Royal Commission, and (No. 400), "Cupid Captive," by G. Patten, A. The first is already familiar, most probably, even to our country readers, from the engraving of it in the *Illustrated London News*. It represents the old Puritan lord calmly sleeping his last mortal sleep in this world, with his hand resting on a Bible, and with fetters upon his limbs. An enemy, one of the recreant lords of the council, has come



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

—it is, to use the language of a contemporary, "loud." The amount of labour expended, the canvas, the expense gone to by the artist for costumes and models, must be all enormous, and the production is a fine one. The question therefore remains, Does the painting before us repay the labour, anxiety, expense, and genius expended on it? does it call up any grand emotions, or realise anything but a theatrical scene? Our answer must be in the negative. As a work of art it is meritorious as a work of taste, or an historical composition, it is a failure. The scene is too remote, the personages too unknown, to give interest to the contorted or quiescent groups before us, nor has the painter been enabled to vivify them. The picture fails to interest, it only disturbs

to look upon him, and starts back awed at the calm majesty of Argyle. Mr. Ward last year exhibited the companion picture to this scene, "The Execution of Montrose;" and now, with a wide philosophy, to show that on both sides, in civil and religious struggles, good men fall, he gives us "The Last Sleep of Argyle." Let us hope that the lesson will not be lost upon those of her Majesty's subjects for whose corridor the picture is painted, and that they will seek to imitate the fiery earnestness of Montrose and the deep religious fervour of Argyle. The colouring of the picture is perhaps too deeply sombre, and wants relief. "Cupid Captive," by Patten, is a graceful picture from the pencil of one who once promised highly, but who has not yet redeemed that promise.

PAUL POTTER.



THE celebrated Abbé de Lammenais, recently dead, and whose death exhibits the bigotry of the irreligious classes of France in a strong light—they having prevented him even from seeing a minister of religion—sometimes wrote shrewd things on art, as he did on most other topics. He was a man of reflective



and expressive mind, and grasped all such subjects with a vigour which is ever the characteristic of genius. "Certain Dutch painters," he says, "have given to nature an undefinable language, a language which touches, which moves the heart; which leads it to reverie, and draws it gently on into infinite space. Can you tell me by what mysterious magic they keep us for ever in wrapt contemplation in présence of what is most

common and ordinary in nature? There is a prairie, with a stream and some old willows; a valley, crossed by a torrent swollen by the storm, the remains of which may be seen in the heated glow of the western sky, along the edge of which it vanishes and flies; upon a desert shore, a hut at the foot of a naked rock, the sea beyond, a tossing sea, and in the distance a sail, which falls down almost on the wave by the effect of the storm. If we reflect, however, we may see that it is the thought of the artist, his intimate and private life which is communicated to us, which absorbs us. It is art that carries us away on its mighty wings to regions loftier than the senses can reach. Do you not discern beneath the exterior form in the animals of Paul Potter, a kind of life which belongs to each of them, a manifestation of their nature, essential and typical? The manner, the position, the look, all speak in them."

"A hundred years ago," observes a recent French critic, "such an appreciation would scarcely have been comprehended, and such ideas would have presented themselves to no man. Amateurs only saw in Paul Potter a faithful copyist of nature, a painter truthful unto *naïveté*—to use a charming French word—and skilful in rendering that which he had carefully observed. It was reserved for our age, imbued so strongly with pantheism, to discover in the paintings of the Dutch masters that delicacy of sentiment which may be discovered in the smallest of their productions, and to find in the landscapes of Ruysdael, as in the animals of Paul Potter, something of a vague enchantment, which we may denominate by the name of poetry. All that has received the great gift of life, and is warmed in our sun, and breathes our air, has a right to interest us. But between inferior natures and our own there must be an interpreter, a simple man, who approaches secondary beings by his *naïveté*, and rises above his equals by his genius. A poet, a painter, living in the midst of this obscure world, must penetrate its unknown idiosyncrasies to

* Lammenais, "Requies d'un Philosophe."

translate them into the noble language of the mind, or better, into the language of the heart, to render them clear to us by colouring and pencil. Bernardin de St. Pierre must reveal unto us the secret harmonies of nature, Ruysdael must move us by the spectacle of a stormy sky and the shivering of great trees shaken by the wind, and Paul Potter must make us hear the complaint of the lamb and the lowing of the cattle. And the strange and surprising thing is, that this nature, which has spoken to us, which has been manifested by the representations of certain chosen men, teaches us to know their genius. It has become the expression of their sentiment, and by this means reaches our souls."

It appears to us, that Lammens and his commentator, like very many critics on art, make a great deal more of the intentions of artists than ever the artists intended themselves. A cattle painter, certainly, never ought to introduce any other poetry into his humble landscape than that real poetry which exists in every representation of the verdant fields, the leafy forest, and the animals which give them life. Much astonished would some of the great artists be, if they were favoured with an opportunity of perusing the criticism of modern times.

That there is poetry in a cow, by Paul Potter, we readily agree; but it is the poetry that is found in every representation of fine animals in the open fields, quietly and calmly feeding beneath the balmy warm light of the sun, and not that far-fetched and fanciful poetry, "the inner life of the painter," who, when hunting a cow, expounds his own character, just as Shakspeare, in his plays, is said by some to reveal himself and his individuality to us—Shakspeare, who is at times an Iago, an Othello, a Hamlet, a Richard III., and a Jack Falstaff.

Paul Potter, Descamps informs us, descended from the house of Egmond on his grandmother's side. His grandfather was receiver of Upper and Lower Swallowe. His ancestors had filled with honour most of the high offices in the city of Enkhusen, where he was born in 1625, the son of Peter Potter, a mediocre artist, who soon after went to Amsterdam to acquire there the right of citizenship. Young Potter had never any other master than his father, whom he unattainably surpassed as soon as he had learnt the first rudiments of his art. "He was," says Descamps, "a prodigy, of which there is, perhaps, no preceding example; he was at fourteen a skilful master. His works at that age figure amongst those of the greatest men."

After executing numerous studies at Amsterdam from the true pictures which adorned that town even in that day, Paul Potter left his father, probably with a view to be more free to form himself; and he went and settled at the Hague, where chance made him a lodger near Nicolas Balckenende, who had a great reputation in that town.

Paul Potter was very young, and, it is said, that at that age he was very handsome. Be this as it may, he was very studious—but not so studious as to neglect remarking that in the same house with himself lived a young lady of great beauty. She was a young, merry, laughing creature, whom Paul sometimes met upon the stairs, and who, blushing, made way for him. Paul was so struck by her charms that he even painted her face and made it a continual study, without, however, neglecting his favourite animals. At first, Paul Potter was ignorant of the young lady's name, and remained so for some time. He at last, however, inquired, and found that she was the daughter of the comparatively wealthy architect, Nicolas Balckenende.

This startled him at first, and he accordingly determined to make himself as agreeable as possible to the young lady herself. He had not much difficulty in doing this, and found her as pleasant as she was handsome. Having for some time continued his addresses to her, he boldly ventured on a visit to the father.

"And pray, sir," said Nicolas Balckenende, "what may you be?"

"An animal painter," replied Paul Potter, proudly.

"Not allow my daughter to marry an animal!" continued the purse-proud architect.

Paul Potter protested, but his neighbour would not listen to him, and the young man retired considerably damped in his hopes. The young girl, however, secretly gave him every encouragement. The Dutch Vitruvius, as Descamps calls him, endeavoured to check their intimacy, but in vain. The loving artist would not be kept down. He persevered in his art, and was soon encouraged by rich amateurs and connoisseurs, who appreciated his merit and began to buy his modest animals. The Dutch Vitruvius soon began to find that an architect, even of his rank, ought to be very glad to have such a son-in-law. He, accordingly, frankly owned his error, and repaired it with a good grace, by giving his daughter, Adrienne Balckenende, to Paul Potter. Paul was then twenty-five years old. He had scarcely married, when he established himself with his wife in a fine house, which soon became, as it were, the Academy of the Hague. The principal personages of Holland, foreign ministers, Maurice, Prince of Orange, the learned men and wits of the time, made it a rendezvous. Paul Potter attracted them to his workshop by his mind, his amiable character, and the charms of his conversation. Thus surrounded and well received in the world, the painter contributed at the same time to the reputation and fortune of his father-in-law, and thus nobly avenged the affronts he had put upon his love.

For an earnest lover of animal painting, there can be no country more favourable to the true study of this subject than Holland. It is fertile in rich models—to use an artistic expression—in picturesque models. The humidity and dampness of the soil makes it an immense prairie of a soft green, where numerous flocks wander about, with their gaudy colours, the robes spotted in contrasted and harmonious tones. Nowhere else are the colours of bulls and cows more varied and brilliant. If it be true, as Bernardin de St. Pierre says, that nature everywhere makes the animals which fill the background in strong contrast to surrounding nature, it is above all true in Holland. A monotonous country, crowned by a sky almost always gray and sad, the country of Paul Potter, charms and delights the eye by the vivacity and richness of tones remarked in the hair of the flocks. It seems that nature has kindly granted this compensation to the inhabitants of a country without light, without change, and without relief. What is certain is, that we have been much struck, during our journeys in Holland, with the spots which are found on the horned animals of that country. Now upon a gray ground are to be seen clear open-work marked with red spots; sometimes light spots, which serve as a transition between the spots of fire, which are drawn upon a white ground, brought up here and there by some milk white stains, that look like torn fragments of cloud. Often an animal, whose tones are discordant in themselves, plays its part in the harmony of a group; and while a black bull stands out the chief object in bold relief, the whole flock of varied hue creates the picture.

There are but two countries where, properly speaking, cattle painters could arise and take a commanding position, as we have had several occasions to remark; and these are Holland and England.

Paul Potter had nothing to do but to stroll about the neighbourhood of the Hague to find models; and the first he met with were sure to appear the finest, so that he could copy them in all their native simplicity, in the natural attitude of repose, or even in their sleep. Every phase of their existence created a group for the artist. Ardent in study, he never went out without taking with him a note-book with numerous spare leaves, on which he drew sketches of all that struck his imagination—a tree, a plant, a wooden fence, a quickset hedge, or a shepherd. As for animals, he always drew them with the most scrupulous care, in every imaginable attitude, from the most simple profile to the most difficult specimen of foreshortening. Though not so fond of motion as Berghem, he loved to draw cows three-fourths of their length, to diversify their lines by the projection of the bones; and he was always delighted to place in contrast the most tranquil outlines of an ox lying down to those square forms, infinitely pic-

turesque in their variety, which are furnished by the concavity of the flanks and the bony construction of the hind quarters. He was also very clever in mingling sheep and goats with ruminating animals, so as to obtain a whole of agreeable lines, always allowing some cow with black stripes to take up the prominent place, or some motionless bull that raised its huge horns over the flock, like the solemn but somewhat stupid king of the pasture. He was indeed remarkable for the intelligent attention, the patience, and the love, he brought to bear upon the least details of his picture. He loved to show the contrast between the rough parts and the even parts of the skin; not a shade or tint, however fine, ever escaped him; he studied in every animal the bending of the horns, that peculiar motion of the eyebrows on which depends the air of hardness or softness, the character of the ears, the movement of the hair which stands on end in tufts, and, in fine, the muddled clumps of hair, without forgetting the extremities, which were never drawn and painted with more precision or more correctness than by Paul Potter.

These admirable studies of which we speak, these outlines, or, to speak more correctly, these finished drawings, both in outline and filling up—were taken home by the artist, as the materials for his compositions; and in general his conceptions of these were so simple, that it was sufficient to add to them a background to change a study into a picture. Having returned home, he continued his work without ceasing. He placed upon the marked foreground of his compositions large plants, which he had studied from nature; he finished his production with an old trunk of a willow, knotted, gnarled, and jagged, which he copied from his portfolio on to his canvas; and he gave as a background to his group a little house, faithfully copied, with its wild lizards and the smoke of its roof. It was thus that were finished in the studio, full of visitors and quite noisy with conversation, so many charming works, which for two hundred years have been the honour of the most illustrious galleries, the joy of amateurs who have possessed them or who have seen them, the reputation of the engravers who have engraved them, and the fortune of the picture-dealers who have bought them, to re-sell them to the noblemen of England, who have placed them beside the Ostades, the Meuzus, the Cuyps, and the Rembrandts, to wander no more.

Perhaps nowhere else can be found such rich specimens of the art of the world as are to be found in the galleries of this country, where private individuals make up for the parsimony and niggardliness of the government.

It has often been a matter of surprise that an artist, whose works show us the character of a calm, thoughtful, homely man, could have worked amid men of the world, learned men, ambassadors, and princes, and this without ever departing from his precision, without ever giving up that tranquillity of soul which is breathed in all his pastorals. But when one has carefully studied the nature of true artists, one understands this seeming contradiction, and one can reconcile the fact that a being, melancholy in solitude, should be the gayest of men as soon as he is surrounded by sympathetic friends, and thus stimulated to expansion of his soul. Paul Potter was one of those mobile temperaments. His speech was fluent, and kept on a par and a level with any of those around him. He was even known to join with considerable energy in those somewhat rough jokes which are regarded as the jokes of the studio. If it must be all said that he was not always in good taste in his jokes, it must be remembered that light wit and a keen epigrammatic style are not exactly the characteristics of the country where he lived. An anecdote is told of him, which we must relate with caution, but which is too much a part of his history to be forgotten wholly.

The Princess Dowager Emilia, Countess of Zolms, ordered of him a picture, to go over a chimney in the apartments of the old court.* Paul Potter wished to surpass himself. He painted a smiling landscape with cattle, but with one

very objectionable feature in it. A courtier, who was indeed a model courtier for those days, very properly objected, that it was neither decent nor proper that this picture should be admitted into a lady's chamber. The criticism was accepted as decisive. The picture was quietly and politely got rid of.

This criticism and this decision was but a convincing proof, that art is not the imitation of nature taken at random and in the fact. The work of the painter should indeed be the mirror of creation, but an intelligent mirror, which should be ever pleasing and unobjectionable in its ugliness, and never ugly in its beauty. The *naïf* Paul Potter took away his picture, but the anecdote made a noise, and amateurs disputed for the picture for its weight in gold. The "Cow" was celebrated, and it passed into the finest cabinets of the Low Countries. It was long preserved by the family of Mussart, alderman of the city of Amsterdam, and fell at last into the hands of Van Biesum, who sold it for two thousand florins, or £120, to the Sieur Van Hock. This curious collector, Houbraken informs us, placed the "Cow" in his cabinet, opposite a celebrated picture of Gerard Douw, which had somewhat of a similar reputation. It may be amusing to follow its history. The masterpiece, rejected, and very properly rejected, by the princess Emilia, is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, after having passed through the collection of Josephine at Malmaison, where it was bought by the Emperor Alexander in 1815. The picture is valued at £1000, in the collection of this gallery, composed of about thirty of the most remarkable masterpieces in the world.

In the neighbourhood of the Hague is a pretty wood, which almost touches the town by the northern gate. The Prince of Orange had a little palace there, called the Wooden House. In 1571 Philippe II. was so struck by the beauty of this wood, that he commanded his officers not to destroy it; and among the things which did not give him more personal enjoyment, this is, perhaps, the only one of which this financial destroyer of the Louvre and his own family ever ordered the preservation. Louis XIV., who was a great and generous imitator of other men's actions, having somewhere read a high eulogium on this act of clemency, desired also to leave behind him a monument of his tenderness of soul; and during an invasion, which cost him the lives of 10,000 men, he spared the Mall of Foreest. The wood of the Hague was one of the favourite walks of Paul Potter. He made it the subject matter of many of his pictures, and especially of one of his most celebrated ones, which was sold for 27,000 livres, a little more than a thousand pounds, at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul. At the entrance you see a great pack of dogs led by huntsmen, and ready for the chase; behind the trees four horsemen, and some cows, which a herdsmen drives before him.

The "View of the Wood of the Hague" is a perfect landscape, that is, the figures are not of such importance as they are elsewhere, if we compare them with the great trees beneath which they pass. Certain men of his day said very freely, that landscape was the weak point of Paul Potter, that his background was monotonous, and those who envied his talents and his genius tried thus to depreciate him. This reproach, however, addressed to an animal painter, was wanting in correctness. Doubtless, Paul Potter had not the fire, the wit, the imagination of Berghem. He knew not how, as that painter did, to throw capriciously over a landscape, where lay rustic ruins, little flakes of light; but he is more *naïf*, more true and really Dutch. Brought up in the humid and flat country, which he never left, Paul Potter has not borrowed from the sky of Italy the warm rays which often animate the noble country scenes of Berghem. He never saw anything but the gray and heavy sky of Holland, the horizon of flat plains extending far out of sight, and the line of which is only broken here and there by the summits or steeples; and that low horizon, that pale sky, he has reproduced faithfully, without any addition of his own, without any endeavour to make them striking by embellishment or addition. And nothing suited him better than such scenery. His heavy sky is a background every way suited to show the fleeces and the spotted skins of the animals which occupy a front

* The palace of the States and Stadtholder. It is a vast building made of bricks, irregular but agreeable, near a large pool of water, called the *Vijver*.

place in his composition, as in his artistic love. With the tact of a master who fears to divide the interest, and who perfectly understands the power of unity, Paul Potter takes care not to add to the value of the landscape; he makes it, in fact, as tranquil as possible; he lulls one to rest beneath a fleecy vapour, and is satisfied for the foreground of his picture with a thistle, a dead branch, or some common plants of the fields. With Berghem, the landscape has motion, it shines, it moves parallel with the animals which fill it; with Paul Potter the country is a secondary consideration, and the general appearance of nature is sacrificed to the grace of the flock. See the "Bull" in the Museum of the Hague (p. 406).

We must not, however, be understood to imply that the sun is always absent from the pictures of Paul Potter, nor that he utterly annuls the background to give all the relief desirable to his principal subject of attraction—the sheep and oxen. We mean only to convey the idea that he, in general, selects

bulls, or the curly wool of his sheep, and lustrous hair of his bounding goats.

Who does not feel that Paul Potter must have been an amiable and gentle man? "When one knew him thoroughly," says Argenville, "it was difficult to leave him." And yet, this painter of the quiet of the fields could not obtain domestic peace. "His wife, who had an unfortunate *penchant* for gallantry, was quite delighted with the crowd of visitors who frequented the studio of Paul Potter. She found among these visitors many an admirer. The artist, deeply occupied with his art, saw them with a tranquil eye, and she did not even attempt to save appearances. But one day, coming suddenly upon her, when listening with eager ear to the protestations of a tender lover, he grew furious, and taking them by surprise, cast round them a net-work which served to keep the flies off his horse, and tied them in with a strong cord. Then wishing to imitate the husband of Venus fully



HORSES AT THE TROUGH. FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

a certain hour of the day, not an arbitrary hour, for Paul Potter never gave way to mere fancy, but precisely the hour when the sun is to be seen in his country. In Holland the sun, in general, remains covered with clouds the whole day; it seems, as it were, only to rise about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then it enlivens the fields and meadows until the setting of the sun. At that hour, the light coming from the horizon gives a rosy tint to the country, enlivening all it meets, showing up all the rich colours of the animals, and detaching all objects by their lengthened shadows. But the upper part of the sky is at this time quiet and gray, and unless there is some cloud which catches the light, the background remains sufficiently tranquil to bring out the foreground plans. This is the hour of the day which Paul Potter has chosen to paint. But for fear the sky should spoil the effect and draw off attention from the animals, he paints it softly and even in the cottony style, rather than at diminish the importance of the coloured robe of his

he called all his friends in—now quite satisfied that among them were many other rivals for his wife's affection—and showed the blushing and furious couple thus tied; thus avenging himself for his wife's and his pretended friend's treachery. The rivals of the unfortunate individual thus captured, went away. The house of the painter became less noisy; his wife, confused and sorrowful, begged his pardon. Potter thought her sufficiently punished, and forgave her."

Still, after a misadventure of this kind, it was difficult to remain in a town where it had made much noise, and had formed the general topic of conversation for some time. It was in 1652. Paul Potter then quitted the Hague, and went back to Amsterdam, where his family resided. He had been, moreover, invited there by the burgomaster, Tulp, who was one of his friends, and who gave a high price for his pictures. The greater number of the works of Paul Potter became the property of this rich amateur.

The town of Amsterdam was then inhabited by several

eminent artists. There can be little doubt that the examination of their great works filled our painter with the spirit of emulation. It is certain that from this moment Paul Potter endeavoured to enlarge his tone, to increase his proportions, and to elevate his charming pastorals to the dignity of historic pages. It was an error—a very great error. Animals the size of life in a picture fail to interest us; they cannot do so, because then they actually enter into competition with nature, which will not bear this kind of comparison. To render such colossal proportions tolerable with the subject, the charm of which consists in the truth of the character, of which the poetry is domestic and *naïve*, nothing less than the genius of Rembrandt would be required. There would be need of a kind of fantastic audacity, a strange light, and the interest of some unexpected drama. Unless with such additional arts as these, what illusion can there be about cows as large as life, with horns which touch the framework? In the presence of this enormous reality, the mind refuses to give way to the feeling of imagination, and cannot recall the idea of the country, and feed contemplatively on the beauties and glories of nature. Taste has laws which may be disputed, despite proverbs to the contrary; and yet, though they are unwritten, they are not less rigorous. Reason tells us that we must apportion the means to the end. If we cannot charm the spectator by showing him a little corner of sky about three inches square, three square yards will not enable us to take a hold of his mind.

Moreover, while forgetting these imperious rules, Paul Potter has not succeeded in making himself an excuse by the general success of his attempt; and here is the principal error. The great picture which is shown at the Hague as a marvel, and which represents a bull, with a cow lying down, a lamb, and a herdsman, all the size of life, does not come up to the immense celebrity which has been given to it by books of art, guide-books, and the hurried criticisms of picture-dealers and enthusiastic amateurs. The touch is fine, no doubt; the animals are truthful in the extreme; but the whole wants warmth, interest, and charm. The eye is shocked by the unexpected dimensions, and the precise manner of Paul Potter, so admirable in his smaller productions, is here unsatisfactory and cold. We want a broader brush, with more energy and fire, and some of the great *chiaroscuro* effects, by means of which Cuyp and Rembrandt would have saved the reputation of such a picture. These remarks apply still more to the great "Bear Hunt" of the Museum of Amsterdam, which is certainly the weakest of all the pictures by this master. Ruysdael knew how to express, within the limits of a small picture, the profundity of the infinite.

"These animals, of gigantic proportions," says Thoré, "were made by Albert Cuyp much more gigantic within the space of a foot square. Mathematical proportion does not necessarily decide size. The smallest figure of Michael Angelo is grander than the huge figures of certain artists. Benvenuto Cellini carved on the pommel of a sword, combats which were worth six miles of battle scenes to be found at Versailles, while the elephant of the Bastille was petty alongside the elephants carved on a ring in the time of the conquests of Alexander."

If, however, Paul Potter failed to elevate his talent to a level with the huge canvas on which he painted his humble models; on the other hand, what energy, what sentiment, what perfection is there in his smaller pictures, the dimensions of which, better suited to the simplicity of the subject, allowed him to display to advantage the perfection of his pencil, and even the softness and poetry of his heart. There is no one who has examined these productions of Paul Potter, during the two hundred years which have elapsed since he painted the portraits of the animals that serve man, without, at the very first glance of the eye, admiring the startling truth, the good humour, the happy light of his pictures, so softened and so gentle.

The soul of the painter was, as it were, presented in these peaceful compositions quite as much as have been the minds of others who have painted heroes. "I recollect, when I was at college," says an eminent French critic, "I spent a

whole day in visiting the portfolio of a rich amateur of engravings, who amongst other ancient productions, showed me some superb works by Paul Potter. I knew not even the name of this celebrated artist, and certainly I had no idea of what was meant by copper-plate, first proof, proof before letters, and so on. But glancing over the horses, I was much struck by the beautiful engraving known as the 'Friesland Horse.'* It represents a powerful horse during a storm on a vast prairie. In the distance, under the horse's feet, may be seen a village, and some trees bent by the wind, their black outline relieved on a dark sky. I know not why, but the sight of this horse, abandoned and alone, caused me profound emotion. I thought I then felt that nature had within it a hidden poetry, a mysterious essence, which at certain moments reveals itself to elevated minds, to predestined artists; that for them this moral essence is infused even into the breath of the air, and that there is the secret of that inexpressible charm which they knew how to give to the painting of the herbs of the field, as well as to the mute and sad attitude of the resigned animal."

A modern writer has said of the animals of Paul Potter: "Others have painted cows, oxen, well-drawn sheep, all well-coloured and painted. He, alone, has seized their expression, the physiognomy of their inner existence, of their instinct. We admire the flocks and herds of Berghem, of Van der Velde, of Karel Dujardin; we are touched by those of Paul Potter."

Even if we were to regard the paintings of the Dutch painter purely from a picturesque point of view, he would nevertheless take rank amongst the first artists of his country. And, placing him within the limits of his special subject, we may say that Paul Potter is truly and unaffectedly the master. Truly, no one has succeeded more than he has—scarcely as much. Not only does he thoroughly know his animals, their anatomy, their habits, their character; but no one has so carefully observed the gait which this character gives them, the movement or the posture which betrays either agitation or calmness in them. Never was there seen a more robust and simple way of showing the construction of his great oxen, or of his draught horses. And in no case is the triumph of the whole, of the mass, obtained at the expense of debauch of detail. With the exception of the sky, which flies away gently to the horizon, dim and somewhat gloomy, nothing is sacrificed which may keep the flagging attention alive. The hair is collected and divided on the forehead of the cow, it is rounded where the horns arise, it is smooth on the ribs and ends in unequal tufts. It stands up on the shoulder, it is crisp as horsehair on the back-bone; it stands up again wherever the animal has licked it, or where he has rubbed himself against a tree.

The smallest accidents of the skin are expressed with scrupulous and unerring fidelity. The sheep's wool, the golden fleece of the lamb, are rendered with minute exactness. His pencil forgets not the scum which has stuck to them from crossing a pond, nor the mud which has bespattered them, nor the manure mixed with bits of straw attached to the haunches of the sheep which has been rolling in the yard. The painter is careful to observe the peculiar characteristics which belong to each race, the details of expression and the habits which characterise the individual. It is in this way that Paul Potter was above all the real and genuine animal painter.

If we seek to find out what are the distinctive marks of this master, we must compare him with his rivals—with Berghem, with Van der Velde, Albert Cuyp, and Karel Dujardin. Berghem has more wit and ingenuity, and less nature. Van der Velde has not so much precision as Paul Potter, nor so

* Adam Bartsch thus describes this engraving: "A Friesland horse, of a mottled-gray colour, seen from the profile, and turning towards the right of the engraving. Its mane is divided into three parts, plaited and tied together by a knot of ribbon. He is standing in a large field, before a town, which is seen in the distance, and which crosses the whole back of the picture. The sky is gloomy and black. On the right may be read,—Paul Potter. 1662."

much energy; but he has occasionally more grace, and, as an instance, we may mention that his "Sheep with her young nestling in search of food" is inimitable. Albert Cuyt is gifted with superior genius; he grasps nature in the varied phases of its history; he is elegant in his luminous portraits and powerful in his landscapes; he draws elegant horses coming out of the stables of gentlemen, as well as he does the horse that works at the plough; he colours beautiful skies, paints the rolling of the sea and the ships which move upon it, passes from the hunting *rendezvous* to the rustic farm, and is, in fact, superior to Paul Potter in the universality of his genius; but the latter, in his special subject of animals, surpasses his rival in the extraordinary truth and perfection with which he renders his models. Karel Dujardin is so amiable, and so charming, that it is impossible to place him anywhere but in the first line; and yet, setting aside the rural savour of his golden landscapes, and only studying his successful animals, Karel must also yield the palm to Paul Potter as

sentencing the roughness of the skin of his animals, or when he is painting the minute details of uneven ground. In every other part it is, as it were, embroidered and minute. His skies are flaccid and cottony; they have none of that rich tone which in Karel Dujardin makes the clouds so real and successful; none of those open lurid places showing the storm, which Joseph Vernet so admirably rendered. Setting aside these defects, the landscape, considering the distance of the grounds, is dashed off correctly, and the manner of the painting is perfectly appropriate to the subject and the effect desired to be produced.

The love of nature is often found in men of delicate temperament, whose bodies are destined to die away before their time. Like Van der Velde, who loved the country so much and who painted animals so well, Paul Potter had within him the germs of premature death. The gradual weakening of his bodily health is attributed to excess of work. He laboured, says his chief historian, night and day. The lamp at mid-



THE BULL.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

his master, because he is more profound, more true, more complete.

There are in nature many objects which can be successfully rendered by mere colour without the assistance of touch—that is to say, without the touch appearing. Great historical subjects, above all, when they are treated in the *franco* style, show no trace of the touch. The elevation of the idea here diminishes the importance of the material part of art, and the coquetties and niceties of the profession. But it is not the same in fancy subjects, in which are presented animals, vegetables, terraces. These cannot do without visible touches, any more than metals or other shining bodies, on the clear parts. Not only is the touch necessary to express the character of these different objects, as well as to convey the sentiment of pride, of delicacy, or love, which animates painting, but because it is required to interest the eye more in proportion as the mind is less appealed to. It is for this reason that in Holland touch has always been held in such high esteem.

night found him still painting. In the long winter evenings he would employ himself in engraving the studies which he had made for his painting, and he never went out without his pencil and his note book. But this continual application, for which he was gently scolded, and which is looked upon as the cause of his death, was but an imperious requirement of his nature. It appears a kind of destiny of some, condemned to a short life. They devour hours to consume the life of several men in one; and, as if they bore about them the presentiment of their fate, we see them hastening to live, to accomplish their task, and thus make their flame burn to the last. It was so with this great painter, the humble friend of the flocks and herds and fields. Paul Potter died of decline in 1654, not having completed his twenty-ninth year. He was buried in the great chapel of Amsterdam. He left behind him a little girl, three years old, and the wife he had so much loved that he even pardoned her levity.

Two centuries this very year have passed since his death,

Amateurs and connoisseurs also seek for his beautiful engravings, which have become very rare; indeed, so rare are they, that many are glad even to obtain the copies from them by the Chevalier de Claussin. But when speaking on this subject, we cannot do better than quote the most learned of critics. Adam Bartsch says: "Paul Potter engraved eighteen subjects, which are the delight of connoisseurs. When we recollect that he was only eighteen when he engraved 'The Cow-keeper,' and nineteen when he engraved

cows and his horses with little short dashes which he seldom lengthened, except when he wished to make large deep shadows, and he rendered the streaks of the hair in a most admirable manner. The work of his engraver's point is neat and close, so that we can scarcely recognise the burin with which he went over it in some places. The little backgrounds in his collections of animals are executed with lightness and delicacy, and the plants in front of the engraving (No. 14, as well as the 'Zubacain,' No. 18), show a practice in the



FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

'The Shepherd,' we are astonished at the extraordinary genius of this master, and we can scarcely comprehend how at this age he could have produced works which would be the glory of the most ingenious artist, of the most consummate master in the practice of his art. Perfect correctness in the drawing, striking truth in the character of the animals, remarkable intelligence in the composition, happy effect in the *chiaroscuro*, combined with a sure and soft point, all unite in his productions to raise him to a level with the authors of the greatest masterpieces. Potter engraved the skin of his

art of engraving such as is rarely met with in engravings by painters."

Though he has only engraved oxen, cows, horses, and some few sheep, Paul Potter studied and drew almost every kind of quadruped; those, at all events, which belong to the domain of art, and which do not interest the naturalist alone. The work of his contemporary, Marc de Bye, who was a pupil of Jacques van der Does, contains no less than sixty-one pieces engraved after Paul Potter. There are scenes of lions, of wolves, followed by packs of hounds, pigs, she-goats, and he-

goats. From the eighteen engravings from the hand of our excellent painter, one of the handsomest and one of the rarest is that which bears the name of "Zubacai." It is a great tree which fills the forests of Brazil. We see a superb branch of it covered with leaves and fruits projecting from the lower part of the trunk, and reaching to the very summit of the picture. At the foot of this tree, engraved with the finest and most intelligent of points, is a monkey sitting on the ground, holding in his fore paws a fruit of the same tree, like a nut. This monkey was the subject of a serious discussion among certain celebrated naturalists in France, during the last century. Marggrave gave a woodcut of it from the engraving of Potter, and called it the *capitana* of Congo; but Buffon combatted this opinion and that of Linnaeus, who called it Diana, and decided that the monkey of Paul Potter was the common Brazilian sapajo.

It may be readily imagined, familiar as most persons are with the impulses which generally guide fervent amateurs—these impulses being not always purely artistic—how severe have occasionally been the struggles to possess an engraving which had the honour of such a dispute.

It is when examining such works as the eighteen precious engravings of Paul Potter, that we recognise in the engraving all the merits of the artist—his profound knowledge, his love for truth and exactness, his search for truth of outline, his *naïf* character, his sentiment, and his tenderness of soul. How clearly every shade distinguished! How admirably he renders all the differences of construction which exist in animals of the same race, as, for example, between the bull and the cow! The latter has in general a long face, an open forehead, and soft brows over the eyes; the bull, on the other hand, has a fierce and savage look, a short head, the neck tremendous in its thickness and convexity, thickest, heavy, the shoulders falling away, and the hind-quarters rather light. A treatise on anatomy would scarcely give you more information on these subjects than do the engravings of this master. As for horses, no one ever painted them better than he did. We do not here allude to those prancing steeds introduced by Wouvermans into his hunting halts, nor to the fierce Andalusian steeds which carry the heroes of Vandyck, nor to the heavy coursers which are found on the canvases of Lebrun and Van der Meulen, as in the carousals and festivities of Louis XIV., nor to that light, lean, and bounding horse of which Carl Veret was the excellent painter. The model which Paul Potter adopted was the working horse—the useful, patient, and robust horse—which has been so admirably understood by Gericault, to say nothing of living familiar artists.

There is a difference, however, between these two artists. One painted the horse of the town, vigorously drawing the heavy cart, or the loaded diligence. Paul Potter preferred to study the horse of the fields, the peaceful companion of rustic families, the animal that draws loads of hay to the grange, which takes the farmer's son to the hamlet, which in the evening, harassed with fatigue, fraternises with his comrade at the trough, and is satisfied with the bundle of straw and the pail of water which a serving-man brings him.

We have given an admirable and delicious specimen of this in the "Horses at the Trough" (p. 104). A man must have never felt the pleasure of country places, have never breathed the odour of the country, not to feel the charm of so simple a picture, so Dutch, with its humid sky, and not to guess every detail of it, and the feelings of the painter who produced it.

The latest of his engravings date from 1652. He was approaching his end, and he seemed almost conscious of what was coming, for his last works appear to bear the evidence of a sad and melancholy inspiration. There was even a dramatic reality about some of his productions. "I know nothing more touching," says Dumesnil Michelet,* "than the dying horse, which is about to fall near the one that is already dead, and which the dogs are devouring."

The animals of the peasant, and the horse of the people, have given to Paul Potter an immortal fame. He has, on the other hand, taken these animals under the protection of his

* This admirable engraving is known as the "Mazette."

genius. It was never before the good fortune of animals to play the principal part in creations of the painter, and to form of themselves a picture. Since the *Renaissance*, no one had dared to depart from rule, and give such importance to domestic animals. No one had ever introduced them so boldly into the domain of art. To the Dutch is due the honour of having first given to the inferior race of the world their share of light and human interest. The East had nursed the belief, that animals contained within them sleeping souls, perhaps souls humiliated and for a time captive. Antiquity had given to them the good sense of *Æsop*, and had ennobled them in the greatest works of sculpture. Virgil sang of the labouring ox, and of the sheep of Gallus. The middle age of Romanism proscribed animals as impure, and in connivance with the evil one. But popular tenderness restored them to a better position, until La Fontaine made them speak and Paul Potter painted them. Recently, an historian,†—a French historian of course—cried out in those phrenzied accents which belong only to his country: "The tree which has seen all time, the bird which has seen every place, have they nothing to teach us? Does not the eagle read the sun, and the owl the darkness. And did those great oxen, so solemn under that tree, never think while they were ruminating?"

Paul Potter engraved, we have said, eighteen engravings. There are eight of cows and oxen:—

1. "The Cow lying down," signed Paul Potter, 1650.
2. "The Cow lying down, near one that is lying down."
3. "The Cow lying down by the four-barréd Gate."
4. "The Cow at Pasture."
5. "The Cow with the Crumpled Horn."
6. "A Cow."
7. "Two Oxen in a Field fighting."
8. "Two Cows," with their backs turned to the foreground.

At the Rigal sale, in 1817, these eight first proofs sold for £9. There are three different proofs of these eight engravings. The first are before the letters, and "Clément de Jonghe" is not on them; you simply read—"P. Potter inv. et excud." The second have the name of Clément de Jonghe, and the words "et excud." after "Potter," are taken out. The last proofs have the name of F. de Wit marked in the corner to the right.

There are several engravings of horses:—

1. (9) "The Horse of Friesland," signed Paul Potter, 1652.
2. (10) "The Horse neighing," same name and date.
3. (11) "The Horse-dealer," same name and date.
4. (12) "The Plough-horses," same name and date.
5. (13) "The Mazette," same name and date.

At the Rigal sale, above alluded to, these five pieces, fine proofs, fetched £14.

14. "The Cowherd." The author engraved this at eighteen. To the left you read—"Paulus Potter in. et fecit a° 1643." There are two proofs of this work. A first proof of this engraving, very rare, fetched at the Rigal sale, £16.

15. "The Shepherd," which Paul Potter engraved at seventeen, is marked 1646.

16. "The Head of a Cow," very beautifully executed.

17. "A Cow lying down near a Tree." A good specimen is worth £8 to £10.

18. "Zubacai." To the left of this engraving the word "Zubacai" may be read, and towards the right, "Paulus Potter fecit, 1650." This piece is very rare, and one of the best of Potter's works. At the Rigal sale it produced £6 10s.

Every museum, every cabinet, has vied one with another to obtain the productions of this great painter, who died at twenty-nine.

The Louvre contains two: "Oxen and Sheep in a Prairie," from the Choiseul Gallery; "Two Horses at the Trough."

The Royal and Imperial Gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna only possesses two copies.

The Pinacothek Museum of Munich possesses one: "A Landscape with figures and animals."

Dresden has three: "A Forest," with figures painted by A. Van der Velde.

† Michelet, "Origines du droit."

THE COLOURS OF LANDSCAPES.

MODERN artists are too home-bred to be true painters of beauty. Their Italian scenes are damped by the cold clouds of the North; their architecture is not the gleaming marble of Corinth, but the gray old ruin of the northern border. They mix their colours as though nature had no pure tints. Landscape-painters especially should visit the bright places of the world, if they would reflect the rich loveliness of the earth.

and all admirers of art, to consider how much would be gained if less cloud, less shadow, less dun heaviness of tone, were employed as the elements of landscape. Turner excelled most of his contemporaries, not only because his outlines were flowing, his touches graceful, his harmonies complete; but because his blue was real blue, his purple the very purple of kings, his green the tender tint of the untrodden earth. The desert scenes of David Roberts were successful, when he painted the red-yellow of the sand and the rosy blue of the



THE COW BY THE STREAM.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

But the untravelled public is perhaps to blame in this matter. It scarcely believes that in Tuscany and Egypt skies are so blue that not a speck of vapour is to be seen from zenith to horizon; that the Lybian sunset is a hemisphere of violet, gold, and vermillion; that the grass in Spain is not only as green as emerald, but as vivid. All this knowledge would enrich artists' pictures; for by such experience did Claude gain the power to paint that scenery which is irradiated with an unfading beauty.

It is worth the attention not only of painters, but of critics

heavens without shading them down into imitations of the beach and sky at Brighton. When he brings in a cloud, it seems permeated by fire; when he hangs a mist upon the horizon, it is luminous and rich; and if he ever neglected this rule, his composition was less grand and truthful.

It is not enough that the artist should determine to use bright colours. He must not be only brilliant, but brilliant as nature herself is brilliant. A sunset in the desert is not like a sunset on the sea, where the water gives as well as takes tones and hues as transitory as the changes in the sky;

The first light is of a pearly gray, very difficult to represent in painting, from the danger of its appearing cold. Then streaks of saffron and crimson shoot up, which become more delicate as the dawn breaks and faints into rose, into gold, into blue. The verdure of such scenes need not, however, be parched; for the mimosa spreads over the well which feeds its roots a foliage as green as the acacias among our villas, and the young palm is as fresh as the vine, though the leaves turn when the precious golden bunches are hanging under them. The turf, too, is often like our forest-moss, the rice-field like our sprouting corn.

Artists are becoming travellers, and a good many of them are learning these lessons for themselves on the banks of the Nile. They have discovered that it is not enough to study a few months at Florence, or pace up and down the frescoed galleries of Rome. Very much, however, would be gained for their art, if they were to extend their researches further, and visit the rich regions of the East, not to paint Asiatic scenery, but to impress upon their imagination the reality of the brightness and splendour which add such beauty to the creations of art. Perhaps no one has ever visited the Indian Islands with this object, yet no part of the world would afford better studies to the colourist. The moist climate keeps the verdure perpetually of a fresh, vivid green. The water is intensely blue, and bright as light itself; a rose-red glow inflames the mountain-peaks, and wreaths of golden vapour curl up from the summits of volcanic hills. The vegetation is like that of South America, brilliant, gaudy, and with an infinite variety of tints. The birds are in harmony with all this gorgeous ornament, gold, red, azure, with an intense metallic lustre, peculiarly dazzling to the eye. From the boughs hang snakes, green and velvety, or like rolls of coral. The very insects are of superb hues, bronze, green, or silver-winged beetles being abundant in the woods. But the birds are more brilliant than all the rest of the animal creation: the crimson-coloured pigeons, the sunbirds, called "atom," the "cow," contrasting with the royally-plumaged birds of paradise. The tiger-hy, the scarlet lake-flower, with its bloom of immense red, adds touches to the scenery, as well as to the richly-tinted shells—some like beautiful tulips, strewn the sea-shore. The rose is of a deeper crimson in the East than it is found in the North or South; and the jessamine is more white, for colours of all kinds are more perfect in Asia than in any other quarter of the world. Even the atmosphere has a peculiar tone. A fine purple haze is often perceived on the water; but on land, in spite of the prevailing moisture, the air is so transparent that objects appear more distinct than they would through a less rarefied medium. These peculiar effects, if they were added to the repertory of the artist's experience, would aid him considerably in giving to his landscapes a colouring at once natural and rich.

Still, the artist need go no further than the warm and glowing South for the true colours of poetical landscape. In the paintings of the best Italian masters an attention to truth, in this respect, is one of the principal qualities commanding our admiration; and in the works of Claude, who, in spirit, was quite a Tuscan, the reflex of nature is found in every tint, from the chilly green water rippling against the pier of a broken bridge, to the burning, resy gleams of such a sunset as that with which Boecklin brightens his meadows. And, in moonlight scenes, how do the southern artists excel, with the foam-like scatterings of pearl glistening on the sea; the pale, pure, soft light hallowing the trees and gardens and towers; the clouds with silver edges, or the sky unspotted, but still a dark, deep, hollow dome of purple blue. It is a mistake to mark the stars as points of intense, colourless light, for in warm regions they come into the sky like clusters of gold.

In historical groups how much of character and purpose is displayed in the choice of colours. Rubens, with his coarse conceptions and exaggerated outlines, still surprises us into admiration by his bold and truthful colouring. And Raffaele,

was the poet of painters, used only a few pure hues to the ideal of beauty. He would not sacrifice fidelity to taste to meretricious effect. If he put a robe

on his Madonnas, it was of vermillion or bright blue; if he draped his virgins, it was in violet or scarlet, not in a fantastic assemblage of contrasting colours. It is true, that in landscapes another rule is observable, and that an infinity of tints may be found in a single spot. But this applies principally to the vegetation. The sky is not generally dark blue in the east, and pale blue in the west; cloudy in the north, and unstained in the south. Grass is usually of one colour, though different fields may vary, but to dissect a picture into plots, sown with wheat, barley, and clover, in their several tints, is to give an agricultural lesson, and not to idealise the living beauty of the earth. In all these matters an eclectic taste will choose, and combine, and harmonise the infinite varieties of nature; and this the masters of great genius have invariably attended to. It will be seen, from our observations on the principles of the chief painters of modern times, that they set the highest value on adequate colouring. Rembrandt valued himself on his lights and shades, which are, in fact, mere effects of colour; Correggio cared nothing for a perfect outline unless filled up with true natural tints. It was, he said, the human body without the divine soul. And Michael Angelo, when painting his masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," used simple colours, but colours like those of the earth and the heavens, declaring that there was no grace in a "painted form" unless it was "faithful in complexion." Of course, that noble artist, as well as the other great masters of the South, understood that it was possible to conceive beauty of form without beauty of colour. Did the Italian or the Greek ever think it necessary to paint his statues? Did he ever gild his architecture, or employ on it the pigments which the Egyptian, more gross and material, valued so highly? But in landscape, the form—that is, the outline—is intended to be a deception. It is the secondary object; for the ideas of roundness, dimensions, and distance, can only be conveyed through the means of delusion. But the colouring is real, and ought to be natural. The oak-leaf ought to be like the leaf of the oak in the meadow; the broken arch ought to shine in moonlight, as Titern really shines; the sky over Naples ought to be as blue as the sky under which the genuine gondoliers are singing. Landscapes, therefore, since they must, if very poetical and rich, be taken in idea from the East or South, should be coloured in a southern or eastern tone; and when artists are bold, they will paint such scenes as the old masters of Italy conceived, and all the world has since admired.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE connexion between poetry and painting is so delicate and yet so strong, that our readers will, we are sure, thank us for introducing to their notice an exquisite sonnet from the Spanish of Lope de Vega, which illustrates, and at the same time is illustrated by, the fine picture of "The Light of the World," by Mr. Holman Hunt, noticed in our last critique. We return to our subject the more readily from the knowledge that the attentive study of one fine work of art will more abundantly instruct the art-student than the casual supervision of a thousand. The reader will also perceive that the religious feeling which we noticed in Mr. Hunt's picture is reflected very strongly in the devotional lines of the Spanish dramatist, wherein is embalmed, as in amber, the image of the patient Saviour, so pictured that we are almost persuaded that Mr. Hunt consulted them before he drew his picture.

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait
Wet with unhealthy dew before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,
How oft thy guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"

And, oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,
 And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

We now proceed with our notice.

(No. 40), "*Bragela*," by C. Landseer, R.A., represents a scene from "*Ossian*," painted with great care and finish, without loss of effect; the face of the female is very beautiful, but her feet are too large, the colouring is harmonious and the drawing forcible.

(No. 176) is a clever picture by Mr. H. Wallis, called, "*Dr Johnson at Cave's, the Publisher's*." Johnson is seated behind a screen, near a window; a smart impertinent servant girl, who has not long left the parish school, is bringing him a plate of meat. Behind the screen we get a glimpse of the company with whom Johnson is too shabby to associate. The artist has made a mistake in representing Johnson so old; and the picture, though carefully painted, is not quite so harmonious in tone as it might have been.

(No. 216), "*The Pet of the Common*," J. C. Horsley, is deserving of notice for its truthfulness to nature and its careful finish.

(No. 227), "*A Study*," A. Egg, R.A.: a very clever bit of costume, but nothing more. (No. 461), "*Dame Ursula and Margaret*," from "*The Fortunes of Nigel*," in the West Room, is of more importance. The figure of Margaret is graceful, and the air of weariness with which she turns from the old woman is well expressed; but surely there is time in twelve months for an artist like Mr. Egg to produce something more worthy of his former reputation.

(No. 315), "*View of the Pic du Midi D'Ossaid in the Pyrenees*," by C. Hanfield, R.A., is a noble picture of mountain scenery, absolutely elevating for a lowland man to look at.

(No. 330), "*Chastity*," by Mr. Frost, is a picture somewhat departing from his usual style; all the figures are draped. It professes to be a commentary on, rather than an illustration of, the passage of Milton.

"So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her."

The figure of Chastity is weak, ill-drawn, and ungraceful, and it is of course the principal figure; the accessories, and especially the groups of angels, are well drawn. The colouring is less exceptional than Mr. Frost usually gives us, but as a whole the picture is far from that which we might expect from this artist's reputation.

(No. 344), "*The Children of the Wood*," by Sant, is a beautifully painted illustration of a story that never tires. The background is an example of the good effected by the Præ-Raphaelites; it is both beautifully and carefully painted. As a whole this is charming.

(No. 352), "*The Song of the Troubadours*," by Poole, is a very excellent composition, treated in the very original style of the artist of "*Solomon Eagle*," which is so well remembered. We cannot award any artist higher praise than we do to Mr. Poole, when we advise every visitor to mark his forcible drawing, his delicate touch, and the perfect originality of his treatment.

(No. 362), "*The Chequered Shade*," by Messrs. Lee and Sydney Cooper, is another triumph of these two artists, who have for so long a period achieved the foremost position in their art.

The West Room, at which we have arrived, contains many admirable pictures; of these, (No. 420) "*Nature's Mirror*," by Antony, is one which will attract notice, although the composition is by no means a pleasant one.

"The solitary pool fringed round with reeds" is so adjusted as to be very objectionably placed as regards the line of sight. Otherwise the painting is true and forcible, and not unaccompanied with the quaint rendering of the artist.

(No. 426), "*The Countess of Nithsdale petitioning George I. on behalf of her Husband*," who was under sentence of death for rebellion, R. Hannah; a very carefully-painted pic-

ture, but which almost verges on caricature in the representation of the king. The screwed-up, wrinkled countenance, the awkward, stooping stride, and the manner in which he grasps his sword, remind one more of a frightened clown in a pantomime, than an angry king repulsing a suppliant. Ugly and ungraceful though he might have been, and violently as he treated the countess, dragging her across the ante-chamber on her knees, the artist has evidently mistaken extravagance of gesture for appropriate action. Besides this, there is a total want of relief in the picture. It is impossible to tell where one of the "blue ribbons" (of which the countess speaks, and who are disengaging the king from her grasp) ends, and where the other begins: all is confusion. And it would puzzle any one but this artist to discover in any human countenance the green tints of which he is so fond; otherwise, the picture has many meritorious points. The draperies are all carefully represented, especially the Moire antique of the countess.

(No. 435), "*Fruits*," G. Lance. Mr. Lance is not equal to his previous reputation in this specimen of his pencil. The fruit may be as fine as usual, but it is completely overbalanced by a glaring blue sky, and an equally intense parrot. Indeed, Mr. Lance has not only extinguished his fruit by these violent accessories, but also by an unfortunate specimen of humanity in the background, whose pale, sentimental countenance, and costume à la Robins, appear quite out of character with the rest of the picture.

(No. 439), "*Scene from Faust*," H. O'Neil, finely finished, but by no means a good conception of the characters. Faust is here represented as a middle-aged dandy, whose silken and pointed beard destroys all expression. The flowers and turf borders of the garden are admirably represented. Margaret is hardly young enough, and her position is somewhat fantastical.

(No. 443), "*The Entanglement*," T. H. Maguire; a specimen of want of taste which is much to be deplored; the more so, as the draperies are represented and finished with a truthfulness we never saw surpassed. The colouring is too florid, harmony in colour not being produced by such violent contrasts, but by a judicious admixture of warm and cold tints.

(No. 447), "*Fruit*," Miss E. Randle, is firmly and forcibly painted, and true to nature, and may be pronounced the best production of the artist that has yet been exhibited, being more free from the faults of colour than those hitherto before the public.

(No. 455), "*The Governor*," a woman, declares itself by the title. When well people do not bestow their lackadaisical pity on a class of persons usually and honourably employed, and are fairly dealt with as any other class? This production is as weak and sentimental as the quotation from "*Popper's Philosophy*" which accompanies it.

(No. 469), "*The Entrance to the Lagoon of Venice*," by Cooke, is in every way, excellent. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this fully equal, if not superior, to any of the works of Stanfield.

(No. 470), "*A Letter-writer, Seville*," by Mr. Phillip, is one of the attractions of the Exhibition and confirms the promise put forth in the artist's former pictures. A well-known letter-writer exercises his trade in an open but quiet street in Seville. A gaily-dressed lady whispers an assignation, which she wishes him to write; and a peasant mother waits patiently for him to read a letter received from her husband. The group is full of interest, and is excellently painted. Her Majesty has been fortunate enough to secure this admirable painting.

(No. 485), "*The Poison Cup*," by Frith, a scene from *Kentworth*, will be sure to arrest the visitor.

(No. 490), "*Peggy*," from Ramsay's admirable poem of "*The Gentle Shepherd*," is an excellent study of a figure by Mr. Faed, which should make the reputation of the artist.

(No. 492), "*Guiderus and Avizagus*," scene from *Cymbeline*, introducing the dead Imogene, by W. Gale, is an admirably-painted scene; but, unfortunately, the taste of the artist is not nearly so good as his execution. The positions are formal, theatrical, and unnatural.

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

(No. 506), "Christopher Sly," by H. S. Marks, a name with which we have not met before, is a fine study of Shakspeare's drunken impersonation. We look forward to some great things from this artist.

(No. 520), "The Charity of Dorcas," by W. C. T. Dobson, is a very promising picture; and, as promise achieved, we may class pictures by those excellent artists, Sydney Cooper (No. 566), "Common Fare;" F. R. Lee and J. Hollins (No. 572), "Salmon Fishing on the River Aire;" (No. 581), "View of the Frith of Forth," by Roberts; (No. 586), "Traveller attacked by Wolves," by Ansdale; and many others. The object of our criticism being, generally, for the encouragement of the younger and less-known artists, and also for the elucidation of very great works, by men foremost in their art, our readers will forgive our doing anything further than calling attention to these pictures. Of the South Room drawings and miniatures we shall not speak; except to say, that there is general finish and excellence exhibited in this branch of the art. Two instances of bad taste are too glaring

1853;" where he has exhibited a sensual-looking widower in the newest black, stretched upon a sofa contemplating the bust of his departed wife, in a sprawling attitude of grief. His daughters, of all ages, surround him, dressed in the newest fashions from the mourning warehouse in Regent-street, and, with upturned eyes, assuming looks intended to be as deep as their crape. Nay, as Edmund, in "Lear," complains that even domestic animals shun him:—

"——— The little dogs all,

Tray, Blanco, and Sweetheart, they do bark at me."

so Mr. Chalon, or the gentleman (?), has lugged in the pet dog, who, in a mourning suit of white, gazes with reverent wonder in his master's face. Grief more indecently exhibited we never saw—grief evidently, from the bereaved person's face, as constrained as his attitude, and a thousand times more transient than the water-colours of the fashionable artist. The effect of such a picture may be guessed; scarcely a single person passes it, but "*cheu tremet iecur*" as he or she turns away in laughter or visible disgust.



THE MEADOW.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANT.

to be passed over. Mr. Essex, to his excellent enamel portraits of "Byron, Scott, and Moore," has thought fit to append the following senseless and halting parody on Dryden's epigram—"Three poets in three distant ages born:—

"The Poets in one age were born,

England, Scotland, Ireland, did adorn;"

by which he disgusts more than he can charm by his painting; and Mr. Chalon has perpetrated a worse than senseless parody on the sacred character of grief, in his "In Memoriam,

Of the Octagon Room we have little to say; its one brilliant picture we have before noticed. An historical composition by S. Blackburn (No. 1,295) has much merit, and would be vastly improved by an addition of a few forcible touches. The Sculpture Room contains many repetitions of figures, some busts of merit, and two groups (Nos. 1,411 and 1,514) from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, "The Lamentations of Phaeton's Sisters," which exhibit grace, knowledge of anatomy, and merit.

END OF VOL. I.

